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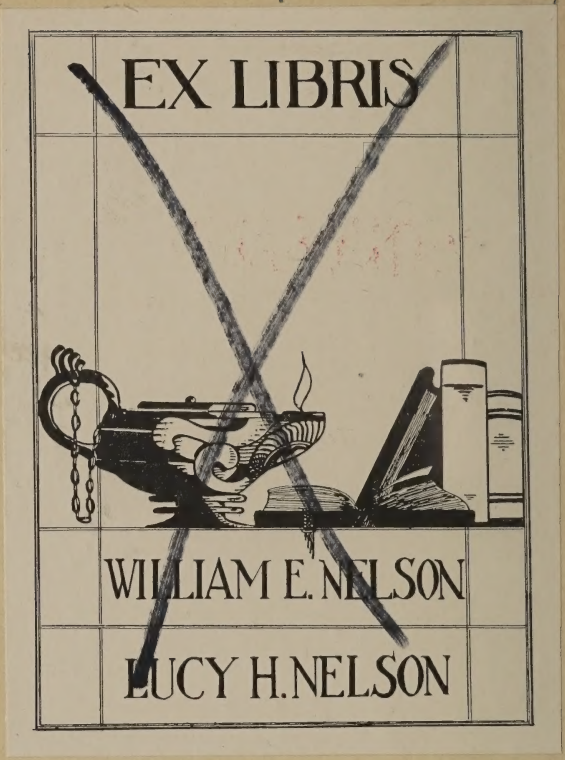

WITHDRAWN

CHAMBERS'S

CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE

A HISTORY, CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL, OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS, WITH SPECIMENS OF THEIR WRITINGS,

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CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

SEVENTH PERIOD.

GEORGE II. AND GEORGE III.

(Continued.)

TRAVELLERS.

MACARTNEY—STAUNTON—BRUCE—MUNGO PARK.

The growing importance of our trade with China suggested a mission to the imperial court, in order to obtain some extension of the limits within which the traffic was confined. In 1792 an embassy was formed on a liberal scale, LORD MACARTNEY (1737–1806) being placed at its head, and Sir GEORGE L. STAUNTON (1737–1801) being secretary of legation or envoy-extraordinary. These two able diplomatists and travellers had served together in India, Macartney as governor of Madras, and Staunton as his secretary. The latter negotiated the peace with Tippoo Sahib in 1784, for which he was elevated to the baronetcy, and received from the East India Company a pension of £500 a year. The mission to China did not result in securing the commercial advantages anticipated, but the 'Journal' published by Lord Macartney, and the 'Authentic Account of the Embassy' by Sir George Staunton, added greatly to our knowledge of the empire and people of China. Sir George's work was in two volumes quarto, and formed one of the most interesting and novel books of travels in the language. It was read with great avidity, and translated into French and German.

One of the most romantic and persevering of our travellers was JAMES BRUCE of Kinnaird, a Scottish gentleman of ancient family and property, who devoted several years to a journey into Abyssinia to discover the sources of the river Nile. The fountains of celebrated rivers have led to some of our most interesting exploratory expeditions. Superstition has hallowed the sources of the Nile and

the Ganges, and the mysterious Niger long wooed our adventurous travellers into the sultry plains of Africa. The inhabitants of mountainous countries still look with veneration on their principal streams, and as they roll on before them, connect them in imagination with the ancient glories or traditional legends of their native land. Bruce partook largely of this feeling, and was a man of an ardent enthusiastic temperament. He was born at Kinnaird House, in the county of Stirling, on the 14th of December 1730, and was intended for the legal profession. He was averse, however, to the study of the law, and entered into business as a wine-merchant in London. Being led to visit Spain and Portugal, he was struck with the architectural ruins and chivalrous tales of the Moorish dominion, and applied himself diligently to the study of Eastern antiquities and languages. On his return to England he became known to the government, and it was proposed that he should make a journey to Barbary, which had been partially explored by Dr. Shaw. At the same time, the consulship of Algiers became vacant, and Bruce was appointed to the office. He left England, and arrived at Algiers in 1762. Above six years were spent by our traveller at Algiers and in various travels—during which he surveyed and sketched the ruins of Palmyra and Baalbec—and it was not till June 1768 that he reached Alexandria. Thence he proceeded to Cairo, and embarked on the Nile. He arrived at Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia, and after some stay there, he set out for the sources of Bahr-el-Azrek, under an impression that this was the principal branch of the Nile. The spot was at length pointed out by his guide—a hillock of green sod in the middle of a watery plain. The guide counselled him to pull off his shoes, as the people were all pagans, and prayed to the river as if it were God.

First View of the Supposed Source of the Nile.

'Half-undressed as I was,' continues Bruce, 'by the loss of my sash, and throwing off my shoes, I ran down the hill towards the hillock of green sod, which was about two hundred yards distant: the whole side of the hill was thick grown with flowers, the large bulbous roots of which appearing above the surface of the ground, and their skins coming off on my treading upon them, occasioned me two very severe falls before I reached the brink of the marsh. I after this came to the altar of green turf, which was apparently the work of art, and I stood in rapture above the principal fountain, which rises in the middle of it. It is easier to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at that moment—standing in that spot which had baffled the genius, industry, and inquiry of both ancients and moderns for the course of near three thousand years. Kings had attempted this discovery at the head of armies, and each expedition was distinguished from the last only by the difference of numbers which had perished, and agreed alone in the disappointment which had uniformly, and without exception, followed them all. Fame, riches, and honour had been held out for a series of ages to every individual of those myriads these princes commanded, without having produced one man capable of gratifying the curiosity of his sovereign, or wiping off this stain upon the enterprise and abilities of mankind, or adding this desideratum for the encouragement of geography. Though a mere private Briton, I triumphed here, in my own mind, over kings and their armies! and every comparison was leading nearer and nearer to presumption, when the place itself where I stood, the object of my vainglory, suggested what depressed my short-lived triumph. I was but a few minutes arrived at the sources of the Nile, through numberless dangers and sufferings, the least of which would have

overwhelmed me, but for the continual goodness and protection of Providence: I was, however, but then half through my journey, and all those dangers through which I had already passed awaited me on my return; I found a despondency gaining ground fast, and blasting the crown of laurels which I had too rashly woven for myself.'

After several adventures in Abyssinia, in the course of which he received high personal distinctions from the king, Bruce obtained leave to depart. He returned through the great deserts of Nubia into Egypt, encountering the severest hardships and dangers from the sand-floods and simoom of the desert, and his own physical suffering and exhaustion.

It was not until seventeen years after his return that Bruce published his Travels. Parts had been made public, and were much ridiculed. Even Johnson doubted whether he had ever been in Abyssinia! The work appeared in 1790, in five large quarto volumes, with another volume of plates. The strangeness of the author's adventures at the court at Gondar, the somewhat inflated style of the narrative, and the undisguised vanity of the traveller, led to a disbelief of his statements, and numerous lampoons and satires, both in prose and verse, were directed against him. The really honourable and superior points of Bruce's character—such as his energy and daring, his various knowledge and acquirements, and his disinterested zeal in undertaking such a journey at his own expense—were overlooked in this petty war of the wits. Bruce felt their attacks keenly; but he was a proud-spirited man, and did not deign to reply to pasquinades impeaching his veracity. He survived his publication only four years. The foot which had trod without failing the deserts of Nubia, slipped one evening on his own staircase, while handing a lady to her carriage, and he died in consequence of the injury then received, April 16, 1794. A second edition of the Travels, edited by Dr. Alexander Murray—an excellent Oriental scholar—was published in 1805, and a third in 1813. The style of Bruce is prolix and inelegant, though occasionally energetic. He seized upon the most prominent points, and coloured them highly. The general accuracy of his work has been confirmed from different quarters. MR. HENRY SALT (died in 1827) the next European traveller in Abyssinia, twice penetrated into the interior of the country—in 1805 and 1810—but without reaching so far as Bruce. This gentleman confirms the historical parts of Bruce's narrative; and MR. NATHANIEL PEARCE (1870–1820), who resided many years in Abyssinia, and was engaged by Salt—verifies one of Bruce's most extraordinary statements—the practice of the Abyssinians of eating raw meat cut out of a living cow! This was long ridiculed and disbelieved, though in reality it is not much more barbarous than the custom which long prevailed among the poor Highlanders in Scotland of bleeding their cattle in winter for food. Pearce witnessed the operation: a cow was thrown down, and two pieces of flesh, weighing about a pound, cut from the buttock, after which the wounds were sewed up, and plastered over with cow-dung. Dr. Clarke and other travellers have borne

testimony to the correctness of Bruce's drawings and maps. The only disingenuousness charged against our traveller is his alleged concealment of the fact, that the Nile, whose sources have been in all ages an object of curiosity, was the Bahr-el-Abiad, or White River, flowing from the west, and not the Bahr-el-Azrek, or Blue River, which descends from Abyssinia, and which he explored. It seems also clear that Paez, the Portuguese traveller, had long previously visited the source of the Bahr-el-Azrek.

Next in interest and novelty to the travels of Bruce are those of MUNGO PARK in Central Africa. Mr. Park was born at Fowlshiels, near Selkirk, on the 10th of September 1771. He studied medicine, and performed a voyage to Bencoolen in the capacity of assistant-surgeon to an East Indiaman. The African Association, founded in 1778 for the purpose of promoting discovery in the interior of Africa, had sent out several travellers—John Ledyard, Lucas, and Major Houghton—all of whom had died. Park, however, undeterred by these examples, embraced the society's offer, and set sail in May 1795. On the 21st of June following he arrived at Jillifree, on the banks of the Gambia. He pursued his journey towards the kingdom of Bambarra, and saw the great object of his mission, the river Niger, flowing towards the east. The sufferings of Park during his journey, the various incidents he encountered, his captivity among the Moors, and his description of the inhabitants, their manners, trade, and customs, constitute a narrative of the deepest interest. The traveller returned to England towards the latter end of the year 1797, when all hope of him had been abandoned, and in 1799 he published his Travels. The style is simple and manly, and replete with a fine moral feeling. One of his adventures—which had the honour of being turned into verse by the Duchess of Devonshire—is thus related. The traveller had reached the town of Sego, the capital of Bambarra, and wished to cross the river towards the residence of the king

The Compassionate African Matron.

I waited more than two hours without having an opportunity of crossing the river, during which time the people who had crossed carried information to Mansong, the king, that a white man was waiting for a passage, and was coming to see him. He immediately sent over one of his chief men, who informed me that the king could not possibly see me until he knew what had brought me into his country; and that I must not presume to cross the river without the king's permission. He therefore advised me to lodge at a distant village, to which he pointed, for the night, and said that in the morning he would give me further instructions how to conduct myself. This was very discouraging. However, as there was no remedy, I set off for the village, where I found, to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house. I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day without victuals in the shade of a tree; and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable—for the wind rose, and there was a great appearance of a heavy rain—and the wild beasts are so very numerous in the neighbourhood, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree and resting amongst the branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I

was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which, having caused to be half-broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress—pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension—called to the female part of the family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night. They lightened their labour by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these: 'The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk—no wife to grind his corn. *Chorus.*—Let us pity the white man—no mother has he,' &c. Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat—the only recompense I could make her.

His fortitude under suffering, and the natural piety of his mind, are beautifully illustrated by an incident related after he had been robbed and stripped of most of his clothes at a village near Kooma:

The Traveller's Pious Fortitude.

After the robbers were gone, I sat for some time looking around me with amazement and terror. Whichever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. All these circumstances crowded at once on my recollection, and I confess that my spirits began to fail me. I considered my fate as certain, and that I had no alternative but to lie down and perish. The influence of religion, however, aided and supported me. I reflected that no human prudence or foresight could possibly have averted my present sufferings. I was indeed a stranger in a strange land, yet I was still under the protecting eye of that Providence who has condescended to call himself the stranger's friend. At this moment, painful as my recollections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this to shew from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsula, without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not. Reflections like those would not allow me to despair. I started up, and, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forwards, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed. In a short time I came to a small village, at the entrance of which I overtook the two shepherds who had come with me from Kooma. They were much surprised to see me; for they said they never doubted that the Foulahs, when they had robbed, had murdered me. Departing from this village, we travelled over several rocky ridges, and at sunset arrived at Sibidooloo, the frontier town of the kingdom of Manding.

Park had discovered the Niger—or Joliba, or Quorra—flowing to the east, and thus set at rest the doubts as to its direction in the interior of Africa: He was not satisfied, however, but longed to follow up his discovery by tracing it to its termination. For some years he

was constrained to remain at home, and he followed his profession of a surgeon in the town of Peebles. He embraced a second offer from the African Association, and arrived at Goree on the 28th of March 1805. Before he saw the Niger once more 'rolling its immense stream along the plain,' misfortunes had thickened around him. His expedition consisted originally of forty-four men; now, only seven remained. He built a boat at Sansanding to prosecute his voyage down the river, and entered it on the 17th of November 1805, with the fixed resolution to discover the termination of the Niger, or perish in the attempt. The party had sailed several days, when, on passing a rocky part of the river named Bussa, the natives attacked them, and Park and one of his companions (Lieutenant Martyn) were drowned while attempting to escape by swimming. The letters and journals of the traveller had been sent by him to Gambia previous to his embarking on the fatal voyage; and a narrative of the journey, compiled from them, was published in 1815.

To explore the interior of Africa continued still to be an object of adventurous ambition. Park had conjectured that the Niger and Congo were one river; and in 1816 a double expedition was planned, one part of which was destined to ascend the Congo, and the other to descend the Niger, hopes being entertained that a meeting would take place at some point of the mighty stream. The command of this expedition was given to Captain Tuckey, an experienced naval officer; and he was accompanied by Mr. Smith, a botanist, Mr. Cranch, a zoologist, and by Mr. Galway, an intelligent friend. The expedition was unfortunate—all died but Captain Tuckey, and he was compelled to abandon the enterprise from fever and exhaustion. In the narrative of this expedition there is an interesting account of the country of Congo, which appears to be an undefined tract of territory, hemmed in between Loango on the north and Angola on the south, and stretching far inland. The military part of this expedition, under Major Peddie, was equally unfortunate. He did not ascend the Gambia, but pursued the route by the Rio Nunez and the country of the Foulahs. Peddie died at Kacundy, at the head of the Rio Nunez; and Captain Campbell, on whom the command then devolved, also sunk under the pressure of disease and distress. In 1819 two other travellers, Mr. Ritchie and Lieutenant Lyon, proceeded from Tripoli to Fezzan, with the view of penetrating southward as far as Sudan. The climate soon extinguished all hopes from this expedition; Mr. Ritchie sunk beneath it, and Lieutenant Lyon was so reduced as to be able to extend his journey only to the southern frontiers of Fezzan.

DENHAM AND CLAPPERTON.

In 1822 another important African expedition was planned by a different route, under the care of Major Denham, Captain Clapperton, and Dr. Oudney. They proceeded from Tripoli across the

Great Desert to Bornu, and in February 1823 arrived at Kuka, the capital of Bornu. An immense lake, the Tchad, was seen to form the receptacle of the rivers of Bornu, and the country was highly populous. The travellers were hospitably entertained at Kuka. Oudney fell a victim to the climate; but Clapperton penetrated as far as Sokoto, the residence of the Sultan Bello, and the capital of the Fellatah empire. The sultan received him with much state, and admired all the presents that were brought to him. 'Everything,' he said, 'is wonderful, but you are the greatest curiosity of all.' The traveller's presence of mind is illustrated by the following anecdote:

'*March* 19.—I was sent for,' says Clapperton, 'by the sultan, and desired to bring with me the "looking-glass of the sun," the name they gave to my sextant. I first exhibited a planisphere of the heavenly bodies. The sultan knew all the signs of the zodiac, some of the constellations, and many of the stars, by their Arabic names. The looking-glass of the sun was then brought forward, and occasioned much surprise. I had to explain all its appendages. The inverting telescope was an object of immense astonishment; and I had to stand at some little distance, to let the sultan look at me through it, for his people were all afraid of placing themselves within its magical influence. I had next to shew him how to take an observation of the sun. The case of the artificial horizon, of which I had lost the key, was sometimes very difficult to open, as happened on this occasion; I asked one of the people near me for a knife to press up the lid. He handed me one quite too small, and I quite inadvertently asked for a dagger for the same purpose. The sultan was immediately thrown into a fright; he seized his sword, and half drawing it from the scabbard, placed it before him trembling all the time like an aspen-leaf. I did not deem it prudent to take the least notice of his alarm, although it was I who had in reality most cause of fear; and on receiving the dagger, I calmly opened the case, and returned the weapon to its owner with apparent unconcern. When the artificial horizon was arranged, the sultan and all his attendants had a peep at the sun, and my breach of etiquette seemed entirely forgotten.'

Sokoto formed the utmost limit of the expedition. The result was published in 1826, under the title of 'Narrative of Travels and Discoveries in Northern and Central Africa, in the years 1822, 1823, and 1824, by Major Denham, Captain Clapperton, and the late Dr. Oudney.' Clapperton resumed his travels in 1825, and completed a journey across the continent of Africa from Tripoli to Benin, accompanied by Captain Pearce, a naval surgeon, a draughtsman, and Richard Lander, a young man who volunteered to accompany him as a confidential servant. They landed at Bagadry, in the Bight of Benin; but death soon cut off all but Clapperton and Lander. They pursued their course, and visited Bussa, the scene of Mungo Park's death. They proceeded to Sokoto, after an interesting journey, with the view of soliciting permission from the sultan to visit Timbuktu and Bornu. In this Clapperton was unsuccessful; and being seized with dysentery, he died in the arms of his faithful servant on the 13th of April 1827. Lander was allowed to return; and in 1830 he published an account of Captain Clapperton's last expedition. The unfortunate traveller was at the time of his death in his thirty-ninth year.

Clapperton made valuable additions to our knowledge of the interior of Africa. 'The limit of Lieutenant Lyon's journey southward across the desert was in latitude 24 degrees, while Major Den-

ham, in his expedition to Mandara, reached latitude 9 degrees 15 minutes; thus adding 14¾ degrees, or 900 miles, to the extent explored by Europeans. Hornemann, it is true, had previously crossed the desert, and had proceeded as far southward as Nyffe, in latitude 10½ degrees; but no account was ever received of his journey. Park in his first expedition reached Silla, in longitude 1 degree 34 minutes west, a distance of 1100 miles from the mouth of the Gambia. Denham and Clapperton, on the other hand, from the east side of Lake Tchad in longitude 17 degrees, to Sokoto in longitude 5½ degrees, explored a distance of 700 miles from east to west in the heart of Africa; a line of only 400 miles remaining unknown between Silla and Sokoto. But the second journey of Captain Clapperton added tenfold value to these discoveries. He had the good-fortune to detect the shortest and most easy road to the populous countries of the interior; and he could boast of being the first who had completed an itinerary across the continent of Africa from Tripoli to Benin.'*

RICHARD LANDER.

The honour of discovering and finally determining the course of the Niger was left to Richard Lander. Under the auspices of government, Lander and his brother left England in January 1830, and arrived at Badagry on the 19th of March. From Bussa they sailed down the Niger, and ultimately entered the Atlantic by the river Nun, one of the branches from the Niger. They returned from their triumphant expedition in June, 1831, and published an account of their travels in three small volumes, for which Mr. Murray, the eminent bookseller, is said to have given a thousand guineas. Richard Lander was induced to embark in another expedition to Africa—a commercial speculation fitted out by some Liverpool merchants, which proved an utter failure. A party of natives attacked the adventurers on the river Niger, and Lander was wounded by a musket-ball. He arrived at Fernando Po, but died from the effects of his wound on the 16th of February 1834, aged thirty-one. A narrative of this unfortunate expedition was published in 1837 in two volumes, by Mr. Macgregor Laird and Mr. Oldfield, surviving officers of the expedition.

BOWDICH—CAMPBELL—BURCHELL.

Of Western Africa, interesting accounts are given in the 'Mission to Ashantee,' 1819, by Mr. Bowdich; and of Southern Africa, in the 'Travels' of Mr. Campbell, a missionary, 1822; and in 'Travels in Southern Africa,' 1822, by Mr. Burchell. Campbell was the first to penetrate beyond Lattaku, the capital of the Bechuana tribe of the Matchapins. He made two missions to Africa, one in 1813, and a second in 1820, both being undertaken under the auspices of the Missionary Society. He founded a Christian establishment at

* *History of Maritime and Inland Discovery.*

Lattaku, but the natives evinced little disposition to embrace the pure faith, so different from their sensual and superstitious rites. Until Mr. Bowdich's mission to Ashantee, that powerful kingdom and its capital, Coomassie (a city of 100,000 souls), although not nine days' journey from the English settlements on the coast, were known only by name, and very few persons in England had ever formed the faintest idea of the barbaric pomp and magnificence, or of the state, strength and political condition of the Ashantee nation.

J. L. BURCKHARDT—J. B. BELZONI.

Among the numerous victims of African discovery are two eminent travellers—Burckhardt and Belzoni. JOHN LUDWIG BURCKHARDT (1784–1817) was a native of Switzerland, who visited England, and was engaged by the African Association. He proceeded to Aleppo in 1809, and resided two years in that city, personating the character of a Mussulman doctor of laws, and acquiring a perfect knowledge of the language and customs of the East. He visited Palmyra, Damascus, and Lebanon; stopped some time at Cairo, and made a pilgrimage to Mecca, crossing the Nubian desert by the route taken by Bruce. He returned to Cairo, and was preparing to depart thence in a caravan for Fezzan, in the north of Africa, when he was cut off by a fever. His journals, letters, and memoranda, were all preserved, and are very valuable. He was an accurate observer of men and manners, and his works throw much light on the geography and moral condition of the countries he visited. They were published at intervals from 1819 to 1830.—JOHN BAPTIST BELZONI was a native of Padua, in Italy, who came to England in 1803. He was a man of immense stature and muscular strength, capable of enduring the greatest fatigue. From 1815 to 1819 he was engaged in exploring the antiquities of Egypt. Works on this subject had previously appeared—The 'Egyptiaca' of Hamilton, 1809; Mr. Legh's 'Narrative of a Journey in Egypt,' 1816; Captain Light's 'Travels,' 1818; and 'Memoirs relating to European and Asiatic Turkey,' &c., by Mr. R. Walpole, 1817. Mr. Legh's account of the antiquities of Nubia—the region situated on the upper part of the Nile—had attracted much attention. While the temples of Egypt are edifices raised above ground, those of Nubia are excavated rocks, and some almost of mountain magnitude have been hewn into temples and chiseled into sculpture. Mr. Legh was the first adventurer in this career. Belzoni acted as assistant to Mr. Salt, the British consul at Egypt, in exploring the Egyptian Pyramids and ancient tombs. Some of these remains of art were eminently rich and splendid, and one which he discovered near Thebes, containing a sarcophagus of the finest oriental alabaster, minutely sculptured with hundreds of figures, he brought with him to Britain, and it is now in the British Museum. In 1820 he published 'A Narrative of Operations and Recent Discoveries within the Pyramids, Temples, &c. in Egypt and Nubia,' which shews how much may be done by the labour and unremitting exertions of

one individual. Belzoni's success in Egypt, his great bodily strength, and his adventurous spirit, inspired him with the hope of achieving discoveries in Africa. He sailed to the coast of Guinea, with the intention of travelling to Timbuktu, but died at Benin of an attack of dysentery on the 3d of December 1823, aged sixty-five. We subjoin a few passages from Belzoni's Narrative:

The Ruins at Thebes.

On the 22d, we saw for the first time the ruins of great Thebes, and landed at Luxor. Here I beg the reader to observe, that but very imperfect ideas can be formed of the extensive ruins of Thebes, even from the accounts of the most skilful and accurate travellers. It is absolutely impossible to imagine the scene displayed, without seeing it. The most sublime ideas that can be formed from the most magnificent specimens of our present architecture would give a very incorrect picture of these ruins; for such is the difference not only in magnitude, but in form, proportion, and construction that even the pencil can convey but a faint idea of the whole. It appeared to me like entering a city of giants, who, after a long conflict, were all destroyed, leaving the ruins of their various temples as the only proofs of their former existence. The temple of Luxor presents to the traveller at once one of the most splendid groups of Egyptian grandeur. The extensive propylæon, with the two obelisks, and colossal statues in the front; the thick groups of enormous columns; the variety of apartments, and the sanctuary it contains; the beautiful ornaments which adorn every part of the walls and columns, described by Mr. Hamilton—cause in the astonished traveller an oblivion of all that he has seen before. If his attention be attracted to the north side of Thebes by the towering remains that project a great height above the wood of palm-trees, he will gradually enter that forest-like assemblage of ruins of temples, columns, obelisks, colossi, sphinxes, portals, and an endless number of other astonishing objects, that will convince him at once of the impossibility of a description. On the west side of the Nile, still the traveller finds himself among wonders. The temples of Gournon, Memnonium, and Medinet Aboo, attest the extent of the great city on this side. The unrivalled colossal figures in the plains of Thebes, the number of tombs excavated in the rocks, those in the great valley of the kings, with their paintings, sculptures, mummies, sarcophagi, figures, &c., are all objects worthy of the admiration of the traveller, who will not fail to wonder how a nation which was once so great as to erect these stupendous edifices, could so far fall into oblivion that even their language and writing are totally unknown to us.

Opening a Tomb at Thebes.

On the 16th of October 1817, I set a number of fellahs, or labouring Arabs, to work, and caused the earth to be opened at the foot of a steep hill, and under the bed of a torrent, which, when it rains, pours a great quantity of water over the spot in which they were digging. No one could imagine that the ancient Egyptians would make the entrance into such an immense and superb excavation just under a torrent of water; but I had strong reasons to suppose that there was a tomb in that place, from indications I had previously observed in my search of other sepulchres. The Arabs, who were accustomed to dig, were all of opinion that nothing was to be found there; but I persisted in carrying on the work; and on the evening of the following day we perceived the part of the rock that had been hewn and cut away. On the 18th, early in the morning, the task was resumed: and about noon, the workmen reached the opening, which was eighteen feet below the surface of the ground. When there was room enough for me to creep through a passage that the earth had left under the ceiling of the first corridor, I perceived immediately, by the painting on the roof, and by the hieroglyphics in bassorelievo, that I had at length reached the entrance of a large and magnificent tomb. I hastily passed along this corridor, and came to a staircase 23 feet long, at the foot of which I entered another gallery 37 feet 3 inches long, where my progress was suddenly arrested by a large pit 30 feet deep and 14 feet by 12 feet 3 inches wide. On the other side, and in front of me, I observed a small aperture 2 feet wide and 2 feet 6 inches high, and at the bottom of the pit a quantity of rubbish. A rope fastened to a piece of wood, that was laid across the passage

against the projections which formed a kind of doorway, appeared to have been used formerly for descending into the pit; and from the small aperture on the opposite side hung another which reached the bottom, no doubt for the purpose of ascending. The wood, and the rope fastened to it, crumbled to dust on being touched. At the bottom of the pit were several pieces of wood placed against the side of it, so as to assist the person who was to ascend by means of the rope into the aperture. It was not till the following day that we contrived to make a bridge of two beams, and crossed the pit, when we discovered the little aperture to be an opening forced through a wall, that had entirely closed what we afterwards found to be the entrance into magnificent halls and corridors beyond. The ancient Egyptians had closely shut it up, plastered the wall over, and painted it like the rest of the sides of the pit, so that, but for the aperture, it would have been impossible to suppose that there was any further proceeding. Any one would have concluded that the tomb ended with the pit. Besides, the pit served the purpose of receiving the rain-water which might occasionally fall in the mountain, and thus kept out the damp from the inner part of the tomb. We passed through the small aperture, and then made the full discovery of the whole sepulchre.

An inspection of the model will exhibit the numerous galleries and halls through which we wandered; and the vivid colours and extraordinary figures on the walls and ceilings, which everywhere met our view, will convey an idea of the astonishment we must have felt at every step. In one apartment we found the carcass of a bull embalmed; and also scattered in various places wooden figures of mummies covered with asphaltum, to preserve them. In some of the rooms were lying about statues of fine earth, baked, coloured blue, and strongly varnished; in another part were four wooden figures standing erect, four feet high, and a circular hollow inside, as if intended to contain a roll of papyrus. The sarcophagus, of oriental alabaster, was found in the centre of the hall, to which I gave the name of the saloon, without a cover, which had been removed and broken; and the body that had once occupied this superb coffin had been carried away. We were not, therefore, the first who had profanely entered this mysterious mansion of the dead, though there is no doubt it had remained undisturbed since the time of the invasion of the Persians.

The architectural ruins and monuments on the banks of the Nile are stupendous relics of former ages. They reach back to the period when Thebes poured her heroes through a hundred gates, and Greece and Rome were the desert abodes of barbarians. 'From the tops of the Pyramids,' said Napoleon to his soldiers on the eve of battle, 'the shades of forty centuries look down upon you.' Learning and research have unveiled part of the mystery of these august memorials. Men like Belzoni have penetrated into the vast sepulchres, and unearthed the huge sculpture; and scholars like Young and Champollion, by studying the hieroglyphic writing of the ancient Egyptians, have furnished a key by which we may ascertain the object and history of these Eastern remains.

DR. E. D. CLARKE.

One of the most original and interesting of modern travellers was the Rev. Dr. Edward Daniel Clarke (1769-1822), a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, and the first Professor of Mineralogy in that university. In 1799 Dr. Clarke set off with Mr. Malthus and some other college friends on a journey among the northern nations. He travelled for three years and a half, visiting the south of Russia, part of Asia, Turkey, Egypt, and Palestine. The first volume of his Travels appeared in 1810, and included Russia, Tartary, and Turkey. The second, which became more popular, was issued in 1812, and included Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land; and three other volumes

appeared at intervals before 1819. The sixth volume was published after his death, part being contributed by Mr. Walpole, author of 'Travels in the Levant.' Dr. Clarke received from his publishers the large sum of £7000 for his collection of Travels. Their success was immediate and extensive. As an honest and accomplished writer, careful in his facts, clear and polished in his style, and comprehensive in his knowledge and observation, Dr. Clarke has not been excelled by any general European traveller.

Description of the Pyramids.

We were roused as soon as the sun dawned by Antony, our faithful Greek servant and interpreter, with the intelligence that the Pyramids were in view. We hastened from the cabin; and never will the impression made by their appearance be obliterated. By reflecting the sun's rays, they appear as white as snow, and of such surprising magnitude, that nothing we had previously conceived in our imagination had prepared us for the spectacle we beheld. The sight instantly convinced us that no power of description, no delineation, can convey ideas adequate to the effect produced in viewing these stupendous monuments. The formality of their construction is lost in their prodigious magnitude; the mind, elevated by wonder, feels at once the force of an axiom, which, however disputed, experience confirms—that in vastness, whatsoever be its nature, there dwells sublimity. Another proof of their indescribable power is, that no one ever approached them under other emotions than those of terror, which is another principal source of the sublime. In certain instances of irritable feeling, this impression of awe and fear has been so great as to cause pain rather than pleasure; hence, perhaps, have originated descriptions of the Pyramids which represent them as deformed and gloomy masses, without taste or beauty. Persons who have derived no satisfaction from the contemplation of them, may not have been conscious that the uneasiness they experienced was a result of their own sensibility. Others have acknowledged ideas widely different, excited by every wonderful circumstance of character and of situation—ideas of duration almost endless, of power inconceivable, of majesty supreme, of solitude most awful, of grandeur, of desolation, and of repose.

Upon the 23d of August 1802 we set out for the Pyramids, the inundation enabling us to approach within less than a mile of the larger pyramid in our djerm [or boat]. Messrs. Hammer and Hamilton accompanied us. We arrived at Djiza at daybreak, and called upon some English officers, who wished to join our party upon this occasion. From Djiza our approach to the Pyramids was through a swampy country, by means of a narrow canal, which, however, was deep enough; and we arrived without any obstacle at nine o'clock at the bottom of a sandy slope leading up to the principal pyramid. Some Bedouin Arabs, who had assembled to receive us upon our landing, were much amused by the eagerness excited in our whole party to prove who should first set his foot upon the summit of this artificial mountain. With what amazement did we survey the vast surface that was presented to us when we arrived at this stupendous monument, which seemed to reach the clouds. Here and there appeared some Arab guides upon the immense masses above us, like so many pigmies, waiting to shew the way to the summit. Now and then we thought we heard voices, and listened; but it was the wind in powerful gusts sweeping the immense ranges of stone. Already some of our party had begun the ascent, and were pausing at the tremendous depth which they saw below. One of our military companions, after having surmounted the most difficult part of the undertaking, became giddy in consequence of looking down from the elevation he had attained; and being compelled to abandon the project, he hired an Arab to assist him in effecting his descent. The rest of us, more accustomed to the business of climbing heights, with many a halt for respiration, and many an exclamation of wonder, pursued our way towards the summit. The mode of ascent has been frequently described; and yet, from the questions which are often proposed to travellers, it does not appear to be generally understood. The reader may imagine himself to be upon a staircase, every step of which, to a man of middle stature, is nearly breast-high, and the breadth of each step is equal to its height, consequently the footing is secure; and although a retrospect in going up be sometimes fearful to persons unaccustomed to look down

from any considerable elevation, yet there is little danger of falling. In some places, indeed, where the stones are decayed, caution may be required, and an Arab guide is always necessary to avoid a total interruption: but, upon the whole, the means of ascent are such that almost every one may accomplish it. Our progress was impeded by other causes. We carried with us a few instruments, such as our boat-compass, a thermometer, a telescope, &c.; these could not be trusted in the hands of the Arabs, and they were liable to be broken every instant. At length we reached the topmost tier, to the great delight and satisfaction of all the party. Here we found a platform thirty-two feet square, consisting of nine large stones, each of which might weigh about a ton, although they are much inferior in size to some of the stones used in the construction of this pyramid. Travellers of all ages and of various nations have here inscribed their names. Some are written in Greek, many in French, a few in Arabic, one or two in English, and others in Latin. We were as desirous as our predecessors to leave a memorial of our arrival; it seemed to be a tribute of thankfulness due for the success of our undertaking; and presently every one of our party was seen busied in adding the inscription of his name.

Upon this area, which looks like a point when seen from Cairo or from the Nile, it is extraordinary that none of those numerous hermits fixed their abode who retired to the tops of columns and to almost inaccessible solitudes upon the pinnacles of the highest rocks. It offers a much more convenient and secure retreat than was selected by an ascetic who pitched his residence upon the architrave of a temple in the vicinity of Athens. The heat, according to Fahrenheit's thermometer at the time of our coming, did not exceed 84 degrees; and the same temperature continued during the time we remained, a strong wind blowing from the north-west. The view from this eminence amply fulfilled our expectations; nor do the accounts which have been given of it, as it appears at this season of the year, exaggerate the novelty and grandeur of the sight. All the region towards Cairo and the Delta resembled a sea covered with innumerable islands. Forests of palm-trees were seen standing in the water, the inundation spreading over the land where they stood, so as to give them an appearance of growing in the flood. To the north, as far as the eye could reach, nothing could be discerned but a watery surface thus diversified by plantations and by villages. To the south we saw the Pyramids of Saccára; and upon the east of these, smaller monuments of the same kind nearer to the Nile. An appearance of ruins might indeed be traced the whole way from the Pyramids of Djiza to those of Saccára, as if they had once been connected, so as to constitute one vast cemetery. Beyond the Pyramids of Saccára we could perceive the distant mountains of the Said; and upon an eminence near the Libyan side of the Nile, appeared a monastery of considerable size. Towards the west and south-west, the eye ranged over the great Libyan Desert, extending to the utmost verge of the horizon, without a single object to interrupt the dreary horror of the landscape, except dark floating spots caused by the shadows of passing clouds upon the sand.

Upon the south-east side is the gigantic statue of the Sphinx, the most colossal piece of sculpture which remains of all the works executed by the ancients. The French have uncovered all the pedestal of this statue, and all the cumbent or leonine parts of the figure; these were before entirely concealed by sand. Instead, however, of answering the expectations raised concerning the work upon which it was supposed to rest, the pedestal proves to be a wretched substructure of brick-work and small pieces of stone put together, like the most insignificant piece of modern masonry, and wholly out of character both with respect to the prodigious labour bestowed upon the statue itself, and the gigantic appearance of the surrounding objects. Beyond the Sphinx we distinctly discerned, amidst the sandy waste, the remains and vestiges of a magnificent building, perhaps the Serapeum.

Immediately beneath our view, upon the eastern and western side, we saw so many tombs that we were unable to count them, some being half-buried in the sand, others rising considerably above it. All these are of an oblong form, with sides sloping like the roofs of European houses. A plan of their situation and appearance is given in Pocock's 'Travels.' The second pyramid, standing to the south-west, has the remains of a covering near its vertex, as of a plaiting of stone which had once invested all its four sides. Some persons, deceived by the external hue of this covering, have believed it to be of marble; but its white appearance is owing to a partial decomposition affecting the surface only. Not a single fragment of marble can be found anywhere near this pyramid. It is surrounded by a paved court, having walls

on the outside, and places as for doors or portals in the walls; also an advanced work or portico. A third pyramid, of much smaller dimensions than the second, appears beyond the Sphinx to the south-west; and there are three others, one of which is nearly buried in the sand, between the large pyramid and this statue to the south-east.

CLASSICAL TRAVELLERS—FORSYTH, EUSTACE, ETC.

The classical countries of Greece and Italy have been described by various travellers—scholars, poets, painters, architects, and antiquaries. The celebrated 'Travels of Anacharsis,' by Barthélemy, were published in 1788, and shortly afterwards translated into English. This excellent work—of which the hero is as interesting as any character in romance—excited a general enthusiasm with respect to the memorable soil and history of Greece. Dr. Clarke's Travels further stimulated inquiry; and Byron's 'Childe Harold' drew attention to the natural beauty and magnificence of Grecian scenery and ancient art. Mr. John Cam Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton (1786–1869,) the fellow-traveller of Lord Byron, published an account of his 'Journey through Albania.' Late in life (in 1859), Lord Broughton published two volumes entitled 'Italy: Remarks made in Several Visits from the year 1816 to 1854.' Dr. Holland, 1815, gave to the world his interesting 'Travels in the Ionian Isles, Albania, Thessaly, and Macedonia.' A voluminous and able work, in two quarto volumes, was published in 1819, by Mr. Edward Dodwell, entitled 'A Classical and Topographical Tour through Greece.' Sir William Gell, in 1823, gave an account of a 'Journey to the Morea.' An artist, Mr. H. W. Williams, also published 'Travels in Greece and Italy,' enriched with valuable remarks on the ancient works of art.

Lord Byron also extended his kindling power and energy to Italy; but previous to this time a master-hand had described its ruins and antiquities. A valuable work, which has now become a standard authority, was in 1812 published under the modest title of 'Remarks on Antiquities, Arts, and Letters, during an Excursion in Italy in the years 1802 and 1803,' by Joseph Forsyth, Esq. Mr. Forsyth (1763–1815) was a native of Elgin, in the county of Moray, and conducted a classical seminary at Newington-Butts, near London, for many years. On his return from a tour in Italy, he was arrested at Turin in 1803, in consequence of Napoleon's harsh and unjust order to detain all British subjects travelling in his dominions. After several years of detention, he prepared the notes he had made in Italy, and published them in England, as a means of enlisting the sympathies of Napoleon and the leading members of the National Institute in his behalf. This last effort for freedom failed, and the author always regretted that he had made it. Mr. Forsyth was at length released on the downfall of Napoleon in 1814. The remarks thus hastily prepared for a special purpose, could hardly have been improved if expended into regular dissertations and essays. They are vigorous and acute, evincing keen observation and original

thinking, as well as the perfect knowledge of the scholar and the critic. Some detached sentences from Forsyth will shew his peculiar and picturesque style. First, of the author's journey to Rome:

The Italian Vintage.

The vintage was in full glow. Men, women, children, asses, all were variously engaged in the work. I remarked in the scene a prodigality and negligence which I never saw in France. The grapes dropped unheeded from the panniers, and hundreds were left unclipped on the vines. The vintagers poured on us as we passed the richest ribaldry of the Italian language, and seemed to claim from Homer's old 'vindemiator' a prescriptive right to abuse the traveller.*

The Coliseum.

A colossal taste gave rise to the Coliseum. Here, indeed, gigantic dimensions were necessary; for though hundreds could enter at once, and fifty thousand find seats, the space was still insufficient for room, and the crowd for the morning games began at midnight. Vespasian and Titus, as if presaging their own deaths, hurried the building, and left several marks of their precipitancy behind. In the upper walls they have inserted stones which had evidently been dressed for a different purpose. Some of the arcades are grossly unequal; no moulding preserves the same level and form round the whole ellipse, and every order is full of license. The Doric has no *triglyphs* and *metopes*, and its arch is too low for its columns; the Ionic repeats the entablature of the Doric: the third order is but a rough cast of the Corinthian, and its foliage the thickest water-plants: the fourth seems a mere repetition of the third in pilasters; and the whole is crowned by a heavy Attic. Happily for the Coliseum, the shape necessary to an amphitheatre has given it a stability of construction sufficient to resist fires, and earthquakes, and lightnings, and sieges. Its elliptical form was the hoop which bound and held it entire till barbarians rent that consolidating ring: popes widened the breach; and time, not unassisted, continues the work of dilapidation. At this moment the hermitage is threatened with a dreadful crash, and a generation not very remote must be content, I apprehend, with the picture of this stupendous monument. Of the interior elevation, two slopes, by some called *meniana*, are already demolished; the *arena* the *podium*, are interred. No member runs entire round the whole ellipse; but every member made such a circuit, and reappears so often, that plans, sections, and elevations of the original work are drawn with the precision of a modern fabric. When the whole amphitheatre was entire, a child might comprehend its design in a moment, and go direct to his place without straying in the porticos, for each arcade bears its number engraved, and opposite to every fourth arcade was a staircase. This multiplicity of wide, straight, and separate passages proves the attention which the ancients paid to the safe discharge of a crowd; it finely illustrates the precept of Vitruvius, and exposes the perplexity of some modern theatres. Every nation has undergone its revolution of vices; and as cruelty is not the present vice of ours, we can all humanely execrate the purpose of amphitheatres, now that they lie in ruins. Moralists may tell us that the truly brave are never cruel; but this monument says 'No.' Here sat the conquerors of the world, coolly to enjoy the tortures and death of men who had never offended them. Two aqueducts were scarcely sufficient to wash off the human blood which a few hours' sport shed in this imperial shambles. Twice in one day came the senators and matrons of Rome to the butchery; a virgin always gave the signal for slaughter; and when glutted with bloodshed, those ladies sat down in the wet and streaming *arenæ* to a luxurious supper! Such reflections check our regret for its ruin. As it now stands, the Coliseum is a striking image of Rome itself—decayed, vacant, serious, yet grand—half-gray and half-green—erect on one side and fallen on

* The poet Rogers has sketched the same joyous scene of Italian life:

Many a canzonet
Comes through the leaves, the vines in light festoons
From tree to tree, the trees in avenues,
And every avenue a covered walk
Hung with black clusters. 'Tis enough to make
The sad man merry, the benevolent one
Melt into tears, so general is the joy.

the other, with consecrated ground in its bosom—inhabited by a beadsman; visited by every caste; for moralists, antiquaries, painters, architects, devotees, all meet here to meditate, to examine, to draw, to measure, and to pray. 'In contemplating antiquities,' says Livy, 'the mind itself becomes antique.' It contracts from such objects a venerable rust, which I prefer to the polish and the point of those wits who have lately profaned this august ruin with ridicule.

In the year following the publication of Forsyth's original and valuable work, appeared 'A Classical Tour in Italy,' in two large volumes, by JOHN CHETWODE EUSTACE, an English Catholic priest, who had travelled in Italy in the capacity of tutor. Though pleasantly written, Eustace's work is one of no great authority or research. John Cam Hobhouse (Lord Broughton) characterises Eustace as 'one of the most inaccurate and unsatisfactory writers that have in our times attained a temporary reputation.' Mr. Eustace died at Naples in 1815. 'Letters from the North of Italy,' addressed to Mr. Hallam the historian, by W. STEWART ROSE, Esq., in two volumes, 1819, are partly descriptive and partly critical; and though somewhat affected in style, form an amusing miscellany. 'A Tour through the Southern Provinces of the Kingdom of Naples,' by the HON. R. KEPPEL CRAVEN (1821), is more of an itinerary than a work of reflection, but is plainly and pleasingly written. 'The Diary of an Invalid,' by HENRY MATTHEWS (1820), and 'Rome in the Nineteenth Century' (1820), by MISS WALDIE are both interesting works: the first is lively and picturesque in style, and was well received by the public. In 1821 LADY MORGAN published a work entitled 'Italy,' containing pictures of Italian society and manners, drawn with more vivacity and point than delicacy, but characterized by Lord Byron as very faithful. 'Observations on Italy,' by MR. JOHN BELL (1825), and a 'Description of the Antiquities of Rome,' by DR. BURTON (1828), are works of accuracy and research. 'Illustrations of the Passes of the Alps,' by W. BROCKEDON (1828–9), unite the effects of the artist's pencil with the information of the observant topographer. MR. BECKFORD, author of the romance of 'Vathek,' had in early life written a work called 'Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal.' After remaining unpublished for more than forty years, two volumes of these graphic and picturesque delineations were given to the world in 1835. Every season adds to the number of works on Italy and other parts of the continent.

Funeral Ceremony at Rome.—From Matthews' 'Diary of an Invalid.'

One day, on my way home, I met a funeral ceremony. A crucifix hung with black, followed by a train of priests, with lighted tapers in their hands, headed the procession. Then came a troop of figures dressed in white robes, with their faces covered with masks of the same materials. The bier followed, on which lay the corpse of a young woman, arrayed in all the ornaments of dress, with her face exposed, where the bloom of life yet lingered. The members of different fraternities followed the bier, dressed in the robes of their orders, and all masked. They carried lighted tapers in their hands, and chanted out prayers in a sort of mumbling recitative. I followed the train to the church, for I had doubts whether the beautiful figure I had seen on the bier was not a figure of wax; but I was soon convinced it was indeed the corpse of a fellow-creature, cut off in the pride and bloom of

youthful maiden beauty. Such is the Italian mode of conducting the last scene of the tragi-comedy of life. As soon as a person dies, the relations leave the house, and fly to bury themselves and their griefs in some other retirement. The care of the funeral devolves upon one of the fraternities who are associated for this purpose in every parish. These are dressed in a sort of domino and hood, which, having holes for the eyes, answers the purpose of a mask, and completely conceals the face. The funeral of the very poorest is thus conducted with quite as much ceremony as need be. This is perhaps a better system than our own, where the relatives are exhibited as a spectacle to impertinent curiosity, whilst from feelings of duty they follow to the grave the remains of those they loved. But ours is surely an unphilosophical view of the subject. It looks as if we were materialists, and considered the cold clod as the sole remains of the object of our affection. The Italians reason better, and perhaps feel as much as ourselves, when they regard the body, deprived of the soul that animated, and the mind that informed it, as no more a part of the departed spirit than the clothes which it has also left behind. The ultimate disposal of the body is perhaps conducted here with too much of that spirit which would disregard all claims that 'this mortal coil' can have to our attention. As soon as the funeral-service is concluded, the corpse is stripped and consigned to those who have the care of the interment. There are large vaults underneath the churches for the reception of the dead. Those who can afford it are put into a wooden shell before they are cast into one of these Golgothas; but the great mass are tossed in without a rag to cover them. When one of these caverns is full, it is bricked up; and after fifty years it is opened again, and the bones are removed to other places prepared for their reception. So much for the last scene of the drama of life. With respect to the first act, our conduct of it is certainly more natural. Here they swathe and swaddle their children till the poor urchins look like Egyptian mummies. To this frightful custom one may attribute the want of strength and symmetry of the men, which is sufficiently remarkable.

Statue of the Medicean Venus at Florence.—From Matthews 'Diary.'*

The statue that enchants the world—the unimitated, the inimitable Venus. One is generally disappointed after great expectations have been raised; but in this instance I was delighted at first sight, and each succeeding visit has charmed me more. It is indeed a wonderful work in conception and execution—but I doubt whether Venus be not a misnomer. Who can recognise in this divine statue any traits of the Queen of Love and Pleasure? It seems rather intended as a personification of all that is elegant graceful, and beautiful; not only abstracted from all human infirmities, but elevated above all human feelings and affections; for though the form is female, the beauty is like the beauty of angels, who are of no sex. I was at first reminded of Milton's Eve; but in Eve, even in her days of innocence, there was some tincture of humanity, of which there is none in the Venus; in whose eye there is no heaven, and in whose gesture there is no love.

A Morning in Venice.—From Beckford's 'Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal.'

It was not five o'clock before I was aroused by a loud din of voices and splashing of water under my balcony. Looking out, I beheld the Grand Canal so entirely covered with fruits and vegetables on rafts and in barges, that I could scarcely distinguish a wave. Loads of grapes, peaches, and melons arrived, and disappeared in an instant, for every vessel was in motion; and the crowds of purchasers, hurrying from boat to boat, formed a very lively picture. Amongst the multitudes I remarked a good many whose dress and carriage announced something above the common rank; and, upon inquiry, I found they were noble Venetians just come from their casinos, and met to refresh themselves with fruit before they retired to sleep for the day.

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* This celebrated work of art was discovered in the villa of Adrian, in Tivoli, in the sixteenth century, broken into thirteen pieces. The restorations are by a Florentine sculptor. It was brought to Florence in the year 1689. It measures in stature only 4 feet 11 inches. There is no expression of passion or sentiment in the statue; it is an image of abstract or ideal beauty.

Whilst I was observing them, the sun began to colour the balustrades of the palaces, and the pure exhilarating air of the morning drawing me abroad, I procured a gondola, laid in my provision of bread and grapes, and was rowed under the Rialto, down the Grand Canal, to the marble steps of S. Maria della Salute, erected by the senate in performance of a vow to the Holy Virgin, who begged off a terrible pestilence in 1630. The great bronze portal opened whilst I was standing on the steps which lead to it, and discovered the interior of the dome, where I expatiated in solitude; no mortal appearing, except one old priest, who trimmed the lamps, and muttered a prayer before the high-altar, still wrapped in shadows. The sunbeams began to strike against the windows of the cupola, just as I left the church, and was wafted across the waves to the spacious platform in front of St. Giorgio Maggiore, one of the most celebrated works of Palladio. When my first transport was a little subsided, and I had examined the graceful design of each particular ornament, and united the just proportion and grand effect of the whole in my mind, I planted my umbrella on the margin of the sea, and viewed at my leisure the vast range of palaces, of porticos, of towers, opening on every side, and extending out of sight. The doge's palace, and the tall columns at the entrance of the piazza of St. Mark, form, together with the arcades of the public library, the lofty Campanile, and the cupolas of the ducal church, one of the most striking groups of buildings that art can boast of. To behold at one glance these stately fabrics, so illustrious in the records of former ages, before which, in the flourishing times of the republic, so many valiant chiefs and princes have landed, loaded with oriental spoils, was a spectacle I had long and ardently desired. I thought of the days of Frederick Barbarossa, when looking up the piazza of St. Mark, along which he marched in solemn procession to cast himself at the feet of Alexander III., and pay a tardy homage to St. Peter's successor. Here were no longer those splendid fleets that attended his progress; one solitary galeas was all I beheld, anchored opposite the palace of the doge, and surrounded by crowds of gondolas, whose sable hues contrasted strongly with its vermilion oars and shining ornaments. A party-coloured multitude was continually shifting from one side of the piazza to the other: whilst senators and magistrates, in long black robes, were already arriving to fill their respective offices.

I contemplated the busy scene from my peaceful platform, where nothing stirred but aged devotees creeping to their devotions: and whilst I remained thus calm and tranquil, heard the distant buzz of the town. Fortunately, some length of waves rolled between me and its tumults, so that I ate my grapes and read Metastasio undisturbed by officiousness or curiosity. When the sun became too powerful, I entered the nave.

After I had admired the masterly structure of the roof and the lightness of its arches, my eyes naturally directed themselves to the pavement of white and ruddy marble, polished, and reflecting like a mirror the columns which rise from it. Over this I walked to a door that admitted me into the principal quadrangle of the convent, surrounded by a cloister supported on Ionic pillars beautifully proportioned. A flight of stairs opens into the court, adorned with balustrades and pedestals sculptured with elegance truly Grecian. This brought me to the refectory, where the *chef-d'œuvre* of Paul Veronese, representing the marriage of Cana in Galilee, was the first object that presented itself. I never beheld so gorgeous a group of wedding-garments before; there is every variety of fold and plait that can possibly be imagined. The attitudes and countenances are more uniform, and the guests appear a very genteel, decent sort of people, well used to the mode of their times, and accustomed to miracles.

Having examined this fictitious repast, I cast a look on a long range of tables covered with very excellent realities, which the monks were coming to devour with energy, if one might judge from their appearance. These sons of penitence and mortification possess one of the most spacious islands of the whole cluster; a princely habitation, with gardens and open porticos that engross every breath of air; and what adds not a little to the charms of their abode, is the facility of making excursions from it whenever they have a mind.

Description of Pompeii. From Williams' 'Travels in Italy, Greece,' &c.

Pompeii is getting daily disencumbered, and a very considerable part of this Grecian city is unveiled. We entered by the Appian Way, through a narrow street of marble tombs, beautifully executed, with the names of the deceased plain and legible.

We looked into the columbary below that of Marius Arius Diomedes, and perceived jars containing the ashes of the dead, with a small lamp at the side of each. Arriving at the gate, we perceived a sentry-box, in which the skeleton of a soldier was found with a lamp in his hand:* proceeding up the street beyond the gate, we went into several streets, and entered what is called a coffee-house, the marks of cups being visible on the stone; we came likewise to a tavern, and found the sign—not a very decent one—near the entrance. The streets are lined with public buildings and private houses, most of which have their original painted decorations fresh and entire. The pavement of the streets is much worn by carriage-wheels, and holes are cut through the side stones for the purpose of fastening animals in the market-place; and in certain situations are placed stepping-stones, which give us a rather unfavourable idea of the state of the streets. We passed two beautiful little temples; went into a surgeon's house, in the operation-room of which chirurgical instruments were found; entered an ironmonger's shop, where an anvil and hammer were discovered; a sculptor's and a baker's shop, in the latter of which may be seen an oven and grinding-mills, like old Scotch querns. We examined likewise an oilman's shop, and a wine-shop lately opened, where money was found in the till; a school, in which was a small pulpit, with steps up to it, in the middle of the apartment; a great theatre; a temple of justice; an amphitheatre about 220 feet in length; various temples; a barrack for soldiers, the columns of which are scribbled with their names and jests; wells, cisterns, seats, triclinium, beautiful mosaic; altars, inscriptions, fragments of statues, and many other curious remains of antiquity. Among the most remarkable objects was an ancient wall, with part of a still more ancient marble frieze, built in it as a common stone; and a stream which has flowed under this once subterraneous city long before its burial; pipes of terra-cotta to convey the water to the different streets: stocks for prisoners, in one of which a skeleton was found. All these things incline one almost to look for the inhabitants, and wonder at the desolate silence of the place.

The houses in general are very low and the rooms are small; I should think not above ten feet high. Every house is provided with a well and a cistern. Everything seems to be in proportion. The principal streets do not appear to exceed 16 feet in width, with side-pavements of about 3 feet; some of the subordinate streets are from 6 to 10 feet wide, with side-pavements in proportion; these are occasionally high, and are reached by steps. The columns of the barracks are about 15 feet in height; they are made of tufa with stucco; one-third of the shaft is smoothly plastered, the rest fluted to the capital. The walls of the houses are often painted red, and some of them have borders and antique ornaments, masks, and imitations of marble; but in general poorly executed. I have observed on the walls of an eating-room various kinds of food and game tolerably represented: one woman's apartment was adorned with subjects relating to love, and a man's with pictures of a martial character. Considering that the whole has been under ground upwards of seventeen centuries, it is certainly surprising that they should be as fresh as at the period of their burial. The whole extent of the city, not one half of which [only a third] is excavated, may be about four miles.

ARCTIC DISCOVERY—ROSS, PARRY, FRANKLIN, LYON, BEECHEY, ETC.

Contemporaneous with the African expeditions already described, a strong desire was felt in this country to prosecute our discoveries in the northern seas, which for fifty years had been neglected. The idea of a north-west passage to Asia still presented attractions, and on the close of the revolutionary war, an effort to discover it was resolved upon. In 1818 an expedition was fitted out, consisting of two ships, one under the command of CAPTAIN JOHN ROSS, and another under LIEUTENANT, afterwards SIR EDWARD PARRY. The most interesting feature in this voyage is the account of a tribe of Esqui-

* This story has since been proved to be fabulous. The place in question was no sentry-box, but a funeral monument of an Augustal named M. Cerinius Restitutus, as appeared from an inscription.—DYER'S *Pompeii*, p. 531.

maux hitherto unknown, who inhabited a tract of country extending on the shore for 120 miles, and situated near Baffin's Bay. A singular phenomenon was also witnessed—a range of cliffs covered with snow of a deep crimson colour, arising from some vegetable substance. When the expedition came to Lancaster Sound, a passage was confidently anticipated; but after sailing up the bay, Captain Ross conceived that he saw land—a high ridge of mountains, extending directly across the bottom of the inlet—and he abandoned the enterprise. Lieutenant Parry and others entertained a different opinion from that of their commander as to the existence of land, and the Admiralty fitted out a new expedition, which sailed in 1819, for the purpose of again exploring Lancaster Sound. The expedition, including two ships, the *Hecla* and *Griper*, was intrusted to Captain Parry, who had the satisfaction of verifying the correctness of his former impressions, by sailing through what Captain Ross supposed to be a mountain-barrier in Lancaster Sound. 'To have sailed upwards of thirty degrees of longitude beyond the point reached by any former navigator—to have discovered many new lands, islands, and bays—to have established the much-contested existence of a Polar Sea north of America—finally, after a wintering of eleven months, to have brought back his crew in a sound and vigorous state—were enough to raise his name above that of any former Arctic voyager.' The long winter sojourn in this Polar region was relieved by various devices and amusements: a temporary theatre was fitted up, and the officers came forward as amateur performers. A sort of newspaper was also established, called the 'North Georgian Gazette,' to which all were invited to contribute; and excursions abroad were kept up as much as possible. The brilliant results of Captain Parry's voyage soon induced another expedition to the northern seas of America. That commander hoisted his flag on board the *Fury*, and Captain Lyon, distinguished by his services in Africa, received the command of the *Hecla*. The ships sailed in May 1821. It was more than two years ere they returned; and though the expedition, as to its main object of finding a passage into the Polar Sea, was a failure, various geographical discoveries were made. The tediousness of winter, when the vessels were frozen up, was again relieved by entertainments similar to those formerly adopted; and further gratification was afforded by intercourse with the Esquimaux, who, in their houses of snow and ice, burrowed along the shores. We shall extract part of Captain Parry's account of this shrewd though savage race.

Description of the Esquimaux.

The Esquimaux exhibit a strange mixture of intellect and dullness, of cunning and simplicity, of ingenuity and stupidity; few of them could count beyond five, and not one of them beyond ten, nor could any of them speak a dozen words of English after a constant intercourse of seventeen or eighteen months; yet many of them could imitate the manners and actions of the strangers, and were on the whole ex-

cellent mimics. One woman in particular, of the name of Iligluik, very soon attracted the attention of our voyagers by the various traits of that superiority of understanding for which, it was found, she was remarkably distinguished, and held in esteem even by her own countrymen. She had a great fondness for singing, possessed a soft voice and an excellent ear: but, like another great singer who figured in a different society, 'there was scarcely any stopping her whence she had once begun;' she would listen, however, for hours together to the tunes played on the organ. Her superior intelligence was perhaps most conspicuous in the readiness with which she was made to comprehend the manner of laying down on paper the geographical outline of that part of the coast of America she was acquainted with, and the neighbouring islands, so as to construct a chart. At first it was found difficult to make her comprehend what was meant; but when Captain Parry had discovered that the Esquimaux were already acquainted with the four cardinal points of the compass for which they have appropriate names, he drew them on a sheet of paper, together with that portion of the coast just discovered, which was opposite to Winter Island, where they then were, and of course well known to her.

We desired her (says Captain Parry) to complete the rest, and to do it, *mikkee* (small), when, with a countenance of the most grave attention and peculiar intelligence, she drew the coast of the continent beyond her own country, as lying nearly north from Winter Island. The most important part still remained, and it would have amused an unconcerned looker-on to have observed the anxiety and suspense depicted on the countenances of our part of the group till this was accomplished, for never were the tracings of a pencil watched with more eager solicitude. Our surprise and satisfaction may therefore in some degree be imagined when, without taking it from the paper, Iligluik brought the continental coast short round to the westward, and afterward to the S.S.W., so as to come within three or four days journey of Repulse Bay.

I am, however, compelled to acknowledge, that in proportion as the superior understanding of this extraordinary woman became more and more developed, her head—for what female head is indifferent to praise?—began to be turned by the general attention and numberless presents she received. The superior decency and even modesty of her behaviour had combined, with her intellectual qualities, to raise her in our estimation far above her companions; and I often heard others express what I could not but agree in, that for Iligluik alone, of all the Esquimaux women, that kind of respect could be entertained which modesty in a female never fails to command in our sex. Thus regarded, she had always been freely admitted into the ships, the quarter-masters at the gangway never thinking of refusing entrance to 'the wise woman,' as they called her. Whenever any explanation was necessary between the Esquimaux and us, Iligluik was sent for as an interpreter; information was chiefly obtained through her, and she thus found herself rising into a degree of consequence to which, but for us, she could never have attained. Notwithstanding a more than ordinary share of good sense on her part, it will not therefore be wondered at if she became giddy with her exaltation—considered her admission into the ships and most of the cabins no longer an indulgence, but a right—ceased to return the slightest acknowledgment for any kindness or presents—became listless and inattentive in unravelling the meaning of our questions, and careless whether her answers conveyed the information we desired. In short, Iligluik in February and Iligluik in April were confessedly very different persons; and it was at last amusing to recollect, though not very easy to persuade one's self, that the woman who now sat demurely in a chair, so confidently expecting the notice of those around her, and she who had at first, with eager and wild delight, assisted in cutting snow for the building of a hut, and with the hope of obtaining a single needle, were actually one and the same individual.

No kind of distress can deprive the Esquimaux of their cheerful temper and good-humour, which they preserve even when severely pinched with hunger and cold, and wholly deprived for days together both of food and fuel—a situation to which they are very frequently reduced. Yet no calamity of this kind can teach them to be provident, or to take the least thought for the morrow; with them, indeed, it is always either a feast or a famine. The enormous quantity of animal food—they have no other—which they devour at a time is almost incredible. The quantity of meat which they procured between the first of October and the first of April was sufficient to have furnished about double the number of working-people, who were moderate

eaters, and had any idea of providing for a future day, but to individuals who can demolish four or five pounds at a sitting, and at least ten in the course of a day, and who never bestow a thought on to-morrow, at least with the view to provide for it by economy, there is scarcely any supply which could secure them from occasional scarcity. It is highly probable that the alternate feasting and fasting to which the gluttony and improvidence of these people so constantly subject them, may have occasioned many of the complaints that proved fatal during the winter; and on this account we hardly knew whether to rejoice or not at the general success of their fishery.

A third expedition was undertaken by Captain Parry, assisted by Captain Hoppner, in 1824, but it proved still more unfortunate. The broken ice in Baffin's Bay retarded his progress until the season was too far advanced for navigation in that climate. After the winter broke up, huge masses of ice drove the ships on shore, and the *Fury* was so much injured, that it was deemed necessary to abandon her with all her stores. In April 1827, Captain Parry once more sailed in the *Hecla*, to realise, if possible, his sanguine expectations; but on this occasion he projected reaching the North Pole by employing light boats and sledges, which might be alternately used, as compact fields of ice or open sea interposed in his route. On reaching Hecla Cove, they left the ship to commence their journey on the ice. Vigorous efforts were made to reach the Pole, still 500 miles distant; but the various impediments they had to encounter, and particularly the drifting of the snow-fields, frustrated all their endeavours; and after two months spent on the ice, and penetrating about a degree farther than any previous expedition, the design was abandoned—having attained the latitude of 82 degrees 45 minutes. These four expeditions were described by Captain Parry in separate volumes, which were read with great avidity. The whole have since been published in six small volumes, constituting one of the most interesting series of adventures and discoveries recorded in our language. On his return, Captain Parry was appointed Hydrographer to the Admiralty, and received the honour of knighthood. From 1829 to 1834 he resided in New South Wales as commissioner to the Australian Agricultural Company. He again returned to England, and held several Admiralty appointments, the last of which was governor of Greenwich Hospital. In 1852, he attained to the rank of rear-admiral, and died, universally regretted, July 1855, aged sixty-five.

Following out the plan of northern discovery, an expedition was, in 1819, despatched overland to proceed from the Hudson's Bay factory, tracing the coast of the Northern Ocean. This expedition was commanded by Captain John Franklin, accompanied by Dr. Richardson, a scientific gentleman; two midshipmen—Mr. Hood and Mr. (afterwards Sir George) Back—and two seamen. The journey to the Coppermine River displayed the characteristic ardour and hardihood of British seamen. Great suffering was experienced. Mr. Hood lost his life, and Captain Franklin and Dr. Richardson were at the point of death, when timely succour was afforded by some Indians. The results of this journey, which, including the navigation along the

coast, extended to 5,500 miles, are obviously of the greatest importance to geography. As the coast running northward was followed to Cape Turnagain, in latitude 68½ degrees, it is evident that, if a north-west passage exist, it must be found beyond that limit.' The narratives of Captain Franklin, Dr. Richardson, and Mr. Back form a fitting and not less interesting sequel to those of Captain Parry. The same intrepid parties undertook, in 1823, a second expedition to explore the shores of the Polar Seas. The coast between the Mackenzie and Coppermine Rivers, 902 miles, was examined. Subsequent expeditions were undertaken by CAPTAIN LYON and CAPTAIN BEECHEY. The former failed through continued bad weather; but Captain Beechey having sent his master, Mr. Elson, in a barge to prosecute the voyage to the east, that individual penetrated to a sandy point, on which the ice had grounded, the most northern part of the continent then known. Captain Franklin had, only four days previous, been within 160 miles of this point, when he commenced his return to the Mackenzie River, and it is conjectured with much probability, that had he been aware that by persevering in his exertions for a few days he might have reached his friends, it is possible that a knowledge of the circumstance might have induced him, through all hazards, to continue his journey. The intermediate 160 miles still remained unexplored. In 1829, Captain, afterwards Sir John Ross, disappointed at being outstripped by Captain Parry in the discovery of the strait leading into the Polar Sea, equipped a steam-vessel, solely from private resources, and proceeded to Baffin's Bay. 'It was a bold but inconsiderate undertaking, and every soul who embarked on it must have perished, but for the ample supplies they received from the *Fury*, or rather from the provisions and stores which, by the providence of Captain Parry, had been carefully stored up on the beach; for the ship herself had entirely disappeared. He proceeded down Regent's Inlet as far as he could in his little ship the *Victory;* placed her among ice clinging to the shore, and after two winters, left her there; and in returning to the northward, by great good-luck fell in with a whaling-ship, which took them all on board and brought them home.' Captain James Ross, nephew of the commander, collected some geographical information in the course of this unfortunate enterprise.

Valuable information connected with the Arctic regions was afforded by MR. WILLIAM SCORESBY (1760–1829), a gentleman who, while practising the whale-fishing, had become the most learned observer and describer of the regions of ice. His 'Account of the Northern Whale Fishery,' 1822, is a standard work of great value; and he is author also of an 'Account of the Arctic Regions' (1820). His son, the REV. DR. WILLIAM SCORESBY (1789–1857), was distinguished as a naval writer, author of 'Arctic Voyages,' 'Discourses to Seamen,' and other works.

EASTERN TRAVELLERS.

The scenes and countries mentioned in Scripture have been frequently described since the publications of Dr. Clarke. BURCKHARDT traversed Petræa (the Edom of the prophecies); MR. WILLIAM RAE WILSON, in 1823, published 'Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land;' MR. CLAUDIUS JAMES RICH—the accomplished British resident at Bagdad, who died in 1821, at the early age of thirty-five—wrote an excellent 'Memoir on the Ruins of Babylon;' the HON. GEORGE KEPPEL performed the overland journey to India in 1824, and gave a narrative of his observations in Bassorah, Bagdad, the ruins of Babylon, &c. MR. J. S. BUCKINGHAM also travelled by the overland route—taking, however, the way of the Mediterranean and the Turkish provinces in Asia Minor—and the result of his journey was given to the world in three separate works—the latest published in 1827—entitled 'Travels in Palestine;' 'Travels among the Arab Tribes;' and 'Travels in Mesopotamia.' DR. R. R. MADDEN, a medical gentleman, who resided several years in India, in 1829 published 'Travels in Egypt, Turkey, Nubia, and Palestine.' 'Letters from the East,' and 'Recollections of Travel in the East' (1830), by JOHN CARNE, Esq., of Queen's College, Cambridge, extend, the first over Syria and Egypt, and the second over Palestine and Cairo. Mr. Carne is a judicious observer and picturesque describer, yet he sometimes ventures on doubtful biblical criticism. The miracle of the passage of the Red Sea, for example, he thinks should be limited to a specific change in the direction of the winds. The idea of representing the waves standing like a wall on each side must consequently be abandoned. 'This,' he says, 'is giving a literal interpretation to the evidently figurative language of Scripture, where it is said that "the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all night;" and when the morning dawned, there was probably a wide and waste expanse; from which the waters had retired to some distance: and that the "sea returning to his strength in the morning," was the rushing back of an impetuous and resistless tide, inevitable, but not instantaneous, for it is evident the Egyptians turned and fled at its approach.' In either case a miracle must have been performed, and it seems unnecessary and hypercritical to attempt reducing it to the lowest point. Mr. Milman, in his 'History of the Jews,' has fallen into this error, and explained away the miracles of the Old Testament till all that is supernatural, grand, and impressive disappears.

'Travels along the Mediterranean and Parts Adjacent' (1822), by DR. ROBERT RICHARDSON, is an interesting work, particularly as relates to antiquities. The doctor travelled by way of Alexandria, Cairo, &c., to the Second Cataract of the Nile, returning by Jerusalem, Damascus, Baalbek, and Tripoli. He surveyed the Temple of Solomon, and was the first acknowledged Christian received within its holy walls since it has been appropriated to the religion of Mohammed. The 'Journal to some Parts of Ethiopia' (1822), by

Messrs. Waddington and Hanbury, gives an account of the antiquities of Ethiopia and the extirpation of the Mamalukes.

Sir John Malcolm (1769–1833) was author of a 'History of Persia' and 'Sketches of Persia.' Mr. Morier's 'Journeys through Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor,' abound in interesting descriptions of the country, people, and government. Sir William Ouseley (1771–1839) —who had been private secretary to the British Embassy in Persia— has published three large volumes of Travels in various countries of the East, particularly Persia, in 1810, 1811, and 1812. This work illustrates subjects of antiquarian research, history, geography, philology, &c., and is valuable to the scholar for its citations from rare oriental manuscripts. Another valuable work on this country is by Sir Robert Ker Porter (1780–1742), and is entitled 'Travels in Georgia, Persia, Babylonia,' &c., published in 1822.

Society in Bagdad.—From Sir R. K. Porter's 'Travels.'

The wives of the higher classes in Bagdad are usually selected from the most beautiful girls that can be obtained from Georgia and Circassia; and, to their natural charms, in like manner with their captive sisters all over the East, they add the fancied embellishments of painted complexions, hands and feet dyed with henna, and their hair and eyebrows stained with the rang, or prepared indigo leaf. Chains of gold, and collars of pearls, with various ornaments of precious stones, decorate the upper part of their persons, while solid bracelets of gold, in shapes resembling serpents, clasp their wrists and ankles. Silver and golden tissued muslins not only form their turbans, but frequently their under-garments. In summer the ample pelisse is made of the most costly shawl, and in cold weather lined and bordered with the choisest furs. The dress is altogether very becoming; by its easy folds and glittering transparency, shewing a fine shape to advantage, without the immodest exposure of the open vest of the Persian ladies. The humbler females generally move abroad with faces totally unveiled, having a handkerchief rolled round their heads, from beneath which their hair hangs down over their shoulders, while another piece of linen passes under their chin, in the fashion of the Georgians. Their garment is a gown of a shift form, reaching to their ankles, open before, and of a gray colour. Their feet are completely naked. Many of the very inferior classes stain their bosoms with the figures of circles, half-moons, stars, &c., in a bluish stamp. In this barbaric embellishment the poor damsel of Irak-Arabi has one point of vanity resembling that of the ladies of Irak-Ajemi. The former frequently adds this frightful cadaverous hue to her lips; and to complete their savage appearance, thrusts a ring through their right nostril, pendent with a flat, button-like ornament set round with blue or red stones.

But to return to the ladies of the higher circles, whom we left in some gay saloon of Bagdad. When all are assembled, the evening meal or dinner is soon served. The party, seated in rows, then prepare themselves for the entrance of the show, which, consisting of music and dancing, continues in noisy exhibition through the whole night. At twelve o'clock, supper is produced, when pilaus, kabobs, preserves, fruits, dried sweetmeats, and sherbets of every fabric and flavour, engage the fair *convives* for some time. Between this second banquet and the preceding, the perfumed narquilly is never absent from their rosy lips, excepting when they sip coffee, or indulge in a general shout of approbation, or a hearty peal of laughter at the freaks of the dancers or the subject of the singers' madrigals. But no respite is given to the entertainers; and, during so long a stretch of merriment, should any of the happy guests feel a sudden desire for temporary repose, without the least apology she lies down to sleep on the luxurious carpet that is her seat; and thus she remains, sunk in as deep an oblivion as if the nummud were spread in her own chamber. Others speedily follow her example, sleeping as sound; notwithstanding the bawling of the singers, the horrid jangling of the guitars, the thumping on the jar-like double-drum, the ringing and loud clangour of the metal bells and castanets of the dancers, with an eternal talking in all keys, abrupt laughter, and vociferous expressions of gratifi-

cation, making in all a full concert of distracting sounds, sufficient, one might suppose, to awaken the dead. But the merry tumult and joyful strains of this conviviality gradually become fainter and fainter; first one and then another of the visitors —while even the performers are not spared by the soporific god—sink down under the drowsy influence, till at length the whole carpet is covered with the sleeping beauties, mixed indiscriminately with handmaids, dancers, and musicians, as fast asleep as themselves. The business, however, is not thus quietly ended. 'As soon as the sun begins to call forth the blushes of the morn, by lifting the veil that shades her slumbering eyelids,' the faithful slaves rub their own clear of any lurking drowsiness, and then tug their respective mistresses by the toe or the shoulder, to rouse them up to perform the devotional ablutions usual at the dawn of day. All start mechanically, as if touched by a spell; and then commences the splashing of water and the muttering of prayers, presenting a singular contrast to the vivacious scene of a few hours before. This duty over, the fair devotees shake their feathers like birds from a refreshing shower, and tripping lightly forward with garments, and perhaps looks, a little the worse for the wear of the preceding evening, plunge at once again into all the depths of its amusements. Coffee, sweetmeats, kalioons, as before, accompany every obstreperous repetition of the midnight song and dance; and all being followed up by a plentiful breakfast of rice, meats, fruits, &c., towards noon the party separate, after having spent between fifteen and sixteen hours in this riotous festivity.

The French authors Chateaubriand, Laborde, and Lamartine have minutely described the Holy Land; and in the 'Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia, and the Holy Land,' by J. L. STEPHENS, information respecting these interesting countries will be found.

Various works on India appeared, including a general Political History of the empire by Sir JOHN MALCOLM (1826), and a 'Memoir of Central India' (1823), by the same author. 'Travels in the Himmalayan Provinces of Hindostan and the Punjaub, in Ladakh and Cashmere, in Peshawar, Cabul, &c., from 1819 to 1825,' by W. MOORCROFT and GEORGE TREBECK, relate many new and important particulars. Mr. Moorcroft crossed the great chain of the Himalaya Mountains near its highest part, and first drew attention to those stupendous heights, rising in some parts to above 27,000 feet. 'A Tour through the Snowy Range of the Himmala Mountains' was made by MR. JAMES BAILLIE FRASER (1820), who gives an interesting account of his perilous journey. He visited Gangotri, an almost inaccesible haunt of superstition, the Mecca of Hindu pilgrims, and also the spot at where the Ganges issues from its covering of perpetual snow. In 1825 Mr. Fraser published a 'Narrative of a Journey into Khorasan, in the years 1821 and 1822, including an Account of the Countries to the north-east of Persia.' The following is a brief sketch of a Persian town:

Viewed from a commanding situation, the appearance of a Persian town is most uninteresting; the houses, all of mud, differ in no respect from the earth in colour, and from the irregularity of their construction, resemble inequalities on its surface rather than human dwellings. The houses, even of the great, seldom exceed one story; and the lofty walls which shroud them from view, without a window to enliven them, have a most monotonous effect. There are few domes or minarets, and still fewer of those that exist are either splendid or elegant. There are no public buildings but the mosques and medressas; and these are often as mean as the rest, or perfectly excluded from view by ruins. The general *coup-d'œil* presents a succession of flat roofs and long walls of mud, thickly interspersed with ruins; and the only relief to its monotony is found in the gardens, adorned with chinar, poplars, and cypress, with which the towns and villages are often surrounded and intermingled.

The same author published 'Travels and Adventures in the Persian Provinces, 1826;' 'A Winter Journey from Constantinople to Tehran, with Travels through Various Parts of Persia, 1838;' &c. Among other Indian works may be mentioned, 'The Annals and Antiquities of Rajasthan,' 1830, by LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JAMES TOD (1782-1835); and 'Travels into Bokhara,' by LIEUTENANT, afterwards SIR ALEXANDER BURNES. The latter is a narrative of a journey from India to Cabul, Tartary, and Persia, and is a valuable work. The accomplished author was cut off in his career of usefulness and honour in 1841, being treacherously murdered at Cabul, in his thirty-sixth year.

Of China we have the history of the two embassies—the first in 1792–94, under Lord Macartney, of which a copious account was given by SIR GEORGE STAUNTON, one of the commissioners. Further information was afforded by SIR JOHN BARROW'S 'Travels in China, published in 1804, and long our most valuable work on that country. The second embassy, headed by Lord Amherst, in 1816, was recorded by HENRY ELLIS, Esq., third commissioner, in a work in two volumes (1818), and by DR. ABEL, a gentleman attached to the embassy. One circumstance connected with this embassy occasioned some speculation and amusement. The ambassador was required to perform the *ko-tou*, or act of prostration, nine times repeated, with the head knocked against the ground. Lord Amherst and Mr. Ellis were inclined to have yielded this point of ceremony; but Sir George Staunton and the other members of the canton mission took the most decided part on the other side. The result of their deliberations was a determination against the performance of the ko-tou; and the emperor at last consented to admit them upon their own terms, which consisted in kneeling upon a single knee. The embassy went to Pekin, and were ushered into an ante-chamber of the imperial palace.

Scene at Pekin, described by Mr. Ellis.

Mandarins of all buttons* were in waiting; several princes of the blood, distinguished by clear ruby buttons and round flowered badges, were among them; the silence, and a certain air of regularity, marked the immediate presence of the sovereign. The small apartment, much out of repair, into which we were huddled, now witnessed a scene I believe unparalleled in the history of even oriental diplomacy. Lord Amherst had scarcely taken his seat, when Chang delivered a message from Ho (Koong-yay), stating that the emperor wished to see the ambassador, his son, and the commissioners immediately. Much surprise was naturally expressed; the previous arrangement for the eighth of the Chinese month, a period certainly much too early for comfort, was adverted to, and the utter impossibility of His Excellency appearing in his present state of fatigue, inanition, and deficiency of every necessary equipment was strongly urged. Chang was very unwilling to be the bearer of this answer, but was finally obliged to consent. During this time the room had filled with spectators of all ages and ranks, who rudely pressed upon us to gratify their brutal curiosity, for such it may be called, as they seemed to regard us rather as wild beasts than mere strangers of the same species with themselves. Some other messages were interchanged between the Koong-yay and Lord Amherst, who, in addi-

* The buttons, in the order of their rank, are as follows: ruby red, worked coral, smooth coral, pale blue, dark blue, crystal, ivory, and gold.

tion to the reasons already given, stated the indecorum and irregularity of his appearing without his credentials. In his reply to this it was said, that in the proposed audience the emperor merely wished to see the ambassador, and had no intention of entering upon business. Lord Amherst having persisted in expressing the inadmissibility of the proposition, and in transmitting through the Koong-yay a humble request to his imperial majesty that he would be graciously pleased to wait till to-morrow, Chang and another mandarin finally proposed that His Excellency should go over to the Koong-yay's apartments, from whence a reference might be made to the emperor. Lord Amherst, having alleged bodily illness as one of the reasons for declining the audience, readily saw that if he went to the Koong-yay, this plea, which to the Chinese—though now scarcely admitted—was in general the most forcible, would cease to avail him, positively declined compliance. This produced a visit from the Koong-yay, who, too much interested and agitated to heed ceremony, stood by Lord Amherst, and used every argument to induce him to obey the emperor's commands. Among other topics he used that of being received with our own ceremony, using the Chinese words, 'ne mun tih lee'—your own ceremony. All proving ineffectual, with some roughness, but under pretext of friendly violence, he laid hands upon Lord Amherst, to take him from the room; another mandarin followed his example. His lordship, with great firmness and dignity of manner, shook them off, declaring that nothing but the extremest violence should induce him to quit that room for any other place but the residence assigned to him; adding that he was so overcome by fatigue and bodily illness as absolutely to require repose. Lord Amherst further pointed out the gross insult he had already received, in having been exposed to the intrusion and indecent curiosity of crowds, who appeared to view him rather as a wild beast than the representative of a powerful sovereign. At all events, he entreated the Koong-yay to submit his request to his imperial majesty, who, he felt confident, would, in consideration of his illness and fatigue, dispense with his immediate appearance. The Koong-yay then pressed Lord Amherst to come to his apartments, alleging that they were cooler, more convenient, and more private. This Lord Amherst declined, saying that he was totally unfit for any place but his own residence. The Koong-yay, having failed in his attempt to persuade him, left the room for the purpose of taking the emperor's pleasure upon the subject.

During his absence, an elderly man, whose dress and ornaments bespoke him a prince, was particularly inquisitive in his inspection of our persons and inquiries. His chief object seemed to be to communicate with Sir George Staunton, as the person who had been with the former embassy; but Sir George very prudently avoided any intercourse with him. It is not easy to describe the feelings of annoyance produced by the conduct of the Chinese, both public and individual: of the former I shall speak hereafter; of the latter I can only say that nothing could be more disagreeable and indecorous.

A message arrived soon after the Koong-yay's quitting the room, to say that the emperor dispensed with the ambassador's attendance; that he had further been pleased to direct his physician to afford to His Excellency every medical assistance that his illness might require. The Koong-yay himself soon followed, and His Excellency proceeded to the carriage. The Koong-yay not disdaining to clear away the crowd, the whip was used by him to all persons indiscriminately; buttons were no protection; and however indecorous, according to our notions, the employment might be for a man of his rank, it could not have been in better hands.

Lord Amherst was generally condemned for refusing the proffered audience. The emperor, in disgust, ordered them instantly to set out for Canton, which was accordingly done. This embassy made scarcely any addition to our knowledge of China.

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL.

The embassy of Lord Amherst to China was, as we have related, comparatively a failure; but the return-voyage was rich both in discovery and in romantic interest. The voyage was made, not along the Coast of China, but by Corea and the Loo-choo Islands, and accounts of it were published in 1818 by MR. MACLEOD, surgeon of

the 'Alceste,' and by CAPTAIN BASIL HALL of the 'Lyra.' The work of the latter was entitled 'An Account of a Voyage of Discovery to the West Coast of Corea and the Great Loo-choo Island.' In the course of this voyage it was found that a great part of what had been laid down on the maps as part of Corea, consisted of an immense archipelago of small islands. The number of these was beyond calculation; and during a sail of upwards of one hundred miles, the sea continued closely studded with them. From one lofty point a hundred and twenty appeared on sight, some with waving woods and green verdant valleys. Loo-choo, however, was the most important, and by far the most interesting of the parts touched upon by the expedition. There the strange spectacle was presented of a people ignorant equally of the use of firearms and the use of money, living in a state of primitive seclusion and happiness such as resembles the dreams of poetry rather than the realities of modern life.

Captain Basil Hall distinguished himself by the composition of other books of travels, written with delightful ease, spirit, and picturesqueness. The first of these consists of 'Extracts from a Journal written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico,' being the result of his observations in those countries in 1821 and 1822. South America had, previous to this, been seldom visited, and its countries were also greater objects of curiosity and interest from their political condition, on the point of emancipation from Spain. The next work of Captain Hall was 'Travels in North America,' in 1827 and 1828, written in a more ambitious strain than his former publications, and containing some excellent descriptions and remarks, mixed up with political disquisitions. This was followed by 'Fragments of Voyages and Travels,' addressed chiefly to young persons, in three small volumes; which were so favourably received, that a second, and afterwards a third series, each in three volumes, were given to the public.

A further collection of these observations on foreign society, scenery, and manners, was published by Captain Hall in 1842, also in three volumes, under the title of 'Patchwork.' This popular author died at Haslar Hospital in 1844, aged 56. He was the second son of Sir James Hall of Dunglass, Bart., President of the Royal Society, and author of some works on Architecture, &c.

HENRY DAVID INGLIS.

One of the most cheerful and unaffected of tourists and travellers, with a strong love of nature and a poetical imagination, was Mr. HENRY DAVID INGLIS, who died in March, 1835, at the early age of forty. Mr. Inglis was the son of a Scottish advocate. He was brought up to commercial pursuits; but his passion for literature, and for surveying the grand and beautiful in art and nature, overpowered his business habits, and led him at once to travel and to write. Diffident of success, he assumed the *nom de plume* of Derwent Conway, and under this disguise he published 'The Tales of Ardennes;' 'Solitary Walks through Many Lands;' 'Travels in Norway, Sweden,

and Denmark, 1829;' and 'Switzerland, the South of France, and the Pyrenees in 1830, 1831.' The last two works were included in 'Constable's Miscellany,' and were deservedly popular. Mr. Inglis was then engaged as editor of a newspaper at Chesterfield; but tiring of this, he again repaired to the continent, and visited the Tyrol and Spain. His travels in both countries were published; and one of the volumes—'Spain in 1830'—is the best of all his works. He next produced a novel descriptive of Spanish life, entitled 'The New Gil Blas'; but it was unsuccessful. After conducting a newspaper for some time in Jersey, Mr. Inglis published an account of the Channel Islands, marked by the easy grace and picturesque charm that pervade all his writings. He next made a tour through Ireland, and wrote his valuable work entitled 'Ireland in 1834.' His last work was 'Travels in the Footsteps of Don Quixote,' published in parts in the 'New Monthly Magazine.'

LOUIS SIMOND.

LOUIS SIMOND, a French author, who, by familiarity with our language and country, wrote in English as well as in his native tongue, published in 1822 a work in two volumes—'Switzerland; or a Journal of a Tour and Residence in that Country in the years 1817, 1818 and 1819.' M. Simond had previously written a similar work on Great Britain, during the years 1810 and 1811, which was well received and favourably reviewed by Southey, Jeffrey, and other critics. M. Simond resided twenty years in America. We subjoin his account of a

Swiss Mountain and Avalanche.

After nearly five hours' toil, we reached a chalet on the top of the mountain (the Wingernalp). This summer habitation of the shepherds was still unoccupied; for the snow having been unusually deep last winter, and the grass, till lately covered, being still very short, the cows have not ventured so high. Here we resolved upon a halt, and having implements for striking fire, a few dry sticks gave us a cheerful blaze in the open air. A pail of cream, or at least of very rich milk, was brought up by the shepherds, with a kettle to make coffee and afterwards boil the milk; very large wooden spoons or ladles answered the purpose of cups. The stock of provisions we had brought was spread upon the very low roof of the chalet, being the best station for our *repas champetre*, as it afforded dry seats sloping conveniently towards the prospect. We had then before us the Jungfrau, the two Eigers, and some of the highest summits in the Alps, shooting up from an uninterrupted level of glaciers of more than two hundred square miles; and although placed ourselves four thousand five hundred feet above the lake of Thun, and that lake one thousand seven hundred and eighty feet above the sea, the mighty rampart rose still six thousand feet above our head. Between us and the Jungfrau the desert valley of Trumlatenthal formed a deep trench, into which avalanches fell, with scarcely a quarter of an hour's interval between them, followed by a thundering noise continued along the whole range; not, however, a reverberation of sound, for echo is mute under the universal winding-sheet of snow, but a prolongation of sound, in consequence of the successive rents or fissures forming themselves when some large section of the glacier slides down one step.

We sometimes saw a blue line suddenly drawn across a field of pure white; then another above it, and another, all parallel, and attended each time with a loud crash like cannon, producing together the effect of long-protracted peals of thunder. At other times some portion of the vast field of snow, or rather snowy ice, gliding gently away, exposed to view a new surface of purer white than the first, and the cast-off

drapery gathering in long folds, either fell at once down the precipice, or disappeared behind some intervening ridge, which the sameness of colour rendered invisible, and was again seen soon after in another direction, shooting out of some narrow channel a cataract of white dust, which, observed through a telescope, was, however, found to be composed of broken fragments of ice or compact snow, many of them sufficient to overwhelm a village, if there had been any in the valley where they fell. Seated on the chalet's roof, the ladies forgot they were cold, wet, bruised, and hungry, and the cup of smoking *café au lait* stood still in their hand while waiting in breathless suspense for the next avalanche, wondering equally at the deathlike silence intervening between each, and the thundering crash which followed. I must own, that while we shut our ears, the mere sight might dwindle down to the effect of a fall of snow from the roof of a house; but when the potent sound was heard along the whole range of many miles, when the time of awful suspense between the fall and the crash was measured, the imagination, taking flight, outstripped all bounds at once, and went beyond the mighty reality itself. It would be difficult to say where the creative powers of imagination stop, even the coldest; for our common feelings—our grossest sensations—are infinitely indebted to them; and man, without his fancy, would not have the energy of the dullest animal. Yet we feel more pleasure and more pride in the consciousness of another treasure of the breast, which tames the flight of this same imagination, and brings it back to sober reality and plain truth.

When we first approach the Alps, their bulk, their stability, and duration, compared to our own inconsiderable size, fragility, and shortness of days, strike our imagination with terror; while reason, unappalled, measuring these masses, calculating their elevation, analysing their substance, finds in them only a little inert matter, scarcely forming a wrinkle on the face of our earth, that earth an inferior planet in the solar system, and that system one only among myriads, placed at distances whose very incommensurability is in a manner measured. What, again, are those giants of the Alps, and their duration—those revolving worlds—that space—the universe—compared to the intellectual faculty capable of bringing the whole fabric into the compass of a single thought, where it is all curiously and accurately delineated! How superior, again, the exercise of that faculty, when, rising from effects to causes, and judging by analogy of things as yet unknown by those we know, we are taught to look into futurity for a better state of existence, and in the hope itself find new reason to hope!

We were shewn an inaccessible shelf of rock on the west side of the Jungfrau, upon which a lämmergeier—the vulture of lambs—once alighted with an infant it had carried away from the village of Murren, situated above the Staubbach: some red scraps, remnants of the child's clothes, were for years observed, says the tradition, on the fatal spot.

The following are sketches of character by Simond:

Rousseau (1712–1778).

Rousseau, from his garret, governed an empire—that of the mind: the founder of a new religion in politics, and to his enthusiastic followers a prophet—he said and they believed! The disciples of Voltaire might be more numerous, but they were bound to him by far weaker ties. Those of Rousseau made the French Revolution and perished *for* it; while Voltaire, miscalculating its chances, perished *by* it. Both perhaps deserved their fate; but the former certainly acted the nobler part, and went to battle with the best weapons too—for in the deadly encounter of all the passions, of the most opposite principles and irreconcilable prejudices, cold-hearted wit is of little avail. Heroes and martyrs do not care for epigrams: and he must have enthusiasm who pretends to lead the enthusiastic or to cope with them. *Une intime persuasion*, Rousseau has somewhere said. *m'a toujours tenu lieu d'eloquence!* And well it might; for the first requisite to command belief is to believe yourself. Nor is it easy to impose on mankind in this respect. There is no eloquence, no ascendency over the mind of others, without this intimate persuasion, in yourself. Rousseau's might only be a sort of poetical persuasion lasting but as long as the occasion; yet it was thus powerful, only because it was true, though but for a quarter of an hour perhaps, in the heart of this inspired writer.

Mr M——, son of the friend of Rousseau to whom he left his manuscripts, and especially his 'Confessions,' to be published after his death, had the goodness to

shew them to me. I observed a fair copy written by himself in a small hand like print, very neat and correct; not a blot or an erasure to be seen. The most curious of these papers, however, were several sketch-books, or memoranda, half filled, where the same hand is no longer discernible; but the same genius, and the same wayward temper and perverse intellect, in every fugitive thought which is there put down. Rousseau's composition, like Montesquieu's, was laborious and slow; his ideas flowed rapidly, but were not readily brought into proper order; they did not appear to have come in consequence of a previous plan; but the plan itself, formed afterwards, came in aid of the ideas, and served as a sort of frame for them, instead of being a system to which they were subservient. Very possible some of the fundamental opinions he defended so earnestly, and for which his disciples would willingly have suffered martyrdom, were originally adopted because a bright thought, caught as it flew, was entered in his commonplace-book.

These loose notes of Rousseau afford a curious insight into his taste in composition. You find him perpetually retrenching epithets—reducing his thoughts to their simplest expression—giving words a peculiar energy by the new application of their original meaning—going back to the *naiveté* of old language; and, in the artificial process of simplicity, carefully effacing the trace of each laborious footstep as he advanced; each idea, each image, coming out at last, as if cast entire at a single throw, original, energetic, and clear. Although Mr. M—— had promised to Rousseau that he would publish his 'Confessions' as they were, yet he took upon himself to suppress a passage explaining certain circumstances of his abjurations at Annecí, affording a curious but frightfully disgusting picture of monkish manners at the time. It is a pity that Mr. M—— did not break his word in regard to some few more passages of that most admirable and most vile of all the productions of genius.

Madame de Staël (1766–1817).

I had seen Madame de Staël a child; and I saw her again on her death-bed. The intermediate years were spent in another hemisphere, as far as possible from the scenes in which she lived. Mixing again, not many months since, with a world in which I am a stranger, and feel that I must remain so, I just saw this celebrated woman, and heard, as it were, her last words, as I had read her works before, uninfluenced by any local bias. Perhaps the impressions of a man thus dropped from another world into this, may be deemed something like those of posterity.

Madame de Staël lived for conversation: she was not happy out of a large circle, and a French circle, where she could be heard in her own language to the best advantage. Her extravagant admiration of the society of Paris was neither more nor less than genuine admiration of herself. It was the best mirror she could get—and that was all. Ambitious of all sorts of notoriety, she would have given the world to have been born noble and a beauty. Yet there was in this excessive vanity so much honesty and frankness, it was so entirely void of affectation and trick, she made so fair and so irresistible an appeal to your own sense of her worth, that what would have been laughable in any one else was almost respectable in her. That ambition of eloquence, so conspicuous in her writings, was much less observable in her conversation; there was more *abandon* in what she said than in what she wrote, while speaking, the spontaneous inspiration was no labour, but all pleasure. Conscious of extraordinary powers, she gave herself up to the present enjoyment of the good things, and the deep things, flowing in a full stream from her own well-stored mind and luxuriant fancy. The inspiration was pleasure, the pleasure was inspiration: and without precisely intending it, she was, every evening of her life, in a circle of company, the very Corinne she had depicted.

ENCYCLOPÆDIAS AND SERIAL WORKS.

We have referred to the continuation of the 'Cyclopœdia' of Ephraim Chambers by Dr. Abraham Rees, a dissenting clergyman (1743-1825). This revival was so successful that the publishers of the work agreed with Dr Rees to undertake a new and magnificent work of a similar nature; and in 1802 the first volume of 'Rees's Cyclopœdia' was issued, with illustrations in a style of engraving never surpassed in this country. This splendid work extended to forty-five volumes. In 1771 the 'Encyclopœdia Britannica,' edited by Mr William Smellie, was published in three volumes. The second edition, commenced in 1776, was enlarged to ten volumes, and embraced biography and history. The third edition, completed in 1797, amounted to eighteen volumes, and was enriched with valuable treatises on Grammar and Metaphysics, by the Rev. Dr. Gleig; with profound articles on Mythology, Mysteries, and Philology, by Dr. Doig; and with an elaborate view of the philosophy of induction, and contributions in physical science, by Professor Robinson. Two supplementary volumes were afterwards added to this work. A fourth edition was issued under the superintendence of Dr. James Millar, and completed in 1810; it was enriched with some admirable scientific treatises from the pen of Professor Wallace. Two other editions, merely nominal, of this 'Encyclopœdia' were published; and a Supplement to the work was projected by Mr. Archibald Constable, and placed under the charge of Professor Macvey Napier. To this Supplement Constable attracted the greatest names both in Britain and France; it contained contributions from Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Jameson, Leslie, Mackintosh, Dr Thomas Thomson, Sir Walter Scott, Jeffrey, Ricardo, Malthus, Mill, Professor Wallace, Dr. Thomas Young, M. Biot, M. Arago, &c. Dugald Stewart was to receive £1000 for his Dissertation on Metaphysical Philosophy, and Professor Playfair £500 for a similar contribution on Natural Philosophy. The former actually received £1600; and the latter would have received an additional £500 had he lived to complete his treatise. Such large sums had never before been given in Scotland for literary labour. The Supplement was completed in six volumes. In the year 1826, when the 'Encyclopœdia Britannica' fell into the hands of Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, a new edition of the whole was commenced, incorporating all the articles in the Supplement, with such modifications and additions as were necessary to adjust them to the later views and information applicable to their subjects. Mr. Napier was chosen editor, and an assistant in the work of revision and addition was found in Dr. James Browne, a man of varied and extensive learning. New and valuable articles were contributed by Sir David Brewster, Mr. Galloway, Dr. Traill, Dr. Roget, Dr. John Thompson, Mr. Tytler, Professor Spaulding, Mr Moir, &c. This great national work—for such it may justly

be entitled—was completed in 1842, in twenty-one volumes. Another edition of this 'Encyclopœdia,' the eighth, greatly improved, was published in 1859-60, edited by Professor Traill, and enriched by contributions from Lord Macaulay, Sir John Herschel, and other eminent authors. A ninth edition is now (1876) in progress, under the editorial charge of Mr. Thomas Spencer Baynes, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the university of St Andrews.

Of a more portable and popular form is 'Chambers's Encyclopædia,' a cheap and comprehensive 'dictionary of universal knowledge for the people.' This work, issued by W. & R. Chambers, was commenced in 1859 and completed in 1868, in ten volumes large octavo. The editor, ANDREW FINDLATER, LL.D—a man of extensive learning and literary connections—was admirably adapted for such a task; and, with the aid of a body of friendly and able contributors in every department of literature and science, he succeeded in producing a work of rare excellence and utility, which has commanded a large sale both in this country and in America. A new edition was completed in 1875. A vitiated edition has been published in the United States. The 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana' was begun in 1815, and presented this difference from its rivals, that it departed from the alphabetical arrangement—certainly the most convenient—and arranged its articles in what the conductors considered their natural order. Coleridge was one of the contributors to this work; some of its philological articles are ingenious. The 'London Encyclopædia,' in twenty volumes royal 8vo, is a useful compendium, and includes the whole of 'Johnson's Dictionary,' with its citations. 'Lardner's Cyclopædia' is a collection of different works on natural philosophy, arts and manufactures, history, biography, &c., published in 131 small 8vo volumes, issued monthly. Popular cyclopædias, each in one large volume, have been published, condensing a large amount of information. Of these, Mr M'Culloch, the political economist, is author of one on Commerce, and another on Geography; Dr Ure on Arts and Manufactures; Mr Brande on Science, Literature, and Art; Mr Blaine on Rural Sports. There is also a series of cyclopædias on a larger scale, devoted to the various departments of medical science.

The plan of monthly publication for works of merit, and combining cheapness with elegance, was commenced by Mr. Constable in 1827. It had been planned by him two years before, when his active mind was full of splendid schemes; and he was confident that, if he lived for half-a-dozen years, he would 'make it as impossible that there should not be a good library in every decent house in Britain, as that the shepherd's ingle-nook should want the *salt-poke*.' 'Constable's Miscellany' was not begun till after the failure of the great publisher's house, but it presented some attraction, and enjoyed for several years considerable though unequal success. The works were issued in monthly numbers at a shilling each, and volumes at three

shillings and sixpence. Basil Hall's 'Travels,' and Lockhart's 'Life of Burns,' were included in the 'Miscellany,' and had a great sale. The example of this Edinburgh scheme started up a London publisher, Mr. Murray, to attempt a similar series in the English metropolis. Hence began the 'Family Library,' which was continued for about twelve years, and ended in 1841 with the eightieth volume. Mr. Murray made his volumes five shillings each, adding occasionally engravings and wood-cuts, and publishing several works of standard merit—including Washington Irving's 'Sketch-book,' Southey's 'Life of Nelson,' &c. Mr. Irving also abridged for this Library his 'Life of Columbus;' Mr. Lockhart abridged Scott's 'Life of Napoleon;' Scott himself contributed a 'History of Demonology;' Sir David Brewster a 'Life of Newton;' and other popular authors joined as fellow-labourers. Another series of monthly volumes was begun in 1833, under the title of 'Sacred Classics,' being reprints of celebrated authors whose labours have been devoted to the elucidation of the principles of revealed religion.

Two clergymen—Mr. Cattermole and Mr. Stebbing—edited this library, and it was no bad index to their fitness for the office, that they opened it with Jeremy Taylor's 'Liberty of Prophesying,' one of the most able, high-spirited, and eloquent of theological or ethical treatises. The 'Edinburgh Cabinet Library' commenced in 1830, and included a number of valuable works, embodying the latest information and discoveries, chiefly on geographical and historical subjects. The convenience of the monthly mode of publication has recommended it to both publishers and readers: editions of the works of Scott, Miss Edgeworth, Byron, Crabbe, Moore, Southey, the fashionable novels, &c., have been thus issued and circulated in thousands. Old standard authors and grave historians, decked out in this gay monthly attire, have also enjoyed a new lease of popularity: Boswell's 'Johnson,' Shakspeare and the elder dramatists, Hume, Smollett, and Lingard, Tytler's 'Scotland,' Cowper, Robert Hall, and almost innumerable other British 'worthies,' have been so published. Those libraries, however—notwithstanding the intentions and sanguine predictions of Constable—were chiefly supported by the more opulent and respectable classes. To bring science and literature within the grasp of all, a Society was formed in 1825 for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, at the head of which were several statesmen and leading members of the Whig aristocracy—Lords Auckland, Althorp (afterwards Earl Spencer), John Russell, Nugent, Suffield, Mr. Henry Brougham (afterwards Lord Brougham), Sir James Mackintosh, Dr. Maltby (afterwards Bishop of Durham), Mr. Hallam, Captain Basil Hall, &c. Their object was to circulate a series of treatises on the exact sciences, and on various branches of useful knowledge in numbers at sixpence each. The first was published in March, 1827, being 'A Discourse on the Objects, Advantages, and Pleasures of Science,' by Mr. Brougham. Many of the works issued

by this Society were excellent compendiums of knowledge; but the general fault of their scientific treatises was, that they were too technical and abstruse for the working-classes, and were, in point of fact, purchased and read chiefly by those in better stations of life. Another series of works of a higher cast, entitled 'The Library of Entertaining Knowledge,' in four-shilling volumes, also emanated from this Society, as well as a very valuable and extensive series of maps and charts, forming a complete atlas. A collection of Portraits, with biographical memoirs, and an improved description of Almanac, published yearly, formed part of the Society's operations. Their labours were on the whole beneficial; and though the demand for cheap literature was then rapidly extending, the steady impulse and encouragement given to it by a Society possessing ample funds and large influence, must have tended materially to accelerate its progress. It was obvious, however, that the field was only partly occupied, and that large masses, both in the rural and manufacturing districts, were unable either to purchase or understand many of the treatises of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Under this impression, the publishers of the present work commenced, in February, 1832, their weekly periodical, 'Chambers's Journal,' consisting of original papers on subjects of ordinary life, science, and literature, and containing in each number a quantity of matter equal to that in a number of the Society's works, and sold at one-fourth the price. The result of this extraordinary cheapness—and we may honestly add the good quality of the material—was a circulation soon exceeding fifty thousand weekly. The 'Penny Magazine,' a respectable periodical, and the 'Penny Cyclopœdia,' were afterwards commenced by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and attained each a very great circulation. There are now numerous other labourers in the same field of human usefulness; and it is scarcely possible to enter a cottage or workshop without meeting with some of these publications—cheering the leisure moments of the peasant or mechanic, and, by withdrawing him from the operation of the grosser senses, elevating him in the scale of rational beings.

We cannot close this section without adverting to the Reviews and Magazines. The 'Edinburgh Review,' started in October 1802 under circumstances elsewhere detailed, was a work entirely new in our literature, not only as it brought talent of the first order to bear upon periodical criticism, but as it presented many original and brilliant disquisitions on subjects of public importance, apart from all consideration of the literary productions of the day. It met with instant success. Of the first number, 750 copies were printed. The demand exceeded this limited supply: 750 more were thrown off, and successive editions followed. In 1808, the circulation had risen to about 9000; and it is believed to have reached its maximum—from which it has declined—in 1813, when 12,000 or 13,000 copies were

printed. The 'Review,' we need not say, still occupies an important position in the English world of letters. As it was devoted to the support of Whig politics, the Tory or ministerial party of the day soon felt a need for a similar organ of opinion on their side, and this led to the establishment of the 'Quarterly Review' in 1809. The 'Quarterly' has ever since kept abreast with its northern rival in point of ability, and is said to have outstripped it in circulation. The 'Westminster Review' was established in 1824, by Mr. Bentham and his friends, as a medium for the representation of Radical opinions. In talent, as in popularity, this work has been unequal.

The same improvement which the 'Edinburgh Review' originated in the critical class of periodicals was effected in the department of the magazines, or literary miscellanies, by the establishment, in 1817, of 'Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine,' which has been the exemplar of many other similar publications—'Fraser's,' 'Tait's' (now extinct), the 'New Monthly,' 'Bentley's Miscellany' (extinct), the 'Dublin University Magazine,' 'Macmillan's Magazine,' 'The Cornhill,' 'Temple Bar,' 'Contemporary Review,' 'Fortnightly Review,' &c. These magazines present each month a melange of original articles in light literature, mingled with papers of political disquisition. In all of them there is now literary matter of merit equal to what obtained great reputations in the last century.

EIGHTH PERIOD

——(1830-1876.)——

REIGNS OF GEORGE IV. WILLIAM IV. AND QUEEN VICTORIA.

Some of the great names which illustrated the former period, and have made it famous, continued after 1830 to grace our literature. Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Campbell, Moore, the creative masters of the last generation, still remained, but their strength was spent, their honours won, and it may be long ere the world see again such a cluster of eminent poetical contemporaries. Other names, however, were brightening the horizon. Macaulay, Carlyle, and Tennyson appeared, and we had vast activity in every department of our national literature, while in some there was unquestioned pre-eminence. This has been seen in the revival of speculative philosophy, corresponding with the diffusion of physical science—in the study of nature, its laws and resources; and in the rich abundance of our prose fiction, which is wholly without a parallel in ancient or modern times. The novel has, indeed, become a necessity in our social life—a great institution. It no longer deals with heroic events and perilous adventures—the romance of history or chivalry. But it finds nourishment and vigour in the daily walks and common scenes of life—in the development of character, intellect, and passion, the struggles, follies, and varieties of ordinary existence. Even poetry reflects the contemplative and inquiring spirit of the age. In history and biography, the two grand sources of our literary distinction in this latter half of the nineteenth century, the same tendencies prevail—a desire to know all and investigate all. Every source of information is sought after—every leading fact, principle, or doctrine in taste, criticism, and ethics is subjected to scrutiny and analysis; while literary journals and cheap editions, multiplied by the aid of steam, pour forth boundless supplies. To note all these in our remaining space would be impossible; many works well deserving of study we can barely glance at, and many must be omitted. In the delicate and somewhat invidious task of dealing with living authors, we shall seek rather to afford information and awaken interest than to pronounce judgments; and we must trust largely to the candour and indulgence of our readers.

POETS.

The chief representative poet of the period is Alfred Tennyson, who, on the death of Wordsworth, by universal acclaim succeeded to the laurel,

> Greener from the brows
> Of him who uttered nothing base,

and who has, like his predecessor, slowly won his way to fame. But, before noticing the laureate, several other names claim attention.

HARTLEY, DERWENT, AND SARA COLERIDGE.

The children of Samuel Taylor Coleridge all inherited his love of literature, and the eldest possessed no small portion of kindred poetical genius. HARTLEY COLERIDGE (1796–1849) was born at Clevedon, near Bristol. His precocious fancy and sensibility attracted Wordsworth, who addressed some lines to the child, then only six years of age, expressive of his anxiety and fears for his future lot. The lines were prophetic. After a desultory, irregular education, Hartley competed for a fellowship at Oriel College, Oxford, and gained it with high distinction; but at the close of the probationary year, he was judged to have forfeited it on the ground mainly of intemperance. He then attempted a literary life in London, but was unsuccessful. 'The cause of his failure,' says his brother, 'lay in himself, not in any want of literary power, of which he had always a ready command, and which he could have made to assume the most popular form; but he had lost the power of will. His steadiness of purpose was gone, and the motives which he had for exertion, imperative as they appeared, were without force.' Hartley next tried a school at Ambleside, but his scholars soon fell off, and at length he trusted solely to his pen. He contributed to 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and in 1832 wrote for a Leeds publisher 'Biographia Borealis, or Lives of Distinguished Northmen.' In 1833 appeared 'Poems,' vol. i. (no second volume was published), and in 1834, 'Lives of Northern Worthies.' The latter years of Hartley Coleridge were spent in the Lake country at Grasmere, and afterwards on the banks of Rydal Water. He was regarded with love, admiration, and pity; for with all his irregularities he preserved a childlike purity and simplicity of character, and 'with hair white as snow,' he had, as one of his friends remarked, 'a heart as green as May.' The works of Hartley Coleridge have been republished and edited by his brother—the 'Poems,' with a Memoir, two volumes, 1851; 'Essays and Marginalia' (miscellaneous essays and criticisms), two volumes, 1851; and 'Lives of Northern Worthies,' three volumes, 1852. The poetry of Hartley Coleridge is of the school of Wordsworth—unequal in execution, for hasty and spontaneous production was the habit of the poet, but at least a tithe of his verse merits preservation, and some of his sonnets are exquisite. His prose works

are characterised by a vein of original thought and reflection, and by great clearness and beauty of style. His 'Lives of Northern Worthies' form one of the most agreeable of modern books, introducing the reader to soldiers, scholars, poets, and statesmen.

The Rev. Derwent Coleridge (born at Keswick in 1800) is Principal of St. Mark's College, Chelsea, and a prebendary of St. Paul's He has published a series of 'Sermons,' 1839, but is chiefly known as author of the Memoir of his brother Hartley, and editor and annotator of some of his father's writings.

Sara Coleridge (1803–1852) was born at Greta Hall, near Keswick, and is commemorated in Wordsworth's poem of 'The Triad.' In respect of learning and philosophical studies, she might have challenged comparison with any of the erudite ladies of the Elizabethan period; while, in taste and fancy, she well supported the poetical honours of her family. The works of Sarah Coleridge are—'Phantasmion,' a fairy tale, 1837, and 'Pretty Lessons for Good Children.' She translated, from the Latin, Martin Dobrizhoffer's 'Account of the Abipones,' three volumes, 1822, and enriched her father's works with valuable notes and illustrations. This accomplished lady was married to her cousin, Henry Nelson Coleridge (1800–1843), who was author of a lively narrative, 'Six Months in the West Indies in 1825;' of an 'Introduction to the study of the Greek Classic Poets,' 1830; and editor of the 'Literary Remains' and of many of the writings of his uncle, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. In 1873 was published 'Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge,' edited by her daughter, a work in two volumes, containing much interesting information relative to the Lake Poets, besides displaying the virtues and acquirements of the deceased authoress. Some one said of Sara Coleridge: 'Her father had looked down into her eyes, and left in them the light of his own.'

Sonnets by Hartley Coleridge.

What was't awakened first the untried ear
Of that sole man who was all humankind?
Was it the gladsome welcome of the wind,
Stirring the leaves that never yet were sere?
The four mellifluous streams which flowed so near,
Their lulling murmurs all in one combined?
The note of bird unnamed? The startled hind
Bursting the brake—in wonder, not in fear,
Of her new lord? Or did the holy ground
Send forth mysterious melody to greet
The gracious presence of immaculate feet?
Did viewless seraphs rustle all around,
Making sweet music out of air as sweet?
Or his own voice awake him with its sound?

To Shakspeare.

The soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean—or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathomed centre. Like that ark,
Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,
O'er the drowned hills, the human family,
And stock reserved of every living kind;
So, in the compass of a single mind,
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie,
To make all worlds. Great Poet! 'twas [thy art

To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destiny,
Or the firm fatal purpose of the heart
Can make of man. Yet thou wert still the same,
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

Address to Certain Gold-fishes.

Restless forms of living light
Quivering on your lucid wings,
Cheating still the curious sight
With a thousand shadowings;
Various as the tints of even,
Gorgeous as the hues of heaven,
Reflected on your native streams
In flitting, flashing, billowy gleams!
Harmless warriors, clad in mail
Of silver breastplate, golden scale—
Mail of Nature's own bestowing,
With peaceful radiance mildly glowing—
Fleet are ye as fleetest galley
Or pirate rover sent from Sallee;
Keener than the Tartar's arrow,
Sport ye in your sea so narrow.

Was the sun himself your sire?
Were ye born of vital fire?
Or of the shade of golden flowers,
Such as we fetch from Eastern bowers,
To mock this murky clime of ours?
Upwards, downwards, now ye glance,
Weaving many a mazy dance;
Seeming still to grow in size
When ye would elude our eyes—
Pretty creatures! we might deem
Ye were happy as ye seem—
As gay, as gamesome, and as blithe,
As light, as loving, and as lithe,
As gladly earnest in your play,
As when ye gleamed in far Cathay:

And yet, since on this hapless earth
There's small sincerity in mirth,
And laughter oft is but an art
To drown the outcry of the heart;
It may be, that your ceaseless gambols,
Your wheelings, dartings, divings, rambles,
Your restless roving round and round
The circuit of your crystal bound—
Is but the task of weary pain,
An endless labour dull and vain;
And while your forms are gaily shining,
Your little lives are inly pining!
Nay—but still I fain would dream
That ye are happy as ye seem!

We add a few sentences of Hartley Coleridge's graceful and striking prose:

History and Biography.

In history, all that belongs to the individual is exhibited in subordinate relation to the commonwealth; in biography the acts and accidents of the commonwealth are considered in their relation to the individual, as influences by which his character is formed or modified—as circumstances amid which he is placed—as the sphere in which he moves—or the materials he works with. The man with his works, his words, his affections, his fortunes, is the end and aim of all. He does not, indeed, as in a panegyric, stand alone like a statue; but like the central figure of a picture, around which others are grouped in due subordination and perspective, the general circumstances of his times forming the back and foreground. In history, the man, like the earth on the Copernican hypothesis, is part of a system; in biography, he is, like the earth in the ancient cosmogony, the centre and final cause of the system.

The Opposing Armies on Marston Moor.

Fifty thousand subjects of one king stood face to face on Marston Moor. The numbers on each side were not far unequal, but never were two hosts speaking one language of more dissimilar aspects. The Cavaliers, flushed with recent victory, identifying their quarrel with their honor and their love, their loose locks escaping beneath their plumed helmets, glittering in all the martial pride which makes the battle-day like a pageant or a festival, and prancing forth with all the grace of gentle love, as they would make a jest of death, while the spirit-rousing strains of the trumpets made their blood dance, and their steeds prick up their ears. The Roundheads, arranged in thick, dark masses, their steel caps and high-crowned hats drawn close over their brows, looking determination, expressing with furrowed foreheads and hard-closed lips the inly-working rage which was blown up to furnace-heat by the extempore effusions of their preachers, and found vent in the terrible denunciations of the Hebrew psalms and prophecies. The arms of each party were adapted to the nature of their courage; the swords, pikes, and pistols of the royalists,

light and bright, were suited for swift onset and ready use; while the ponderous basket-hilted blades, long halberts, and heavy fire-arms of the parliamentarians were equally suited to resist a sharp attack, and to do execution upon a broken enemy. The royalists regarded their adversaries with that scorn which the gay and high-born always feel or affect for the precise or sour-mannered: the soldiers of the Covenant looked on their enemies as the enemies of Israel, and considered themselves as the elect and chosen people—a creed which extinguished fear and remorse together. It would be hard to say whether there was more praying on one side or more swearing on the other or which to a truly Christian ear had been the most offensive. Yet both esteemed themselves the champions of the church; there was bravery and virtue in both; but with this high advantage on the parliamentary side—that while the aristocratic honour of the royalists could only inspire a certain number of *gentlemen*, and separated the patrician from the plebeian soldier, the religious zeal of the Puritans bound officer and man, general and pioneer together, in a fierce and resolute sympathy, and made equality itself an argument for subordination. The captain prayed at the head of his company, and the general's oration was a sermon.

Discernment of Character.

I know it well,
Yet must I still distrust the elder brother;
For while he talks—and much the flatterer talks—
His brother's silent carriage gives disproof
Of all his boast: indeed I marked it well, &c.

MASON'S "CARACTACUS."

This is beautifully true to nature. Men are deceived in their judgments of others by a thousand causes—by their hopes, their ambition, their vanity, their antipathies, their likes and dislikes, their party feelings, their nationality, but, above all, by their presumptuous reliance on the ratiocinative understanding, their disregard to presentiments and unaccountable impressions, and their vain attempts to reduce everything to rule and measure. Women, on the other hand, if they be very women, are seldom deceived, except by love, compassion, or religious sympathy—by the latter too often deplorably; but then it is not because their better angel neglects to give warning, but because they are persuaded to make a merit of disregarding his admonitions. The craftiest Iago cannot win the good opinion of a *true* woman, unless he approach her as a lover, an unfortunate, or a religious confidant. Be it, however, remembered that this superior discernment in character is merely a female *instinct*, arising from a more delicate sensibility, a finer tact, a clearer intuition, and a natural abhorrence of every appearance of evil. It is a sense which only belongs to the innocent, and is quite distinct from the tact of experience. If, therefore, ladies without experience attempt to *judge*, to draw conclusions from premises, and give a reason for their sentiments, there is nothing in their sex to preserve them from error.

J. A. HERAUD—W. B. SCOTT

JOHN ABRAHAM HERAUD—an author of curious and varied erudition, and long connected with periodical literature—has made two attempts at epic grandeur in his poems, 'The Descent into Hell,' 1830, and 'Judgment of the Flood,' 1834. He has also been a contributor to the unacted drama, having written several tragedies—'Salavera,' 'The Two Brothers,' 'Videna,' &c. Mr. Heraud is, or rather *was*, in poetry what Martin was in art, a worshipper of the vast, the remote, and the terrible. His 'Descent' and 'Judgment' are remarkable poems—'psychological curiosities,' evincing a great amount of misplaced intellectual and poetic power. In 1871 Mr. Heraud published 'The Ingathering,' a volume of poetry; and 'The War of Ideas,' a poem on the Franco-Prussian war.

In 1838 WILLIAM BELL SCOTT, an artist and man of genius, pub-

lished 'Hades, or the Transit,' and in 1846 'The Year of the World,' both transcendental poems, mystical as Mr. Heraud's strains, but evidently prompted by admiration of Shelley. In 1854 Mr. Scott issued 'Poems by a Painter;' and in 1875 a volume of 'Poems, Ballads,' &c., with etchings by the author and by Alma Tadema.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

Caroline Anne Bowles (1787–1854) was the daughter of a retired officer, Captain Charles Bowles, of Buckland, near Lymington, Hants. She was, when young, deprived of her parents, and was left almost wholly to the care of the nurse, to whom she makes grateful reference in her writings. In her country retirement, she early cultivated literature, and produced successively 'Ellen Fitz-Arthur,' a poem, 1820; 'The Widow's Tale, and other Poems,' 1822; 'Solitary Hours, Prose and Verse,' 1826; 'Chapters on Churchyards'—a series of tales and sketches in prose, originally published in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and reprinted in two volumes, 1829. A long and affectionate intimacy subsisted between Southey and Miss Bowles, and in 1839 they were married. The 'Athenæum' (Aug. 1854) states that no sacrifice could be greater than the one Miss Bowles made on this occasion. She resigned a larger income than she knew she would receive at Southey's death, and she 'consented to unite herself to him with a sure prevision of the awful condition of mind to which he would shortly be reduced—with a certain knowledge of the injurious treatment to which she might be exposed—from the purest motive that could actuate a woman in forming such a connection; namely, the faint hope that her devotedness might enable her, if not to avert the catastrophe, to acquire at least a legal title to minister to the sufferer's comforts, and watch over the few sad years of existence that might remain to him.' The laureate himself, in writing to his friend Walter Savage Landor on the subject of this second marriage, said he had, according to human foresight, 'judged well, and acted wisely;' but to his family it was peculiarly distasteful, except to one of its members, Edith May Southey, married to Mr. Warter, the editor of the posthumous edition of Southey's 'Doctor' and 'Commonplace Books.' To this lady, Mrs. Southey, in 1847—four years after the death of the laureate—dedicated a volume bearing the title of 'Robin Hood: a Fragment, by the late Robert Southey and Caroline Southey; with other Fragments and Poems by R. S. and C. S.' So early as 1823, Southey had projected a poem on Robin Hood, and asked Caroline Bowles to form an intellectual union with him that it might be executed. Various efforts were made and abandoned. The metre selected by Southey was that of his poem of 'Thalaba'—a measure not only difficult, but foreign to all the ballad associations called up by the name of Robin Hood. Caroline Bowles, however, persevered, and we subjoin two stanzas of the portion contributed by her.

Majestically slow
The sun goes down in glory—
The full-orbed autumn sun;
From battlement to basement,
From flanking tower to flanking tower,
The long-ranged windows of a noble hall
Fling back the flamy splendour.
Wave above, wave below,
Orange, and green, and gold,
Russet and crimson,
Like an embroidered zone, ancestral woods,
Close round on all sides:
Those again begirt
In wavy undulations of all hues
To the horizon's verge by the deep forest.

The holy stillness of the hour,
The hush of human life,
Lets the low voice be heard—
The low, sweet, solemn voice
Of the deep woods,
Its mystical murmuring
Now swelling into choral harmony,
Rich, full, exultant;
In tremulous whispers next,
Sinking away,
A spiritual undertone.
Till the cooing of the wood-pigeon
Is heard alone.

The poem was never completed: 'clouds were gathering the while,' says Mrs. Southey, 'and before the time came that our matured purpose should bear fruit, the fiat had gone forth, and "all was in the dust."' The remaining years of the poetess were spent in close retirement. She left behind her, it is said, upwards of twelve hundred letters from the pen of Southey. The writings of Mrs. Southey, both prose and verse, illustrate her love of retirement, her amiable character, and poetical susceptibilities. A vein of pathos, runs through most of the little tales or novelettes, and colours her poetry.

Mariner's Hymn.

Launch thy bark, mariner!
Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose the rudder-bands—
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily;
Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the foresail, there!
Hold the helm fast!
So—let the vessel wear—
There swept the blest.

'What of the night, watchman?
What of the night?'
'Cloudy—all quiet—
No land yet—all's right.'

Be wakeful be vigilant—
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?
Clean out the hold—
Hoist up thy merchandise,
Heave out thy gold;
There—let the ingots go—
Now the ship rights;
Hurrah! the harbour's near—
Lo! the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet
At inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the high land;
Crowd all thy canvas on,
Cut through the foam—
Christian cast anchor now—
Heaven is thy home!

Once upon a Time.

I mind me of a pleasant time,
A season long ago:
The pleasantest I've ever known,
Or ever now shall know.
Bees, birds, and little tinkling rills,
So merrily did chime;
The year was in its sweet spring-tide,
And I was in my prime.

I've never heard such music since,
From every bending spray;
I've never plucked such primroses,
Set thick on bank and brae;
I've never smelt such violets
As all that pleasant time
I found by every hawthorn root—
When I was in my prime.

Yon moory down, so black and bare,
Was gorgeous then and gay
With golden gorse—bright blossoming—
As none blooms nowaday.
The blackbird sings but seldom now
Up there in the old lime,
Where hours and hours he used to sing—
When I was in my prime.

Such cutting winds came never then
To pierce one through and through;
More softly fell the silent shower,
More balmily the dew.

The morning mist and evening haze—
Unlike this cold gray rime—
Seemed woven warm of golden air—
When I was in my prime,

And blackberries—so mawkish now—
Were finely flavoured then;
And nuts—such reddening clusters ripe
I ne'er shall pull again;
Nor strawberries blushing bright—as rich
As fruits of sunniest clime;
How all is altered for the worse
Since I was in my prime!

The Pauper's Death-bed.

Tread softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing-bell doth toll—
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that Beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state:
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace-gate.

That pavement damp and cold
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again
That short deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

O change—O wondrous change!—
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment there, so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars!

O change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod:
The sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

JOHN EDMUND READE.

The first production of Mr. Reade appears to have been a volume entitled 'The Broken Heart and other Poems,' 1825. From that period up to 1868 he has published a long series of poems and dramas. 'Cain the Wanderer' and the 'Revolt of the Angels' in 1830; 'Italy,' 1838; 'Catiline' and 'The Deluge,' 1839; 'Sacred Poems,' 1843; 'Memnon,' 1844; 'Revelations of Life,' 1849; &c. Mr. Reade has lived to superintend and publish four collective editions of his poetical works (1851–1865). He has also written some novels, and two volumes of 'Continental Impressions' (1847). The poem of 'Italy,' in the Spenserian stanza, recalls Byron's 'Childe Harold,' while the 'Revelations' resemble Wordsworth's 'Excursion.' We subjoin a few lines of description:

We looked toward
The sun, rayless and red; emerging slow
From a black canopy that lowered above.
O'er a blue sky it hung where fleecy clouds
Swelled like low hills along the horizon's verge.
Down slanting to a sea of glory, or
O'er infinite plains in luminous repose.

Eastward the sulphurous thunder-clouds were rolled.
While on the lurid sky beneath was marked
The visibly falling storm. The western rays
Braided its molten edges, rising up
Like battlemented towers, their brazen fronts
Changing perturbedly: from which, half seen,
The imaginative eye could body forth
Spiritual forms of thrones and fallen powers,
Reflecting on their scarred and fiery fronts,
The splendours left behind them.

'Catiline,' a drama, is well conceived and executed; but here also Mr. Reade follows another poetical master, Ben Jonson.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

This gentleman (1802–1839) was early distinguished for scholarship and poetic talent. In conjunction with a school-fellow—the Rev. John Moultrie, who also wrote some pleasing poetry—Mr. Praed set up a paper called 'The Etonian;' and he was associated with Macaulay as a writer in 'Knight's Quarterly Magazine.' The son of a wealthy London banker, Mr. Praed was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge; he studied for the bar, and having entered public life as a Conservative politician, sat in the House of Commons for English boroughs, and for a short period in 1835 held the office of Secretary of the Board of Control. His poetical pieces were contributed to periodicals, and were first collected by An American publisher in 1844. They are light, fashionable sketches, yet executed with great truth and sprightliness. The following is an excellent portrait of a wealthy English bachelor and humorist:

Quince.

Near a small village in the West,
Where many very worthy people
Eat, drink, play whist, and do their best
To guard from evil church and steeple,
There stood—alas! it stands no more!—
A tenement of brick and plaster,
Of which, for forty years and four,
My good friend Quince was lord and master.

Welcome was he in hut and hall,
To maids and matrons, peers and peasants;
He won the sympathies of all
By making puns and making presents.
Though all the parish was at strife,
He kept his counsel and his carriage,
And laughed, and loved a quiet life,
And shrunk from Chancery-suits and marriage.

Sound was his claret and his head,
Warm was his double ale and feelings;
His partners at the whist-club said
That he was faultless in his dealings.
He went to church but once a week,
Yet Dr. Poundtext always found him
An upright man, who studied Greek,
And liked to see his friends around him.

Asylums, hospitals, and schools
He used to swear were made to cozen;
All who subscribed to them were fools—
And he subscribed to half a dozen.
It was his doctrine that the poor
Were always able, never willing:
And so the beggar at the door
Had first abuse, and then a shilling.

Some public principles he had,
But was no flatterer nor fretter;
He rapped his box when things were bad,
And said: 'I cannot make them better.'
And much he loathed the patriot's snort,
And much he scorned the placeman's snuffle
And cut the fiercest quarrels short
With, 'Patience, gentlemen, and shuffle!'

For full ten years his pointer, Speed,
Had couched beneath his master's table;
For twice ten years his old white steed
Had fattened in his master's stable.
Old Quince averred upon his troth
They were the ugliest beasts in Devon;
And none knew why he fed them both
With his own hands, six days in seven.

Whene'er they heard his ring or knock,
Quicker than thought the village slatterns
Flung down the novel, smoothed the frock,
And took up Mrs. Glasse or patterns.
Alice was studying baker's bills;
Louisa looked the queen of knitters;
Jane happened to be hemming frills;
And Nell by chance was making fritters.

But all was vain. And while decay
Came like a tranquil moonlight o'er him,
And found him gouty still and gay,
With no fair nurse to bless or bore him;
His rugged smile and easy chair,
His dread of matrimonial lectures,
His wig, his stick, his powdered hair,
Were themes for very strange conjectures.

Some sages thought the stars above
Had crazed him with excess of knowledge;
Some heard he had been crossed in love
Before he came away from college;
Some darkly hinted that His Grace
Did nothing, great or small, without him;
Some whispered, with a solemn face,
That there was something odd about him.

I found him at threescore and ten
A single man, but bent quite double;
Sickness was coming on him then
To take him from a world of trouble.
He prosed of sliding down the hill,
Discovered he grew older daily;
One frosty day he made his will,
The next he sent for Dr. Baillie.

And so he lived, and so he died:
When last I sat beside his pillow,
He shook my hand: 'Ah me!' he cried,
'Penelope must wear the willow!
Tell her I hugged her rosy chain
While life was flickering in the socket,
And say that when I call again
I'll bring a license in my pocket.

'I've left my house and grounds to Fag—
I hope his master's shoes will suit him!—
And I've bequeathed to you my nag,
To feed him for my sake, or shoot him.
The vicar's wife will take old Fox;
She'll find him an uncommon mouser;
And let her husband have my box,
My Bible, and my Assmanshäuser.

'Whether I ought to die or not,
My doctors cannot quite determine;
It's only clear that I shall rot,
And be, like Priam, food for vermin.
My debts are paid. But Nature's debt
Almost escaped my recollection!
Tom, we shall meet again; and yet
I cannot leave you my direction!'

THOMAS HOOD.

THOMAS HOOD (1798–1845) appeared before the public chiefly as a comic poet and humorist; but several of his compositions, of a different nature, shew that he was also capable of excelling in the grave, pathetic, and sentimental. He had thoughts 'too deep for tears,' and rich imaginative dreams and fancies, which were at times embodied in continuous strains of pure and exquisite poetry, but more frequently thrown in, like momentary shadows, among his light and fantastic effusions. His wit and sarcasm were always well applied.

This ingenious and gifted man was a native of London, son of one of the partners in the book-selling firm of Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe. He was educated for the counting-house, and at an early age was placed under the charge of a City merchant. His health, however, was found unequal to the close confinement and application required at the merchant's desk, and he was sent to reside with some relatives in Dundee, of which town his father was a native. While resident there, Mr. Hood evinced his taste for literature. He contributed to the local newspapers, and also to the 'Dundee Magazine,' a periodical of considerable merit. On the re-establishment of his health, he returned to London, and was put apprentice to a relation, an engraver. At this employment he remained just long enough to acquire a taste for drawing, which was afterwards of essential service to him in illustrating his poetical productions. About the year 1821 he had adopted literature as a profession, and was installed as regular assistant to the 'London Magazine,' which at that time was left without its founder and ornament, Mr. John Scott, who was unhappily killed in a duel. On the cessation of this work, Mr. Hood wrote for

various periodicals. He was some time editor of the 'New Monthly Magazine,' and also of a magazine which bore his own name. His life was one of incessant exertion, embittered by ill health and all the disquiets and uncertainties incidental to authorship. When almost prostrated by disease, the government stepped in to relieve him with a small pension; and after his premature death in May 1845, his literary friends contributed liberally towards the support of his widow and family. The following lines, written a few weeks before his death, possess a peculiar and melancholy interest:

Farewell, Life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upwards steals a vapour chill;
Strong the earthy odour grows—
I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome, Life! the spirit strives:
Strength returns, and hope revives:
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapour cold—
I smell the rose above the mould!

April, 1845.

Mr. Hood's productions are in various styles and forms. His first work, 'Whims and Oddities,' attained to great popularity. Their most original feature was the use which the author made of puns—a figure generally too contemptible for literature, but which in Hood's hands, became the basis of genuine humour, and often of the purest pathos. He afterwards (1827) tried a series of 'National Tales'; but his prose was less attractive than his verse. A regular novel, 'Tylney Hall,' was a more decided failure. In poetry he made a great advance. 'The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies' is a rich imaginative work, superior to his other productions. As editor of the 'Comic Annual' and also of some of the literary annuals, Mr. Hood increased his reputation for sportive humour and poetical fancy; and he continued the same vein in his 'Up the Rhine'—a satire on the absurdities of English travellers. In 1843, he issued two volumes of 'Whimsicalities, a Periodical Gathering,' collected chiefly from the 'New Monthly Magazine.' His last production of any importance was the 'Song of the Shirt,' which first appeared in 'Punch' (1844), and is as admirable in spirit as in composition.

This striking picture of the miseries of the poor London sempstresses struck home to the heart, and aroused the benevolent feelings of the public. In most of Hood's works, even in his puns and levities, there is a 'spirit of good' directed to some kindly or philanthropic object. He had serious and mournful jests, which were the more effective from their strange and unexpected combinations. Those who came to laugh at folly, remained to sympathise with want and suffering. The 'various pen' of Hood, said Douglas Jerrold, 'touched alike the springs of laughter and the sources of tears.' Charles Lamb said Hood carried two faces under his 'namesake,' a tragic one and a comic.

Of Hood's graceful and poetical puns, it would be easy to give

abundant specimens. The following stanzas form part of an inimitable burlesque:

Lament for the Decline of Chivalry.

Well hast thou said, departed Burke,
All chivalrous romantic work
Is ended now and past!
That iron age, which some have thought
Of mettle rather overwrought,
Is now all over-cast.

Ay! where are those heroic knights
Of old—those armadillo wights
Who wore the plaited vest?
Great Charlemagne and all his peers
Are cold—enjoying with their spears
An everlasting rest.

The bold King Arthur sleepeth sound;
So sleep his knights who gave that Round
Old Table such eclat!
Oh, Time has plucked the plumy brow!
And none engage at turneys now
But those that go to law! . . .

Where are those old and feudal clans,
Their pikes, and bills, and partisans;
Their hauberks, jerkins, buffs?
A battle was a battle then,
A breathing piece of work; but men
Fight now with powder puffs!

The curtal-axe is out of date!
The good old cross-bow bends to Fate;
'Tis gone the archer's craft!
No tough arm bends the springing yew,
And jolly draymen ride, in lieu
Of Death, upon the shaft. . . .

In cavils when will cavaliers
Set ringing helmets by the ears,
And scatter plumes about?
Or blood—if they are in the vein?
That tap will never run again—
Alas, the *casque* is out!

No iron crackling now is scored
By dint of battle-axe or sword,
To find a vital place:
Though certain doctors still pretend,
Awhile, before they kill a friend,
To labour through his case!

Farewell, then, ancient men of might!
Crusader, errant squire, and knight!
Our coats and customs soften;
To rise would only make you weep;
Sleep on in rusty iron, sleep
As in a safety coffin!

The grave, lofty, and sustained style of Hood is much more rare than this punning vein, but a few verses will shew how truly poetical at times was his imagination—how rapt his fancy. The diction of the subjoined stanzas is rich and musical, and may recall some of the finest flights of the Elizabethan poets. We quote from an 'Ode to the Moon.'

Mother of light! how fairly dost thou go
Over those hoary crests, divinely led!
Art thou that huntress of the silver bow
Fabled of old? Or rather dost thou tread
Those cloudy summits thence to gaze below,
Like the wild chamois on her Alpine snow,
Where hunter never climbed—secure from dread?
A thousand ancient fancies I have read
Of that fair presence, and a thousand wrought,
Wondrous and bright,
Upon the silver light,
Tracing fresh figures with the artist thought.

What art thou like? Sometimes I see thee ride
A far-bound galley on its perilous way;
Whilst breezy waves toss up their silvery spray;
Sometimes behold thee glide,
Clustered by all thy family of stars,
Like a lone widow through the welkin wide,
Whose pallid cheek the midnight sorrow mars:
Sometimes I watch thee on from steep to steep,

Timidly lighted by thy vestal torch,
Till in some Latmian cave I see thee creep,
To catch the young Endymion asleep,
Leaving thy splendour at the jagged porch.

Oh, thou art beautiful, howe'er it be!
Huntress, or Dian, or whatever named—
And *he* the veriest Pagan who first framed
A silver idol, and ne'er worshipped thee:
It is too late, or thou shouldst have my knee
Too late now for the old Ephesian vows,
And not divine the crescent on thy brows;
Yet, call thee nothing but the mere mild moon,
Behind those chestnut boughs;
Casting their dappled shadows at my feet;
I will be grateful for that simple boon,
In many a thoughtful verse and anthem sweet,
And bless thy dainty face whene'er we meet.

In the 'Gem,' a literary annual for 1829, Mr. Hood published a ballad entitled 'The Dream of Eugene Aram,' which is also remarkable for its exhibition of the secrets of the human heart, and its deep and powerful moral feeling. It is perhaps to be regretted that an author who had undoubted command of the higher passions and emotions, should so seldom have frequented this sacred ground, but have preferred the gaieties of mirth and fancy. He probably saw that his originality was more apparent in the latter, and that popularity was in this way more easily attained. Immediate success was of importance to him; and until the position of literary men be rendered more secure and unassailable, we must often be content to lose works which can only be the 'ripened fruits of wise delay.'

The following is one of Hood's most popular effusions in that style which the public identified as peculiarly his own:

A Parental Ode to my Son, aged Three Years and Five Months.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)
Thou tiny image of myself;
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents (Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,

(That dog will bite if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble—that's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint,
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymenal nest,
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
(He's got a knife!)
Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)
Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy, and breathing music like the south,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

The Song of the Shirt.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the 'Song of the Shirt!'

'Work—work—work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work!
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave,
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

'Work—work—work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

'O men, with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives,
It is not linen you're wearing out!
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

'But why do I talk of death?
That phantom of grisly bone;
I hardly fear its terrible shape,
It seems so like my own.
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

'Work—work—work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread, and rags.
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair;
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

'Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

'Work—work—work!
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work!
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to shew me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

'Oh, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want.
And the walk that costs a meal!

'Oh, but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread.'

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch—stitch—stich!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sang this 'Song of the Shirt!'

The following stanzas possess a sad yet sweet reality of tone and imagery:

The Death-bed.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

Hood's works have been collected into four volumes: 'Poems of Wit and Humour;' 'Hood's Own, or Laughter from Year to Year;' and 'Whims and Oddities in Prose and Verse.'

A son of Mr. Hood's (commonly termed TOM HOOD) was also a professional litterateur, author of several novels, books for children, and other works: he was also editor of a comic periodical, 'Fun.' He died in 1874, aged 39.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

Under the signature of the Greek letter Delta, DAVID MACBETH MOIR (1798–1851) was a large poetical contributor to 'Blackwood's Magazine.' His best pieces are grave and tender, but he also wrote some lively *jeux d'esprit*, and a humorous Scottish tale, 'The Autobiography of Mansie Wauch,' which was published in one volume,

in 1828. His other works are: 'The Legend of Genevieve, with other Tales and Poems,' 1824; 'Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine,' 1831; 'Domestic Verses,' 1843; and 'Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the Past Half-century,' 1851. His Poetical Works, edited by Thomas Aird—who prefixed to the collection an excellent memoir of the poet—were published in two volumes in 1852. Mr. Moir practised as a surgeon in his native town of Musselburgh, beloved by all who knew him. Of his poetry, Mr. Aird says: 'In Delta's earlier strains there are generally fancy, and feeling, and musical rhythm, but not much thought. His love of poetry, however, never suffered abatement, and as "a maker," he was improving to the very last. To unfaded freshness of heart he was adding riper thought: such was one of the prime blessings of his pure nature and life. Reserve and patience were what he wanted, in order to be a greater name in song than he is.'

When Thou at Eve art Roaming.

I.

When thou at eve art roaming
Along the elm-o'ershaded walk,
Where fast the eddying stream is foaming,
And falling down—a cataract,
'Twas there with thee I wont to talk;
Think thou upon the days gone by,
And heave a sigh.

II.

When sails the moon above the mountains,
And cloudless skies are purely blue,
And sparkle in her light the fountains,
And darker frowns the lonely yew,
Then be thou melancholy too,
While pausing on the hours I proved
With thee beloved.

III.

When wakes the dawn upon thy dwelling,
And lingering shadows disappear,
As soft the woodland songs are swelling
A choral anthem on thine ear,
Muse, for that hour to thought is dear,
And then its flight remembrance wings
To bypast things.

IV.

To me, through every season dearest;
In every scene, by day, by night,
Thou, present to my mind appearest
A quenchless star, for ever bright;
My solitary sole delight;
Where'er I am, by shore—at sea—
I think of thee!

REV. JOHN MOULTRIE.

Associated with Praed, Macaulay, Henry Nelson Coleridge, and others in the 'Etonian' and 'Knight's Quarterly Magazine,' was the

REV. JOHN MOULTRIE (1799–1874), for some time rector of Rugby—an amiable and accomplished man, and one of the most graceful and meditative of the minor poets. He published two volumes—'My Brother's Grave, and other Poems,' 1837; and 'The Dream of Life, and other Poems,' 1843: also a volume of 'Sermons preached in the Parish Church of Rugby,' 1852. A complete edition of Moultrie's poems was published in 1876, with memoir by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, one of the most attached and admiring of his college friends. The following is part of one of his earliest and best poems.

My Brother's Grave.

Beneath the chancel's hallowed stone,
Exposed to every rustic tread,
To few save rustic mourners known,
My brother, is thy lowly bed.
Few words upon the rough stone graven,
Thy name, thy birth, thy youth declare;
Thy innocence, thy hopes of heaven,
In simplest phrase recorded there:
No 'scutcheons shine, no banners wave,
In mockery o'er my brother's grave.

The place is silent—rarely sound
Is heard those ancient walls around;
Nor mirthful voice of friends that meet,
Discoursing in the public street;
Nor hum of business dull and loud,
Nor murmur of the passing crowd,
Nor soldier's drum, nor trumpet's swell
From neighbouring fort or citadel—
No sound of human toil or strife
To death's lone dwelling speaks of life;
Nor breaks the silence still and deep,
Where thou, beneath thy burial stone,
Art laid 'in that unstartled sleep
The living eye hath never known.'
The lonely sexton's footstep falls
In dismal echoes on the walls,
As, slowly pacing through the aisle,
He sweeps the unholy dust away.
And cobwebs, which must not defile
Those windows on the Sabbath day;
And, passing through the central nave,
Treads lightly on my brother's grave.

But when the sweet-toned Sabbath chime,
Pouring its music on the breeze,
Proclaims the well-known holy time
Of prayer, and thanks, and bended knees;
When rustic crowds devoutly meet,
And lips and hearts to God are given,
And souls enjoy oblivion sweet
Of earthly ills, in thought of heaven;
What voice of calm and solemn tone
Is heard above thy burial stone?
What form, in priestly meek array
Beside the altar kneels to pray?
What holy hands are lifted up
To bless the sacramental cup?
Full well I know that reverend form,
And if a voice could reach the dead,

Those tones would reach thee, though the worm,
My brother, makes thy heart his bed;
That sire, who thy existence gave,
Now stands beside thy lonely grave.

It is not long since thou wert wont
Within these sacred walls to kneel;
This altar, that baptismal font,
These stones which now thy dust conceal,
The sweet tones of the Sabbath bell,
Were holiest objects to thy soul;
On these thy spirit loved to dwell,
Untainted by the world's control.
My brother, these were happy days,
When thou and I were children yet;
How fondly memory still surveys
Those scenes that heart can ne'er forget!

My soul was then, as thine is now,
Unstained by sin, unstung by pain;
Peace smiled on each unclouded brow—
Mine ne'er will be so calm again.
How blithely then we hailed the ray
Which ushered in the Sabbath day!
How lightly then our footsteps trod
Yon pathway to the house of God!
For souls, in which no dark offence
Hath sullied childhood's innocence,
Best meet the pure and hallowed shrine
Which guiltier bosoms own divine. . .

And years have passed, and thou art now
Forgotten in thy silent tomb;
And cheerful is my mother's brow;
My father's eye has lost its gloom;
And years have passed, and death has laid
Another victim by thy side;
With thee he roams, an infant shade;
But not more pure than thou he died.
Blest are ye both! your ashes rest

Beside the spot ye loved the best;
And that dear home, which saw your birth,
O'erlooks you in your bed of earth.

But who can tell what blissful shore
Your angel spirit wanders o'er?
And who can tell what raptures high
Now bless your immortality?

THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

The family of Sheridan has been prolific of genius, and MRS. NORTON has well sustained the honours of her race. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, by his marriage with Miss Linley, had one son, Thomas, whose convivial wit and fancy were scarcely less bright or less esteemed than those of his father, and whose many amiable qualities greatly endeared him to his friends. He died at a comparatively early age (in 1817), while filling the office of Colonial Paymaster at the Cape of Good Hope. In 1806, Thomas Sheridan was in Scotland, in the capacity of aide-de-camp to Lord Moira, and he there married a daughter of Colonel and Lady Elizabeth Callender of Craigforth, by whom he had a numerous family.* Caroline Elizabeth Sarah was one of three sisters; she was born in 1808, and in her nineteenth year was married to the Hon. George Chapple Norton, son of the first Lord Grantley. This union was dissolved in 1840, after Mrs. Norton had been the object of suspicion and persecution of the most painful description. Mr. Norton was for thirty years recorder of Guildford; he died in 1875. From her childhood, Caroline Sheridan wrote verses. Her first publication was an attempt at satire, 'The Dandies' Rout,' to which she added illustrative drawings. In her seventeenth year she wrote 'The Sorrows of Rosalie,' a poem embodying a pathetic story of village-life, but which was not published until 1829.

Her next work was a poem founded on the ancient legend of the Wandering Jew, and which she termed 'The Undying One,' 1831. A novel, 'The Wife and Woman's Reward,' 1835, was Mrs. Norton's next production. In 1840 appeared 'The Dream, and other Poems.' In 1845, she published 'The Child of the Islands,' a poem written to draw the attention of the Prince of Wales, when he should be able to attend to social questions, to the condition of the people 'in a land and time wherein there is too little communication between classes,' and too little expression of sympathy on the part of the rich towards the poor. This was no new theme of the poetess: she had years before written letters on the subject, which were published in the 'Times' newspaper. At Christmas 1846, Mrs. Norton issued two poetical fairy tales, 'Aunt Carry's Ballads for Children,' which charm alike by their graceful fancy and brief sketches of birds, woods, and flowers. In 1850 appeared a volume of 'Tales and Sketches in Prose and Verse,' being a collection of miscellaneous pieces originally contributed to periodicals.

* Lady Elizabeth, the mother of Mrs. Norton, was a daughter of the Earl of Antrim. She wrote a novel, entitled *Carwell*. Those who trace the preponderance of talent to the mother's side, may conclude that a fresh infusion of Irish genius was added to the Sheridan family by this connection.

Next year a bolder venture is tried, a three-volume novel, entitled 'Stuart of Dunleath, a Story of Modern Times.' The incidents of this story are too uniformly sad and gloomy—partly tinged by the bitter experiences of the authoress; but it presents occasional passages of humour and sarcasm, and a more matured though unfavourable knowledge of the world. It seemed as if the mind of the accomplished writer had been directed more closely to 'the evils done under the sun,' and that she longed passionately for power to redress them. In 1854 she wrote 'English Laws for Women in the Nineteenth Century;' in 1862, The 'Lady of Garaye;' in 1863, a novel entitled 'Lost and Saved.' Her subsequent public appearances have been chiefly on topics of social importance; and the recent improvement in the English marriage laws may be traced primarily to the eloquent pleadings and untiring exertions of Mrs. Norton. 'This lady,' says a writer in the 'Quarterly Review,' 'is the Byron of our modern poetesses. She has very much of that intense personal passion by which Byron's poetry is distinguished from the larger grasp and deeper communion with man and nature of Wordsworth. She has also Byron's beautiful intervals of tenderness, his strong practical thought, and his forceful expression. It is not an artificial imitation, but a natural parallel.' The truth of this remark, both as to poetical and personal similarity of feeling, will be seen from the following impassioned verses, addressed by Mrs. Norton to the late Duchess of Sutherland, to whom she dedicated her Poems. The simile of the swan flinging aside the 'turbid drops' from her snowy wing is certainly worthy of Byron. But happily Mrs. Norton has none of Byron's misanthropy or cold hopelessness.

To the Duchess of Sutherland.

Once more, my harp! once more, although I thought
Never to wake thy silent strings again,
A wandering dream thy gentle chords have wrought,
And my sad heart, which long hath dwelt in pain,
Soars, like a wild bird from a cypress bough,
Into the poet's heaven, and leaves dull grief below!

And unto thee—the beautiful and pure—
Whose lot is cast amid that busy world
Where only sluggish Dullness dwells secure,
And Fancy's generous wing is faintly furled;
To thee—whose friendship kept its equal truth
Through the most dreary hour of my embittered youth—

I dedicate the lay. Ah! never bard,
In days when poverty was twin with song;
Nor wandering harper, lonely and ill-starred,
Cheered by some castle's chief, and harboured long;
Not Scott's Last Minstrel, in his trembling lays,
Woke with a warmer heart the earnest meed of praise!

For easy are the alms the rich man spares
To sons of Genius, by misfortune bent;
But thou gav'st me, what women seldom dares,

Belief—in spite of many a cold dissent—
When, slandered and maligned, I stood apart
From those whose bounded power hath wrung, not crushed,
my heart.

Thou, then, when cowards fled away my name,
And scoffed to see me feebly stem the tide;
When some were kind on whom I had no claim,
And some forsook on whom my love relied,
And some, who might have battled for my sake,
Stood off in doubt to see what turn the world would take.

Thou gav'st me that the poor do give the poor,
Kind words and holy wishes, and true tears;
The loved, the near of kin could do no more,
Who changed not with the gloom of varying years,
But clung the closer when I stood forlorn,
And blunted Slander's dart with their indignant scorn.

For they who credit crime, are they who feel
Their own hearts weak to unresisted sin;
Memory, not judgment, prompts the thoughts which steal
O'er minds like these, an easy faith to win;
And tales of broken truth are still believed
Most readily by those who have themselves deceived.

But like a white swan down a troubled stream,
Whose ruffling pinion hath the power to fling
Aside the turbid drops which darkly gleam,
And mar the freshness of her snowy wing—
So thou, with queenly grace and gentle pride,
Along the world's dark waves in purity dost glide:

Thy pale and pearly cheek was never made
To crimson with a faint false-hearted shame;
Thou didst not shrink—of bitter tongues afraid;
Who hunt in packs the objects of their blame;
To thee the sad denial still held true,
For from thine own good thoughts thy heart its mercy drew.

And though my faint and tributary rhymes
Add nothing to the glory of thy day,
Yet every poet hopes that after-times
Shall set some value on his votive lay;
And I would fain one gentle deed record,
Among the many such with which thy life is stored.

So when these lines, made in a mournful hour,
Are idly opened to the stranger's eye,
A dream of thee, aroused by Fancy's power,
Shall be the first to wander floating by;
And they who never saw thy lovely face
Shall pause, to conjure up a vision of its grace!

In a poem entitled 'Autumn' there is a noble simile:

I know the gray stones in the rocky glen,
Where the wild red deer gather one by one,
And listen, startled, to the tread of men
Which the betraying breeze hath backward blown!
So—with such dark majestic eyes, where shone
Less terror than amazement—nobly came
Peruvia's Incas, when, through lands unknown,
The cruel conqueror with the blood-stained name
Swept with pursuing sword and desolating flame.

In 'The Winter's Walk,' a poem written after walking with Mr. Rogers the poet, Mrs. Norton has the following graceful and picturesque lines:

Gleamed the red sun athwart the misty haze
Which veiled the cold earth from its loving gaze,
Feeble and sad as hope in sorrow's hour—
But for thy soul it still had warmth and power;
Not to its cheerless beauty wert thou blind;
To the keen eye of thy poetic mind
Beauty still lives, though nature's flowerets die,
And wintry sunsets fade along the sky!
And nought escaped thee as we strolled along,
Nor changeful ray, nor bird's faint chirping song.
Blessed with a fancy easily inspired,
All was beheld, and nothing unadmired;
From the dim city to the clouded plain,
Not one of all God's blessings given in vain.

The affectionate attachment of Rogers to Sheridan, in his last and evil days, is delicately touched upon by the poetess:

And when at length he laid his dying head
On the hard rest of his neglected bed,
He found (though few or none around him came
Whom he had toiled for in his hour of fame—
Though by his Prince unroyally forgot,
And left to struggle with his altered lot),
By sorrow weakened, by disease unnerved—
Faithful at least the friend he had *not* served:
For the same voice essayed that hour to cheer,
Which now sounds welcome to his grandchild's ear;
And the same hand, to aid that life's decline,
Whose gentle clasp so late was linked in mine.

Picture of Twilight.

O Twilight! Spirit that dost render birth
To dim enchantments; melting heaven with earth,
Leaving on craggy hills and running streams
A softness like the atmosphere of dreams;
Thy hour to all is welcome! Faint and sweet
Thy light falls round the peasant's homeward feet,
Who, slow returning from his task of toil,
Sees the low sunset gild the cultured soil,
And, though such radiance round him brightly glows,
Marks the small spark his cottage-window throws.
Still as his heart forestalls his weary pace,
Fondly he dreams of each familiar face,
Recalls the treasures of his narrow life—
His rosy children and his sunburnt wife,
To whom *his* coming is the chief event
Of simple days in cheerful labour spent.

The rich man's chariot hath gone whirling past,
And these poor cottagers have only cast
One careless glance on all that show of pride,
Then to their tasks turned quietly aside;
But *him* they wait for, him they welcome home;
Fixed sentinels look forth to see him come;
The fagot sent for when the fire grew dim,
The frugal meal prepared, are all for him;
For him the watching of that sturdy boy,

For him those smiles of tenderness and joy,
For him—who plods his sauntering way along,
Whistling the fragment of some village song!
Dear art thou to the lover, thou sweet light,
Fair fleeting sister of the mournful Night!
As in impatient hope he stands apart,
Companioned only by his beating heart,
And with an eager fancy oft beholds
The vision of a white robe's fluttering folds.

Not Lost, but Gone Before.

How mournful seems, in broken dreams,
The memory of the day,
When icy Death hath sealed the breath
Of some dear form of clay;

When pale, unmoved, the face we loved,
The face we thought so fair,
And the hand lies cold, whose fervent hold
Once charmed away despair.

Oh, what could heal the grief we feel
For hopes that come no more,
Had we ne'er heard the Scripture word,
'Not lost, but gone before.'

Oh, sadly yet with vain regret
The widowed heart must yearn;
And mothers weep their babes asleep
In the sunlight's vain return;

The brother's heart shall rue to part
From the one through childhood known;
And the orphan's tears lament for years
A friend and father gone.

For death and life, in ceaseless strife,
Beat wild on this world's shore,
And all our calm is in that balm,
'Not lost, but gone before.'

O world wherein nor death, nor sin,
Nor weary warfare dwells;
Their blessed home we parted from
With sobs and sad farewells;

Where eyes awake, for whose dear sake
Our own with tears grow dim,
And faint accord of dying words
Are changed for heaven's sweet hymn;

Oh! there at last, life's trials past,
We'll meet our loved once more,
Whose feet have trod the path to God—
'Not lost, but gone before.'

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY—ALARIC A. WATTS.

Mr. Hervey, a native of Machester (1804–1859), for some years conducted the 'Athenæum' literary journal, and contributed to various other periodicals. He published 'Australia, and other Poems,' 1824; 'The Poetical Sketch-book,' 1829; 'Illustrations of Modern Sculpture,' 1832; 'The English Helicon,' 1841; &c. His verses are characterised by delicate fancy and feeling.

The Convict Ship.

Morn on the water! and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale;
The winds come around her, in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along;
See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds:
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters—away, and away!
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!

Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!

Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,
Treading its deaths in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light!
Look to the waters!—asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain!

Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And that souls that are smitten lie bursting within!
Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
Hearts which are parted and broken for ever!
Or deems that he watches afloat on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave!

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amidst sunshine and song!
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurled,
All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,
Yet chartered by sorrow and freighted with sighs:
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er.

The 'Poetical Sketches' (1822) and 'Lyrics of the Heart' (1850) of MR. ALARIC ALEXANDER WATTS (1799–1864) are similar to the productions of Mr. Hervey. Their author—a native of London—was connected with the periodical press, and was also among the first editors of those illustrated annual volumes once so numerous, in which poems and short prose sketches from popular or fashionable writers of the day were published. The 'Literary Souvenir' ran to ten volumes (1824–34), and the 'Cabinet of Modern Art' to three volumes (1835–38). Though generally very poor in point of literary merit, these illustrated annuals unquestionably fostered a taste for art among the people. In 1853, a pension of £300 was settled upon Mr. Watts.

GEORGE DARLEY—SIR AUBREY AND AUBREY THOMAS DE VERE.

A critic has said that many 'pensive fancies, thoughtful graces, and intellectual interests blossom beneath our busier life and our more rank and forward literature.' Some of these we have had the pleasure of pointing out, and among the graceful contributors of such

poetry, we may include MR. DARLEY, author of 'Sylvia, or the May Queen' 1827; of 'Thomas a Becket,' and 'Ethelstan,' dramas; 'Errors of Extasie, and other Poems.' Mr. Darley—who was a native of Dublin—died at a comparatively early age in 1846. He was in the latter part of his life one of the writers in the 'Athenæum,' and an accomplished critic.—SIR AUBREY DE VERE (died in 1846) was author of two dramatic poems, 'Julian, the Apostate,' 1822, and the 'The Duke of Mercia,' 1823; also of 'A Song of Faith, and other Poems,' 1842. The last volume is dedicated to Wordsworth, who had perused and 'rewarded with praise' some of the pieces.—Sir Aubrey's third son, AUBREY THOMAS DE VERE (born in 1814), has published several pieces both in verse and prose—'The Waldenses, with other Poems,' 1842; 'The Search after Proserpine,' 1843; 'Mary Tudor, a Drama,' 1847; 'Sketches of Greece and Turkey,' 1850; 'The Infant Bridal, and other Poems,' 1864, &c.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

Though of late chiefly known as a theologian and prose author, RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH early attracted attention by some poems evincing genuine feeling and graceful expression. 'The Story of Justin Martyr, and other Poems,' appeared in 1835: 'Sabbation,' 'Honor Neale,' &c. in 1838; 'Elegiac Poems,' 1850; 'Poems from Eastern Sources,' 1851, &c. This accomplished divine is a native of Dublin, born in 1807. Having studied for the church, he was some time engaged in different places as curate. In 1845, he became Rector of Itchin-Stoke, near Alresford; Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge in 1846; Professor and Examiner at King's College, London, in 1847; Dean of Westminster in 1856; and in 1864 he succeeded Dr. Whately as Archbishop of Dublin.

Evening Hymn.

To the sound of evening bells
All that lives to rest repairs,
Birds unto their leafy dells,
Beasts unto their forest lairs.

All things wear a home-bound look,
From the weary hind that plods
Through the corn-fields, to the rook
Sailing toward the glimmering woods.

'Tis the time with power to bring
Tearful memories of home
To the sailor wandering
On the far-off barren foam.

What a still and holy time!
Yonder glowing sunset seems
Like the pathway to a clime
Only seen till now in dreams.

Pilgrim! here compelled to roam,
Nor allowed that path to tread,
Now, when sweetest sense of home
On all living hearts is shed,

Doth not yearning sad, sublime,
At this season stir thy breast,
That thou canst not at this time
Seek thy home and happy rest?

Some Murmur, when their Sky is Clear.

Some murmur, when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.
In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,

Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied.
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How Love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

THOMAS AIRD—JAMES HEDDERWICK.

A few poems of wild imaginative grandeur, with descriptive sketches of Scottish rural scenery and character, have been written by THOMAS AIRD, born at Bowden, county of Roxburgh, August 28, 1802. Educated at the university of Edinburgh, Mr. Aird formed the acquaintance of Professor Wilson, Mr. Moir, and other contributors to 'Blackwood's Magazine;' and in this favourite periodical he published most of the poetical pieces collected into one volume, 1848, and reprinted in 1856. Two volumes of prose sketches have also proceeded from his pen—'Religious Characteristics,' 1827, and 'The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village,' 1848. For nearly a quarter of a century, Mr. Aird conducted a Conservative weekly newspaper, 'The Dumfries Herald.' Resident in a beautiful country, with just employment enough to keep the mind from rusting, and with the regard of many friends, his life glided on in a simple and happy tranquillity as rare among poets as it is enviable. He died at Dumfries on the 25th of April 1876.

From 'The Devil's Dream on Mount Aksbeck.'

Beyond the north where Ural hills from polar tempests run,
A glow went forth at midnight hour as of unwonted sun;
Upon the north at midnight hour a mighty noise was heard,
As if with all his trampling waves the Ocean were unbarred;
And high a grizzly Terror hung, upstarting from below,
Like fiery arrow shot aloft from some unmeasured bow.

'Twas not the obedient seraph's form that burns before the Throne,
Whose feathers are the pointed flames that tremble to be gone:
With twists of faded glory mixed, grim shadows wove his wing;
An aspect like the hurrying storm proclaimed the Infernal King.
And up he went, from native night, or holy sufferance given,
As if to strike the starry boss of the high and vaulted heaven.

Aloft he turned in middle air, like falcon for his prey,
And bowed to all the winds of heaven as if to flee away;
Till broke a cloud—a phantom host, like glimpses of a dream,
Sowing the Syrian wilderness with many a restless gleam:
He knew the flowing chivalry, the swart and turbaned train,
That far had pushed the Moslem faith, and peopled well his reign:

With stooping pinion that outflew the Prophet's winged steed,
In pride throughout the desert bounds he led the phantom speed;
But prouder yet he turned alone, and stood on Tabor hill,
With scorn as if the Arab swords had little helped his will:
With scorn he looked to west away, and left their train to die,
Like a thing that had awaked to life from the gleaming of his eye.

What hill is like to Tabor hill in beauty and in fame?
There, in the sad days of his flesh, o'er Christ a glory came;
And light outflowed him like a sea, and raised his shining brow;
And the voice went forth that bade all world's to God's Beloved bow.
One thought of this came o'er the fiend, and raised his startled form,
And up he drew his swelling skirts, as if to meet the storm

With wing that stripped the dews and birds from off the boughs of Night,
Down over Tabor's trees he whirled his fierce distempered flight;
And westward o'er the shadowy earth he tracked his earnest way,
Till o'er him shone the utmost stars that hem the skirts of day;
Then higher 'neath the sun he flew above all mortal ken,
Yet looked what he might see on earth to raise his pride again.

He saw a form of Africa low sitting in the dust;
The feet were chained, and sorrow thrilled throughout the sable bust.
The idol and the idol's priest he hailed upon the earth,
And every slavery that brings wild passions to the birth.
All forms of human wickedness were pillars of his fame,
All sounds of human misery his kingdom's loud acclaim.

Exulting o'er the rounded earth again he rode with night,
Till, sailing o'er the untrodden top of Absbeck high and white,
He closed at once his weary wings, and touched the shining hill;
For less his flight was easy strength than proud unconquered will:
For sin had dulled his native strength, and spoilt the holy law
Of impulse whence the archangel forms their earnest being draw.

[Here he was visited by a dream or series of visions. While plunged in the lake of God's wrath, and fixed there, as it seemed, for thousands of years, in dull, passive lethargy, a new heavenly vision burst upon the fiend.]

At last, from out the barren womb of many thousand years,
A sound as of the green-leaved earth his thirsty spirit cheers;
And oh! a presence soft and cool came o'er his burning dream,
A form of beauty clad about with fair creation's beam:
A low sweet voice was in his ear, thrilled through his inmost soul,
And these the words that bowed his heart with softly sad control:

'No sister e'er hath been to thee with pearly eyes of love;
No mother e'er hath wept for thee, an outcast from above;
No hand had come from out the cloud to wash thy scarred face;
No voice to bid thee lie in peace, the noblest of thy race:
But bow thee to the God of love, and all shall yet be well,
And yet in days of holy rest and gladness thou shalt dwell.

'And thou shalt dwell 'midst leaves and rills far from this torrid heat,
And I with streams of cooling milk will bathe thy blistered feet;
And when the troubled tears shall start to think of all the past,
My mouth shall haste to kiss them off, and chase thy sorrows fast:
And thou shalt walk in soft white light with kings and priests abroad,
And thou shalt summer high in bliss upon the hills of God.'

[*The fiend sprung upward in haughty defiance.*]

His pride would have the works of God to shew the signs of fear,
With flying angels to and fro to watch his dread career:
But all was calm: he felt Night's dews upon his sultry wing,
And gnashed at the impartial laws of Nature's mighty King;
Above control, or show of hate, they no exception made,
But gave him dews, like aged thorn, or little grassy blade.

Terrible like the mustering manes of the cold and curly sea,
So grew his eye's enridged gleams: and doubt and danger flee:
Like veteran band's grim valour slow, that moves to avenge its chief,
Up slowly drew the fiend his form, that shook with proud relief.
And he will upward go, and pluck the windows of high heaven,
And stir their calm insulting peace, though tenfold hell be given.

Quick as the levin, whose blue forks lick up the life of man,
Aloft he sprung, and through his wings the piercing north wind ran;
Till, like a glimmering lamp that's lit in lazar-house by night,

To see what mean the sick man's cries, and set his bed aright,
Which in the damp and sickly air the sputtering shadows mar,
So gathered darkness high the fiend, till swallowed like a star.

What judgment from the tempted heavens shall on his head go forth?
Down headlong through the firmament he fell upon the north.
The stars are up untroubled all in the lofty fields of air:
The will of God's enough, without His red right arm made bare.
'Twas He that gave the fiend a space, to prove him still the same;
Then bade wild Hell, with hideous laugh, be stirred her prey to claim.

Among the other volumes of verse about this time we may mention 'The Lays of Middle Age, and other Poems,' 1859, by JAMES HEDDERWICK, Glasgow. These 'Lays' are the fruit of a thoughtful poetic mind, loving nature, and 'whatsoever things are pure and lovely, and of good report.'

Middle Age.

Fair time of calm resolve—of sober thought!
Quiet half-way hostelry on Life's long road,
In which to rest and re-adjust our load!
High table-land, to which we have been brought
By stumbling steps of ill-directed toil!
Season when not to achieve is to despair!
Last field for us of a full fruitful soil!
Only spring-tide our freighted arms to bear
Onward to all our yearning dreams have sought!

How art thou changed! Once to our youthful eyes
Thin silvering locks and thought's imprinted lines
Of sloping age gave weird and wintry signs;
But now, these trophies ours we recognize
Only a voice faint-rippling to its shore,
And a weak tottering step, as marks of eld.
None are so far but some are on before;
Thus still at distance is the goal beheld
And to improve the way is truly wise.

Farewell, ye blossomed hedges! and the deep
Thick green of summer on the matted bough!
The languid autumn mellows round us now:
Yet Fancy may its vernal beauties keep,
Like holly leaves for a December wreath.
To take this gift of life with trusting hands,
And star with heavenly hopes the night of death,
Is all that poor humanity demands
To lull its meaner fears in easy sleep.

LORD MACAULAY.

In 1842 THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY surprised and gratified the lovers of poetry and of classic story by the publication of his 'Lays of Ancient Rome.' Adopting the theory of Niebuhr—now generally acquiesced in as correct—that the heroic and romantic incidents related by Livy of the early history of Rome are founded merely on ancient ballads and legends, he selects four of those incidents as themes for his verse. Identifying himself with the plebeians and tribunes, he makes them chant the martial stories of Horatius Cocles, the battle of the Lake Regillus, the death of Virginia, and the pro-

phecy of Capys. The style is homely, abrupt, and energetic, carrying us along like the exciting narratives of Scott, and presenting brief but striking pictures of local scenery and manners. The incidents and characters so happily delineated were hallowed by their antiquity and heroism.

'The whole life and meaning of the early heroes of Rome,' says the enthusiastic Professor Wilson, 'are represented in the few isolated events and characters which have come down; and what a source of picturesque exaggeration to these events and characters there is in the total want of all connected history! They have thus acquired a pregnancy of meaning which renders them the richest subjects of poetic contemplation; and to evolve the sentiment they embody in any form we choose is a proper exercise of the fancy. For the same reason, is not the history which is freest of the interpreting reflection that characterises most modern histories, and presents most strictly the naked incident, always that which affords the best, and, as literature shews, the most frequent subjects of imagination? The Roman character is highly poetical, bold, brave, and independent—devoid of art or subtlety—full of faith and hope—devoted to the cause of duty, as comprised in the two great points of reverence for the gods and love of country. Shakspeare saw its fitness for the drama; and these "Lays of Ancient Rome" are, in their way and degree, a further illustration of the truth. Mr. Macaulay might have taken, and we trust will yet take, wider ground; but what he has done he has done nobly, and like "an antique Roman."' Previous to this, during his collegiate career, the poet-historian had shewn his fitness to deal with picturesque incidents and characters in history. His noble ballads, 'The battle of Naseby;' 'Ivry, a song of the Huguenots;' and 'The Armada, a Fragment,' are unsurpassed in spirit and grandeur except by the battle-pieces of Scott.

The ancestors of Lord Macaulay were long settled in the island of Lewis, Ross-shire. His grandfather, the Rev. John Macaulay, was successively minister of South Uist, of Lismore, of Inveraray, and of Cardross in Dumbartonshire. In Inveraray, he met with Johnson and Boswell on their return from the Hebrides in the autumn of 1773. He died at Cardross in 1789. Two years previous to his death, a daughter of Mr. Macaulay was married to Thomas Babington, Esq., of Rothley Temple, Leicestershire—many years the representative of Leicester in Parliament—and thus an English connection was formed, from which, at a subsequent period, Lord Macaulay derived the scene of his birth, his Christian name, and many of his early associations. Zachary Macaulay (1768–1838), son of the Scottish minister, was sent when a boy to the West Indies. He was disgusted with the state of slavery in Jamaica, and afterwards, on his return to Great Britain, resided at Clapham, and became an active associate of Clarkson and Wilberforce. He married Selina, daughter of Mr. Thomas Mills, a

bookseller in Bristol, and had, with other children, a son destined to take a high place among the statesmen, orators, essayists, and historians of England.

Thomas Babington Macaulay was born at Rothley Temple, the seat of his paternal uncle, on the 25th of October, 1800. At the age of twelve he was placed under the care of the Rev. Mr. Preston, first at Shelford, afterwards near Buntingford, in the neighborhood of Cambridge. As a schoolboy he was noted as being an insatiable reader; and he sent a defence of novel-reading to the serious journal of his father's friends, the 'Christian Observer.' This passion for novel-reading adhered to him to the last.* In his nineteenth year he was entered of Trinity College, Cambridge; he gained two prizes for English verse, one in 1819 on 'Pompeii,' and one two years afterwards on 'Evening.' He gained the Craven scholarship in 1821, took his degree of B. A. in 1822, became Fellow of his college in 1824, and took his degree of M. A. in 1825. He had distinguished himself by contributions to 'Knight's Quarterly Magazine' in 1823 and 1824; and in August, 1825 appeared his celebrated article on Milton in the 'Edinburgh Review.' This essay, though afterwards condemned by its author as 'containing scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approved,' and as 'overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament,' arrested public attention in no ordinary degree, and was hailed as the precursor (which it proved to be) of a series of brilliant contributions to our critical literature. Having studied at Lincoln's Inn, Mr. Macaulay was called to the bar in 1826, and joined the Northern Circuit. In 1827, Lord Lyndhurst—generously discarding political feeling, as he did also in the case of Sydney Smith—appointed Macaulay Commissioner of Bankruptcy.

Three years afterwards, a distinguished Whig nobleman, the Marquis of Lansdowne, procured his return to parliament for the borough of Calne, and he rendered effective service in the Reform debates of 1831 and 1832. The speeches of Macaulay were carefully studied and nearly all committed to memory, but were delivered with animation and freedom, though with too great rapidity and in too uniform a tone and manner to do full justice to their argument and richness of illustration. In 1832 he was appointed Secretary to the Board of Control, and the same year the citizens of Leeds returned him as their representative to the House of Commons. In 1834 he proceeded to India as legal adviser to the Supreme Council of Calcutta, and was placed at the head of a Commission for the reform of East India legislation. He took an active part in the preparation of the Indian criminal code, enriching it with explanatory notes, which are described as highly valuable. He returned to England in 1838, and in the following year was triumphantly and almost without expense returned to parliament for the city of Edinburgh, which he continued to re-

* Dean Milman's Memoir of Lord Macaulay, written for the *Annual Journal of the Royal Society*.

present until 1847. In the Melbourne administration he held the office of Secretary at War, and in that of Lord John Russell, Paymaster of the Forces, with a seat in the cabinet. During this time he had written most of his essays, and published his 'Lays of Ancient Rome.'

As member for Edinburgh, his independence of character is said to have rendered him somewhat unaccommodating to certain of his constituents; his support of the Maynooth grant was resented by others; and his general political principles, so decidedly liberal, and so strongly and eloquently expressed, were opposed to the sentiments of the Conservative citizens of Edinburgh. Thus a combination of parties was formed against him, and it proved successful. He was rejected by the constituency at the general election in 1847. This defeat forms the subject of a striking copy of verses by Macaulay, but which were not published until after his death: part of these we subjoin. The electors of Edinburgh redeemed, or at least palliated, their error by returning Macaulay again to Parliament, free of expense, and without any movement on his part This was in 1852. He had previously published the first two volumes of his 'History of England,' which appeared in 1849, and were read with extraordinary avidity and admiration. Other two volumes were published in 1855, and a portion of a fifth volume after the death of the author. In 1849 he was elected Lord Rector of the university of Glasgow, and presented with the freedom of the city. While engaged on his History, Macaulay turned aside to confer a graceful and substantial favour on Mr. Adam Black, publisher, Edinburgh. Mr. Black had solicited literary assistance from his distinguished friend for a new edition (the eighth) of his 'Encyclopœdia Britannica.' The request was complied with; 'and,' says Mr. Black, 'it is but justice to his memory that I should record, as one of the many instances of the kindness and generosity of his heart, that he made it a stipulation of his contributing to the Encyclopædia that remuneration should not be so much as mentioned.' On this generous footing, Macaulay contributed five carefully finished biographies—Atterbury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Johnson, and Pitt—the last appearing in 1859. From failing health he withdrew from parliament in January 1856. In 1857 various honours were showered on the popular author; he was elected a foreign member of the French Academy, a member of the Prussian Order of Merit, High Steward of Cambridge, and a peer of Great Britain under the title of Baron Macaulay of Rothley. His health, however, was gone; he laboured under derangement of the action of the heart, and felt, says Dean Milman, 'inward monitions: his ambition (as the historian of England) receded from the hope of reaching the close of the first Brunswicks; before his last illness he had reduced his plan to the reign of Queen Anne. His end, though not without warning to those who watched him with friendship and affection, was sudden and singularly quiet; on December 28, 1859,

he fell asleep and woke not again. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in Poets' Corner, his favourite haunt.'

Lord Macaulay's memory and conversational powers were the wonder and envy of all his contemporaries. He was constantly heaping up stores of knowledge, as his reverend biographer remarks, and those stores 'could not overload his capacious and retentive memory, which disdained nothing as beneath it, and was never perplexed or burdened by its incalculable possessions.' He has been accused of talking too much, and Sydney Smith alluded to the 'eloquent flashes of silence' with which it was sometimes, though rarely, relieved; but this was a jocular exaggeration, and in general society Macaulay seldom demanded a larger share than all were willing to yield to him.

Lines Written in August 1847.

The day of tumult, strife, defeat, was o'er;
Worn out with toil, and noise, and scorn, and spleen,
I slumbered, and in slumber saw once more
A room in an old mansion, long unseen.

That room, methought, was curtained from the light;
Yet through the curtains shone the moon's cold ray
Full on a cradle, where, in linen white,
Sleeping life's first soft sleep, an infant lay.

Pale flickered on the hearth the dying flame,
And all was silent in that ancient hall,
Save when by fits on the low night-wind came
The murmur of the distant waterfall.

And lo! the fairy queens who rule our birth
Drew nigh to speak the new-born baby's doom:
With noiseless step, which left no trace on earth,
From gloom they came, and vanished into gloom.

Not deigning on the boy a glance to cast,
Swept careless by the gorgeous Queen of Gain;
More scornful still, the Queen of Fashion passed,
With mincing gait, and sneer of cold disdain.

The Queen of Power tossed high her jewelled head,
And o'er her shoulder threw a wrathful frown;
The Queen of Pleasure on the pillow shed
Scarce one stray rose-leaf from her fragrant crown.

Still fay in long procession followed fay;
And still the little couch remained unblest:
But, when those wayward sprites had passed away,
Came One, the last, the mightiest, and the best.

O glorious lady, with the eyes of light,
And laurels clustering round thy lofty brow,
Who by the cradle's side didst watch that night,
Warbling a sweet, strange music, who wast thou?

'Yes, darling; let them go;' so ran the strain:
'Yes; let them go, Gain, Fashion, Pleasure, Power,
And all the busy elves to whose domain
Belongs the nether sphere, the fleeting hour.

'Without one envious sigh, one anxious scheme,
The nether sphere, the fleeting hour resign;

Mine is the world of thought, the world of dream,
Mine all the past, and all the future mine.

'Fortune, that lays in sport the mighty low,
Age, that to penance turns the joys of youth,
Shall leave untouched the gifts which I bestow,
The sense of beauty, and the thirst of truth. . . .

'And even so, my child, it is my pleasure
That thou not then alone should'st feel me nigh,
When in domestic bliss and studious leisure,
Thy weeks uncounted come, uncounted fly;

'Not then alone, when myriads, closely pressed
Around thy car, the shout of triumph raise;
Nor when, in gilded drawing-rooms, thy breast
Swells at the sweeter sound of woman's praise,

'No: when on restless night dawns cheerless morrow,
When weary soul and wasting body pine,
Thine am I still, in danger, sickness, sorrow;
In conflict, obloquy, want, exile, thine.

'Thine, where on mountain waves the snowbirds scream,
Where more than Thule's winter barbs the breeze,
Where scarce, through lowering clouds, one sickly gleam
Lights the drear May-day of antarctic seas.

'Thine, when around thy litter's track all day
White sand-hills shall reflect the blinding glare
Thine, when through forests breathing death, thy way
All night shall wind, by many a tiger's lair.

'Thine most, when friends turn pale, when traitors fly,
When, hard beset, thy spirit, justly proud
For truth, peace, freedom, mercy, dares defy
A sullen priesthood and a raving crowd.

'Amidst the din of all things fell and vile,
Hate's yell, and Envy's hiss, and Folly's bray,
Remember me, and with an enforced smile
See riches, baubles, flatterers, pass away.

'Yes, they will pass; nor deem it strange:
They come and go as comes and goes the sea:
And let them come and go; thou, through all change,
Fix thy firm gaze on virtue and on me.'

Epitaph on a Jacobite (1845).

To my true king I offered, free from stain,
Courage and faith; vain faith and courage vain.
For him I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
And one dear hope that was more prized than they.
For him I languished in a foreign clime,
Gray haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;
Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
Each morning started from the dream to weep;
Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
The resting-place I asked, an early grave.
O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
From that proud country which was once mine own,
By those white cliffs I never more must see,

By that dear language which I spake like thee,
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust—a broken heart lies here.

Extracts from 'Horatius.'

The following are extracts from the first of the 'Lays of Ancient Rome,' founded on the legend of Horatius Cocles. The Lays or ballads must, however, be read continuously to be properly appreciated, for their merit does not live in particular passages, but in the rapid movement and progressive interest of the story, and the Roman spirit and bravery which animate the whole.

[*Horatius offers to defend the Bridge.*]

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate:
'To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods,

'And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame!

'Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now, who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
'Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee.'
And out spake strong Herminius:
Of Titian blood was he:
'I will abide on thy left side.
And keep the bridge with thee,'

'Horatius,' quoth the Consul,
'As thou say'st, so let it be.'
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;
Then land was fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the tribunes beard the high,
And the fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold;
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

[The bridge is hewn down; Lartius and Herminius escape, and Horatius is left alone.]

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
'Down with him!' cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face,
'Now yield thee,' cried Lars Porsena,
'Now yield thee to our grace.'

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome

'O Tiber, Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!'
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side.
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges

They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

[*How Horatius was rewarded.*]

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night:
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home:
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit,
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets
And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armour,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

Ivry.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand!
And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, 'God save our lord the King.'
And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—

For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre.'

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
'Remember St. Bartholomew,' was passed from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry: 'No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go.'
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!
Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day;

And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;
And the good lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white;
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought his church such woe.
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest points of war,
Fling the red shreds, a foot-cloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls!
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night,
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.
Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre.

W. E. AYTOUN—THEODORE MARTIN.

The same style of ballad poetry, applied to incidents and characters in Scottish history, was adopted with distinguished success by Professor William Edmondstoune Aytoun, author of 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers,' 1849, and 'Bothwell,' a tale of the days of Mary, Queen of Scots,' 1856. The 'Lays' range from the field of Flodden to the extinction of the Jacobite cause at Culloden, and are animated by a fine martial spirit, intermingled with scenes of pathos and mournful regret. The work has gone through a great number of editions. In a similar spirit of nationality, Mr. Aytoun published a collected and collated edition of the old 'Scottish Ballads,' two volumes, 1858.

In satirical and humorous composition, both in poetry and prose, Mr. Aytoun also attained celebrity. His tales and sketches in 'Blackwood's Magazine' are marked by a vigorous hand, prone to caricature; and he is author of a clever satire—'Firmilian, a Spasmodic Tragedy, by Percy T. Jones,' 1854. In conjunction with his friend, MR. THEODORE MARTIN, Mr. Aytoun wrote 'The Book of Ballads, by Bon Gaultier'—a series of burlesque poems and parodies contributed to different periodicals, and collected into one volume; and to the same poetical partnership we owe a happy translation of the ballads of Goethe.

Mr. Aytoun was a native of Edinburgh, born in 1813. Having studied at the university of Edinburgh, and afterwards in Germany, he was admitted to the Scottish bar in 1840. In 1845 he was appointed to the chair of Rhetoric and Belles-lettres in Edinburgh University, and in 1852 he was made sheriff of Orkney. His poetical talents were first displayed in a prize poem, 'Judith,' which was eulogized by Professor Wilson, afterwards the father-in-law of the young poet. He died at Blackhills, near Elgin, August 4, 1865.—Mr. Martin is a native of Edinburgh, born in 1816. He is now a parliamentary solicitor in London. Besides his poetical labours with Mr. Aytoun, Mr. Martin has translated Horace, Catullus, and Goethe's 'Faust;' also the 'Vita Nuova' of Dante; the 'Corregio' and 'Aladdin' of the Danish poet Œhlenschlager, and 'King Rene's Daughter,' a Danish lyrical drama by Henrik Herts. Mr. Martin was selected by Her Majesty to write the 'Life of the Prince Consort,' the first volume of which appeared in 1874, and was highly creditable to the taste and judgment of the author. In 1851 Mr Martin was married to Miss Helen Faucit, an accomplished and popular actress.

The Burial-march of Dundee.—From the 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.'

I

Sound the fife, and cry the slogan—
Let the pibroch shake the air
With its wild triumphant music,
Worthy of the freight we bear.
Let the ancient hills of Scotland
Hear once more the battle-song
Swell within their glens and valleys
As the clansmen march along!
Never from the field of combat,
Never from the deadly fray,
Was a nobler trophy carried
Than we bring with us to-day;
Never since the valiant Douglass
On his dauntless bosom bore
Good King Robert's heart—the priceless—
To our dear Redeemer's shore!
Lo! we bring with us the hero—
Lo! we bring the conquering Græme,
Crowned as best beseems a victor
From the altar of his fame;
Fresh and bleeding from the battle
Whence his spirit took its flight,
'Midst the crashing charge of squadrons,
And the thunder of the fight!
Strike, I say, the notes of triumph,
As we march o'er moor and lea!
Is there any here will venture
To bewail our dead Dundee?
Let the widows of the traitors
Weep until their eyes are dim!
Wail ye may full well for Scotland—
Let none dare to mourn for him!
See! above his glorious body
Lies the royal banner's fold—
See! his valiant blood is mingled
With its crimson and its gold.
See how calm he looks and stately,
Like a warrior on his shield,
Waiting till the flush of morning
Breaks along the battle field!
See—Oh never more, my comrades,
Shall we see that falcon eye
Redden with its inward lightning,
As the hour of fight drew nigh!

Never shall we hear the voice that,
Clearer than the trumpet's call,
Bade us strike for king and country,
Bade us win the field, or fall!

II.

On the heights of Killiecrankie
Yester-morn our army lay:
Slowly rose the mist in columns
From the river's broken way;
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,
And the Pass was wrapped in gloom,
When the clansmen rose together
From their lair amidst the broom.
Then we belted on our tartans,
And our bonnets down we drew,
As we felt our broadswords' edges,
And we proved them to be true;
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
And we cried the gathering-cry,
And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
And we swore to do or die!
Then our leader rode before us,
On his war-horse black as night—
Well the Cameronian rebels
Knew that charger in the fight!—
And a cry of exultation
From the bearded warriors rose;
For we loved the house of Claver'se,
And we thought of good Montrose.
But he raised his hand for silence—
'Soldiers! I have sworn a vow;
Ere the evening-star shall glisten
On Schehallion's lofty brow,
Either we shall rest in triumph
Or another of the Græmes
Shall have died in battle-harness
For his country and King James!
Think upon the royal martyr—
Think of what his race endure—
Think on him whom butchers murdered
On the field of Magus Muir:
By his sacred blood I charge ye,
By the ruined hearth and shrine—
By the blighted hopes of Scotland,
By your injuries and mine—
Strike this day as if the anvil
Lay beneath your blows the while,
Be they Covenanting traitors,
Or the brood of false Argyle;
Strike! and drive the trembling rebels
Backwards o'er the stormy Forth;
Let them tell their pale Convention
How they fared within the North,
Let them tell that Highland honour
Is not to be bought nor sold,
That we scorn their prince's anger
As we loathe his foreign gold.
Strike! and when the fight is over,
If you look in vain for me,
Where the dead are lying thickest
Search for him that was Dundee!'

III.

Loudly then the hills re-echoed
With our answer to his call,
But a deeper echo sounded
In the bosoms of us all.
For the lands of wide Breadalbane,
Not a man who heard him speak
Would that day have left the battle.
Burning eye and flushing cheek
Told the clansmen's fierce emotion,
And they harder drew their breath;
For their souls were strong within them,
Stronger than the grasp of Death.
Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet
Sounding in the Pass below,
And the distant tramp of horses,
And the voices of the foe:
Down we crouched amid the bracken,
Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer,
When they scent the stately deer.
From the dark defile emerging,
Next we saw the squadrons come,
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
Marching to the tuck of drum;
Through the scattered wood of birches
O'er the broken ground and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly,
Till they gained the field beneath:
Then we bounded from our covert.
Judge how looked the Saxons then,
When they saw the rugged mountain
Start to life with armed men!
Like a tempest down the ridges
Swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdcnald—
Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel!
Vainly sped the withering volley
Amongst the foremost of our band—
On we poured until we met them
Foot to foot, and hand to hand.
Horse and man went down like drift-wood
When the floods are black at Yule,
And their carcases are whirling
In the Garry's deepest pool.
Horse and man went down before us—
Living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie,
When that stubborn fight was done!

IV.

And the evening-star was shining
On Schehallion's distant head,
When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
And returned to count the dead.
There we found him gashed and gory,
Stretched upon the cumbered plain,
As he told us where to seek him,
In the thickest of the slain.
And a smile was on his visage,
For within his dying ear
Pealed the joyful note of triumph,

And the clansmen's clamorous cheer:
So, amidst the battle's thunder,
Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
In the glory of his manhood
Passed the spirit of the Græme!

V.

Open wide the vaults of Athol,
Where the bones of heroes rest—
Open wide the hallowed portals
To receive another guest!
Last of Scots, and last of freemen—
Last of all that dauntless race
Who would rather die unsullied,
Than outlive the land's disgrace!
O thou lion-hearted warrior!
Reck not of the after-time:
Honour may be deemed dishonour,
Loyalty be called a crime.
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
Of the noble and the true,
Hands that never failed their country,
Hearts that never baseness knew.
Sleep!—and till the latest trumpet
Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver
Chieftain than our own Dundee!

Sonnet to Britain, by the D—— of W——. From 'Bon Gaultier.'

Halt! Shoulder arms! Recover! As you were!
Right wheel! Eyes left! Attention! Stand at ease!
O Britain! O my country! words like these
Have made thy name a terror and a fear
To all the nations. Witness Ebro's banks,
Assaye, Toulouse, Nivelle, and Waterloo,
Where the grim despot muttered *Sauve qui peut!*
And Ney fled darkling—silence in the ranks;
Inspired by these, amidst the iron crash
Of armies, in the centre of his troop
The soldier stands—unmovable, not rash—
Until the forces of the foeman droop;
Then knocks the Frenchman to eternal smash,
Pounding them into mummy. Shoulder, hoop!

FRANCES BROWN.

This lady, blind from infancy, is a more remarkable instance of the poetical faculty existing apart, as it were, from the outer world than that of Dr. Blacklock. FRANCES BROWN, daughter of the postmaster of Stanorlar, a village in the county Donegal, Ireland, was born in 1816. When only eighteen months old, she lost her eyesight from small-pox. She learned something from hearing her brothers and sisters reading over their tasks; her friends and relatives read to her such books as the remote village afforded, and at length she became acquainted with Scott's novels, Pope's Homer, and Byron's 'Childe Harold.' She wrote some verses which appeared in the 'Irish Penny Journal,' and in 1841 sent a number of small poems to the 'Athenæum.' The editor introduced her to public notice: her pieces were greatly admired; and in 1844 she ventured on the publication of a volume, 'The Star of Atteghei, the Vision of Schwartz, and other Poems.' Shortly afterwards, a small pension of £20 a year was settled on the poetess; and the Marquis of Lansdowne is said to have presented her with a sum of £100. In 1847 she issued a second volume, 'Lyrics' and 'Miscellaneous Poems,' and she has contributed largely to periodical works. The poetry of Miss Brown, especially her lyrical pieces, is remarkable for clear poetic feeling and diction; while 'the energy displayed, from her childhood, by this almost friendless girl, raises,' as the editor of her first volume remarked, 'at once the interest and the character of her muse.'

The Last Friends.

One of the United Irishmen, who lately returned to his country, after many years of exile, being asked what had induced him to revisit Ireland when all his friends were gone, answered: 'I came back to see the mountains.'

I come to my country, but not with the hope
That brightened my youth like the cloud-lighting bow,
For the vigour of soul, that seemed mighty to cope
With time and with fortune, hath fled from me now;
And love, that illumined my wanderings of yore,
Hath perished, and left but a weary regret
For the star that can rise on my midnight no more—
But the hills of my country they welcome me yet.

The hue of their verdure was fresh with me still,
When my path was afar by the Tanais' lone track;
From the wide-spreading deserts and ruins, that fill
The lands of old story, they summoned me back;
They rose on my dreams through the shades of the West,
They breathed upon sands which the dew never wet,
For the echoes were hushed in the home I loved best—
But I knew that the mountains would welcome me yet!

The dust of my kindred is scattered afar—
They lie in the desert, the wild, and the wave;
For serving the strangers through wandering and war,
The isle of their memory could grant them no grave.
And I, I return with the memory of years,
Whose hope rose so high, though in sorrow it set;
They have left on my soul but the trace of their tears—
But our mountains remember their promises yet!

Oh, where are the brave hearts that bounded of old?
And where are the faces my childhood hath seen?
For fair brows have furrowed, and hearts have grown cold,
But our streams are still bright, and our hills are still green;
Ay, green as they rose to the eyes of my youth,
When brothers in heart in their shadows we met:
And the hills have no memory of sorrow or death,
For their summits are sacred to liberty yet!

Like ocean retiring, the morning mists now
Roll back from the mountains that girdle our land;
And sunlight encircles each heath-covered brow,
For which time hath no furrow and tyrants no brand:
Oh, thus let it be with the hearts of the isle—
Efface the dark seal that oppression hath set;
Give back the lost glory again to the soil,
For the hills of my country remember it yet!

—*June* 16, 1843.

LORD HOUGHTON.

Several volumes of graceful, meditative poetry, and records of foreign travel, were published between 1833 and 1844 by RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, called to the House of Peers in 1863 as BARON HOUGHTON. These are: 'Memorials of a Tour in Greece,' 1833; 'Memorials of a Residence on the Continent,' 1838; 'Poetry for the People,' 1840; 'Poems, Legendary and Historical,' 1844; 'Palm Leaves,' 1844. Lord Houghton was born in that enviable rank of society, the English country-gentleman. He is eldest son of the late

R. P. Milnes, Esq., of Frystone Hall, Yorkshire. In 1831, in his twenty-second year, he took his degree of M.A. at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1837, he was returned to the House of Commons as representative of the borough of Pontefract, which he continued to represent till his elevation to the peerage. In parliament, Lord Houghton has been distinguished by his philanthropic labours, his efforts in support of national education, and generally his support of all questions of social amelioration and reform. In 1848 he edited the 'Life and Remains of John Keats;' and in 1873–76 published two volumes of biographical sketches, entitled 'Monographs, Personal and Social,' abounding in anecdote and in interesting illustrations of English social life and literature. In 1876 the collected Poetical Works of Lord Houghton were published in two volumes.

St. Mark's at Venice.

Walk in St. Mark's the time the ample space
  Lies in the freshness of the evening shade,
When, on each side, with gravely darkened face
  The masses rise above the light arcade;
Walk down the midst with slowly tuned pace,
  But gay withal, for there is high parade
Of fair attire and fairer forms, which pass
Like varying groups on a magician's glass. . . .

Walk in St. Mark's again some few hours after,
  When a bright sleep is on each storied pile—
When fitful music and inconstant laughter
  Give place to Nature's silent moonlight smile:
Now Fancy wants no faery gale to waft her
  To Magian haunt, or charm-engirded isle;
All too content, in passive bliss, to see
This show divine of visible poetry.

On such a night as this impassionedly
  The old Venetian sung those verses rare:
'That Venice must of needs eternal be,
  For Heaven had looked through the pellucid air,
And cast its reflex on the crystal sea,
  And Venice was the image pictured there;'
I hear them now, and tremble, for I seem
As treading on an unsubstantial dream.

That strange cathedral! exquisitely strange—
  That front, on whose bright varied tints the eye
Rests as of gems—those arches whose high range
  Gives its rich-broidered border to the sky—
Those ever-prancing steeds! My friend, whom change
  Of restless will has led to lands that lie
Deep in the East, does not thy fancy set
Above those domes an airy minaret?

The Men of Old.

I know not that the men of old
  Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
  Of more ingenious brow:
I heed not those who pine for force
  A ghost of time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
  Of these appointed days.

Still is it true, and ever-true,
That I delight to close
This book of life self-wise and new,
And let my thoughts repose
On all that humble happiness
The world has since foregone—
The daylight of contentedness
That on those faces shone!

With rights, though not too closely scanned,
Enjoyed, as far as known—
With will, by no reverse unmanned—
With pulse of even tone—
They from to-day and from to-night
Expected nothing more
Than yesterday and yesternight
Had proffered them before.

To them was life a simple art
Of duties to be done,
A game where each man took his part,
A race where all must run;
A battle whose great scheme and scope
They little cared to know,
Content, as men-at-arms, to cope
Each with his fronting foe.
Man *now* his virtue's diadem
Puts on, and proudly wears—
Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them,
Like instincts, unawares:

Blending their souls' sublimest needs
With tasks of every day,
They went about their gravest deeds
As noble boys at play.

And what if Nature's fearful wound
They did not probe and bare,
For that their spirits never swooned
To watch the misery there—
For that their love but flowed more fast,
Their charities more free,
Not conscious what mere drops they cast
Into the evil sea.

A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet,
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet:
For flowers that grow our hands beneath
We struggle and aspire—
Our hearts must die, except they breathe
The air of fresh desire.

But, brothers, who up Reason's hill
Advance with hopeful cheer—
Oh! loiter not; those heights are chill,
As chill as they are clear;
And still restrain your haughty gaze,
The loftier that ye go,
Remembering distance leaves a haze
On all that lies below.

From the 'Long-ago.'

On that deep-retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
Fiercely beat and mounted high:
Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose the bitter taste of woe;
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of Long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
Through the golden mist of years:

Death, to those who trust in good,
Vindicates his hardest blow;
Oh! we would not, if we could,
Wake the sleep of Long-ago!

Though the doom of swift decay
Shocks the soul where life is strong,
Though for frailer hearts the day
Lingers sad and overlong—
Still the weight will find a leaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the future has its heaven,
And the past its Long-ago.

FITZGREENE HALLECK.

Without attempting, in our confined limits, to range over the fields of American literature, now rapidly extending, and cultivated with ardour and success, we have pleasure in including some eminent transatlantic names in our list of popular authors. MR. HALLECK became generally known in this country in 1827 by the publication of a volume of 'Poems,' the result partly of a visit to England. In this volume are some fine verses on Burns, on Alnwick Castle, &c., and it includes the most elevated of his strains, the martial lyric, 'Marco Bozzaris.' Our poet-laureate, Mr. Tennyson, has described the poetical character:

The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

He saw through life and death, through good and ill,
He saw through his own soul—
The marvel of the everlasting will
An open scroll.

Mr. Halleck, in his beautiful verses, 'On viewing the Remains of a Rose brought from Alloway Kirk in Autumn, 1822,' had previously identified, as it were, this conception of the laureate's with the history of the Scottish poet:

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
A hate of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward and of slave;

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear, and would not bow
Were written in his manly eye,
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard!—his words are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er beneath the sky of heaven
The birds of Fame are flown!

Mr. Halleck was a native of Guildford, Connecticut, born in 1790. He resided some time in New York, following mercantile pursuits. In 1819 he published 'Fanny,' a satirical poem in the *ottava rima* stanza. Next appeared his volume of 'Poems,' as already stated, to which additions were made in subsequent republications. His works are comprised in one volume, and it is to be regretted that his muse was not more prolific. He died November 19, 1867. His 'Life and Letters' were published in one volume in 1869 by James Grant Wilson of New York, who has also edited the poetical works of Halleck (1871), and written a short Memoir of Bryant, in the 'Western Monthly,' November, 1870.

Marco Bozzaris.

The Epaminondas of Modern Greece. He fell in a night-attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platæa, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were: 'To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain.'

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard,
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring,
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a King;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air

The sons of sires who conquered there
With arm to strike and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on, the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke to hear his sentries shriek:
'To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!'
He woke to die, 'midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
Like forest-pines before the blast,
Or lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
'Strike, till the last armed foe expires;
'Strike, for your altars and your fires;
'Strike, for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land!'

They fought, like brave men, long and well,
They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in Consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine—
And thou art terrible; the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony or thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought;
Come with her laurel-leaf blood-bought;
Come in her crowning hour, and then
Thy sunken eyes' unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
Which told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind from woods of palm
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytien seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee: there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime;
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from Death's leafless tree
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb;
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babe's first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed.
Her soldier closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears;
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys;
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh:
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die!

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

This singular and unfortunately degraded man of genius—the Richard Savage of American literature—was born at Boston, January 19, 1809. He was left destitute when a child by the death of his parents (strolling players), but was adopted and liberally educated by a benevolent Virginian planter, Mr. Allan. All attempts to settle

him respectably in life failed. He was reckless, debauched, and unmanageable. He was expelled from college and from a military academy in which he was placed by Mr. Allan; he enlisted in the army, but soon deserted; and after various scenes of wretchedness, he became a contributor to, and occasional editor of, several American periodicals. His prose tales attracted notice from their ingenuity and powerful, though morbid and gloomy painting; and his poem of 'The Raven,' coloured by the same diseased imagination, but with bright gleams of fancy, was hailed as the most original and striking poem that America had ever produced. Poe died in a hospital at Baltimore, the victim of intemperance, October 7, 1849. A complete edition of the works of Poe, with Memoir by John H. Ingram, was published in 1875, in four volumes—three of them prose, and one poetry. The editor clears the memory of the unfortunate poet from certain charges brought against him by Griswold, the American editor. Some of the criticisms by Poe collected in this edition of his works are marked by a fine critical taste and acuteness.

The Raven.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door:
'"'Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber-door—
Only this, and nothing more.'

Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating:
'"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door;
This it is, and nothing more.'

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
'Sir,' said I, 'or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you'—here I opened wide the door——
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Dreaming, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, 'Lenore!'—
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, 'Lenore!'—
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.
'Surely,' said I—'surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—

Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore.
'Tis the wind, and nothing more.'

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber-door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door—
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,' I said, 'art sure no craven.
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore!'
Quoth the Raven: 'Nevermore.'

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber-door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door,
With such a name as 'Nevermore.'

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour,
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered: 'Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.'
Then the bird said: 'Never more.'

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
'Doubtless,' said I, 'what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore.
Of "Never—never more."'

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking,
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking 'Never more.'

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, never more!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
'Wretch!' I cried, 'thy god hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!'
Quoth the Raven: 'Never more!'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!'
Quoth the Raven: 'Never more.

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aiden,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore?'
Quoth the Raven: 'Never more.'

'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!' I shrieked upstarting—
'Get thee back into the tempest and the night's plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!'
Quoth the Raven: 'Never more.'

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—never more!

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The father of the present generation of American poets, and one of the most original of the brotherhood, is WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, born at Cummington, Hampshire County, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794. With a precocity rivalling that of Cowley or Chatterton, Bryant at the age of thirteen wrote a satirical poem on the Jeffersonian party, which was published in 1808 under the title of 'The Embargo.' A few lines from this piece will shew how well the boy-poet had mastered the art of versification:

E'en while I sing, see Faction urge her claim,
Mislead with falsehood and with zeal inflame;
I ift her black banner, spread her empire wide,
And stalk triumphant with a Fury's stride!
She blows her brazen trump, and at the sound
A motley throng, obedient, flock around;
A mist of changing hue around she flings,
And Darkness perches on her dragon wings!
Oh, might some patriot rise, the gloom dispel,
Chase Error's mist, and break her magic spell!
But vain the wish—for, hark, the murmuring meed
Of hoarse applause from yonder shed proceed!
Enter and view the thronging concourse there,
Intent with gaping mouth and stupid stare;
While in their midst their supple leader stands,
Harangues aloud and flourishes his hands,
To adulation tones his servile throat,
And sues successful for each blockhead's vote.

From this perilous course of political versifying, the young author was removed by being placed at Williams College. He was admitted to the bar, and practised for several years with fair success; but in 1825, he removed to New York, and entered upon that literary life which he has ever since followed. In 1826 Mr. Bryant became editor of the 'New York Evening Post,' and his connection with that journal still subsists. His poetical works consist of 'Thanatopsis'—an exquisite solemn strain of blank verse, first published in 1816;

'The Ages,' a survey of the experience of mankind, 1828; and various pieces scattered through periodical works. Mr. Washington Irving, struck with the beauty of Bryant's poetry, had it collected and published in London in 1832. The British public, he said, had expressed its delight at the graphic descriptions of American scenery and wild woodland characters contained in the works of Cooper. 'The same keen eye and just feeling for nature,' he added, 'the same indigenous style of thinking and local peculiarity of imagery, which give such novelty and interest to the pages of that gifted writer, will be found to characterise this volume, condensed into a narrower compass, and sublimated into poetry.'

From this opinion Professor Wilson—who reviewed the volume in 'Blackwood's Magazine'—dissented, believing that Cooper's pictures are infinitely richer in local peculiarity of imagery and thought. 'The chief charm of Bryant's genius,' he considered, 'consists in a tender pensiveness, a moral melancholy, breathing over all his contemplations, dreams, and reveries, even such as in the main are glad, and giving assurance of a pure spirit, benevolent to all living creatures, and habitually pious in the felt omnipresence of the Creator. His poetry overflows with natural religion—with what Wordsworth calls the religion of the woods.' This is strictly applicable to the 'Thanatopsis' and 'Forest Hymn;' but Washington Irving is so far right that Bryant's grand merit is his nationality and his power of painting the American landscape, especially in its wild, solitary, and magnificent forms. His diction is pure and lucid, with scarcely a flaw, and he is master of blank verse. Mr. Bryant has translated the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' 4 vols. (Boston, 1870-1872.)

From 'Thanatopsis.'

Not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good—
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past—
All in one mighty sepulchre! The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between—
The venerable woods, rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings; yet, the dead are there,

And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest. And what if thou shalt fall
Unheeded by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure! All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of Care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

The Wind-flower.

Lodged in sunny cleft
Where the cold breezes come not, blooms alone
The little wind-flower, whose just-opened eye
Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at,
Startling the loiterer in the naked groves
With unexpected beauty, for the time
Of blossoms and green leaves is yet afar.

The Disinterred Warrior.

Gather him to his grave again,
And solemnly and softly lay,
Beneath the verdure of the plain,
The warrior's scattered bones away.
Pay the deep reverence, taught of old,
The homage of man's heart to death;
Nor dare to trifle with the mould
Once hallowed by the Almighty's breath.

The soul hath quickened every part—
That remnant of a martial brow,
Those ribs that held the mighty heart,
That strong arm—strong no longer now.
Spare them, each mouldering relic spare,
Of God's own image; let them rest,
Till not a trace shall speak of where
The awful likeness was impressed.

For he was fresher from the Hand
That formed of earth the human face,
And to the elements did stand
In nearer kindred than our race.
In many a flood to madness tossed,
In many a storm has been his path,
He hid him not from heat or frost.
But met them, and defied their wrath.

Then they were kind—the forests here,
Rivers, and stiller waters, paid
A tribute to the net and spear
Of the red ruler of the shade.
Fruits on the woodland branches lay,
Roots in the shaded soil below.
The stars looked forth to teach his way,
The still earth warned him of the foe.

A noble race! But they are gone,
With their old forests wide and deep,
And we have built our homes upon
Fields where their generations sleep.
Their fountains slake our thirst at noon,
Upon their fields our harvest waves,
Our lovers woo beneath their moon—
Ah! let us spare at least their graves!

An Indian at the Burying-place of his Fathers.

It is the spot I came to seek—
My fathers' ancient burial-place,
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
Withdrew our wasted race.
It is the spot—I know it well—
Of which our old traditions tell.

For here the upland bank sends out
A ridge toward the river-side;
I know the shaggy hills about,
The meadows smooth and wide;
The plains that, toward the eastern sky,
Fenced east and west by mountains lie.

A white man, gazing on the scene,
Would say a lovely spot was here,
And praise the lawns, so fresh and green,
Between the hills so sheer.
I like it not—I would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again.

The sheep are on the slopes around,
The cattle in the meadows feed,
And labourers turn the crumbling ground,
Or drop the yellow seed,
And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,
Whirl the bright chariot o'er the way.

Methinks it were a nobler sight
To see these vales in woods arrayed,
Their summits in the golden light,
Their trunks in grateful shade;
And herds of deer, that bounding go
O'er rills and prostrate trees below.

And then to mark the lord of all,
The forest hero, trained to wars,
Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,
And seamed with glorious scars,
Walk forth, amid his train, to daze
The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

This bank, in which the dead were laid,
Was sacred when its soil was ours;
Hither the artless Indian maid
Brought wreaths of beads and flowers,
And the gray chief and gifted seer
Worshipped the God of thunders here.

But now the wheat is green and high
On clods that hid the warrior's breast,
And scattered in the furrows lie
The weapons of his rest;
And there, in the loose sand, is thrown
Of his large arm the mouldering bone.

Ah, little thought the strong and brave,
Who bore their lifeless chieftain forth,
Or the young wife that weeping gave
Her first-born to the earth,
That the pale race, who waste us now,
Among their bones should guide the plough!

They waste us—ay, like April snow
In the warm noon, we shrink away;
And fast they follow, as we go
Toward the setting day—
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea.

But I behold a fearful sign,
To which the white man's eyes are blind;
Their race may vanish hence, like mine,
And leave no trace behind,
Save ruins o'er the region spread,
And the white stones above the dead.

Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
Full to the brim our rivers flowed;
The melody of waters filled
The fresh and boundless wood:
And torrents dashed, and rivulets played,
And fountains spouted in the shade.

Those grateful sounds are heard no more:
The springs are silent in the sun;
The rivers, by the blackened shore,
With lessening current run;
The realm our tribes are crushed to get,
May be a barren desert yet!

R. H. DANA—N. P. WILLIS—O. W. HOLMES.

Richard Henry Dana (born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1787) was author of a small volume, 'The Buccaneer, and other Poems' (1827), which was hailed as an original and powerful contribution to American literature. He had previously published 'The Dying Raven,' a poem (1825), and contributed essays to a periodical work. 'The Buccaneer' is founded on a tradition of a murder committed on an island on the coast of New England by a

pirate, and has passages of vivid, dark painting resembling the style of Crabbe.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS (1806-1867) was a prolific and popular American writer, who excelled in light descriptive sketches. He commenced author in 1827 with a volume of fugitive pieces, which was well received, and was followed in 1831 and 1835 by two volumes of similar character. In 1835 he published two volumes of prose, 'Pencillings by the Way,' which formed agreeable reading, though censurable on the score of personal disclosures invading the sanctity of private life. On this account, Willis was sharply criticised and condemned by Lockhart in the 'Quarterly Review.' Numerous other works of the same kind—'Inklings of Adventure' (1836), 'Dashes of Life' (1845), 'Letters from Watering-places' (1849), 'People I have Met' (1850), &c., were thrown off from time to time, amounting altogether to thirty or forty separate publications; and besides this constant stream of authorship, Mr. Willis was editor of the 'New York Mirror' and other periodicals. Though marred by occasional affectation, the sketches of Willis are light, graceful compositions.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1809) contributed various pieces to American periodicals, and in 1836 published a collected edition of his 'Poems.' In 1843 he published 'Terpsichore,' a poem; in 1846, 'Urania;' in 1850, 'Astræa, the Balance of Allusions,' a poem; and in 1858, 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' a series of light and genial essays, full of fancy and humour, which has been successful both in the Old and the New World. Mr. Holmes is distinguished as a physician. He practised in Boston; in 1836 took his degree of M.D. at Cambridge; in 1838 was elected Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College; and in 1847 succeeded to the chair of Anatomy in Harvard University. In 1849 he retired from general practice. Some of the quaint sayings of Holmes have a flavour of fine American humour:

Give me the luxuries of life, and I will dispense with its necessaries.

Talk about conceit as much as you like, it is to human character what salt is to the ocean; it keeps it sweet, and renders it endurable. Say, rather, it is like the natural unguent of the sea-fowl's plumage, which enables him to shed the rain that falls on him, and the wave in which he dips.

Insanity is often the logic of an accurate mind over-tasked. A weak mind does not accumulate force enough to hurt itself. Stupidity often saves a man from going mad. Any decent person ought to go mad, if he really holds such and such opinions. It is very much to his discredit in every point of view, if he does not. I am very much ashamed of some people for retaining their reason, when they know perfectly well that if they were not the most stupid or the most selfish of human beings, they would become *non-compotes* at once.

What a comfort a dull but kindly person is, to be sure, at times! A ground-glass shade over a gas-lamp does not bring more solace to our dazzled eye than such a one to our minds. There are men of *esprit* who are excessively exhausting to some people. They are the talkers that have what may be called the *jerky* minds. They say bright things on all possible subjects, but their zigzags rack you to death. After a jolting half-hour with these jerky companions, talking with a dull friend affords great relief. It is like taking a cat in your lap after holding a squirrel.

Don't you know how hard it is for some people to get out of a room after their

visit is over? We rather think we do. They want to be off, but they don't know how to manage it. One would think they had been built in your room and were waiting to be launched. I have contrived a sort of ceremonial inclined plane for such visitors, which, being lubricated with certain smooth phrases, I back them down, metaphorically speaking, stern foremost, into their native element of out-of-doors.

The Buccaneer's Island.—*By* DANA.

The island lies nine leagues away.
Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar.
Save where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently—
How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell;
The brook comes tinkling down its side;
From out the trees the Sabbath bell
Rings cheerful far and wide,
Mingling its sound with bleatings of the flocks,
That fed upon the vale among the rocks.

Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat,
In former days within the vale;
Flapped in the bay the pirate's sheet:
Curses were on the gale;
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

Thirty-five.—*By* WILLIS.

O weary heart! thou 'rt half-way home!
We stand on life's meridian height—
As far from childhood's morning come,
As to the grave's forgetful night.
Give Youth and Hope a parting tear—
Look onward with a placid brow—
Hope promised but to bring us here,
And Reason takes the guidance now—
One backward look—the last—the last!
One silent tear—for *Youth is past!*

Who goes with Hope and Passion back?
Who comes with me and Memory on?
Oh, lonely looks the downward track—
Joy's music hushed—Hope's roses gone!
To Pleasure and her giddy troop
Farewell, without a sigh or tear!
But heart gives way, and spirits droop,
To think that Love may leave us here!
Have we no charm when Youth is flown?—
Midway to death left sad and lone!

Yet stay!—as 'twere a twilight star
That sends its thread across the wave,
I see a brightening light, from far,
Steal down a path beyond the grave!
And now—bless God! its golden line

Comes o'er—and lights my shadowy way—
And shews the dear hand clasped in mine!
But, list what those sweet voices say:
'The better land 's in sight,
And, by its chastening light,
All love from life's midway is driven,
Save her whose clasped hand will bring thee on to heaven!'

The American Spring.—By HOLMES.

Winter is past; the heart of Nature warms
Beneath the wrecks of unresisted storms;
Doubtful at first, suspected more than seen,
The southern slopes are fringed with tender green;
On sheltered banks, beneath the dripping eaves,
Spring's earliest nurslings spread their glowing leaves,
Bright with the hues from wider pictures won,
White, azure, golden—drift, or sky, or sun:
The snowdrop, bearing on her patient breast
The frozen trophy torn from Winter's crest;
The violet gazing on the arch of blue
Till her own iris wears its deepened hue;
The spendthrift crocus, bursting through the mould
Naked and shivering, with his cup of gold,
Swelled with new life the darkening elm on high
Prints her thick buds against the spotted sky;
On all her boughs the stately chestnut cleaves
The gummy shroud that wraps her embryo leaves;
The housefly, stealing from his narrow grave,
Drugged with the opiate that November gave,
Beats with faint wing against the snowy pane,
Or crawls tenacious o'er its lucid plain;
From shaded chinks of lichen-crusted walls
In languid curves the gliding serpent crawls;
The bog's green harper, thawing from his sleep,
Twangs a hoarse note and tries a shortened leap;
On floating rails that face the softening noons
The still shy turtles range their dark platoons,
Or toiling, aimless, o'er the mellowing fields,
Trail through the grass their tesselated shields.
At last young April, ever frail and fair,
Wooed by her playmate with the golden hair,
Chased to the margin of receding floods,
O'er the soft meadows starred with opening buds,
In tears and blushes sighs herself away,
And hides her cheek beneath the flowers of May.
Then the proud tulip lights her beacon blaze,
Her clustering curls the hyacinth displays,
O'er her tall blades the crested fleur-de-lis
Like blue-eyed Pallas towers erect and free,
With yellower flames the lengthened sunshine glows,
And love lays bare the passion-breathing rose;
Queen of the lake, along its reedy verge
The rival lily hastens to emerge,
Her snowy shoulders glistening as she strips,
Till morn is sultan of her parted lips.

Then bursts the song from every leafy glade,
The yielding season's bridal serenade:
Then flash the wings returning Summer calls
Through the deep arches of her forest halls;
The blue-bird breathing from his azure plumes,
The fragrance borrowed where the myrtle blooms,

The thrush, poor wanderer, dropping meekly down,
Clad in his remnant of autumnal brown;
The oriole, drifting like a flake of fire,
Rent by the whirlwind from a blazing spire.
The robin jerking his spasmodic throat
Repeats, staccato, his peremptory note;
The crack-brained bobolink courts his crazy mate
Poised on a bulrush tipsy with his weight.
Nay, in his cage the lone canary sings.
Feels the soft air, and spreads his idle wings.
Why dream I here within these caging walls,
Deaf to her voice while blooming Nature calls,
While from heaven's face the long-drawn shadows roll,
And all its sunshine floods my opening soul!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, a distinguished American author both in prose and verse, was born in Portland, Maine, in 1807. Having studied at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, the poet, after three years' travelling and residence in Europe, became Professor of Modern Languages in his native college. This appointment he held from 1829 to 1835, when he removed to the chair of Modern Languages and Literature in Harvard University, Cambridge. While a youth at college, Mr. Longfellow contributed poems and criticisms to American periodicals. In 1833 he published a translation of the Spanish verses called 'Coplas de Manrique,' accompanying the poem with an essay on Spanish poetry. In 1835 appeared his 'Outre-Mer, or Sketches from beyond Sea,' a series of prose descriptions and reflections somewhat in the style of Washington Irving. His next work was also in prose, 'Hyperion, a Romance' (1839), which instantly became popular in America. In the same year he issued his first collection of poems, entitled 'Voices of the Night.' In 1841 appeared 'Ballads, and other Poems;' in 1842, 'Poems on Slavery;' in 1843, 'The Spanish Student,' a tragedy; in 1845, 'The Poets and Poetry of Europe;' in 1846, 'The Belfry of Bruges;' in 1847, 'Evangeline,' a poetical tale in hexameter verse; in 1849, 'Kavanagh,' a prose tale; and 'The Seaside and the Fireside,' a series of short poems; in 1851, 'The Golden Legend,' a medieval story in irregular rhyme; and in 1855, 'The Song of Hiawatha,' an American-Indian tale, in a still more singular style of versification, yet attractive from its novelty and wild melody. Thus:

Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries;
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

In 1858 appeared 'Miles Standish;' in 1863, 'Tales of a Wayside Inn;' in 1866, 'Flower de Luce;' in 1867, a translation of Dante; in 1872, 'The Divine Tragedy,' a sacred but not successful drama, embodying incidents in the lives of John the Baptist and Christ; and

the same year, 'Three Books of Song;' in 1875, 'The Masque of Pandora.' Other poems and translations have appeared from the fertile pen of Mr. Longfellow; and several collected editions of his Poems, some of them finely illustrated and carefully edited, have been published. He is now beyond all question the most popular of the American poets, and has also a wide circle of admirers in Europe. If none of his larger poems can be considered great, his smaller pieces are finished with taste, and all breathe a healthy moral feeling and fine tone of humanity. An American critic (Griswold) has said justly that of all their native poets he best deserves the title of artist.

Excelsior.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flashed like falchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung,
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

'Try not the Pass!' the old man said;
'Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!'
And loud the clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

'O stay,' the maiden said, 'and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!'
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Excelsior!

'Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!'
This was the peasant's last good-night.
A voice replied far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay.
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

A Psalm of Life.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
'Life is but an empty dream!'
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead;
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of Time:

Foot-prints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

The Ladder of St. Augustine.

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the treacherous wine,
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will:

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent, and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

God's-Acre.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life; alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow!

Autumn in America.

With what a glory comes and goes the year!
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out,
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillowed clouds.
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing; and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leafed,
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside aweary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
A winter bird comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel; whilst aloud
From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird sings;
And merrily, with oft repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

Oh, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who with a fervent heart goes forth,
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings;
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear

A Rainy Day.

A cold, uninterrupted rain,
That washed each southern window-pane,
And made a river of the road;
A sea of mist that overflowed
The house, the barns, the gilded vane,
And drowned the upland and the plain.
Through which the oak-trees, broad and high,
Like phantom ships went drifting by;
And, hidden behind a watery screen,
The sun unseen, or only seen
As a faint pallor in the sky—
Thus cold and colourless and gray,
The morn of that autumnal day,
As if reluctant to begin,
Dawned on the silent Sudbury Inn,
And all the guests that in it lay.

Full late they slept. They did not hear
The challenge of Sir Chanticleer,
Who on the empty threshing-floor,
Disdainful of the rain outside,
Was strutting with a martial stride,
As if upon his thigh he wore
The famous broadsword of the Squire,
And said, 'Behold me, and admire!'
Only the Poet seemed to hear
In drowse or dream, more near and near
Across the border-land of sleep
The blowing of a blithesome horn,
That laughed the dismal day to scorn;
A splash of hoofs and rush of wheels
Through sand and mire like stranding keels,
As from the road with sudden sweep,
The mail drove up the little steep,

And stopped beside the tavern door;
A moment stopped, and then again,
With crack of whip and bark of dog,
Plunged forward through the sea of fog,
And all was silent as before—
All silent save the dripping rain.

CHARLES SWAIN.

A native of Manchester, and carrying on business there as an engraver, CHARLES SWAIN (1803–1874) became known as a poet in the pages of the 'Literary Gazette' and other literary journals. His collected works are: 'Metrical Essays,' 1827; 'The Mind and other Poems,' 1831; 'Dramatic Chapters, Poems, and Songs,' 1847; 'English Melodies,' 1849; 'Art and Fashion,' 1863; and 'Songs and Ballads,' 1868. Some of Mr. Swain's songs and domestic poems—which are free from all mysticism and exaggerated sentiment—have been very popular both at home and abroad. They have great sweetness, tenderness, and melody.

The Death of the Warrior King.

There are noble heads bowed down and pale,
Deep sounds of woe arise,
And tears flow fast around the couch
Where a wounded warrior lies;
The hue of death is gathering dark
Upon his lofty brow,
And the arm of might and valour falls,
Weak as an infant's now.

I saw him 'mid the battling hosts,
Like a bright and leading star,
Where banner, helm, and falchion gleamed,
And flew the bolts of war.
When, in his plenitude of power,
He trod the Holy Land,
I saw the routed Saracens
Flee from his blood-dark brand.

I saw him in the banquet hour
Forsake the festive throng,
To seek his favourite minstrel's haunt,
And give his soul to song;
For dearly as he loved renown,
He loved that spell-wrought strain
Which bade the brave of perished days
Light Conquest's torch again.

Then seemed the bard to cope with Time,
And triumph o'er his doom—
Another world in freshness burst
Oblivion's mighty tomb!
Again the hardy Britons rushed
Like lions to the fight,
While horse and foot—helm, shield, and lance,
Swept by his visioned sight!

But battle shout and waving plume,
The drum's heart-stirring beat,
The glittering pomp of prosperous war,
The rush of million feet,
The magic of the minstrel's song,
Which told of victories o'er,
Are sights and sounds the dying king
Shall see—shall hear no more!

It was the hour of deep midnight,
In the dim and quiet sky,
When, with sable cloak and 'broidered pall,
A funeral train swept by;
Dull and sad fell the torches' glare
On many a stately crest—
They bore the noble warrior king
To his last dark home of rest.

SYDNEY DOBELL—ALEXANDER SMITH—GERALD MASSEY.

Under the pseudonym of 'Sydney Vendys,' SYDNEY DOBELL (1824–1874) published several elaborate poetical works. He was born at Cranbrook, Kent, in 1824, but spent the greater part of his youth in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham, where his father was engaged in business as a wine-merchant. In his intervals of leisure the young poet—whose regular employment was in his father's counting-house—contrived to write a dramatic poem, 'The Roman,' published in 1850. In 1854 appeared 'Balder, Part the First;' in 1855, 'Sonnets on the

War,' written in conjunction with Mr. A. Smith; and in 1856, 'England in Time of War.' A man of cultivated intellectual tastes and benevolence of character, Mr. Dobell seems to have taken up some false or exaggerated theories of poetry and philosophy, and to have wasted fine thoughts and conceptions on uncongenial themes. The great error of some of our recent poets is the want of simplicity and nature. They heap up images and sentiments, the ornaments of poetry, without aiming at order, consistency, and the natural development of passion or feeling. We have thus many beautiful and fanciful ideas, but few complete or correct poems. Part of this defect is no doubt to be attributed to the youth of the poets, for taste and judgment come slowly even where genius is abundant, but part also is due to neglect of the old masters of song. In Mr. Dobell's first poem, however, are some passages of finished blank verse:

The Italian Brothers.

I had a brother:
We were twin shoots from one dead stem. He grew
Nearer the sun, and ripened into beauty;
And I, within the shadow of my thoughts,
Pined at his side and loved him. He was brave,
Gallant and free. I was the silent slave
Of fancies; neither laughed, nor fought, nor played,
And loved not morn nor eve for very trembling
At their long wandering shades. In childhood's sports
He won for me, and I looked on aloof;
And when perchance I heard him called my brother,
Was proud and happy. So we grew together,
Within our dwelling by the desert plain,
Where the roe leaped,
And from his icy hills the frequent wolf
Gave chivalry to slaughter. Here and there
Rude heaps, that had been cities, clad the ground
With history. And far and near, where grass
Was greenest, and the unconscious goat browsed free,
The teeming soil was sown with desolations,
As though Time—striding o'er the field he reaped—
Warmed with the spoil, rich droppings for the gleaners
Threw round his harvest way. Frieze, pedestal,
Pillars that bore through years the weight of glory,
And take their rest. Tombs, arches, monuments,
Vainly set up to save a name, as though
The eternal saved the perishable; urns,
Which winds had emptied of their dust, but left
Full of their immortality. In shrouds
Of reverent leaves, rich works of wondrous beauty
Lay sleeping—like the Children in the Wood—
Fairer than they.

The Ruins of Ancient Rome.

Upstood
The hoar unconscious walls, bleak and bare,
Like an old man deaf, blind, and gray, in whom
The years of old stand in the sun, and murmur
Of childhood and the dead. From parapets

Where the sky rests, from broken niches—each
More than Olympus—for gods dwelt in them—
Below from senatorial haunts and seats
Imperial, where the ever-passing fates
Wore out the stone, strange hermit birds croaked forth
Sorrowful sounds, like watchers on the height
Crying the hours of ruin. When the clouds
Dressed every myrtle on the walls in mourning,
With calm prerogative the eternal pile
Impassive shone with the unearthly light
Of immortality. When conquering suns
Triumphed in jubilant earth, it stood out dark
With thoughts of ages: like some mighty captive
Upon his death-bed in a Christian land,
And lying, through the chant of psalm and creed,
Unshriven and stern, with peace upon his brow,
And on his lips strange gods.
Rank weeds and grasses,
Careless and nodding, grew, and asked no leave,
Where Romans trembled. Where the wreck was saddest,
Sweet pensive herbs, that had been gay elsewhere,
With conscious mien of place rose tall and still,
And bent with duty. Like some village children
Who found a dead king on a battle-field,
And with decorous care and reverent pity
Composed the lordly ruin, and sat down
Grave without tears. At length the giant lay,
And everywhere he was begirt with years,
And everywhere the torn and mouldering Past
Hung with the ivy. For Time, smit with honour
Of what he slew, cast his own mantle on him,
That none should mock the dead.

In 1871 Mr. Dobell published a spirited political lyric, entitled 'England's Day.'

The day has gone by when the public of this country could be justly charged with neglect of native genius. Any manifestation of original intellectual power bursting from obscurity is instantly recognised, fostered, and applauded. The ever-open periodical press is ready to welcome and proclaim the new comer, and there is no lack of critics animated by a tolerant and generous spirit. In 1853 appeared 'Poems' by ALEXANDER SMITH (1830–1867), the principal piece in the collection being a series of thirteen dramatic scenes, entitled 'A Life Drama.' The manuscript of this volume had been submitted to the Rev. George Gilfillan, and portions of it had been laid before the public by that enthusiastic critic, accompanied with a strong recommendation of the young author as a genuine poet of a high order. Mr. Smith (born in Kilmarnock) had been employed as a designer of patterns in one of the Glasgow factories, but the publication of his poems marked him out for higher things, and he was elected to the office of Secretary to the Edinburgh University. Thus placed in a situation favourable for the cultivation of his talents, Mr. Smith continued his literary pursuits. He joined with Mr. Dobell, as already stated, in writing a series of War Sonnets; he contributed prose essays to some of the periodicals; and in 1857 he came

forward with a second volume of verse, 'City Poems,' similar in style to his first collection. In 1861 appeared 'Edwin of Deira.' Nearly all Mr. Smith's poetry bears the impress of youth—excessive imagery and ornament, a want of art and regularity. In one of Miss Mitford's letters we read: 'Mr. Kingsley says that Alfred Tennyson says that Alexander Smith's poems shew fancy, but not imagination; and on my repeating this to Mrs. Browning, she said it was exactly her impression.' The young poet had, however, a vein of fervid poetic feeling, attesting the genuineness of his inspiration, and a fertile fancy that could form brilliant pictures. With diligent study, simplicity, distinctness, and vigour might have been added, had the poet not been cut down in the very flower of his youth and genius. His prose works, 'Dreamthorp,' 'A Book of Essays,' 'A Summer in Skye,' and 'Alfred Hagart's Household,' are admirably written. A Memoir of Smith, with some literary remains, was published in 1868, edited by P. P. Alexander.

Autumn.

The lark is singing in the blinding sky,
Hedges are white with May. The bridegroom sea
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
And, in the fullness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space to see how fair she looks,
Then proud, runs up to kiss her. All is fair—
All glad, from grass to sun! Yet more I love
Than this, the shrinking day, that sometimes comes
In Winter's front, so fair 'mong its dark peers,
It seems a straggler from the files of June,
Which in its wanderings had lost its wits,
And half its beauty; and, when it returned,
Finding its old companions gone away,
It joined November's troop, then marching past;
And so the frail thing comes, and greets the world
With a thin crazy smile, then bursts in tears,
And all the while it holds within its hand
A few half-withered flowers.

Unrest and Childhood.

Unrest! unrest! The passion-panting sea
Watches the unveiled beauty of the stars
Like a great hungry soul. The unquiet clouds
Break and dissolve, then gather in a mass,
And float like mighty icebergs through the blue.
Summers, like blushes, sweep the face of earth;
Heaven yearns in stars. Down comes the frantic rain;
We hear the wail of the remorseful winds
In their strange penance. And this wretched orb
Knows not the taste of rest; a maniac world,
Homeless and sobbing through the deep she goes.

[*A child runs past.*]

O thou bright thing, fresh from the hand of God;
The motions of thy dancing limbs are swayed
By the unceasing music of thy being!

Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee.
'Tis ages since He made his youngest star,
His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday.
Thou later revelation! Silver stream,
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine
Whence all things flow. O bright and singing babe,
What wilt thou be hereafter?

GERALD MASSEY, born at Tring, in Hertfordshire, in the year 1828, has fought his way to distinction in the face of severe difficulties. Up to his seventeenth or eighteenth year he was either a factory or an errand boy. He then tried periodical writing, and after some obscure efforts, produced in 1854 the 'Ballad of Babe Christabel, and other Poems.' a volume that passed through several editions; in 1855, 'War Waits;' in 1856, 'Craigcrook Castle, and other Poems.' Mr. Massey is author also of 'Havelock's March,' 1861; 'Tale of Eternity,' 1869; and of various other pieces in prose and verse. By these publications, and with occasional labours as a journalist and lecturer, he has honourably established himself in the literary profession. His poetry possesses both fire and tenderness, with a delicate lyrical fancy, but is often crude and irregular in style. It is remarkable that the diligence and perseverance which enabled the young poet to surmount his early troubles, should not have been employed to correct and harmonize his verse. Of all the self-taught English poets, Bloomfield seems to have been the most intent on studying good models and attaining to correct and lucid composition. A prose work, 'Shakspeare and his Sonnet,' by Mr. Massey, is ingenious and well written.

Conclusion of Babe Christabel.

In this dim world of clouding cares,
We rarely know, till wildered eyes
See white wings lessening up the skies,
The angels with us unawares.

And thou hast stolen a jewel, Death!
Shall light thy dark up like a star,
A beacon kindling from afar
Our light of love, and fainting faith.

Through tears it gleams perpetually,
And glitters through the thickest glooms,
Till the eternal morning comes
To light us o'er the jasper sea.

With our best branch in tenderest leaf,
We've strewn the way our Lord doth come;
And, ready for the harvest-home,
His reapers bind our ripest sheaf.

Our beautiful bird of light hath fled:
Awhile she sat with folded wings—
Sang round us a few hoverings—
Then straightway into glory sped.

And white-winged angels nurture her;
With heaven's white radiance robed and crowned,

And all love's purple glory round,
She summers on the hills of myrrh.

Through childhood's morning-land, serene
She walked betwixt us twain, like love;
While, in a robe of light above,
Her better angel walked unseen.

Till life's highway broke bleak and wild;
Then, lest her starry garments trail
In mire, heart bleed, and courage fail,
The angel's arms caught up the child.

Her wave of life hath backward rolled
To the great ocean; on whose shore
We wander up and down, to store
Some treasures of the times of old:

And aye we seek and hunger on
For precious pearls and relics rare,
Strewn on the sands for us to wear
At heart, for love of her that's gone.

O weep no more! there yet is balm
In Gilead! Love doth ever shed
Rich healing where it nestles—spread
O'er desert pillows some green palm!

Strange glory streams through life's wild rents,
And through the open door of death
We see the heaven that beckoneth
To the beloved going hence.

God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed;
The best fruit loads the broken bough;
And in the wounds our sufferings plough,
Immortal love sows sovereign seed.

DAVID GRAY.

In 1862 appeared a small volume, 'The Luggie, and other Poems,' by DAVID GREY (1838-1861), with a memoir of the author by James Hedderwick, and a prefatory notice by R. M. Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton. Gray was born on the banks of the Luggie,* and reared in the house of his father, a handloom weaver at Merkland, near Kirkintilloch. David was one of a large family, but he was intended for the church, and sent to Glasgow, where he supported himself by teaching, and attended classes in the university for four seasons. The youth, however, was eager for literary fame; he had written thousands of verses, and published from time to time pieces in the 'Glasgow Citizen,' a journal in which Alexander Smith had also made his first appearance in all the glory of print. In his twenty-second year Gray started off for London, as ambitious and self-confident, and as friendless as Chatterton when he left Bristol on a similar desperate mission. Friends, however, came forward. Gray

* The luggie flows past Merkland at the foot of a precipitous bank, and shortly afterwards loses itself among the shadows of Oxgang, with its fine old mansion-house and rookery, and debouches into the Kelvin, one of the tributaries of the Clyde, celebrated in Scottish song. It is a mere unpretending rivulet.—HEDDERWICK's *Memoir of Gray*.

had corresponded with Sidney Dobell and Mr. Monckton Milnes, and he became acquainted with Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, and with two accomplished ladies—Miss Coates, Hampstead, and Miss Marion James, an authoress of considerable reputation. Assistance in money and counsel was freely given, but consumption set in, and the poor poet, having longed to return to his native place, was carefully sent back to Merkland. There he wrought hopefully at his poems, and when winter came, it was arranged that he should remove to the south of England.

Mr. Milnes, the kind ladies at Hampstead, and some Scottish friends (Mrs. Nichol, widow of Professor Nichol, Mr. William Logan, and others), supplied the requisite funds, and Gray was placed in a hydropathic establishment at Richmond. Thence he was removed, through the kindness of Mr. Milnes, to Devonshire; but the desire for home again returned, and in the middle of January 1861, the invalid presented himself abruptly at Merkland. 'Day after day,' says Mr. Hedderwick—'week after week—month after month—life was now ebbing away from him for ever.' But 'even under the strong and touching consciousness of an early doom—with the dart of death, like the sword of Damocles, continually suspended over him and visible—Gray continued to weave, in glory, if not in joy, his poetic fancies.' His ardent wish was to see his poems in print, and they were sent to the press. One page was immediately put in type, and the dying poet had the inexpressible gratification of seeing and reading it on the day preceding his death. This was part of a description of a winter scene on the banks of the Luggie:

A Winter Scene.

How beautiful! afar on moorland ways,
Bosomed by mountains, darkened by huge glens
(Where the lone altar raised by Druid hands
Stands like a mournful phantom), hidden clouds
Let fall soft beauty, till each green fir branch
Is p umed and tasselled, till each heather stalk
Is delicately fringed. The sycamores,
Through all their mystical entanglement
Of boughs, are draped with silver. All the green
Of Sweet leaves playing with the subtle air
In dainty murmuring; the obstinate drone
Of limber bees that in the monkshood bells
House diligent; the imperishable glow
Of summer sunshine never more confessed
The harmony of nature, the divine
Diffusive spirit of the Beautiful.
Out in the snowy dimness, half revealed,
Like ghosts in glimpsing moonshine, wildly run
The children in bewildering delight.

The young poet received this specimen page as 'good news,' and said he could now subside tranquilly 'without tears' into his eternal rest. A monument was erected to his memory at Kirkintilloch in 1865, Mr. Henry Glassford Bell, the sheriff of Glasgow, delivering an

interesting speech on the occasion. The monument bears the following inscription, from the pen of Lord Houghton: 'This monument of affection, admiration, and regret, is erected to DAVID GRAY, the poet of Merkland, by friends from far and near, desirous that his grave should be remembered amid the scenes of his rare genius and early death, and by the Luggie, now numbered with the streams illustrious in Scottish song. Born 29th January 1838; died 3d December 1861.' Three of the most active of the literary friends of David Gray—namely, Lord Houghton, Mr. Hedderwick (the accomplished and affectionate biographer of the poet), and Sheriff Bell (whose latest literary task was editing a new edition of Gray's Poems)—have borne testimony to the rich though immature genius of this young poet, and to the pure and noble thoughts which fired his ambition, and guided his course through the short period of his life. Besides his principal poem, 'The Luggie,' Gray wrote a series of Sonnets entitled 'In the Shadow,' which are no less touching than beautiful in composition, and greatly superior to the poetry of Michael Bruce, written under similarly affecting circumstances.

An Autumnal Day.

Beneath an ash in beauty tender leaved,
And through whose boughs the glimmering sunshine flowed
In rare ethereal jasper, making cool
A chequered shadow in the dark green grass,
I lay enchanted. At my head there bloomed
A hedge of sweet-brier, fragrant as the breath
Of maid beloved, when her cheek is laid
To yours in downy pressure, soft as sleep.
A bank of harebells, flowers unspeakable
For half-transparent azure, nodding, gleamed
As a faint zephyr, laden with perfume,
Kissed them to motion, gently, with no will.
Before me streams most dear unto my heart,
Sweet Luggie, sylvan Bothlin—fairer twain
Than ever sung themselves into the sea.
Lucid Ægean, gemmed with sacred isles—
Were rolled together in an emerald vale;
And into the severe bright noon, the smoke
In airy circles o'er the sycamores
Upcurled—a lonely little cloud of blue
Above the happy hamlet. Far away,
A gently rising hill with umbrage clad,
Hazel and glossy birch and silver fir,
Met the keen sky. Oh, in that wood, I know,
The woodruff and the hyacinth are fair
In their own season; with the bilberry
Of dim and misty blue, to childhood dear.
Here on a sunny August afternoon,
A vision stirred my spirit half-awake
To fling a purer lustre on those fields
That knew my boyish footsteps; and to sing
Thy pastoral beauty, Luggie, into fame.

If it must be that I Die young.

If it must be; if it must be, O God!
That I die young, and make no further moans;

That, underneath the unrespective sod,
In unescutcheoned privacy, my bones
Shall crumble soon—then give me strength to bear
The last convulsive throe of too sweet breath!
I tremble from the edge of life to dare
The dark and fatal leap, having no faith,
No glorious yearning for the Apocalypse;
But like a child that in the night-time cries
For light, I cry; forgetting the eclipse
Of knowledge and our human destinies.
O peevish and uncertain soul! obey
The law of life in patience till the day.

All Fair Things at their Death the Fairest.

Why are all fair things at their death the fairest?
Beauty, the beautifullest in decay?
Why doth rich sunset clothe each closing day
With ever new apparelling the rarest?
Why are the sweetest melodies all born
Of pain and sorrow? Mourneth not the dove,
In the green forest gloom, an absent love?
Leaning her breast against that cruel thorn,
Doth not the nightingale, poor bird, complain
And integrate her uncontrollable woe
To such perfection, that to hear is pain?
Thus Sorrow and Death—alone realities—
Sweeten their ministration, and bestow
On troublous life a relish of the skies!

Spring.

Now, while the long-delaying ash assumes
The delicate April green, and loud, and clear,
Through the cool, yellow, twilight glooms,
The thrush's song enchants the captive ear;
Now, while a shower is pleasant in the falling,
Stirring the still perfume that wakes around;
Now that doves mourn, and from the distance calling,
The cuckoo answers with a sovereign sound—
Come with thy native heart, O true and tried!
But leave all books; for what with converse high,
Flavoured with Attic wit, the time shall glide
On smoothly, as a river floweth by,
Or as on stately pinion, through the gray
Evening, the culver cuts his liquid way.

THOMAS RAGG—THOMAS COOPER.

Two other poets sprung from the people, and honourably distinguished for self-cultivation, merit notice. THOMAS RAGG was born in Nottingham in 1808. In 1823 he issued his first publication, 'The Incarnation, and other Poems,' being at that time engaged in a lace factory. 'The Incarnation' was part of a philosophical poem on 'The Deity,' and was published for the purpose of ascertaining whether means could be obtained for the publication of the whole. In consequence of the favourable critical notices, two gentlemen in the West of England—whose names deserve to be recorded—Mr. Mann of Andover, and Mr. Wyatt of Stroud, offered to become responsible for the expenses of bringing out 'The Deity,' and the

then venerable James Montgomery undertook to revise the manuscript. It was published in 1834 with considerable success. In 1835 he produced 'The Martyr of Verulam, and other Poems;' in 1837, 'Lyrics from the Pentateuch;' in 1840, 'Heber and other Poems;' in 1847, 'Scenes and Sketches;' in 1855, 'Creation's Testimony to its Author;' and in 1858, 'Man's Dreams and God's Realities.' The poet had been successively newspaper reporter and bookseller; but in 1853 Dr. Murray, Bishop of Rochester, offered him ordination in the church, and he is now vicar of Lawley, near Wellington, Salop.

The Earth full of Love.—From 'Heber.'

The earth is full of love, albeit the storms
Of passion mar its influence benign,
And drown its voice with discords. Every flower
That to the sun its heaving breast expands
Is born of love. And every song of bird
That floats, mellifluent, on the balmy air,
Is but a love-note. Heaven is full of love;
Its starry eyes run o'er with tenderness,
And soften every heart that meets their gaze,
As downward looking on this wayward world
They light it back to God. But neither stars,
Nor flowers, nor song of birds, nor earth, nor heaven,
So tell the wonders of that glorious name,
As they shall be revealed, when comes the hour
Of nature's consummation, hoped-for long,
When, passed the checkered vestibule of time,
The creature in immortal youth shall bloom,
And good, unmixed with ill, for ever reign.

THOMAS COOPER, 'the Chartist,' while confined in Stafford jail, 1842-44, wrote a poem in the Spenserian stanza, entitled 'The Purgatory of Suicides,' which evinces poetical power and fancy, and has gone through several editions. This work was published in 1845; and the same year Mr. Cooper issued a series of prose tales and sketches, 'Wise Saws and Modern Instances.' In the following year he published 'The Baron's Yule Feast, a Christmas Rhyme.' Though addressed, like the 'Corn-law Rhymes' of Elliott, to the working-classes, and tinged with some jaundiced and gloomy views of society, there is true poetry in Mr. Cooper's rhymes. The following is a scrap of landscape-painting—a Christmas scene:

How joyously the lady bells
Shout, though the bluff north breeze
Loudly his boisterous bugle swells!
And though the brooklets freeze,
How fair the leafless hawthorn tree
Waves with its hoar-frost tracery!
While sun-smiles throw o'er stalks and stems
Sparkles so far transcending gems,
The bard would gloze who said their sheen
Did not out-diamond
All brightest gauds that man hath seen,
Worn by earth's proudest king or queen,
In pomp and grandeur throned!

In 1848 Mr. Cooper became a political and historical lecturer, set up cheap political journals, which soon died, and wrote two novels, 'Alderman Ralph,' 1853, and 'The Family Feud,' 1854. He was tinged with infidel opinions, but these he renounced, and commenced

a course of Sunday evening lectures and discussions in support of Christianity. He has also written an account of his 'Life,' which has reached a third edition.

LORD JOHN MANNERS—HON. MR. SMYTHE.

A series of poetical works, termed 'Young England' or 'Tractarian Poetry' appeared in 1840 and 1841. 'England's Trust, and other Poems,' by LORD JOHN MANNERS; 'Historic Fancies,' by the HON. MR. SMYTHE (afterwards Lord Strangford); 'The Cherwell Water Lily,' &c., by the REV. F. W. FABER. The chief object of these works was to revive the taste for feudal feeling and ancient sports, combined with certain theological and political opinions characteristic of a past age. The works had poetical and amiable feeling, but were youthful, immature productions; and Lord John Manners must have regretted the couplet which we here print in Italics, and which occasioned no small ridicule:

> No; by the names inscribed in History's page,
> Names that are England's noblest heritage;
> Names that shall live for yet unnumbered years
> Shrined in our hearts with Cressy and Poictiers;
> *Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,*
> *But leave us still our old nobility.*

Lord John has since applied himself to politics. He held office in the Conservative administrations from 1852 to 1867, and again in Mr. Disraeli's administration of 1874, being appointed Postmaster-general. His lordship is author also of 'Notes of an Irish Tour,' 1849; 'English Ballads and other Poems,' 1850; 'A Cruise in Scotch Waters;' and several pamphlets on religious and political questions.

Lord Strangford (the seventh viscount) also took a part in public affairs, and promised to become an able debater, but ill health withdrew him from both politics and literature. He died in 1857, at the age of forty.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Among the authors of the day, uniting political sympathies and aspirations with lyrical poetry, is DR. CHARLES MACKAY. Some of his songs are familiar as household words both in this country and in America, and his influence as an apostle or minstrel of social reform and the domestic affections must have been considerable. Dr. Mackay commenced his literary career in 1834, in his twentieth year, by the publication of a small volume of poems. Shortly afterwards he became connected with the 'Morning Chronicle' daily journal, and continued in this laborious service for nine years. In 1840, he published 'The Hope of the World,' a poem in verse of the style of Pope and Goldsmith. In 1842 appeared 'The Salamandrine,' a poetical romance founded on the Rosicrucian system, which supplied Pope with the inimitable aerial personages of his 'Rape of the Lock.' 'The Salamandrine' is the most finished of Dr. Mackay's

works, and has passed through several editions. From 1844 to 1847, our author conducted a Scottish newspaper, the 'Glasgow Argus;' and while resident in the north, he received the honorary distinction of LL. D. from the university of Glasgow.

Returning to London, he resumed his connection with the metropolitan press, and was for several years editor of the 'Illustrated London News,' in the columns of which many of his poetical pieces first appeared. His collected works, in addition to those already enumerated, consist of 'Legends of the Isles,' 1845; 'Voices from the Crowd,' 1846; 'Voices from the Mountains,' 1847; 'Town Lyrics,' 1848; 'Egeria, or the Spirit of Nature,' 1850; 'The Lump of Gold,' &c., 1856; 'Songs for Music,' 1857; 'Under Green Leaves,' 1858; 'A Man's Heart,' 1860; 'Studies from the Antique,' 1864, &c. Some prose works have also proceeded from the pen of Dr. Mackay—'The Thames and its Tributaries,' two volumes, 1840; 'Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions,' two volumes, 1852, &c. In 1852, Dr. Mackay made a tour in America, and delivered a course of lectures on Poetry, which he has repeated in this country. His transatlantic impressions he has embodied in two volumes of lively description, bearing the title of 'Life and Liberty in America.' The poet, we may add, is a native of Perth, born in 1814, while his father, an officer in the army, was on recruiting service. He was in infancy removed to London, and five years of his youth were spent in Belgium.

Apologue from 'Egeria.'

In ancient time, two acorns, in their cups,
Shaken by winds and ripeness from the tree,
Dropped side by side into the ferns and grass.
'Where have I fallen? to what base region come?'
Exclaimed the one. 'The joyous breeze no more
Rocks me to slumber on the sheltering bough;
The sunlight streams no longer on my face;
I look no more from altitudes serene
Upon the world reposing far below;
Its plains, its hills, its rivers, and its woods.
To me the nightingale sings hymns no more;
But I am made companion of the worm,
And rot on the chill earth. Around me grow
Nothing but useless weeds, and grass, and fern,
Unfit to hold companionship with me.
Ah me! most wretched! rain, and frost, and dew,
And all the pangs and penalties of earth,
Corrupt me where I lie—degenerate.'
And thus the acorn made its daily moan.
The other raised no murmur of complaint,
And looked on with no contempt upon the grass,
Nor called the branching fern a worthless weed,
Nor scorned the woodland flowers that round it blew.
All silently and piously it lay
Upon the kindly bosom of the earth.
It blessed the warmth with which the noonday sun
Made fruitful all the ground; it loved the dews,
The moonlight and the snow, the frost and rain,
And all the change of seasons as they passed.

It sank into the bosom of the soil:
The bursting life, inclosed within its husk,
Broke through its fetters; it extended roots,
And twined them freely in the grateful ground;
It sprouted up, and looked upon the light;
The sunshine fed it; the embracing air
Endowed it with vitality and strength;
The rains of heaven supplied it nourishment,
And so from month to month, and year to year,
It grew in beauty and in usefulness,
Until its large circumference inclosed
Shelter for flocks and herds; until its boughs
Afforded homes for happy multitudes,
The dormouse, and the chaffinch, and the jay,
And countless myriads of minuter life;
Until its bole, too vast for the embrace
Of human arms, stood in the forest depths,
The model and the glory of the wood.
Its sister-acorn perished in its pride.

Love New and Old.

And were they not the happy days
When Love and I were young,
When earth was robed in heavenly light,
And all creation sung?
When gazing in my true love's face,
Through greenwood alleys lone,
I guessed the secrets of her heart,
By whispers of mine own.

And are they not the happy days
When Love and I are old,
And silver evening has replaced
A morn and noon of gold?
Love stood alone mid youthful joy,
But now by sorrow tried,
It sits and calmly looks to heaven
With angels at its side.

Song—Tubal Cain.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when Earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang: 'Hurra for my handiwork!
Hurra for the spear and sword!
Hurra for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord!'
To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire:
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang: 'Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who has given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurra for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!'
But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed,

In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said: 'Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!'
And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forebore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low,
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang: 'Hurra for my handiwork!'
And the red sparks lit the air;
'Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made;'
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.
And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And ploughed the willing lands;
And sang: 'Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword!'

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY—RICHARD HENRY HORNE.

Philip James Bailey was born at Basford, county of Nottingham, in 1816. He was educated in his native town and at Glasgow University, after which he studied for the bar. In 1849 he produced his first and greatest poem, 'Festus,' subsequently enlarged, and now in its fifth edition. The next work of the poet was 'The Angel World,' 1850, which was followed in 1855 by the 'Mystic,' and in 1858 Mr. Bailey published 'The Age, a Colloquial Satire.' All of these works, excepting the last, are in blank verse, and have one tendency and object—to describe the history of a divinely instructed mind or soul, soaring upwards to communion with 'the universal life.' With the boldness of Milton, Mr. Bailey passes 'the flaming bounds of space and time,' and carries his 'Mystic' even into the presence of the 'fontal Deity.' His spiritualism and symbolical meanings are frequently incomprehensible, and his language crude and harsh, with affected archaisms. Yet there are fragments of beautiful and splendid imagery in the poems, and a spirit of devotional rapture that has recommended them to many who rarely read poetry. The 'Colloquial Satire' is a failure—mere garrulity and slipshod criticism. Thus of war:

Of all conceits misgrafted on God's Word.
A Christian soldier seems the most absurd.
That Word commands us so to act in all things,
As not to hurt another e'en in small things.
To flee from anger, hatred, bloodshed, strife;

To pray for, and to care for others' life.
A Christian soldier's duty is to slay,
Wound, harass, slaughter, hack in every way
Those men whose souls he prays for night and day;
With what consistency let prelates say.
He 's told to love his enemies: don't scoff;
He does so; and with rifles picks them off.
He 's told to do to all as he'd be done
By, and he therefore blows them from a gun,
To bless his foes, he 'hangs them up like fun.'

We may contrast this doggerel with a specimen of Mr. Bailey's ambitious blank verse, descriptive of the solitary, mystic recluse, dweling 'lion-like within the desert:'

Lofty and passionless as date-palm's bride,
High on the upmost summits of his soul—
Wrought of the elemental light of heaven,
And pure and plastic flame that soul could shew,
Whose nature, like the perfume of a flower
Enriched with aromatic sun-dust, charms
All, and with all ingratiates itself,
Sat dazzling Purity; for loftiest things,
Snow-like, are purest. As in mountain morns
Expectant air the sun-birth, so his soul
Her God into its supernatural depths
Accepted brightly and sublimely. Vowed
To mystic visions of supernal things;
Daily endowed with spheres and astral thrones,
His, by pre-emptive right, through all time;
Immerged in his own essence, clarified
From all those rude propensities which rule
Man's heart, a tyrant mob, and, venal, sell
All virtues—ay, the crown of life—to what
Passion soe'er preponent, worst deludes
Or deftliest flatters, he, death-calm, beheld,
As though through glass of some far-sighting tube,
The restful future; and, consumed in bliss,
In vital and ethereal thought abstract,
The depth of Deity and heights of heaven.

Or the following fine lines from 'Festus:'

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives,
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest:
Lives in one hour more than in years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along the veins.
Life is but a means unto an end: that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God.
The dead have all the glory of the world.

And on universal love:

Love is the happy privilege of the mind
Love is the reason of all living things.
A Trinity there seems of principles,
Which represent and rule created life—
The love of self, our fellows, and our God.
In all throughout one common feeling reigns:
Each doth maintain, and is maintained by the other;

All are compatible—all needful; one
To life—to virtue one—and one to bliss:
Which thus together make the power, the end,
And the perfection of created Being.
From these three principles doth every deed,
Desire, and will, and reasoning, good or bad, come;
To these they all determine—sum and scheme:
The three are one in centre and in round:
Wrapping the world of life as do the skies
Our world. Hail! air of love, by which we live!
How sweet, how fragrant! Spirit, though unseen—
Void of gross sign—is scarce a simple essence,
Immortal, immaterial, though it be.
One only simple essence liveth—God—
Creator, uncreate The brutes beneath,
The angels high above us, with ourselves,
Are but compounded things of mind and form.
In all things animate is therefore cored
An elemental sameness of existence:
For God, being Love, in love created all,
As he contains the whole and penetrates.
Seraphs love God, and angels love the good:
We love each other; and these lower lives,
Which walk the earth in thousand diverse shapes,
According to their reason, love us too:
The most intelligent affect us most.
Nay, man's chief wisdom's love—the love of God.
The new religion—final, perfect, pure—
Was that of Christ and love. His great command—
His all-sufficing precept—was 't not love?
Truly to love ourselves we must love God—
To love God we must all his creatures love—
To love his creatures, both ourselves and Him.
Thus love is all that's wise, fair, good, and happy!

In 1867 Mr. Bailey added to his poetical works a production in the style of his early Muse, entitled 'The Universal Hymn.'

Richard Henry Horne, born in London in 1803, commenced active life as a midshipman in the Mexican navy. When the war between Mexico and Spain had ceased, Mr. Horne returned to England and devoted himself to literature. He is the author of several dramatic pieces—'Cosmo de Medici,' 1837; 'The Death of Marlowe,' 1838; and 'Gregory the Seventh,' 1840. In 1841 he produced a 'Life of Napoleon;' and in 1843, 'Orion, an Epic Poem,' the most successful of his works, of which the ninth edition is now (1874) before us. In 1844 Mr. Horne published two volumes of prose sketches entitled 'A New Spirit of the Age,' being short biographies, with criticism, of the most distinguished living authors. In 1846 appeared 'Ballad Romances;' in 1848, 'Judas Iscariot, a Mystery Play;' and in 1851, 'The Dreamer and the Worker,' two vols. In 1852 Mr. Horne went to Australia, and for some time held the office of Gold Commissioner.

We may note that 'Orion' was originally published at the price of one farthing, being 'an experiment upon the mind of a nation,' and 'as there was scarcely any instance of an epic poem attaining any reasonable circulation during its author's lifetime.' This nomi-

nal price saved the author 'the trouble and greatly additional expense of forwarding presentation copies,' which, he adds, 'are not always particularly desired by those who receive them.' Three of these farthing editions were published, after which there were several at a price which 'amply remunerated the publisher, and left the author no great loser.' Orion, the hero of the poem, was meant to present 'a type of the struggle of man with himself—that is, the contest between the intellect and the senses, when powerful energies are equally balanced.' The allegorical portion of the poem is defective and obscure, but it contains striking and noble passages.

The Progress of Mankind.—From 'Orion.'

The wisdom of mankind creeps slowly on,
Subject to every doubt that can retard,
Or fling it back upon an earlier time;
So timid are man's footsteps in the dark,
But blindest those who have no inward light.
One mind perchance in every age contains
The sum of all before, and much to come;
Much that's far distant still; but that full mind,
Companioned oft by others of like scope,
Belief, and tendency, and anxious will,
A circle small transpierces and illumes:
Expanding, soon its subtle radiance
Falls b unted from the mass of flesh and bone.
The man who for his race might supersede
The work of ages, dies worn out—not used,
And in his track disciples onward strive,
Some hair-breadths only from his starting-point:
Yet lives he not in vain; for if his soul
Hath entered others, though imperfectly,
The circle widens as the world spins round—
His soul works on while he sleeps 'neath the grass.
So let the firm Philosopher renew
His wasted lamp—the lamp wastes not in vain,
Though he no mirrors for its rays may see,
Nor trace them through the darkness; let the Hand
Which feels primeval impulses, direct
A forthright plough, and make his furrow broad,
With heart untiring while one field remains;
So let the herald poet shed his thoughts,
Like seeds that seem but lost upon the wind.
Work in the night, thou sage, while Mammon's brain
Teems with low visions on his couch of down;
Break thou the clods while high-throned Vanity,
Midst glaring lights and trumpets, holds its court;
Sing thou thy song amidst the stoning crowd,
Then stand apart, obscure to man, with God.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

This poet is a native of Ballyshannon, county of Donegal, Ireland:

The kindly spot, the friendly town, where every one is known,
And not a face in all the place but partly seems my own.

He was born in 1828, and from an early age contributed to periodical literature; removing to England he obtained an appointment in the Customs. His publications are—'Poems,' 1850; 'Day and Night

Songs,' 1854; 'Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland' (a poem in twelve chapters), 1864; and 'Fifty Modern Poems,' 1865. Mr. Allingham says his 'works' claim to be 'genuine in their way.' They are free from all obscurity and mysticism, and evince a fine feeling for nature, as well as graceful fancy and poetic diction. Mr. Allingham is editor of 'Fraser's Magazine.'

To the Nightingales.

You sweet fastidious nightingales!
The myrtle blooms in Irish vales,
By Avondhu and rich Lough Lene,
Through many a grove and bowerlet green,
Fair-mirrored round the loitering skiff.
The purple peak, the tinted cliff.
The glen where mountain-torrents rave,
And foliage blinds their leaping wave,
Broad emerald meadows filled with flowers,
Embosomed ocean-bays are ours
With all their isles; and mystic towers
Lonely and gray, deserted long,
Less sad if they might hear that perfect song!

What scared ye? (ours, I think, of old)
The sombre fowl hatched in the cold?
King Henry's Normans, mailed and stern,
Smiters of galloglas and kern? (1)
Or, most and worst, fraternal feud,
Which sad Ierne long hath rued?
Forsook ye, when the Geraldine,
Great chieftain of a glorious line,
Was haunted on his hills and slain,
And, one to France and one to Spain,
The remnant of the race withdrew?
Was it from anarchy ye flew,
And fierce Oppression's bigot crew,
Wild complaint, and menace hoarse,
Misled, misleading voices, loud and coarse?

Come back, O birds, or come at last!
For Ireland's furious days are past;
And, purged of enmity and wrong,
Her eye, her step, grow calm and strong.
Why should we miss that pure delight?
Brief is the journey, swift the flight;
And Hesper finds no fairer maids
In Spanish bowers or English glades,
No loves more true on any shore,
No lovers loving music more.
Melodious Erin, warm of heart,
Entreats you; stay not then apart,
But bid the merles and throstles know
(And ere another May-time go)
Their place is in the second row.
Come to the west, dear nightingales!
The rose and myrtle bloom in Irish vales.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

MR. TENNYSON, the most popular poet of his times, is the youngest of a poetical brotherhood of three—Frederick, Charles, and Alfred—sons of the late Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, a Lincolnshire clergyman,* who is described as having been a man remarkable for strength and stature, and for the energetic force of his character. This gentleman had a family of eleven or twelve children, seven of whom were sons. The eldest three we have mentioned were all educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, pupils of Dr. Whewell.

1 *Galloglas—kern*—Irish foot-soldier; the first heavy-armed, the second light.

* The mother of the laureate was also of a clerical family, daughter of the Rev. Stephen Fytche. His paternal grandfather was a Lincolnshire squire, owner of Bayous Manor and Usselby Hall—properties afterwards held by the poet's uncle, the Right Hon Charles Tennyson D'Eyncourt, who assumed the name of D'Eyncourt to commemorate his descent from that ancient Norman family, and in compliance with a condition attached to the possession of certain manors and estates. The eldest of the laureate's brothers, Frederick, is author of a volume of poems—graceful, but without any original distinctive character—entitled *Days and Hours*, 1854. Charles, the second brother, who joined with, and lived, as stated above, in the composition of a volume of verse, became vicar of Grassby, Lincolnshire, in 1835. He took the name of Turner, on succeeding to a property in Lincolnshire. In 1864, he published a volume of *Sonnets*.

Alfred was born in the parsonage at Somersby (near Spilsby) in 1810. In 1829, he gained the Chancellor's medal for the English prize poem, his subject being 'Timbuctoo.' Previous to this, in conjunction with his brother Charles, he published anonymously a small volume entitled 'Poems by Two Brothers.' In 1830 appeared 'Poems, chiefly Lyrical, by Alfred Tennyson.' This volume contained poems since altered and incorporated in later collections. These early productions had the faults of youthful genius—irregularity, indistinctness of conception, florid puerilities, and occasional affectation. In such poems, however, as 'Mariana,' 'Recollections of the Arabian Nights,' and 'Claribel,' it was obvious that a true original poet had arisen. In 1833, Mr. Tennyson issued another volume, shewing an advance in poetical power and in variety of style, though the collection met with severe treatment from the critics. For nine years the poet continued silent. In 1842, he reappeared with 'Poems,' in two volumes—this third series being a reprint of some of the pieces in the former volumes, considerably altered, with many new poems, including the most striking and popular of all his productions. These were of various classes—fragments of legendary and chivalrous story, as 'Morte d'Arthur,' 'Godiva,' &c.; or pathetic and beautiful, as 'The May Queen' and 'Dora'; or impassioned love-poems, as 'The Gardener's Daughter,' 'The Miller's Daughter,' 'The Talking Oak,' and 'Locksley Hall.' The last is the most finished of Tennyson's works, full of passionate grandeur and intensity of feeling and imagination. It partly combines the energy and impetuosity of Byron with the pictorial beauty and melody of Coleridge. The lover of 'Locksley Hall' is ardent, generous, and noble-minded, 'nourishing a youth sublime' with lofty aspirations and dreams of felicity. His passion is at first returned:

Extracts from 'Locksley Hall.'

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.
Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper thronged my pulses with the fullness of the Spring.
Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips.

The fair one proves faithless, and after a tumult of conflicting passions—indignation, grief, self-reproach, and despair—the sufferer finds relief in glowing visions of future enterprise and the world's progress.

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.
There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

There is a marvellous brilliancy of colouring and force of sentiment and expression in this poem, while the versification is perfect. The ballad strains of Tennyson, and particularly his musical 'Oriana,' also evince consummate art; and when he is purely descriptive, nothing can exceed the minute fidelity with which he paints the English landscape. The poet having shifted his residence from Lincolnshire to the Isle of Wight, his scene-painting partook of the change.* The following is from his 'Gardener's Daughter:'

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love,
News from the humming city comes to it
In sound of funeral or of marriage bells;
And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
The windy clanging of the minster clock;
Although between it and the garden lies
A league of grass, washed by a slow broad stream,
That, stirred with languid pulses of the oar,
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
Barge laden, to three arches of a bridge
Crowned with the minster towers.
The fields between
Are dewy-fresh, browsed by deep-uddered kine,
And all about the large lime feathers low,
The lime a summer home of murmurous wings.

The poet, while a dweller amidst the fens of Lincolnshire, painted morasses, quiet meres, and sighing reeds. The exquisitely modulated poem of 'The Dying Swan' affords a picture drawn, we think, with wonderful delicacy:

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold-white sky,
Shone out their crowning snows;
One willow over the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh;

* The route from Alum Bay to Carisbrooke takes you past Farringford, where resided Alfred Tennyson. The house stands so far back as to be invisible from the road, but the grounds—

A careless ordered garden,
Close to the ridge of a noble down—

looked very pretty, and thoroughly English. In another verse of the poem from which I have quoted—the invitation to the Rev. F. D. Maurice—he exactly describes the situation of Farringford:

For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand;
And further on, the hoary channel
Tumbles a billow on chalk and sand.

Every one well acquainted with Tennyson's writings will have noticed how the spirit of the scenery which he has depicted has changed from the 'glooming flats,' the 'level waste,' were 'stretched wide and wild the waste enormous marsh,' which were the reflex of his Lincolnshire observation, to the beautiful meadow and orchard thoroughly English ruralities of *The Gardener's Daughter* and *The Brook*. Many glimpses in the neighbourhood of Farringford will call to mind descriptive passages in these last named poems.—*Letter in the Daily News*. The laureate has also an estate in Surrey (Aldworth, Haslemere) to which he retreats when the tourists and admirers become oppressive in the Isle of Wight.

Above in the wind was the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will;
And far through the marish green and still,
The tangled water-courses slept,
Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow.

The ballad of 'The May Queen' introduces similar scenery:

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,
You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night;
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

'The Talking Oak' is the title of a fanciful and beautiful poem of seventy-five stanzas, in which a lover and an oak-tree converse upon the charms of a certain fair Olivia. The oak-tree thus describes to the lover her visit to the park in which it grew:

Extracts from 'The Talking Oak.'

'Then ran she, gamesome as the colt,
And livelier than a lark
She sent her voice through all the holt
Before her and the park. . . .

'And here she came, and round me played,
And sang to me the whole
Of those three stanzas that you made
About my "giant bole;"

'And in a fit of frolic mirth
She strove to span my waist:
Alas! I was so broad of girth,
I could not be embraced.

'I wished myself the fair young beech
That here beside me stands,
That round me, clasping each in each,
She might have locked her hands. . . .

O muffle round thy knees with fern,
And shadow Sumner-chace!
Long may thy topmost branch discern
The roofs of Sumner-place!

But tell me, did she read the name
I carved with many vows,
When last with throbbing heart I came
To rest beneath thy boughs?

'O yes; she wandered round and round
These knotted knees of mine,
And found, and kissed the name she found,
And sweetly murmured thine.

'A tear-drop trembled from its source,
And down my surface crept
My sense of touch is something coarse,
But I believe she wept.

'Then flushed her cheek with rosy light;
She glanced across the plain;
But not a creature was in sight:
She kissed me once again.

'Her kisses were so close and kind,
That, trust me on my word,
Hard wood I am, and wrinkled rind,
But yet my sap was stirred:

'And even into my inmost ring
A pleasure I discerned,
Like those blind motions of the Spring,
That shew the year is turned. . . .

'I, rooted here among the groves,
But languidly adjust
My vapid vegetable loves
With anthers and with dust:

'For ah! my friend, the days were brief
Whereof the poets talk,
When that, which breathes within the leaf,
Could slip its bark and walk.

'But could I, as in times foregone,
From spray, and branch, and stem,
Have sucked and gathered into one
The life that spreads in them,

'She had not found me so remiss;
But lightly issuing through,
I would have paid her kiss for kiss,
With usury thereto.'

O flourish high, with leafy towers,
And overlook the lea;
Pursue thy loves among the bowers,
But leave thou mine to me.

O flourish, hidden deep in fern,
Old oak, I love thee well;
A thousand thanks for what I learn,
And what remains to tell.

And the poet, in conclusion, promises to praise the mystic tree even more than England honours his brother-oak,

> Wherein the younger Charles abode
> Till all the paths were dim,
> *And far below the Roundhead rode,*
> *And hummed a surly hymn.*

The last two lines furnish a finished little picture.

Still more dramatic in effect is the portrait of the heroine of Coventry.

Godiva.

She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone. . . .
She told him of their tears,
And prayed him, 'If they pay this tax, they starve.'
Whereat he stared, replying, half amazed,
'*You would not let your little finger ache*
For such as these?'—'But I would die,' said she.
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul:
Then filliped at the diamond in her ear;
'O ay, ay, ay, you talk!'—'Alas!' she said,
'But prove me what it is I would not do.'
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answered: 'Ride you naked through the town,
And I repeal it;' and nodding as in scorn
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.
So left alone, the passions of her mind—
As winds from all the compass shift and blow—
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people: therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barred.
Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.
Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listened round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spouts
Had cunning eyes to see; the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors through her pulses: the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less through all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flowered elder-thicket from the field
Gleam through the Gothic archways in the wall.
Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:

And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peeped—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivelled into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancelled a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, passed: and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,
One after one: but even then she gained
Her bower; whence reissuing, robed and crowned,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

An extract from 'The Lotos-eaters' will give a specimen of our poet's modulations of rhythm. This poem represents the luxurious lazy sleepiness said to be produced in those who feed upon the lotos, and contains passages not surpassed by the finest descriptions in the "Castle of Indolence." It is rich in striking and appropriate imagery, and is sung to a rhythm which is music itself.

The Lotos-eaters.

Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown. . . .

Lo! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there,
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweetened with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days,
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil. . . .

Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence; ripen, fall and cease:
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream! . . .

To hear each other's whispered speech;
Eating the lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy,
Heaped over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

The most prominent defects in these volumes of Mr. Tennyson were occasional quaintness and obscurity of expression, with some incongruous combinations of low and familiar with poetical images.—His next work, 'The Princess, a Medley,' appeared in December 1847. This is a story of a prince and princess contracted by their parents without having seen each other. The lady repudiates the alliance; but after a series of adventures and incidents as improbable and incoherent as the plots of some of the old wild Elizabethan tales and dramas, the princess relents and surrenders. The mixture of modern ideas and manners with those of the age of chivalry and romance—the attempted amalgamation of the conventional with the real, the farcical with the sentimental—renders 'The Princess' truly a *medley*, and produces an unpleasant grotesque effect. Parts of the poem, however, are sweetly written; there are subtle touches of thought and satire, and some exquisite lyrical passages. Tennyson has nothing finer than these stanzas:

Song, 'The Splendour Falls.'

The splendour falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying:
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

The poet's philosophy as to the sexes is thus summed up:

For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;

He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world:
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words.

In 1850 appeared, at first anonymously, 'In Memoriam,' a volume of short poems, divided into sections, but all devoted, like the Sonnets of Shakspeare, to one beloved object—a male friend. Mr. Arthur Hallam, son of the historian, and affianced to Mr. Tennyson's sister, died at Vienna in 1833, and his memory is here embalmed in a series of remarkable and affecting poems, no less than one hundred and twenty-nine in number, and all in the same stanza. This sameness of subject and versification would seem to render the work monotonous and tedious; so minute a delineation of personal sorrow is also apt to appear unmanly and unnatural. But the poet, though adhering to one melancholy theme, clothes it in all the hues of imagination and intellect. He lifts the veil, as it were, from the inner life of the soul; he stirs the deepest and holiest feelings of our nature; he describes, reasons, and allegorises; flowers are intermingled with the cypress, and faith and hope brighten the vista of the future. His vast love and sympathy seem to embrace all nature as assimilated with his lost friend.

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

The ship containing his friend's remains is thus beautifully apostrophised:

In Memoriam, IX.

Fair ship, that from the Italian shore,
Sailest the placid ocean-plains
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,
Spread thy full wings and waft him o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn
In vain; a favourable speed
Ruffle thy mirrored mast, and lead
Through prosperous floods his holy urn.

All night no ruder air perplex
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright
As our pure love, through early light
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above;
Sleep gentle heavens before the prow;
Sleep gentle winds as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love!

My Arthur, whom I shall not see
Till all my widowed race be run;
Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me.

Arthur Hallam was interred in Clevedon Church, Somersetshire, situated on a still and sequestered spot, on a lone hill that overhangs the Bristol Channel:*

* Memoir prefixed to Arthur Hallam's *Remains*, by his father, the historian. An interesting account of this volume is given by Dr. John Brown, Edinburgh, in *Horæ Subsecivæ*. Arthur Henry Hallam was born in London, February 1, 1811. He distinguished himself at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was author of several essays and poetical productions, which gave promise of future excellence. He died in his twenty-third year, September 15, 1833.

The Danube to the Severn gave
The darkened heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

We add one of the sections, in which description of external nature is finely blended with the mourner's reminiscences:

In Memoriam, XXII.

The path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Through four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow:

And we with singing cheered the way,
And crowned with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May:

But where the path we walked began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended following hope,
There sat the shadow feared of man;

Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and cold;
And wrapt thee formless in the fold,
And dulled the murmur on thy lip,

And bore thee where I could not see
Nor follow, though I walk in haste;
And think that somewhere in the waste,
The shadow sits and waits for me.

Winter scenes are described; Christmas, with its train of sacred and tender associations, comes; but the poet is in a new home:

Our father's dust is left alone
And silent under other snows.

With the genial season, however, his sympathies expand, and in one section of noble verse he sings the dirge of the old year and the advent of the new:

In Memoriam, CVI.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the fend of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand:
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

The patriotic aspirations here expressed are brought out more fully in some of Mr. Tennyson's political lyrics, which are animated by true wisdom and generous sentiment.

The next publication of our author was an 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington' (1852)—a laureate offering, which he afterwards revised and improved, rendering it not unworthy of the hero or the poet.

The Funeral of the Great Duke.

O give him welcome, this is he,
Worthy of our gorgeous rites;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gained a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun;
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clashed with his fiery few and won;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble work, the vast designs
Of his laboured rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Past the Pyrenean pines.
Followed up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheeled on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler down;
A day of onsets of despair!
Dashed on every rocky square
Their surging charges foamed themselves away:
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
Through the long tormented air
Heaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there
What long-enduring hearts could do,
In that world's earthquake, Waterloo!

In 1855 appeared 'Maud, and other Poems'—the first, an allegorical vision of love and war, treated in a semi-colloquial bizarre style, yet suggestive and passionate. Maud is the daughter of the squire, and 'in the light of her youth and her grace' she captivates a mysterious misanthropic personage who tells the story. But Maud has another suitor, a 'new-made lord,' whose addresses are favoured by Maud's father and brother—the latter described as

That jewelled mass of millinery,
That oiled and curled Assyrian bull.

The squire gives a grand political dinner, 'a gathering of the Tory,' to which the Timon-lover is not invited. He finds, however, in the rivulet crossing his ground, a garden-rose, brought down from the Hall, and he interprets it as a message from Maud to meet her in the garden among the roses at night. He proceeds thither, and invokes the fair one in a lyric which is unquestionably the charm of the volume. It begins:

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown.
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown.

Maud obeys the call; but her brother discovers them, insults the intruder, and a duel ensues, in which the brother is slain. The lover

flees to France, but returns to England, for ever haunted by visions of Maud, and then, in another section, we are startled to find him declare himself 'dead, long dead,' and buried, but without finding peace in the grave! It is a vision, and the dreamer obtains a new excitement; he rejoices to think that a war is arise in defence of the right:

> That an iron tyranny now should bend or cease,
> The glory of manhood stand on his ancient height,
> Nor Britain's one sole god be the millionaire:
> No more shall commerce be all in all, and Peace
> Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note,
> And watch her harvest ripen, her herd increase,
> Nor the cannon-bullet rust on a slothful shore.
> And the cobweb woven across the cannon's mouth
> Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more.
> And as months ran on, and rumour of battle grew,
> 'It is time, it is time, O passionate heart,' said I—
> For I cleaved to a cause that I felt to be pure and true—
> 'It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,
> That old hysterical mock-disease should die.'
> And I stood on a giant deck and mixed my breath
> With a loyal people shouting a battle-cry,
> Till I saw the dreary phantom arise and fly
> Far into the north, and battle, and seas of death.

And the Tyrtæan war-strain closes with a somewhat fantastic image:

> And now by the side of the Black and the Baltic deep,
> And deathful-grinning mouths of the fortress, flames
> The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire.

'Maud' was the least successful of Mr. Tennyson's longer poems. But three years afterwards (1858) the poet redeemed himself by the publication of 'The Idylls of the King,' consisting of four poems—'Enid,' 'Vivien,' 'Elaine,' and 'Guinevere.' This Arthurian romance was completed in 1869, by another volume, entitled 'The Holy Grail,' and including 'The Coming of Arthur,' 'Pelleus and Etarre,' and 'The Passing of Arthur'—the whole of this Arthurian collection of idylls forming, according to Dean Alford, 'a great connected poem, dealing with the very highest interests of man,' King Arthur being typical of the 'higher soul of man,' as shewn in the king's coming, his foundation of the Round Table, his struggles, disappointments, and departure. Of the versification of the Idylls—pure, flowing, blank verse—we subjoin a brief specimen:

From 'The Passing of Arthur.'

> Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
> 'Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
> Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
> For now I see the true old times are dead,
> When every morning brought a noble chance,
> And every chance brought out a noble knight.
> Such times have been not since the light that led
> The holy Elders with a gift of myrrh.
> But now the whole Round Table is dissolved,

Which was an image of the mighty world,
And I the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds,'
And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
To the island valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed happy, fair with orchard lawns.
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.
So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

Between the publication of the series of Arthurian idylls, Mr. Tennyson issued 'Enoch Arden, and other Poems' (1864). One of the latter was a piece in the North Lincolnshire dialect, written in the character of a farmer of the old school, and which displayed a vein of broad humour and a dramatic power that surprised as well as gratified the admirers of the poet. He afterwards gave a companion to this bucolic painting by depicting a farmer of the new school, as stolid and selfish, but not quite so amusing, as his elder brother,

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

The highest place among our modern poetesses must be claimed for Mrs. Browning, formerly Miss Barrett. In purity and loftiness of sentiment and feeling, and in intellectual power, she is excelled only by Tennyson, whose best works, it is evident, she had carefully studied. Her earlier style reminds us more of Shelley, but this arises from similarity of genius and classical tastes, not imitation. The first publication of this accomplished lady, was an 'Essay on Mind, and other Poems,' said to have been written in her seventeenth year. In

1833 appeared her translation of the 'Prometheus Bound' of Æschylus, of which she has since given an improved version. In 1838 she ventured on a second volume of original poetry, 'The Seraphim, and other Poems,' which was followed by 'The Romance of the Page,' 1839. About this time a personal calamity occurred to the poetess, which has been detailed by Miss Mitford in her 'Literary Recollections.' She burst a blood-vessel in the lungs, and after a twelvemonth's confinement at home, was ordered to a milder climate. She went with some relatives to reside at Torquay, and there a fatal event took place 'which saddened her bloom of youth, and gave a deeper hue of thought and feeling, especially devotional feeling, to her poetry.' Her favourite brother, with two other young men, his friends, having embarked on board a small vessel for a sail of a few hours, the boat went down, and all on board perished. This tragedy completely prostrated Miss Barrett. She was not able to be removed to her father's house in London till the following year, and on her return home she 'began that life,' says Miss Mitford, 'which she continued for many years—confined to a darkened chamber, to which only her own family and a few devoted friends were admitted; reading meanwhile almost every book worth reading in almost every language, studying with ever-fresh delight the great classic authors in the original, and giving herself, heart and soul, to that poetry of which she seemed born to be the priestess.' Miss Mitford had presented her friend with a young spaniel, 'Flush, my dog,' and the companionship of this humble but faithful object of sympathy, has been commemorated in some beautiful verses, graphic as the pencil of Landseer:

To Flush, my Dog.

Yet, my pretty, sportive friend,
Little is't to such an end
That I praise thy rareness?
Other dogs may be thy peers
Haply in these drooping ears,
And this glossy fairness.

But of *thee* it shall be said,
This dog watched beside a bed
Day and night unweary—
Watched within a curtained room,
Where no sunbeam brake the gloom
Round the sick and dreary.

Roses, gathered for a vase,
In that chamber died apace,
Beam and breeze resigning.
This dog only, waited on,
Knowing that when light is gone,
Love remains for shining.

Other dogs in thymy dew
Tracked the hares and followed through
Sunny moor or meadow.
This dog only, crept and crept
Next a languid cheek that slept,
Sharing in the shadow.

Other dogs of loyal cheer
Bounded at the whistle clear,
Up the woodside hieing.
This dog only, watched in reach
Of a faintly uttered speech,
Or a louder sighing.

And if one or two quick tears
Dropped upon his glossy ears,
Or a sigh came double—
Up he sprang in eager haste,
Fawning, fondling, breathing fast,
In a tender trouble.

And this dog was satisfied
If a pale thin hand would glide
Down his dewlaps sloping—
Which he pushed his nose within,
After—plaiforming his chin
On the palm left open.

The result of those years of seclusion and study was partly seen by the publication in 1844 of two volumes of 'Poems, by Elizabeth Barrett,' many of which bore the impress of deep and melancholy thought, and of high and fervid imagination. 'Poetry,' said the authoress in her preface, 'has been as serious a thing to me as life itself; and life has been a very serious thing. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry; nor leisure for the hour of the poet. I have done my work so far, as work: not as mere hand and head work, apart from the personal being; but as the completest expression of that being to which I could attain: and as work I offer it to the public: *feeling its shortcomings more deeply than any of my readers, because measured from the height of my aspiration;* but feeling also that the reverence and sincerity with which the work was done, should give it some protection with the reverent and sincere.' To each of the principal poems in the collection explanatory notices were given. Thus, of 'A Drama of Exile,' she says, the subject was 'the new and strange experience of the fallen humanity, as it went forth from Paradise into the wilderness, with a peculiar reference to Eve's allotted grief, which, considering that self-sacrifice belonged to her womanhood, and the consciousness of originating the Fall to her offence, appeared to me imperfectly apprehended hitherto, and more expressible by a woman than a man.' The pervading principle of the drama is love—love which conquers even Lucifer:

ADAM. The essence of all beauty. I call love.
The attribute, the evidence, and end,
The consummation to the inward sense,
Of beauty apprehended from without,
I still call love. As form, when colourless,
Is nothing to the eye—that pine-tree there,
Without its black and green, being all a blank—
So, without love, is beauty undiscerned
In man or angel. Angel! rather ask
What love is in thee, what love moves to thee,
And what collateral love moves on with thee;
Then shalt thou know if thou art beautiful.
LUCIFER. Love! what is love? I lose it. Beauty and love!
I darken to the image. Beauty—love!
[*He fades away while a low music sounds.*
ADAM. Thou art pale, Eve.
EVE. The precipice-ot ill.
Down this colossal nature, dizzies me—
And, hark! the starry harmony remote
Seems measuring the heights from whence he fell.
ADAM. Think that we have not fallen so. By the hope
And aspiration, by the love and faith,
We do exceed the stature of this angel.
EVE. Happier we are than he is, by the death.
ADAM. Or rather, by the life of the Lord God!
How dim the angel grows, as if that blast
Of music swept him back into the dark.

Notwithstanding a few fine passages, 'A Drama of Exile' cannot be considered a successful effort. The scheme of the poetess was imperfectly developed, and many of the colloquies of Adam and

Eve, and of Lucifer and Gabriel, are forced and unnatural. The lyrics interspersed throughout the poem are often harsh and unmusical, and the whole drama is deficient in action and interest. In 'A Vision of Poets,' Miss Barrett endeavoured to vindicate the necessary relations of genius to suffering and self-sacrifice. 'I have attempted,' she says, 'to express in this poem my view of the mission of the poet, of the duty and glory of what Balzac has beautifully and truly called "la patience angélique du génie," and of the obvious truth, above all, that if knowledge is power, suffering should be acceptable as a part of knowledge. The discipline of suffering and sorrow which the poetess had herself undergone, suggested or coloured these and similar speculations. The affliction which saddened had also purified the heart, and brought with it the precious fruits of resignation and faith. This is an old and familiar philosophy, and Miss Barrett's prose exposition of it must afterwards have appeared to her superfluous, for she omitted the preface in the later editions of her works. The truth is, all such personal revelations, though sanctioned by the examples of Dryden and Wordsworth, have inevitably an air of egotism and pedantry. Poetry is better able than painting or sculpture to disclose the object and feeling of the artist, and no one ever dreamt of confining those arts—the exponents of every range of feeling, conception, and emotion—to the mere office of administering pleasure. 'A Vision of Poets' opens thus beautifully:

A poet could not sleep aright,
For his soul kept up too much light
Under his eyelids for the night.

And thus he rose disquieted
With sweet rhymes ringing through his head,
And in the forest wandered.

Where, sloping up the darkest glades,
The moon had drawn long colonnades,
Upon whose floor the verdure fades,

To a faint silver—pavement fair
The antique wood-nymphs scarce would dare
To foot-print o'er, had such been there.

He meets a lady whose mystical duty it is to 'crown all poets to their worth,' and he obtains a sight of some of the great masters of song—'the dead kings of melody'—who are characterised in brief but felicitous descriptions. A few of these we subjoin:

Here, Homer, with the broad suspense
Of thunderous brows, and lips intense
Of garrulous god-innocence.

There, Shakspeare, on whose forehead climb
The crowns o' the world. Oh, eyes sublime,
With tears and laughter for all time!

Euripide, with close and mild
Scholastic lips—that could be wild,
And laugh or sob out like a child.

Theocritus, with glittering locks
Dropt sideway, as betwixt the rocks
He watched the visionary flocks.

The moderns, from Milton down to 'poor proud Byron,' are less happily portrayed; but in spite of many blemishes, and especially the want of careful artistic finishing, this poem is one of great excellence. There are other imaginative pieces of the authoress of a more popular character—as the 'Rhyme of the Duchess May,' a romantic ballad full of passion, incident, and melody; and 'Bertha in the Lane,' a story of the transfer of affection from one sister to another, related by the elder and dying sister in a strain of great beauty and pathos. One stanza will shew the style and versification of this poem:

> And, dear Bertha, let me keep
> On my hand this little ring,
> Which at nights, when others sleep,
> I can still see glittering.
> Let me wear it out of sight,
> In the grave—where it will light
> All the Dark up, day and night.

There are parts of this fine poem resembling Tennyson's 'May Queen,' but the laureate would never have admitted such an incongruous and spasmodic stanza as that with which Miss Barrett unhappily closes her piece:

> Jesus, Victim, comprehending
> Love's divine self-abnegation,
> Cleanse my love in its self-spending,
> And absorb the poor libation!
> Wind my thread of life up higher,
> Up, through angel's hands of fire!—
> I aspire while I expire.

The most finished of Miss Barrett's smaller poems—apart from the sonnets—are the verses on 'Cowper's Grave,' which contain not one jarring line or expression, and 'The Cry of the Children,' a pathetic and impassioned pleading for the poor children who toil in mines and factories. In individuality and intensity of feeling, this piece resembles Hood's 'Song of the Shirt,' but it infinitely surpasses it in poetry and imagination.

The Cry of the Children.

> Do ye hear the children weeping, O, my brothers,
> Ere the sorrow comes with years?
> They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
> And *that* cannot stop their tears.
> The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
> The young birds are chirping in the nest;
> The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
> The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
> But the young, young children, O my brothers,
> They are weeping bitterly!
> They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
> In the country of the free. . . . .
>
> 'For oh,' say the children, 'we are weary,
> And we cannot run or leap.
> If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
> To drop down in them and sleep.
> Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—

We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark, underground—
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

'For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning—
Their wind comes in our faces—
Till our hearts turn—our heads, with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places.
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall—
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
And all day, the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
"O ye wheels"—breaking out in a mad moaning—
"Stop! be silent for to-day!"'

Ay! be silent! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth!
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth!
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals.
Let them prove their inward souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!—
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

The 'Sonnets from the Portuguese' are as passionate as Shakspeare's Sonnets, and we suspect the title, 'from the Portuguese,' has no better authority than Sir Walter Scott's 'Old Play' at the head of the chapters of his novels. The first of these so-called translations is eminently beautiful—quite equal to Wordsworth, or to Wordsworth's model, Milton:

Sonnet.

I thought once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair,
And a voice said in mastery, while I strove:
'Guess now who holds thee?'—'Death!' I said. But, there,
The silver answer rang: 'Not Death, but Love.'

An interval of some years elapsed ere Miss Barrett came forward with another volume, though she was occasionally seen as a contributor to literary journals. She became in 1846 the wife of a kindred spirit, Robert Browning, the poet, and removed with him to

Italy. In Florence she witnessed the revolutionary outbreak of 1848, and this furnished the theme of her next important work, 'Casa Guidi Windows,' a poem containing 'the impressions of the writer upon events in Tuscany of which she was a witness' from the windows of her house, the Casa Guidi in Florence. The poem is a spirited semi-political narrative of actual events and genuine feelings. Part might pass for the work of Byron—so free is its versification, and so warm the affection of Mrs. Browning for Italy and the Italians—but there are also passages that would have served better for a prose pamphlet. The genius of the poetess had become practical and energetic—inspirited by what she saw around her, and by the new tie which, as we learn from this pleasing poem, now brightened her visions of the future:

> The sun strikes, through the windows, up the floor:
> Stand out in it, my young Florentine,
> Not two years old, and let me see thee more! . . .
> And fix thy brave blue English eyes on mine,
> And from my soul, which fronts the future so,
> With unabashed and unabated gaze,
> Teach me to hope for, what the angels know
> When they smile clear as thou dost.

In 1856 appeared 'Aurora Leigh,' an elaborate poem or novel in blank verse, which Mrs. Browning characterises as the 'most mature' of her works, and one into which her 'highest convictions upon life and art are entered.' It presents us, like Wordsworth's 'Prelude,' with the history of a poetical mind—an autobiography of the heart and intellect; but Wordsworth, with all his contempt for literary 'conventionalities,' would never have ventured on such a sweeping departure from established critical rules and poetical diction as Mrs. Browning has here carried out. There is a prodigality of genius in the work, many just and fine remarks, ethical and critical, and passages evincing a keen insight into the human heart as well as into the working of our social institutions and artificial restraints. A noble hatred of falsehood, hypocrisy, and oppression breathes through the whole. But the materials of the poem are so strangely mingled and so discordant—prose and poetry so mixed up together—scenes of splendid passion and tears followed by dry metaphysical and polemical disquisitions, or rambling common-place conversation, that the effect of the poem as a whole, though splendid in parts, is unsatisfactory.

An English Landscape.—From 'Aurora Leigh.'

> The thrushes sang,
> And shook my pulses and the elm's new leaves—
> And then I turned, and held my finger up,
> And bade him mark, that howsoe'r the world
> Went ill, as he related, certainly
> The thrushes still sang in it. At which word
> His brow would soften—and he bore with me
> In melancholy patience, not unkind,

While breaking into voluble ecstacy,
I flattered all the beauteous country round,
As poets use—the skies, the clouds, the fields,
The happy violets, hiding from the roads
The primroses run down to, carrying gold—
The tangled hedgerows, where the cows push out
Their tolerant horns and patient churning mouths
'Twixt dripping ash-boughs—hedgerows all alive
With birds, and gnats, and large white butterflies,
Which look as if the May-flower had caught life
And palpitated forth upon the wind—
Hills, vales, woods, netted in a silver mist;
Farms, granges, doubled up among the hills,
And cattle grazing in the watered vales,
And cottage chimneys smoking from the woods,
And cottage gardens smelling everywhere.
Confused with smell of orchards. 'See,' I said,
'And see, is God not with us on the earth?
And shall we put Him down by aught we do?
Who says there's nothing for the poor and vile,
Save poverty and wickedness? Behold!'
And ankle-deep in English grass I leaped,
And clapped my hand, and called all very fair.

In 1860, 'Poems Before Congress' evinced Mrs. Browning's unabated interest in Italy and its people. This was her last publication. She died on the 29th of June, 1861, at the Casa Guidi, Florence; and in front of the house, a marble tablet records that in it wrote and died Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who, by her song, created a golden link between Italy and England, and that in gratitude Florence had erected that memorial. In 1862 the literary remains of Mrs. Browning were published under the title of 'Last Poems.'

We subjoin a piece written in the early, and we think the purest style of the poetess:

Cowper's Grave.

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying,
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying.
Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence, languish.
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.

O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians, at your cross of hope, a hopeless hand was clinging!
O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,
And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,
Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn to think upon him—
With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose heaven hath won him,
Who suffered once the madness-cloud to His own love to blind him,
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could find him,

And wrought within his shattered brain such quick poetic senses
As hills have language for, and stars, harmonious influences.
The pulse of dew upon the grass, kept his within its number,
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a slumber

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses.
The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's ways removing,
Its women and its men became, beside him, true and loving.

And though, in blindness, he remained unconscious of that guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet sense of providing.
He testified this solemn truth, while frenzy desolated—
Nor man nor nature satisfy whom only God created.

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother whilst she blesses
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses—
That turns his fevered eyes around—'My mother! where's my mother?'
As if such tender words and deeds could come from any other!—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o'er him,
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unweary love she bore him!—
Thus, woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever gave him.
Beneath those deep pathetic eyes, which closed in death to save him.

Thus? oh, not *thus!* no type of earth could image that awaking.
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs, round him breaking,
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted.
But felt those eyes alone, and knew—'*My* Saviour! *not* deserted!'

Deserted! Who hath dreamt that when the cross in darkness rested,
Upon the Victim's hidden face, no love was manifested?
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning drops averted?
What tears have washed them from the soul, that *one* should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from His own essence rather;
And Adam's sins *have* swept between the righteous Son and Father.
Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry his universe hath shaken—
It went up single, echoless, 'My God, I am forsaken!'

It went up from the Holy's lips amid his lost creation,
That, of the lost, no son should use those words of desolation!
That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope, should mar not hope's fruition,
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture in a vision.

ROBERT BROWNING.

The head of what has been termed the psychological school of poetry is MR. ROBERT BROWNING, who for more than thirty years has been recognised as one of our most original and intellectual poets. Latterly, the public—to use his own words—

> The British Public, ye who like me not
> (God love you!), whom I yet have laboured for,

have been more indulgent to the poet, and more ready to acknowledge his real merits. Mr. Browning first attracted attention in 1836, when he published his poem of 'Paracelsus.' He had previously published anonymously a poem entitled 'Pauline, a Fragment of a Confession.' 'Paracelsus' evinced that love of psychological analysis and that subtle imagination more fully displayed in the author's later works. It is the history of a soul struggling and aspiring after hidden knowledge, power, and happiness—

All ambitious, upwards tending,
Like plants in mines, which never saw the sun—

but is thwarted and baffled in the visionary pursuit. For an author of twenty-four years of age this was a remarkable poem. Mr. Browning next tried the historical drama. In 1837, his tragedy of 'Strafford' was brought on the stage, the hero being personated by Macready, a favourite actor. It was played several nights, but cannot be said to have been successful. Mr. Horne, in his 'New Spirit of the Age,' characterises it as a 'piece of passionate action with the bones of poetry.' Van Dyck's portrait of Strafford, so well known from copies and engravings, will always, we suspect, eclipse or supersede any pen-and-ink delineation of the splendid apostate. The poet now went to Italy, where he resided several years, and in 1841 he sent forth another psychological poem—'the richest puzzle to all lovers of poetry which was ever given to the world'—a thin volume entitled 'Sordello.'

Mr. Browning's subsequent works were in a dramatic form and spirit, the most popular being 'Pippa Passes,' forming part of a series called 'Bells and Pomegranates' (1841–44), of which a second collection was published containing some exquisite sketches and monologues. 'Pippa is a girl from a silk-factory, who *passes* the various persons of the play at certain critical moments, in the course of her holiday, and becomes unconsciously to herself a determining influence on the fortune of each.' In 1843 the poet produced another regular drama, a tragedy entitled 'A Blot in the Scutcheon,' which was acted at Drury Lane with moderate success, and is the best of the author's plays. Next to it is 'King Victor and King Charles,' a tragedy in four acts, in which the characters are well drawn and well contrasted. Altogether Mr. Browning has written eight plays and two short dramatic sketches, 'A Soul's Tragedy' and 'In a Balcony.' Some of the others—'The Return of the Druses,' 'Colombe's Birthday,' and 'Luria'—are superior productions both in conception and execution. Two narrative poems, 'Christmas Eve' and 'Easter Day,' present the author's marked peculiarities—grotesque imagery, insight into the human heart, vivid painting, and careless, faulty versification. In principle, the poet is thoroughly orthodox, and treats the two great Christian festivals in a Christian spirit. Of the lighter pieces of the author, the most popular is 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin, a Child's Story,' told with inimitable liveliness and spirit, and with a flow of rattling rhymes and quaint fancies rivalling Southey's 'Cataract of Lodore.' This amusing production is as unlike the usual style of its author as 'John Gilpin' is unlike the usual style of Cowper.

In 1855 the reputation of Mr. Browning was greatly enhanced by the publication of a collection of poems, fifty in number, bearing the comprehensive title of 'Men and Women.' In 1864 another volume of character sketches appeared, entitled 'Dramatis Personæ;' and in

1868 was produced the most elaborate of all his works, 'The Ring and the Book,' an Italian story of the seventeenth century concerning certain assassins

> Put to death
> By heading or hanging, as befitted ranks,
> At Rome on February twenty-two,
> Since our salvation sixteen ninety eight.

The latest works of Mr. Browning are 'Balaustion's Adventure, including a Transcript from Euripides,' (1871)—which is another recital of the story of Alcestes, supposed to be told by a Greek girl who had witnessed the performance; 'Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau, Saviour of Society' (1871); a name under which is thinly vailed the name of Louis Napoleon; 'Fifine at the Fair' (1872); 'Red Cotton Night-cap Country' (1873); and 'Aristophane's Apology, including a Transcript from Euripides, being the last Adventure of Balaustion' (1875). Of Aristophanes—

> Splendour of wit that springs a thunder ball—
> Satire—to burn and purify the world,
> True aim, fair purpose—

we have this bright pen-and-ink portrait:

> And no ignoble presence! on the bulge
> Of the clear baldness—all his head one brow—
> True, the veins swelled, blue network, and there surged
> A red from cheek to temple—then retired
> As if the dark-leaved chaplet damped a flame—
> Was never nursed by temperance or health.
> But huge the eyeballs rolled black native fire,
> Imperiously triumphant, nostrils wide
> Waited their incense; while the pursed mouth's pout
> Aggressive, while the beak supreme above,
> While the head, face, nay, pillared throat thrown back,
> Beard whitening under like a vinous foam—
> These made a glory of such insolence,
> I thought, such domineering deity
> Hephaistos might have carved to cut the brine
> For his gay brother's prow, imbrue that path
> Which, purpling, recognised the conqueror
> Impudent and majestic: drunk, perhaps,
> But that's religion; sense too plainly snuffed:
> Still, sensuality was grown a rite.

In 1875 also appeared from the prolific pen of the poet 'The Inn Album.'

A fertile and original author with high and generous aims, Mr. Browning has proved his poetic power alike in thought, description, passion, and conception of character. But the effect of even his happiest productions is marred by obscurity, by eccentricities of style and expression, and by the intrusion of familiar phrases and Hudibrastic rhymes or dry metaphysical discussions. His choice of subjects—chiefly Italian—his stories of monastic life, repulsive crimes, and exceptional types of character—are also against his popularity. 'The Ring and the Book' is prolix: four volumes of blank verse, in which the same tale of murder is told by various interlocu-

tors, with long digressions from old chronicles and other sources—such a work must repel all but devoted poetical readers. These, however, Mr. Browning has obtained, and the student who perseveres, digging for the 'pure untempered gold' of poetry, will find his reward in the pages of this master of psychological monologues and dramatic lyrics.

Mr. Browning is a native of Camberwell in Surrey, born in 1812, and educated at the London University. He is also an honorary Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. In November 1846 he was married, as already stated, to Miss Elizabeth Barrett. Of Mr. Browning's many descriptions of the 'sunny south,' the following is a favourable specimen, and Miss Mitford states that it was admired by Mr. Ruskin for its exceeding truthfulness:

Picture of the Grape-harvest.

But to-day not a boat reached Salerno,
So back to a man
Came our friends, with whose help in the vineyards
Grape-harvest began:
In the vat half-way up on our house-side
Like blood the juice spins,
While your brother all bare-legged is dancing
Till breathless he grins,
Dead-beaten, in effort on effort
To keep the grapes under,
For still when he seems all but master,
In pours the fresh plunder
From girls who keep coming and going
With basket on shoulder,
And eyes shut against the rain's driving,
Your girls that are older—
For under the hedges of aloe,
And where, on its bed
Of the orchard's black mould, the love-apple
Lies pulpy and red,
All the young ones are kneeling and filling
Their laps with the snails,
Tempted out by the first rainy weather—
Your best of regales,
As to-night will be proved to my sorrow,
When, supping in state,
We shall feast our grape-gleaners—two dozen,
Three over one plate—
Macaroni, so tempting to swallow,
In slippery strings,
And gourds fried in great purple slices,
That colour of kings.
Meantime, see the grape-bunch they've brought you—
The rain-water slips
O'er the heavy blue bloom on each globe
Which the wasp to your lips
Still follows with fretful persistence.
Nay, taste while awake,
This half of a curd-white smooth cheese-ball,
That peels, flake by flake,
Like an onion's, each smoother and whiter;
Next sip this weak wine

From the thin green glass flask, with its stopper,
A leaf of the vine;
And end with the prickly pear's red flesh,
That leaves through its juice
The stony black seeds on your pearl teeth.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin.—A Child's Story.

I.

Hamelin town 's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

II.

Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking.
'"Tis clear,' cried they, 'our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!'
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV.

An hour they sat in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence:
For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again.
I've scratched it so, and all in vain;
O for a trap, a trap, a trap!'
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber-door but a gentle tap!
'Bless us,' cried the Mayor, 'what's that?'
(With the Corporation as he sat,

Looking little, though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister,
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous),
'Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!'

V.

'Come in!'—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure.
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: 'It's as my great grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone.

VI.

He advanced to the Council-table:
And, 'Please your honours,' said he, 'I 'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper.'
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying,
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
'Yet,' said he, 'poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampyre bats:
And, as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders?'
'One? fifty thousand!'—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;

Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling
And out of the house the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
  Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
  Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step by step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished
—Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across, and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was, 'At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe;
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out: "O rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
To munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!"
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, "Come, bore me!"
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me.'

VIII.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
'Go,' cried the Mayor, 'and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!—when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, 'First, if you please, my thousand guilders!'

IX.

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For Council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock
And half the money would replenish

Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
'Beside,' quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
'Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke:
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke;
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!'

X.

The piper's face fell, and he cried:
'No trifling! I can't wait; beside.
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdad, and accepted the prime
Of the head-cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
With him I proved no bargain-driver;
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion.'

XI.

'How?' cried the Mayor, 'd'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst;
Blow your pipe there till you burst!'

XII.

Once more he stept into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane.
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musicians cunning
Never gave the enraptured air).
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling, at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering.
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.

But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
'He never can cross that mighty top!
He 's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!'
When lo! as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say:
'It 's dull in our town since my playmates left;
I can't forget that I 'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town, and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings;
And horses were born with eagle's wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!'

XIV.

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says, that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he 'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children all behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly,
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear:
'And so long after what happened here

On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:'
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor,
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
Nor suffered they hostlery or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress,
On which their neighbours lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison,
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why they don't understand.

XV.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers.
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

A Parting Scene (1526 A. D.).

PARACELSUS *and* FESTUS.

PAR. And you saw Luther?
FEST. 'Tis a wondrous soul!
PAR. True: the so-heavy chain which galled mankind
Is shattered, and the noblest of us all
Must bow to the deliverer—nay the worker
Of our own project—we who long before
Had burst our trammels, but forgot the crowd
We would have taught, still groaned beneath the load:
This he has done and nobly. Speed that may!
Whatever be my chance or my mischance,
What benefits mankind must glad me too:
And men seem made, though not as I believed,
For something better than the times display:
Witness these gangs of peasants your new lights
From Suabia have possessed, whom Münzer leads,
And whom the Duke, the Landgrave, and the Elector
Will calm in blood! Well, well—'tis not my world!
FEST. Hark!
PAR. 'Tis the melancholy wind astir
Within the trees; the embers too are gray;
Morn must be near.
FEST. Best ope the casement. See,
The night, late strewn with clouds and flying stars,
Is blank and motionless: how peaceful sleep
The tree-tops all together! like an asp
The wind slips whispering from bough to bough.

PAR. Ay; you would gaze on a wind-shaken tree
By the hour, nor count time lost.
FEST. So you shall gaze.
Those happy times will come again.
PAR. Gone! gone!
Those pleasant times! Does not the moaning wind
Seem to bewail that we have gained such gains
And bartered sleep for them?
FEST. It is our trust
That there is yet another world, to mend
All error and mischance.
PAR. Another world!
And why this world, this common world, to be
A make-shift, a mere foil, how fair soever,
To some fine life to come? Man must be fed
With angels' food, forsooth; and some few traces
Of a diviner nature which look out
Through his corporeal baseness, warrant him
In a supreme contempt for all provision
For his inferior tastes—some straggling marks
Which constitute his essence, just as truly
As here and there a gem would constitute
The rock, their barren bed, a diamond.
But were it so—were man all mind—he gains
A station little enviable. From God
Down to the lowest spirit ministrant,
Intelligence exists which casts our mind
Into immeasurable shade. No, no:
Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity,
These are its sign, and note, and character;
And these I have lost!—gone, shut from me for ever,
Like a dead friend, safe from unkindness more!—
See morn at length. The heavy darkness seems
Diluted; gray and clear without the stars:
The shrubs bestir and rouse themselves, as if
Some snake, that weighed them down all night, let go
His hold; and from the east, fuller and fuller,
Day, like a mighty river, is flowing in;
But clouded, wintry, desolate and cold:
Yet see how that broad, prickly, star-shaped plant,
Half down the crevice, spreads its woolly leaves
All thick and glistering with diamond dew.—
And you depart for Einsiedlen to-day.
And we have spent all night in talk like this!
If you would have me better for your love,
Revert no more to these sad themes

From 'My last Duchess.'

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frá Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will 't please you sit and look at her? I said
'Frá Pandolf' by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you but I),
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there: so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot

Of joy into the Duchess' cheek; perhaps
Fra Pandolf chanced to say 'Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much,' or, 'Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half flush that dies along her throat;' such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the west,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men—good; but thanked
Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine hundred years old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling?

COVENTRY PATMORE—EDWARD ROBERT, LORD LYTTON.

The delineation of married love and the domestic affections has been attempted by MR. COVENTRY PATMORE, who has deservedly gained reputation from the sweetness and quiet beauty of his verse. His first work was a volume of 'Poems,' 1844. This was republished with large additions in 1853, under the title of 'Tamerton Church Tower, and other Poems.' He then produced his most important work, 'The Angel in the House,' in four parts—'The Betrothal, 1854; 'The Espousal,' 1856; 'Faithful for Ever,' 1860; and 'The Victories of Love,' 1862. Mr. Patmore has also edited a volume of poetical selections, 'The Children's Garland, from the Best Poets,' 1862. 'The Angel in the House' contains passages of great beauty, both in sentiment and description. Mr. Ruskin has eulogised it as 'a most finished piece of writing.' Its occasional felicities of expression are seen in verses like these:

A girl of fullest heart she was;
Her spirit's lovely flame
Nor dazzled nor surprised, because
It always burned the same.

And in the maiden path she trod
Fair was the wife foreshewn—
A Mary in the house of God,
A Martha in her own.

And in this simile:

Her soft voice, singularly heard
Beside me, in the Psalms, withstood
The roar of voices, like a bird
Sole warbling in a windy wood.

The Joyful Wisdom.

Would Wisdom for herself be wooed,
And wake the foolish from his dream,
She must be glad as well as good.
And must not only be, but seem.
Beauty and joy are hers by right;
And, knowing this, I wonder less
That she's so scorned, when falsely dight
In misery and ugliness.

What's that which Heaven to man endears,
And that which eyes no sooner see
Than the heart says, with floods of tears,
'Ah! that's the thing which I would be?'
Not childhood, full of fears and fret;
Not youth, impatient to disown

Those visions high, which to forget
Were worse than never to have known. . . .
Not these; but souls found here and there,
Oases in our waste of sin.
When everything is well and fair,
And God remits his discipline,
Whose sweet subdual of the world,
The worldling scarce can recognise;
And ridicule, against it hurled,
Drops with a broken sting and dies. . . .
They live by law, not like the fool,
But like the bard who freely sings
In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,
And finds in them not bonds, but wings.

Counsel to the Young Husband.

'Now, while she's changing,' said the Dean,
'Her bridal for her travelling dress,
I'll preach allegiance to your queen!
Preaching's the trade which I profess;
And one more minute's mine! You know
I've paid my girl a father's debt,
And this last charge is all I owe.
She's yours; but I love more than yet
You can; such fondness only wakes
When time has raised the heart above
The prejudice of youth, which makes
Beauty conditional to love.
Prepare to meet the weak alarms
Of novel nearness; recollect
The eye which magnifies her charms
Is microscopic for defect.
Fear comes at first; but soon, rejoiced,
You'll find your strong and tender loves
Like holy rocks by Druids poised,
The least force shakes, but none removes. . . .
Her strength is your esteem; beware
Of finding fault; her will's unnerved
By blame; from you 'twould be despair;
But praise that is not quite deserved
Will all her noble nature move
To make your utmost wishes true;
Yet think, while mending thus your love,
Of matching her ideal too!
The death of nuptial joy is sloth:
To keep your mistress in your wife,
Keep to the very height your oath,
And honour her with arduous life.'

Mr. Patmore was born at Woodford in Essex, July 2, 1823, son of Mr. P. G. Patmore (1786–1855), author of 'Personal Recollections of Deceased Celebrities,' &c. In 1846 Mr. Coventry Patmore was appointed one of the assistant-librarians of the British Museum, but retired from the office about 1868.

Edward Robert, Lord Lytton, under the name of 'Owen Meredith,' has published two volumes of poetry—'Clytemnestra,' 1855, and 'The Wanderer,' 1859. There are traces of sentimentalism and morbid feeling in the poems, but also fine fancy and graceful musical language. The poet is the only son of the first Lord Lytton, and was born November 8, 1831. The paternal taste in the selection of subjects from high life, with a certain voluptuous colouring, and a pseudo-melancholy, cynical air, has been reproduced in 'Owen Meredith,' though Tennyson was perhaps the favourite model. The young poet, however, had original merit enough to redeem such faults. He continued to write, and produced in succession 'Lucile,' a novel in verse, 1860; 'Serbski Pesme,' a translation of the national songs of Servia; 'The Ring of Amasis,' a prose romance, 1863; 'Chronicles and Characters,' two volumes of poems, chiefly historical, to which Mr. Lytton prefixed his own name; 'Orval, or the Fool of Time,' a dramatic poem, &c. For about twenty years Lord Lytton was engaged in the diplomatic service abroad, and in 1876 was appointed Governor-general or Viceroy of India. In 1874 the noble poet published two volumes of 'Fables' in verse.

The Chess-board.

My little love do you remember,
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtained warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I played chess together,
Checkmated by each other's eyes?
Ah! still I see your soft white hand
Hovering warm o'er queen and knight;
Brave pawns in valiant battle stand;
The double castles guard the wings;
The bishop, bent on distant things,
Moves sidling, through the fight.
Our fingers touch, our glances meet
And falter, falls your golden hair
Against my cheek; your bosom sweet
Is heaving; down the field, your queen
Rides slow her soldiery all between,
And checks me unaware.
Ah me! the little battle's done,
Dispersed is all its chivalry.
Full many a move, since then, have we
'Mid life's perplexing checkers made,
And many a game with fortune played—
What is it we have won?
This, this, at least—if this alone—
That never, never, never more,
As in those old still nights of yore—
Ere we were grown so sadly wise—
Can you and I shut out the skies,
Shut out the world and wintry weather,
And eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess as then we played together!

Changes.

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed.
Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead.
And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear:
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.
God help us all! who need, indeed, His care.
And yet, I know, the Shepherd loves his sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer.
He has his father's eager eyes, I know;
And, they say too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of one—Heaven help and pity me!—
Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago.

Who might have been—ah, what I dare not think!
We all are changed. God judges for us best.
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear
Too cold at times; and some too gay and light.
Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes are hard to bear.
Who knows the past? and who can judge us right?

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been,
And not by what we are, too apt to fall!
My little child—he sleeps and smiles between
These thoughts and me. In heaven we shall know all!

The Rev. Henry Francis Lyte (died in 1847) wrote 'Tales in Verse,' 1830; 'Poems;' 'Ballads,' &c. His sacred poetry is of superior merit.

The Sailor's Grave.

There is in the lone, lone sea,
A spot unmarked, but holy,
For there the gallant and the free,
In his ocean bed lies lowly.

Down, down, beneath the deep,
That oft in triumph bore him,
He sleeps a sound and peaceful sleep,
With the wild waves dashing o'er him.

He sleeps—he sleeps, serene and safe
From tempest and from billow,
Where storms that high above him chafe
Scarce rock his peaceful pillow.

The sea and him in death
They did not dare to sever;

It was his home when he had breath,
'Tis now his home for ever.

Sleep on, sleep on, thou mighty dead!
A glorious tomb they've found thee;
The broad blue sky above thee spread,
The boundless ocean round thee.

No vulgar foot treads here,
No hand profane shall move thee,
But gallant hearts shall proudly steer,
And warriors shout above thee.

And though no stone may tell
Thy name, thy worth, thy glory,
They rest in hearts that love thee well,
And they grace Britannia's story.

Hymn—'Abide with Me!'

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness thickens: Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord—
Familiar, condescending, patient, free—
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me!

Come, not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing on thy wings,
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea:
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through clouds and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Reveal Thyself before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

CHARLES KENT (born in London in 1823) has published 'Dreamland, with other Poems,' 1862; and a collective edition of his 'Poems' was issued in 1870. Mr. Kent has also written several prose tales and essays.

Love's Calendar.

Talk of love in vernal hours,
When the landscape blushes
With the dawning glow of flowers,
While the early thrushes
Warble in the apple-tree;
When the primrose springing
From the green bank, lulls the bee,
On its blossom swinging.

Talk of love in autumn days,
When the fruit, all mellow,
Drops amid the ripening rays,
While the leaflets yellow
Circle in the sluggish breeze
With their portents bitter;
When between the fading trees
Broader sunbeams glitter.

Talk of love in summer-tide
When through bosky shallows
Trills the streamlet—all its side
Pranked with freckled mallows;
When in mossy lair of wrens
Tiny eggs are warming;
When above the reedy fens
Dragon-gnats are swarming.

Talk of love in winter time,
When the hailstorm hurtles,
While the robin sparks of rime
Shakes from hardy myrtles,
Never speak of love with scorn,
Such were direct treason;
Love was made for eve and morn,
And for every season.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

One of the best and most prolific of the American poetesses was MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY, born in Norwich, Connecticut, in 1791; died at Hartford in 1865. Maria Edgeworth and a host of critics have borne testimony to the poetic genius and moral influence of this accomplished woman.

The Early Blue-bird.

Blue-bird! on yon leafless tree,
Dost thou carol thus to me:
'Spring is coming! Spring is here!'
Says't thou so, my birdie dear?
What is that, in misty shroud,
Stealing from the darkened cloud?
Lo! the snow-flakes' gathering mound
Settles o'er the whitened ground,
Yet thou singest, blithe and clear:
'Spring is coming! Spring is here!'

Strik'st thou not too bold a strain?
Winds are piping o'er the plain;
Clouds are sweeping o'er the sky
With a black and threatening eye;
Urchins, by the frozen rill,
Wrap their mantles closer still;
You poor man, with doublet old,
Doth he shiver at the cold?
Hath he not a nose of blue?
Tell me, birdling, tell me true.

Spring's a maid of mirth and glee,
Rosy wreaths and revelry:
Hast thou wooed some wingéd love
To a nest in verdant grove?
Sung to her of greenwood bower,
Sunny skies that never lower?
Lured her with thy promise fair
Of a lot that knows no care?
Pr'ythee, bird, in coat of blue,
Though a lover, tell her true.

Ask her if, when storms are long,
She can sing a cheerful song?
When the rude winds rock the tree,
If she 'll closer cling to thee?
Then the blasts that sweep the sky,
Unappalled shall pass thee by;
Though thy curtained chamber shew
Siftings of untimely snow.
Warm and glad thy heart shall be;
Love shall make it Spring for thee.

Midnight Thoughts at Sea.

Borne upon the ocean's foam,
Far from native land and home.
Midnight's curtain, dense with wrath,
Brooding o'er our venturous path,
While the mountain wave is rolling,
And the ship's bell faintly tolling:
Saviour! on the boisterous sea,
Bid us rest secure in Thee.

Blast and surge, conflicting hoarse,
Sweep us on with headlong force;
And the bark, which tempests surge,
Moans and trembles at their scourge;
Yet, should wildest tempests swell,
Be Thou near, and all is well,
Saviour! on the stormy sea,
Let us find repose in Thee.

Hearts there are with love that burn
When to us afar they turn;
Eyes that shew the rushing tear
If our uttered names they hear:
Saviour! o'er the faithless main
Bring us to those homes again,
As the trembler, touched by Thee,
Safely trod the treacherous sea.

Wrecks are darkly spread below,
Where with lonely keel we go;
Gentle brows and bosoms brave
Those abysses richly pave;
If beneath the briny deep
We with them, should coldly sleep,
Saviour! o'er the whelming sea,
Take our ransomed souls to Thee.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The Society of Friends, or Quakers, in America can boast of a poet who more than rivals their English representative, Bernard Barton. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, born near Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1808, passed his early years on his father's farm; but after he came of age was chiefly engaged in literary pursuits. He edited several newspapers, and was an active opponent of negro slavery. He has published 'Legends of New England,' in prose and verse, 1831; a volume of 'Ballads,' 1838; 'The Stranger in Lowell' (prose essays), 1845; 'Voices of Freedom,' 1849; 'Songs of Labour,' 1850; 'National Lyrics,' 1865; 'Maud Müller,' 1866; and various other poetical tales and sketches. There is a neat compact edition of his collected poetical works in two small volumes (the 'Merrimack Edition'), 1869. In 1873 he published 'The Pennsylvanian Pilgrim, and other Poems,' which shewed that his fine vein of thought and melody was unimpaired.

The Robin.

My old Welsh neighbour over the way
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
And listened to hear the Robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
And, cruel in sport as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

'Nay!' said the grandmother, 'have you not heard,
My poor, bad boy, of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
Carries the water that quenches it?

'He brings cool dew in his little bill,
And lets it fall on the souls of sin:
You can see the mark on his red breast still
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

'My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-burned bird,
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
Very dear to the heart of Our Lord
Is he who pities the lost like him!'

'Amen!' I said to the beautiful myth;
'Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well:
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

'Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of Our Lord are all
Who suffer like Him in the good they do!'

Barbara Fritchie.

Up from the meadows, rich with corn,
Clear from the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep;
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,
Over the mountains winding down.
Horse and foot, into Frederick town,

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their silver bars,
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten,
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To shew that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead;

Under his slouched hat left and right,
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.
'Halt!'—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
'Fire!'—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

'Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag,' she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;
The noble nature within him stirred
To life, at that woman's deed and word.

'Who touches a hair of yon gray head,
Dies like a dog. March on!' he said.
All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long the free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host;
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds, that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.
Barbara Fritchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raid no more.

Honour to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier!
Over Barbara Fritchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom, and Union, wave!

Peace, and order, and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below, in Frederick town!

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

Arthur Hugh Clough (1819–1861) was the son of a merchant in Liverpool. He was one of the pupils of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, to whom he was strongly attached; and having won the Balliol scholarship in 1836, he went to Oxford. The Tractarian movement was then agitating the university, and Clough was for a time under its influence. He ultimately abandoned the Romanising party; but his opinions were unsettled, and he never regained the full assurance of his early faith. In 1843 he was appointed tutor as well as Fellow of Oriel College, and laboured successfully for about five years, usually spending the long vacation among the Welsh mountains, the Cumberland lakes, or the Scotch Highlands His most important poem, 'The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich' (1848), which he terms a 'long-vacation pastoral,' commemorates one of these holiday tours in the Highlands by the Oxford tutor and his pupils. It was written in hexameter verse, of which Southey had given a specimen in his 'Vision of Judgment,' and contains a faithful picture of Highland scenes and character. Clough grafts a love-story on his descriptive sketch, and makes one of the reading-party marry a Highland maiden and migrate to New Zealand. In 1848, from conscientious motives, the poet resigned his tutorship, and also gave up his fellow-

ship. Next year he accepted the appointment of Principal of University Hall, London, but held it only for two years, at the end of which he went to America, and settled (October 1852) at Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was drawn thence in less than a twelvemonth by the offer of an examinership in the Education Office, which he accepted; and to this was added, in 1856, the post of Secretary to a Commission for examining the scientific military schools on the continent. He took a warm interest in the philanthropic labours of Miss Nightingale; and thus his life, though uneventful, was, as his biographer remarks, 'full of work.' Ill health, however, compelled him to go abroad, and he died at Florence, November 13, 1861. Besides the Highland pastoral of 'The Bothie,' Clough produced a second long poem, 'Amours de Voyage,' the result of a holiday of travel in Italy, and of the impressions made upon him in Rome. His third long poem of 'Dipsychus' was written in Venice in 1850, and is much superior to the 'Amours.' Another work, 'Mari Magno,' consists of a series of tales on love and marriage, supposed to be related to each other by a party of companions on a sea-voyage. The tales are as homely in style and incident as those of Crabbe, but are less interesting and less poetical. A number of small occasional pieces, 'poems of the inner life,' were thrown off from time to time by the poet; and a selection from his papers, with letters and a memoir, edited by his widow, was published in two volumes in 1869.

Autumn in the Highlands.

It was on Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright October,
Then when brackens are changed and heather-blooms are faded,
And amid russet of heather and fern, green trees are bonnie;
Alders are green, and oaks; the rowan scarlet and yellow;
One great glory of broad gold pieces appears the aspen,
And the jewels of gold that were hung in the hair of the birch-tree,
Pendulous, here and there, her coronet, necklace, and ear-rings.
Cover her now o'er and o'er; she is weary, and scatters them from her.
There upon Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright October,
Under the alders knitting, gave Elspie her troth to Philip,
For as they talked anon she said: 'It is well, Mr. Philip;
Yes, it is well: I have spoken and learned a deal with the teacher.
At the last I told him all; I could not help it:
And it came easier with him than could have been with my father;
And he calmly approved as one that had fully considered.
Yes, it is well: I have hoped, though quite too great and sudden;
I am so fearful, I think it ought not to be for years yet;
I am afraid, but believe in you; and I trust to the teacher;
You have done all things gravely and temperate, not as in passion;
And the teacher is prudent and surely can tell what is likely.
What my father will say, I know not; we will obey him:
But for myself, I could dare to believe all well, and venture.
O Mr. Philip, may it never hereafter seem to be different!'
And she hid her face—o'a, where, but in Philip's bosom.

Morning in the City.

As the light of day enters some populous city,
Shaming away, ere it come, by the chilly day-streak signal,
High and low, the misusers of night, shaming out the gas-lamps—
All the great empty streets are flooded with broadening clearness,

Which, withal, by inscrutable simultaneous access
Permeates far and pierces to the very cellars lying in
Narrow high back-lane, and court, and alley of alleys.
He that goes forth to his walks, while speeding to the suburb,
Sees sights only peaceful and pure: as labourers settling
Slowly to work, in their limbs the lingering sweetness of slumber;
Humble market-carts, coming in, bringing in, not only
Flower, fruit, farm-store, but sounds and sights of the country
Dwelling yet on the sense of the dreamy drivers; soon after,
Half-awake servant-maids unfastening drowsy shutters
Up at the windows, or down, letting in the air by the doorway;
School-boys, school-girls soon, with slate, portfolio, satchel,
Hampered as they haste, those running, these others maidenly tripping;
Early clerk anon turning out to stroll, or it may be
Meet his sweetheart—waiting behind the garden gate there;
Merchant on his grass-plat haply bare-headed; and now by this time
Little child bringing breakfast to 'father,' that sits on the timber
There by the scaffolding; see, she waits for the can beside him;
Meantime above purer air untarnished of new-lit fires;
So that the whole great wicked artificial civilised fabric—
All its unfinished houses, lots for sale, and railway outworks—
Seems re-accepted, resumed to primal nature and beauty—
Such—in me, and to me, and on me—the love of Elspie!

In a Gondola on the Grand Canal, Venice.

Afloat; we move—delicious! Ah,
What else is like the gondola?
This level floor of liquid glass
Begins beneath us swift to pass.
It goes as though it went alone
By some impulsion of its own.
(How light it moves, how softly! Ah,
Were all things like the gondola!)

How light it moves, how softly! Ah,
Could life as does our gondola,
Unvexed with quarrels, aims, and cares,
And moral duties and affairs,
Unswaying, noiseless, swift, and strong,
For ever thus—thus glide along!
(How light we move, how softly! Ah,
Were life but as the gondola!)

With no more motion than should bear
A freshness to the languid air;
With no more effort than expressed
The need and naturalness of rest,
Which we beneath a grateful shade
Should take on peaceful pillows laid!
(How light we move, how softly! Ah,
Were life but as the gondola!)

In one unbroken passage borne
To closing night from opening morn,
Uplift at whiles slow eyes to mark
Some palace front, some passing bark;
Through windows catch the varying shore,
And hear the soft turns of the oar!
(How light we move, how softly! Ah,
Were life but as the gondola!)

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

The distinguished American sculptor, Mr. W. Story, whose 'Cleopatra' was the object of much interest and admiration in the Exhibition of 1862, has been a considerable contributor to our imaginative literature. His 'Ginevra da Siena,' a long poem published in 'Blackwood's Magazine' for June 1866; his 'Primitive Christian in Rome,' published in the 'Fortnightly Review' for December 1866; and his 'Graffiti d'Italia,' 1868, are productions of genuine worth and interest. In 1870 Mr. Story published a singular narrative poem in blank verse on Judas's betrayal of Christ. The poet assumes that Judas was really devoted to his Master, was of an enthusiastic temperament, and believed that, if he delivered up Jesus, a glorious manifestation of the Godhead would take place, confounding the Saviour's enemies, and prostrating them in adora-

tion ; but when he saw Christ bound with cords and taken prisoner, he was overwhelmed with grief and horror, and flinging down the money he had received, went and hanged himself ! The following is Mr. Story's conception of the appearance of the Saviour on earth :

> Tall, slender, not erect, a little bent ;
> Brows arched and dark ; a high-ridged lofty head ;
> Thin temples, veined and delicate ; large eyes,
> Sad, very serious, seeming as it were
> To look beyond you, and whene'er he spoke
> Illumined by an inner lamping light—
> At times, too, gleaming with a strange wild fire
> When taunted by the rabble in the streets ;
> A Jewish face, complexion pale but dark ;
> Thin, high-art nostrils, quivering constantly ;
> Long nose, full lips, hands tapering, full of veins ;
> His movements nervous : as he walked he seemed
> Scarcely to heed the persons whom he passed,
> And for the most part gazed upon the ground.

Besides the above poems and others scattered through periodical works, Mr. Story is author of two interesting volumes in prose, 'Roba di Roma, or Walks about Rome,' 1862. He has also published several legal works, and 'The Life and Letters of Justice Story,' his father (1779–1845), a great legal authority in America. The artist himself is a native of Salem, Massachusetts, and was born in 1819.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The successor of Mr. Longfellow in Harvard College has well sustained the honours of the professorial chair. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1819, appeared as an author in 1841, when he published a volume of poems entitled 'A Year's Life.' In 1844 he produced a second series of 'Poems;' in 1845, 'Conversations on some of the Old Poets;' in 1848 a third series of 'Poems,' and 'The Biglow Papers,' a poetical satire on the invasion of Mexico by the United States, the slavery question, &c. In this last work Mr. Lowell seems to have struck into the true vein of his genius. His humour is rich and original, and his use of the Yankee dialect was a novelty in literature. In his serious and sentimental verse the poet has several equals and some superiors in his own country ; but as a humourist he is unrivalled. In January 1855 Mr. Lowell succeeded Longfellow as Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-lettres in Harvard College. In 1864 appeared a second series of 'The Biglow Papers;' in 1869, 'Under the Willows, and other Poems,' and 'The Cathedral,' an epic poem ; in 1870, a volume of prose essays entitled 'Among my Books;' and in 1871, 'My Study Windows,' a second collection of essays, most of which had previously appeared in periodicals, and all of which are remarkable for critical taste and acumen. Mr. Lowell has been connected editorially and as a contributor with many American reviews and magazines ; he has edited the poems of Marvell, Donne, Keats, Wordsworth and

Shelley, and also delivered lectures on the British Poets. This popular author belongs to a family distinguished for literary attainments. His grandfather, Judge Lowell, and his father, Dr. Charles Lowell, pastor of the West Church, Boston, were both highly accomplished men, and several other relations were men of culture and eminence in society. His wife, *nee* Maria White (1821–1853), was a poetess of more than ordinary merit, and the subject of Longfellow's fine poem, 'The two Angels.'

On Popular Applause.

I thank ye, my friens, for the warmth o' your greetin';
Ther' 's few airthly blessins but wut 's vain an' fleetin';
But ef ther' is one thet hain't *no* cracks an' flaws,
An' is wuth goin' in for, it 's pop'lar applause;
It sends up the sperits ez lively ez rockets,
An' I feel it—wal, down to the eend o' my pockets.
Jes' lovin' the people is Canaan in view,
But it 's Canaan paid quarterly t' hev 'em love you;
It 's a blessin' thet 's breakin' out ollus in fresh spots:
It 's a-follerin' Moses 'thout losin' the flesh-pots.
An' folks like you 'n me, thet ain't ept to be sold,
Git somehow or 'nother left out in the cold.

I expected 'fore this, 'thout no gret of a row,
Jeff D. would ha' ben where A. Lincoln is now,
With Taney to say 't wuz all legle an' fair,
An' a jury o' Deemocrats ready to swear
Thet the ingin o' State gut throwed into the ditch
By the fault o' the North in misplacin' the switch.
Things wuz ripenin' fust-rate with Buchanan to nuss 'em;
But the people they wouldn't be Mexicans, cuss 'em!
Ain't the safeguards o' freedom upsot, 'z you may say,
Ef the right o' rev'lution is took clean away?
An' doosn't the right primy-fashy include
The bein' entitled to nut be subdued?
The fact is, we'd gone for the union so strong,
When union meant South ollus right an' North wrong,
Thet the people gut fooled into thinkin' it might
Worry on middlin' wal with the North in the right.

Hints to Statesmen.

A ginooine statesman should be on his guard.
Ef he *must* hev beliefs, nut to b'lieve 'em tu hard;
For, ez sure ez he does, he'll be blartin' 'em out
'Thout regardin' the natur o' man more'n a spout,
Nor it don't ask much gumption to pick out a flaw
In a party whose leaders are loose in the jaw:
An' so in our own case I ventur' to hint
Thet we'd better nut air our perceedins in print,
Nor pass resserlootions ez long ez your arm,
Thet may, ez things hepnen to turn, do us harm;
For when you've done all your real meanin' to smother,
The darned things 'll up and mean sunthin' or 'nother.
No, never say nothin' without you're compelled tu,
An' then don't say nothin' that you can be held tu,
Nor don't leave no friction-idees layin' loose
For the ign'ant to put to incend'ary use.

What Mr. Robinson Thinks

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heard in his life
That th' apostles rigged out in their swallow-tailed coats,
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;
But John P.
Robinson, he
Sez they *didn't know everythin' down in Judee.*

Invocation to Peace.

Where 's Peace? I start, some clear-blown night,
When gaunt stone walls grow numb an' number,
An', creakin' 'cross the snow-crust white,
Walk the col' starlight into summer;
Up grows the moon, an' swell by swell
Thru the pale pasturs silvers dimmer
Than the last smile thet strives to tell
O' love gone heavenward in its shimmer.

I hev been gladder o' sech things
Than cocks o' spring or bees o' clover,
They filled my heart with livin' springs,
But now they seem to freeze 'em over;
Sights innercent ez babes on knee,
Peaceful ez eyes o' pastur'd cattle,
Jes' coz they be so, seem to me
To rile me more with thoughts o' battle.

In-doors an' out by spells I try;
Ma'am Natur' keeps her spin-wheel goin',
But leaves my natur' stiff an' dry
Ez fiel's o' clover arter mowin';
An' her jes' keepin' on the same,
Calmer than clock-work, an' not carin',
An' findin' nary thing to blame,
Is wus than ef she took to swearin'.

Snow-flakes come whisperin' on the pane
The charm makes blazin' logs so pleasant,
But I can't hark to what they 're say'n',
With Grant or Sherman ollers present;
The chimbleys shudder in the gale,
Thet lulls, then suddin takes to flappin'
Like a shot hawk, but all 's ez stale
To me ez so much sperit-rappin'.

Under the yaller-pines I house,
When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented,
An' hear among their furry boughs
The baskin' west-wind purr contented—
While 'way o'erhead, ez sweet an' low
Ez distant bells thet ring for meetin',
The wedged wil' geese their bugles blow,
Further an' further South retreatin'. . . .

Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street
I hear the drummers makin' riot,
An' I set thinkin' o' the feet
Thet follered once an' now are quiet,

White feet ez snowdrops innercent,
  Thet never knowed the paths o' Satan,
Whose comin' step ther' 's cars thet won't
  No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'.

Why, han't I held 'em on my knee?
  Didn't I love to see 'em growin',
Three likely lads ez wal could be,
  Handsome an' brave, an' not tu knowin'?
I set an' look into the blaze
  Whose natur', jest like theirn, keeps climbin',
Ez long 'z it lives, in shinin' ways,
  An' half despise myself for rhymin'.

Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth
  On war's red techstone rang true metal,
Who ventured life an' love an' youth
  For the gret prize o' death in battle?
To him who, deadly hurt, agen
  Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
  Thet rived the rebel line asunder?

'T an't right to hev the young go fust,
  All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,
Leavin' life's paupers dry ez dust
  To try an' make b'lieve fill their places;
Nothin' but tells us wut we miss,
  Ther' 's gaps our lives can't never fay in,
An' thet world seems so fur from this
  Lef' for us loafers to grow gray in!

My eyes cloud up for rain; my mouth
  Will take to twitchin' roun' the corners;
I pity mothers, tu, down South,
  For all they sot among the scorners:
I'd sooner take my chance to stan'
  At Jedgment where your meanest slave is,
Than at God's bar hol' up a han'
  Ez drippin' red ez yourn, Jeff Davis!

Come, Peace! not like a mourner bowed
  For honor lost an' dear ones wasted,
But proud, to meet a people proud,
  With eyes that tell o' triumph tasted!
Come, with han' grippin' on the hilt,
  An' step that proves ye Victory's daughter!
Longin' for you, our sperits wilt
  Like shipwrecked men's on raf 's for water!

Come, while our country feels the lift
  Of a gret instinct shoutin' forwards,
An' knows thet freedom an't a gift
  Thet tarries long in han's o' cowards!
Come, sech ez mothers prayed for, when
  They kissed their cross with lips thet quivered,
An' bring fair wages for brave men,
  A nation saved, a race delivered!

The Courtin'.

Zekle crep up, quite unbeknown,
An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimbly crooknecks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's arm that gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The walnut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her!
An' little fires danced all about
The chiney on the dresser.

The very room, coz she was in,
Looked warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she wuz peelin'.

She heerd a foot an' knowed it, tu,
Araspin' on the scraper—
All ways to once her feelins flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper

He kin' o' fitered on the mat,
Some doubtful o' the seekle:
His heart kep' goin' pitypat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The eldest son of the celebrated Dr. Arnold of Rugby has inherited no small share of his father's critical talent and independent judgment. MATTHEW ARNOLD was born at Laleham, near Staines, in Middlesex, December 24, 1822. He won the Newdigate Prize at Oxford in 1843, by a poem on Cromwell, and was elected a Fellow of Oriel College in 1845. In 1847 the Marquis of Lansdowne nominated him his private secretary, and he held the post till 1851, when he was appointed one of the government school inspectors. Previous to this, Mr. Arnold published anonymously 'The Strayed Reveller, and other Poems;' in 1853 appeared 'Empedocles on Etna, and other Poems;' and in 1854, 'Poems,' the first volume to which his name was attached, and which consisted of selections from the previous two volumes, with the addition of some new pieces. In 1857 Mr. Arnold was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford; and in the year following he published 'Merope,' a tragedy after the antique, with a preface, in which he explains and comments on the principles of the Greek tragedy. In 1861 he published Three Lectures 'On Translating Homer;' and in 1867 a new volume of 'Poems.' In 1869 he issued a collected edition of his 'Poems' in two volumes, the first narrative and elegiac, the second dramatic and lyric. As a poet, Mr. Arnold may be ranked with Lord Lytton; he is a classic and elaborate versifier, often graceful, but without the energy and fire of the true poet. His prose works include 'Essays on Criticism,' 1865; 'On the Study of Celtic Literature' 1867; 'Culture and Anarchy,' 1869; 'St. Paul and Protestantism,' 1870; &c. A somewhat haughty aristocratic spirit pervades these essays. Mr. Arnold has no patience with the middle-class 'Philistines' the dullards and haters of light, who care only for what is material and practical. He is also a zealous Churchman, with little regard for Nonconformists or Puritans; yet in all these treatises are fine trains of thought and criticism, and original suggestive observations from which all sects may profit. Mr. Arnold has received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from both Edinburgh and Oxford universities.

The following is a specimen of Mr. Arnold's blank verse:

Mycerinus.

[Mycerinus, son of Cheops, reigned over Egypt. He was a just king, according to Herodotus, but an oracle proclaimed that he was to live but six years longer, on which he abdicated his throne, and, accompanied by a band of revellers, retired to 'the silence of the groves and woods.']

There by the river banks he wandered on
From palm-grove on to palm-grove, happy trees,
Their smooth tops shining sunwards, and beneath
Burying their unsunned stems in grass and flowers;
Where in one dream the feverish time of youth
Might fade in slumber, and the feet of joy
Might wander all day long and never tire.
Here came the king, holding high feast, at morn,
Rose-crowned, and ever, when the sun went down,
A hundred lamps beamed in the tranquil gloom,
From tree to tree, all through the twinkling grove,
Revealing all the tumult of the feast,
Flushed guests, and golden goblets, foamed with wine;
While the deep-burnished foliage overhead
Splintered the silver arrows of the moon.
It may be that sometimes his wondering soul
From the loud joyful laughter of his lips
Might shrink half-startled, like a guilty man
Who wrestles with his dream; as some pale Shape,
Gliding half-hidden through the dusky stems,
Would thrust a hand before the lifted bowl,
Whispering: 'A little space, and thou art mine.'
It may be on that joyless feast his eye
Dwelt with mere outward seeming; he, within,
Took measure of his soul, and knew its strength,
And by that silent knowledge, day by day,
Was calmed, ennobled, comforted, sustained.
It may be; but not less his brow was smooth,
And his clear laugh fled ringing through the gloom,
And his mirth quailed not at the mild reproof
Sighed out by winter's sad tranquillity;
Nor, palled with its own fullness, ebbed and died
In the rich languor of long summer days;
Nor withered, when the palm-tree plumes, that roofed
With their mild dark his grassy banquet hall,
Bent to the cold winds of the showerless spring;
No, nor grew dark when autumn brought the clouds.
So six long years he revelled, night and day;
And when the mirth waxed loudest, with dull sound
Sometimes from the grove's centre echoes came,
To tell his wondering people of their king;
In the still night, across the steaming flats,
Mixed with the murmur of the moving Nile.

Children Asleep—From 'Tristram and Isrult.'

They sleep in sheltered rest,
Like helpless birds in the warm nest,
On the castle's southern side;
Where feebly comes the mournful roar
Of buffeting wind and surging tide
Through many a room and corridor.

Full on their window the moon's ray
Makes their chamber as bright as day;
It shines upon the blank white walls,
And on the snowy pillow falls,
And on two angel-heads doth play

Turned to each other—the eyes closed,
The lashes on the cheeks reposed.
Round each sweet brow the cap close-set
Hardly lets peep the golden hair;
Through the soft-opened lips the air
Scarcely moves the coverlet.

One little wandering arm is thrown
At random on the counterpane,
And often the fingers close in haste,
As if their baby owners chased
The butterflies again.

Lines written in Kensington Gardens.

In this lone open glade I lie,
Screened by deep boughs on either hand,
And, at its head, to stay the eye,
Those dark-crowned, red boled pine-trees stand.

Birds here make song; each bird has his
Across the girdling city's hum;
How green under the boughs it is!
How thick the tremulous sheep-cries come!

Sometimes a child will cross the glade
To take his nurse his broken toy;
Sometimes a thrush flit overhead,
Deep in her unknown day's employ.

Here at my feet what wonders pass!
What endless, active life is here!
What blowing daisies, fragrant grass!
An air-stirred forest fresh and clear.

Scarce fresher is the mountain sod
Where the tired angler lies, stretched out,
And, eased of basket and of rod,
Counts his day's spoil, his spotted trout.

In the huge world which roars hard by
Be others happy if they can;
But, in my helpless cradle, I
Was breathed on by the rural Pan.

I on men's impious uproar hurled
Think often, as I hear them rave
That peace has left the upper world,
And now keeps only in the grave.

Yet here is peace forever new!
When I, who watch them, am away,
Still all things in this glade go through
The changes of their quiet day.

Then to their happy rest they pass,
The flowers close, the birds are fed,
The night comes down upon the grass,
The child sleeps warmly in his bed.

Calm soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
Man did not make, and cannot mar!

The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others, give!
Calm, calm me more, nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI—MISS ROSSETTI.

An English artist, MR. D. G. ROSSETTI, one of the originators of what is termed the Pre-Raphaelite style of art, or imitation of the early Italian painters, with their vivid colours, minute details, and careful finish, is known also as a poet and translator. In 1861 Mr. Rossetti published 'The Early Italian Poets from Ciullo d'Alcamo to Dante Alighieri (1100-1200-1300), in the original metres, together with Dante's 'Vita Nuova.' In 1870 he issued a volume of 'Poems,' some of which were early productions printed in periodical works. Nearly all of them are in form and colour, subject and style of treatment, similar to the Pre-Raphaelite pictures. The first relates the thoughts and musings of a maiden in heaven while waiting the arrival of her lover from the land of the living.

From 'The Blessed Damozel.'

The blessed damozel leaned out,
From the gold bar of heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe ungirt from clasp to hem,
Nor wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift
For service meetly worn;
And her hair hanging down her back,
Was yellow like ripe corn.

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on.
By God built over the starry depth,
The which is space begun.
So high that looking downward thence,
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in heaven, across the flood
Of ether like a bridge,
Beneath the tides of day and night,
With flame and darkness ridge,
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Heard hardly some of her new friends
Amid their loving games,
Spake evermore among themselves
Their virginal chaste names:
And the souls mounting up to God,
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself, and stooped
Out of the circling charm,
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep,
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path, and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The Sea Limits.

Consider the sea's listless chime;
Time's self it is, made audible—
The murmur of the earth's own shell
Secret continuance sublime
Is the sea's end: our sight may pass
No furlong further. Since time was,
This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet, which is death's—it hath
The mournfulness of ancient life,
Enduring always at dull strife.
As the world's heart of rest and wrath,
Its painful pulse is in the sands.
Last utterly, the whole sky stands
Gray and not known, along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods;
Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee:
Hark when the murmurs of thronged men
Surge and sink back and surge again—
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strown beach,*
And listen at its lips; they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech.

And all mankind is thus at heart
Not anything but what thou art;
And earth, sea, man, are all in each.

Mr. Rossetti is a native of London, born in 1828, son of Mr. Gabriel Rossetti, Professor of Italian at King's College, London, and author of a Commentary on Dante (1826–27), who died in 1854, aged seventy-one.

CHRISTINA GABRIELA ROSSETTI (born in 1830), daughter of the Professor, and sister of the above Dante Gabriel, is also an author, having written 'Goblin Market, and other Poems,' 1862; 'Prince's Progress,' 1866; 'Commonplace and other Short Stories' (in prose), 1870; 'Nursery Rhyme Book,' 1872, &c.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

In 1865 appeared a dramatic poem entitled 'Atalanta in Calydon,' founded on the beautiful Greek legend of Calydon, and thoroughly Grecian in form and spirit. This work was hailed, both by the lovers and critics of poetry, as one of the most finished imaginative poems produced since the days of Shelley. 'It is the produce,' said the 'Edinburgh Review,' 'not of the tender lyrical faculty which so often waits on sensitive youth, and afterwards fades into the common light of day, nor even of the classical culture of which it is itself a signal illustration, but of an affluent apprehensive genius which, with ordinary care and fair fortune, will take a foremost place in English literature.' In truth, the young poet had by this one bound placed himself in the first rank of our poets. His next work. 'Chastelard' (1865), was a tragedy founded on the story of Mary, Queen of Scots, and the unfortunate young chevalier who accompanied the queen from France, and who fell a victim to his romantic and extravagant passion for Mary. The subject was a perilous one for the drama, even when handled with the utmost delicacy; but MR. SWINBURNE treated it with voluptuous warmth; while his portrait of the heroine, whom he represented as cruel, relentless, and licentious, shocked the admirers of the queen. In 1866, appeared a volume of 'Poems and Ballads,' which was considered so strongly objectionable, that Mr. Swinburne's publishers, Messrs. Moxon & Co., withdrew it from circulation.

To the critical outcry against it, the poet replied in a pamphlet of 'Notes' protesting against the prudery of his assailants; and one of his friends, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, in a 'Criticism on Swinburne's poems and Ballads,' pleaded that 'in fact Mr. Swinburne's mind appeared to be very like a *tabula rasa* on moral and religious subjects, so occupied is it with instincts, feelings, perceptions, and a sense of natural or artistic fitness and harmony!' The subsequent works of

* This image of the sea-shell had been previously used both by Landor and Wordsworth.

the poet are—'A Song of Italy,' 1867; 'William Blake, a Critical Essay,' 1867; 'Siena,' a poem, 1868; 'Ode on the Proclamation of the French Republic,' 1870; and 'Songs before Sunrise,' 1871. He has also edited selections from the poems of Byron and Coleridge, and contributed a few admirable critical essays to literary journals.

Mr. Swinburne is a native of London, son of Admiral Swinburne, and born in 1837. He received his earlier education in France and at Eton; in 1857 he was entered a commoner of Balliol College, Oxford, but left the university without taking a degree. In his twenty-third year he published two plays, 'The Queen Mother' and 'Rosamund,' which exhibited literary power, but are crude and immature productions. We subjoin some extracts from 'Calydon.' In these may be noted one drawback, which has come to be a mannerism of the poet—a too great proneness to alliteration. 'I will sometimes affect the letter,' says Holofernes, 'for it argues facility;' but in highly poetical and melodious lines like the following, it is a defect.

Extract from 'Atalanta in Calydon.'

CHIEF HUNTSMAN.

Maiden, and mistress of the months and stars
Now folded in the flowerless fields of heaven,
Goddess whom all gods love with threefold heart,
Being treble in thy divided deity,
A light for dead men and dark hours, a foot
Swift on the hills as morning, and a hand
To all things fierce and fleet that roar and range.
Mortal, with gentler shafts than snow or sleep;
Hear now and help, and lift no violent hand,
But favourable and fair as thine eye's beam
Hidden and shewn in heaven; for I all night
Amid the king's hounds and the hunting men
Have wrought and worshipped toward thee; nor shall man
See goodlier hounds or deadlier hedge of spears;
But for the end, that lies unreached as yet
Between the hands and on the knees of gods.
O fair-faced sun, killing the stars and dews
And dreams and desolation of the night!
Rise up, shine, stretch thine hand out, with thy bow
Touch the most dimmest height of trembling heaven,
And burn and break the dark about thy ways,
Shot through and through with arrows; let thine hair
Lighten as flame above that flameless shell
Which was the moon, and thine eyes fill the world,
And thy lips kindle with swift beams; let earth
Laugh, and the long sea fiery from thy feet
Through all the roar and ripple of streaming springs,
And foam in reddening flakes, and flying flowers
Shaken from hands and blown from lips of nymphs,
Whose hair or breast divides the wandering wave
With salt tresses cleaving lock to lock.
All gold, or shuddering or unfurrowed snow;
And all the winds about thee with their wings,
And fountain-heads of all the watered world.

Chorus.

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance, fallen from heaven,
And Madness, risen from hell;
Strength, without hands to smite;
Love, that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
And Life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of years;
And froth and drift of the sea:
And dust of the labouring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after,
And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein
A time for labour and thought,
A time to serve and to sin;
They gave him a light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep

In 1874 Mr. Swinburne published an epic drama or tragedy, 'Bothwell,' continuing the history of Mary, Queen of Scots, after the episode of 'Chastelard.' This tragedy of 'Bothwell' is a most voluminous work—upwards of 15,000 lines—and with a numerous *dramatis personæ*, including, besides Darnley and the Queen, the four Maries, Rizzio, John Knox, the Regent Murray, French and English ambassadors, &c. Though much too long and deficient in variety of situations and incidents for an English play, 'Bothwell' is a powerful production—the most masterly of Mr. Swinburne's dramatic works. Mary he has drawn in colours dark as the portraiture by Froude—as treacherous, passionate, fierce, cruel, and sensuous—a second Lady Macbeth. The historical facts, and much of the language of Knox and others, are skilfully introduced and interwoven with the passionate scenes; while occasionally French and English songs relieve the long dialogues.

Carberry Hill: Parting of Bothwell and Queen Mary.

QUEEN. Do not speak yet: a word should burst my heart;
It is a hollow crystal full of tears
That even a breath might break, and they be spilt,
And life run out with them; no diamond now,
But weaker than of wax. Life of that heart,
There is but one thing hath no remedy,
Death; all ills else have end or hope of end,
And time to work their worst before time change:
This death hath none; there is all hope shut fast,
All chance bound up for ever: change nor time

Can help nor comfort this. You shall not die;
I can hold fast no sense of thought but this.
You shall not.

BOTHWELL. Well, being sundered, we may live,
And living meet; and here to hold the field
Were but a deadly victory, and my hand
The mockery of a conqueror's; we should pass
No less their prisoners from the field thus won
Than from these lists defeated. You do well;
They dare not urge or strain the power they have
To bring the prisoner where my witness borne
Might shew them parcel of the deed and guilt
For which they rise up to lay hold on me
As upright men of doom, and with pure hands
To hale me to their judgment. I will go.
Till good time bring me back; and you that stay,
Keep faith with me.

QUEEN. O how does one break faith?
What are they that are faithless? By my love,
I cannot tell or think how I should lie,
Should live and lie to you that are my faith,
My soul, my spirit, my very and only god.
My truth and trust that makes me true of heart,
My life that feeds, and light that lightens me,
My breath and blood of living. Doth God think
How I shall be without you? what strange breath
Shall my days draw? what strange blood feed my life,
When this Life that is love is gone from them,
And this light lost? Where shall my true life go,
And by what far ways follow to find love,
Fly where love will? Where will you turn from me?

BOTHWELL. Hence will I to Dunbar, and thence again
There is no way but northward, and to ship
From the north islands; thence betimes abroad,
By land or sea, to lurk and find my life
Till the wheel turn.

QUEEN. Ah God, that we were set
Far out at sea alone by storm and night,
To drive together on one end, and know
If life or death would give us good or ill,
And night or day receive, and heaven or earth
Forget us or remember! He comes back:
Here is the end.

BOTHWELL. But till Time change his tune:
No more nor further. We shall find our day.

QUEEN. Have we not found? I know not what we shall,
But what hath been and is, and whence they are,
God knows if now I know not—he is here.

Re-enter KIRKALDY.

KIRKALDY. Madam, the Lords return by me this word
With them you must go back to Edinburgh,
And there be well entreated as of friends:
And for the Duke, they are with one mind content
He should part hence for safe and present flight:
But here may tarry not, or pass not free.
This is the last word from them by my mouth.

QUEEN. Ay is it, sir; the last word I shall hear—
Last in mine ear for ever: no command
Nor threat of man shall give ear to more
That have heard this.—Will you not go, my Lord?

It is not I would hold you.
BOTHWELL. Then farewell,
And keep your word to me. What! no breath more?
Keep then this kiss too with the word you gave,
And with them both my heart and its good hope
To find time yet for you and me. Farewell. [*Exit.*
QUEEN. O God! God! God! Cover my face for me:
I cannot heave my hand up to my head;
Mine arms are broken. Is he got to horse?
I do not think one can die more than this.
I did not say farewell.
KIRKALDY. My lord is gone!

Mary leaves Scotland.

SCENE—*Dundrennan Abbey.*

QUEEN. Methinks the sand yet cleaving to my foot
Should not with no more words be shaken off,
Nor this my country from my parting eyes
Pass unsaluted; for who knows what year
May see us greet hereafter? Yet take heed,
Ye that have ears, and hear me; and take note,
Ye that have eyes and see with what last looks
Mine own take leave of Scotland. Seven years since
Did I take leave of my fair land of France,
My joyous mother, mother of my joy,
Weeping; and now with many a woe between
And space of seven years' darkness, I depart
From this distempered and unnatural earth,
That casts me out unmothered, and go forth
On this gray sterile bitter gleaming sea
With neither tears nor laughter, but a heart
That from the softest temper of its blood
Is turned to fire and iron. If I live,
If God pluck not all hope out of my hand,
If aught of all mine prosper, I that go
Shall come back to men's ruin, as a flame
The wind bears down, that grows against the wind,
And grasps it with great hands, and wins its way,
And wins its will, and triumphs; so shall I
Let loose the fire of all my heart to feed
On those that would have quenched it. I will make
From sea to sea one furnace of the land,
Whereon the wind of war shall beat its wings
Till they wax faint with hopeless hope of rest,
And with one rain of men's rebellious blood
Extinguish the red embers. I will leave
No living soul of their blaspheming faith
Who war with monarchs: God shall see me reign
As he shall reign beside me, and his foes
Lie at my foot with mine; kingdoms and kings
Shall from my heart take spirit, and at my soul
Their souls be kindled to devour for prey
The people that would make its prey of them,
And leave God's altar stripped of sacrament
As all kings' heads of sovereignty, and make
Bare as their thrones his temples: I will set
Those old things of his holiness on high
That are brought low, and break beneath my feet
These new things of men's fashion; I will sit
And see tears flow from eyes that saw me weep,

And dust and ashes and the shadow of death
Cast from the block beneath the axe that falls
On heads that saw me humbled; I will do it,
Or bow mine own down to no royal end,
And give my blood for theirs if God's will be,
But come back never as I now go forth
With but the hate of men to track my way,
And not the face of any friend alive.

MARY BEATON. But I will never leave you till you die.

In 1876 Mr. Swinburne published 'Erechtheus, a Tragedy,' founded on a fragment of Euripides, and characterised by the same fine classic spirit which distinguished 'Atalanta in Calydon,' but evincing more matured power and a richer imagination. The poet is young, and we may hope for some still greater work from him.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

ROBERT BUCHANAN, a native of Scotland, born in 1841, and educated at the High School and University of Glasgow, whilst still a minor produced a volume of poems entitled 'Undertones,' 1860. He has since published various works and contributed largely to periodicals. Residing mostly at Oban in Argyleshire, the young poet has visited in his yacht and described the picturesque islands and scenes of the Hebrides with true poetic taste and enthusiasm. His prose work, 'The Land of Lorne,' 2 vols. 1871, contains some exquisite descriptions of the sea-board of Lorne and the outlying isle, from Mull to the Long Island. The poetical works of Mr. Buchanan, besides the 'Undertones,' are 'Idylls of Inverburn,' 1865; 'London Poems,' 1866; translation of 'Danish Ballads,' 1866; 'The Book of Orm, a Prelude to the Epic,' 1870; 'Napoleon Fallen, a Lyrical Drama,' 1871; 'The Drama of Kings,' 1871; &c. In 1874 Mr. Buchanan commenced the publication of a collected edition of his poetical works in five volumes—a very tasteful and interesting reprint.

The Curse of Glencoe.

Alas for Clan Ian!* alas for Glencoe!
The lovely are fled, and the valiant are low!
Thy rocks that look down from their cloudland of air,
But shadow destruction, or shelter despair!

No voice greets the bard from his desolate glen,
The music of mirth or the murmur of men;
No voice but the eagle's that screams o'er the slain,
Or sheep-dog that moans for his master in vain.

Alas for Clan Ian! alas for Glencoe!
Our hearths are forsaken, our homesteads are low!
There cubs the red hill-fox, the coy mountain-deer
Disports through our gardens, and feeds without fear.

* The Macdonalds of Glencoe were styled Mac-Ians, 'the race of John,' agreeably to a practice in use among the clans, in order to distinguish them from other branches of their common name.

Thy sons, a sad remnant, faint, famished, and few,
Look down from the crags of the stern Unagh-dhu—
The voice of thy daughters with weeping and wail
Comes wild from the snows of the bleak Corri-gail.

Ye sleep not, my kinsmen, the sleep of the brave!
The warrior fills not a warrior's grave;
No dirge was sung o'er you, no cairn heaves to tell
Where, butchered by traitors and cowards, ye fell.

Ye died not, my friends, as your forefathers died!
The sword in your grasp, and the foe at your side;
The sword was in sheath, and the bow on the wall,
And silence and slumber in hut and in hall.

They chased on your hills, in your hall did they dine,
They ate of your bread, and they drank of your wine,
The hand clasped at midnight in friendship, was hued
With crimson, ere morn, in your life-streaming blood.

Glenlyon! Glenlyon! the false and the fell!
And Lindsay and Drummond, twin bloodhounds of hell!
On your swords, on your souls, wheresoever ye go,
Bear the burthen of blood, bear the curse of Glencoe!

Its spell be upon you by day and by night—
Make you dotards in council, and dastards in fight—
As you kneel at the altar, or feast in the hall,
With shame to confound you, with fear to appal;

Its spell be upon you to shrink, when you see
The maid in her beauty, the babe in his glee!—
Let them glare on your vision by field and by flood,
The forms ye have slaughtered, the avengers of blood!

And hark! from the mountains of Moray and Mar,
Round the flag of a King, rise the shouts of a war—
Then, then, false clan Dermid, with wasting and woe
Comes the reckoning for blood, comes the curse of Glencoe!

Youth.

Ah! through the moonlight of Autumnal years
How sweet the back-look of our first youth-world!
Freshlier and earlier the Spring burst then:
The wild brook warbled to a sweeter tune,
Through Summer shaws that screened from brighter suns;
The berry glittered and the brown nut fell
Riper and riper in the Autumn woods:
And Winter drifting on more glorious car,
Shed purer snows or shot intenser frost!
The young were merrier when our life was young;
Dropped mellower wisdom from the tongue of age,
And love and friendship were immortal things;
From fairer lips diviner music flowed;
The song was sacred, and the poet too,
Not art, but inspiration, was his song!

Of Mr. Buchanan's prose description (which is poetry in all but rhyme or form) we subjoin a specimen:

The Seasons in the Highlands.

As the year passes, there is always something new to attract one who loves nature. When the winds of March have blown themselves faint, and the April heaven has ceased weeping, there comes a rich sunny day, and all at once the cuckoo is heard telling his name to all the hills. Never was such a place for cuckoos in the world. The cry comes from every tuft of wood, from every hillside, from every projecting crag. The bird himself, so far from courting retirement, flutters across your path at every step, attended invariably by half a dozen excited small birds; alighting a few yards off, crouches down for a moment, between his slate-coloured wings; and finally, rising again, crosses your path with his sovereign cry.

O blithe new-comer, I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.

Then, as if at a given signal, the trout leaps a foot into the air from the glassy loch, the buds of the water-lily float to the surface, the lambs bleat from the green and heathery slopes; the rooks caw from the distant rookery, the cock-grouse screams from the distant hill-top; and the blackthorn begins to blossom over the nut-brown pods of the burn. Pleasant days follow, days of high white clouds and fresh winds whose wings are full of warm dew. If you are a sportsman you rejoice, for there is not a hawk to be seen anywhere, and the weasel and foumart have not yet begun to promenade the mountains. About this time more rain falls preliminary to a burst of fine summer weather, and innumerable glow-worms light their lamps in the marshes. At last the golden days come, and all things are busy with their young. Frequently in the midsummer, there is drought for weeks together. Day after day the sky is cloudless and blue; the mountain lake sinks lower and lower, till it seems to dry up entirely; the mountain brooks dwindle to mere silver threads for the water-ousel to fly by, and the young ganie often die for want of water; while afar off, with every red vein distinct in the burning light, without a drop of vapour to moisten his scorching crags, stands Ben Cruachan. By this time the hills are assuming their glory: the mysterious brachen has shot up all in a night, to cover them with a green carpet between the knolls of heather; the lichen is pencilling the crags with most delicate silver, purple, and gold; and in all the valleys there are stretches of light yellow corn and deep-green patches of foliage. The corn-crake has come, and his cry fills the valleys. Walking on the edge of the corn-field you put up the partridges—fourteen cheepers, the size of a thrush, and the old pair to lead them. From the edge of the peat-bog the old cock-grouse rises, and if you are sharp you may see the young following the old hen through the deep heather close by. The snipe drums in the marsh. The hawk, having brought out his young among the crags of Kerrera, is hovering still as stone over the edge of the hill. Then perchance, just at the end of July, there is a gale from the south, blowing for two days black as Erebus with cloud and rain; then going up into the north-west, and blowing for one day with little or no rain; and dying away at last with a cold puff from the north. All at once, as it were, the sharp sound of firing is echoed from hill to hill; and on every mountain-top you see the sportsman climbing, with his dog ranging above and before him, the keeper following, and the gillie lagging far behind. It is the twelfth of August. Thenceforth for two months at least there are broiling days interspersed with storms and showers, and the firing continues more or less from dawn to sunset.

Day after day, as the autumn advances, the tint of the hills is getting deeper and richer; and by October, when the beech leaf yellows, and the oak leaf reddens, the dim purples and deep greens of the heather are perfect. Of all seasons in Lorne the late autumn is perhaps the most beautiful. The sea has a deeper hue, the sky a mellower light. There are long days of northerly wind, when every crag looks perfect, wrought in gray and gold, and silvered with moss, when the high clouds turn luminous at the edges, when a thin film of hoar-frost gleams over the grass and heather, when the light burns rosy and faint over all the hills, from Morven to Cruachan, for hours before the sun goes down. Out of the ditch at the woodside flaps the mallard, as you pass in the gloaming, and, standing by the side of the small mountain loch, you see the flock of teal rise, wheel thrice, and settle. The

hills are desolate, for the sheep are being smeared. There is a feeling of frost in the air, and Ben Cruachan has a crown of snow.

When dead of winter comes, how wondrous look the hills in their white robes! The round red ball of the sun looks through the frosty steam. The far-off firth gleams strange and ghostly, with a sense of mysterious distance. The mountain loch is a sheet of blue, on which you may disport in perfect solitude from morn to night, with the hills white on all sides, save where the broken snow shews the rusted leaves of the withered bracken. A deathly stillness and a deathlike beauty reign everywhere, and few living things are discernible, save the hare plunging heavily out of her form in the snow, or the rabbit scuttling off in a snowy spray, or the small birds piping disconsolate on the trees and dykes.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Two poems of great length and undoubted merit, cast in the old story-telling style of Chaucer, and several interesting translations from Icelandic authors, have been produced by WILLIAM MORRIS, London, born in 1834, and educated at Exeter College, Oxford. The first work of Mr. Morris was a poem, 'The Defence of Guenevere,' 1858. This was followed by 'The Life and Death of Jason,' 1867—a poem in seventeen books, presenting a series of fine pictures and bright clear narratives flowing on in a strain of pure and easy versification. The next work of the author was a still more voluminous poem, 'The Earthly Paradise,' in four parts, 1868–70. 'Certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway, having considered all that they had heard of the Earthly Paradise, set sail to find it, and after many troubles, and the lapse of many years, came old men to some western land, of which they had never before heard: there they died, when they had dwelt there certain years, much honoured of the strange people.' The author says of himself—

> Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
> Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
> Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
> Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
> Telling a tale not too importunate
> To those who in the sleepy region stay,
> Lulled by the singer of an empty day.
>
> Folk say, a wizard to a northern king
> At Christmas tide such wondrous things did shew,
> That through one window men beheld the spring,
> And through another saw the summer glow,
> And through a third the fruited vines a-row,
> While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
> Piped the drear wind of that December day.

In the manner of this northern wizard, Mr. Morris presents the tales of his 'Earthly Paradise' under the aspects of the different seasons of the year. The first and second parts range from March to August, and include fourteen tales—Atalanta's Race, the Doom of King Acrisius, Cupid and Psyche, the Love of Alcestis, the Son of Crœsus, Pygmalion and the Image, Ogier the Dane, and others. Part III., or 'September, October, and November,' contains the Death of Paris, the Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon, the

Story of Acontius and Cydippe, the Man who never Laughed Again, the Lovers of Gudrun, &c. Part IV., or Winter, 'December, January, and February,' contains the Story of the Golden Apples, the Fostering of Aslang, Bellerophon at Argos, Bellerophon in Lycia, the Hill of Venus, &c. In this mixture of classic and Gothic fable, and in the number of tales in each part, the reader has variety enough in the 'Earthly Paradise,' but the poem is too long ever to obtain general popularity.

July.

Fair was the morn to-day, the blossom's scent
Floated across the fresh grass, and the bees
With low vexed song from rose to lily went,
A gentle wind was in the heavy trees,
And thine eyes shone with joyous memories;
Fair was the early morn, and fair wert thou,
And I was happy.—Ah, be happy now!

Peace and content without us, love within,
That hour there was; now thunder and wild rain,
Have wrapped the cowering world, and foolish sin,
And nameless pride, have made us wise in vain;
Ah, love! although the morn shall come again,
And on new rose-buds the new sun shall smile,
Can we regain what we have lost meanwhile?

E'en now the west grows clear of storm and threat,
But 'midst the lightning did the fair sun die—
Ah, he shall rise again for ages yet,
He cannot waste his life—but thou and I—
Who knows next morn if this felicity
My lips may feel, or if thou still shalt live,
This seal of love renewed once more to give?

Song.—From 'The Love of Alcestis.'

O dwellers on the lovely earth,
Why will ye break your rest and mirth
To weary us with fruitless prayer?
Why will ye toil and take such care
For children's children yet unborn,
And garner store of strife and scorn
To gain a scarce-remembered name,
Cumbered with lies and soiled with shame?
And if the gods care not for you,
What is this folly ye must do
To win some mortal's feeble heart?
O fools! when each man plays his part,
And heeds his fellow little more
Than these blue waves that kiss the shore.

Take heed of how the daisies grow,
O fools! and if ye could but know
How fair a world to you is given.
O brooder on the hills of heaven,
When for my sin thou drav'st me forth,
Hadst thou forgot what this was worth,
Thine own hand made? The tears of men,
The death of threescore years and ten,
The trembling of the timorous race—
Had these things so bedimmed the place
Thine own hand made, thou couldst not know
To what a heaven the earth might grow,
If fear beneath the earth were laid,
If hope failed not, nor love decayed.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

An American humorist, somewhat in the style of Professor Lowell, has recently appeared in the pages of the Californian and United States journals, and whose fame soon spread to this country. FRANCIS BRETE HARTE was born in Albany, New York, in 1831. His

works have been republished in 1871 and 1872, by two London booksellers (Hotten, and Routledge & Co.), and consist of 'East and West,' 'That Heathen Chinee,' 'Truthful James,' 'The Luck of Roaring Camp,' &c. A prose work, 'Condensed Novels,' is a travesty of some popular works of fiction. We subjoin one of Bret Harte's graver effusions:

A Sanitary Message.

Last night, above the whistling wind,
I heard the welcome rain—
A fusilade upon the roof,
A tattoo on the pane:
The key-hole piped: the chimney-top
A warlike trumpet blew;
Yet, mingling with these sounds of strife
A softer voice stole through.

'Give thanks, O brothers!' said the voice,
'That He who sent the rains,
Hath spared your fields the scarlet dew
That drips from patriot veins:
I've seen the grass on eastern graves
In brighter verdure rise;
But, oh! the rain that gave it life
Sprang first from human eyes.

'I come to wash away no stain
Upon your wasted lea;
I raise no banners save the ones
The forests wave to me:
Upon the mountain-side, where Spring
Her farthest picket sets,
My reveille awakes a host
Of grassy bayonets.

'I visit every humble roof;
I mingle with the low:
Only upon the highest peaks
My blessings fall in snow;
Until, in tricklings of the stream,
And drainings of the lea,
My unspent bounty comes at last
To mingle with the sea.'

And thus all night, above the wind,
I heard the welcome rain—
A fusilade upon the roof,
A tattoo on the pane:
The key-hole piped; the chimney-top
A warlike trumpet blew;
But, mingling with these sounds of strife,
This hymn of peace stole through.

ELIZA COOK—MRS. PARKES BELLOE—MISS HUME—MISS PROCTER—ISA CRAIG-KNOX—JEAN INGELOW—MRS. WEBSTER.

In poetry, as in prose fiction, ladies crowd the arena, and contend for the highest prizes. Among other fair competitors are the following: In 1840 MISS ELIZA COOK (born in Southwark, London, about 1818) published a volume of miscellaneous poems, entitled 'Melaia, and other Poems.' A great number of small pieces have also been contributed by Miss Cook to periodical works; and in 1849 she established a weekly periodical, 'Eliza Cook's Journal,' which enjoyed considerable popularity from 1849 until 1854, when ill health compelled Miss Cook to give it up. In 1864 she published a second volume of poems, 'New Echoes,' &c.; and the same year a pension of £100 a year was settled on the authoress.

Old Songs.

Old songs! old songs!—what heaps I knew,
From 'Chevy Chase' to 'Black-eyed Sue;'
From 'Flow, thou regal purple stream,'
To Rousseau's melancholy 'Dream!'
I loved the pensive 'Cabin-boy,'
With earnest truth and real joy;
My warmest feelings wander back
To greet 'Tom Bowling' and 'Poor Jack;'

And oh, 'Will Watch, the smuggler bold,'
My plighted troth thou'it ever hold.
I doted on the 'Auld Scots' Sonnet,'
As though I'd worn the plaid and bonnet;
I went abroad with 'Sandy's Ghost,'
I stood with Bannockburn's brave host,
And proudly tossed my curly head
With 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled!'
I shouted 'Coming through the rye'
With restless step and sparkling eye,
And chased away the passing frown
With 'Bonny ran the burnie down.' . . .
Old songs! old songs!—my brain has lost
Much that it gained with pain and cost:
I have forgotten all the rules
Of Murray's books and Trimmer's schools;
Detested figures—how I hate
The mere remembrance of a slate!
How have I cast from woman's thought
Much goodly lore the girl was taught;
But not a word has passed away
Of 'Rest thee, babe,' or 'Robin Gray.'
The ballad still is breathing round,
But other voices yield the sound;
Strangers possess the household room;
The mother lieth in the tomb;
And the blithe boy that praised her song
Sleeping as soundly and as long.
Old songs! old songs!—I should not sigh;
Joys of the earth on earth must die;
But spectral forms will sometimes start
Within the caverns of the heart,
Haunting the lone and darkened cell
Where, warm in life, they used to dwell.
Hope, youth, love, home—each human tie
That binds we know not how or why—
All, all that to the soul belongs
Is closely mingled with 'Old Songs.'

Bessie Rayner Parkes (now Mrs. Belloe), the daughter of the late Joseph Parkes of the Court of Chancery (1796–1865), is author of 'Poems,' 1855; 'Gabriel,' 1856; 'The Cat Aspasia' (a prose story); 'Ballads and Songs,' 1863; 'La Belle France,' 1868; &c. As a poetess, this lady is of the romantic and imaginative school of Shelley—to whose memory her poem of 'Gabriel' is dedicated. She has been an assiduous labourer in the cause of social amelioration and female improvement.—Miss Mary C. Hume, daughter of the late Joseph Hume, M.P., in 1858 published 'Normiton,' a dramatic poem, with other pieces.—Adelaine Anne Procter (1825–1864) was author of 'Legends and Lyrics, a Book of Verse,' 1858. This lady was the accomplished daughter of 'Barry Cornwall,' and her poetry had much of the paternal grace and manner.—Isa Craig (now Mrs. Knox), author of 'Poems,' 1856, is a native of Edinburgh, born October 17, 1831. While working as a seamstress, this lady contributed poems, reviews, and essays to the 'Scotsman' newspaper, and was warmly befriended by the late Mr. Ritchie, proprietor of

that journal. She afterwards removed to London, and officiated as assistant-secretary of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science. She was the fortunate poetess who carried off the prize (£50) for the best poem at the Crystal Palace celebration of the Burns Centenary, January 25, 1859.—Miss JEAN INGELOW, a native of Ipswich, Suffolk, born about 1830, has written a volume of Poems, 1863, which ran through fourteen editions in five years. She has also written 'A Story of Doom, and other Poems,' 1867; 'Mopsa the Fairy,' 1869; several prose stories, and numerous contributions to periodical works.

Robin Hood.—By Miss PARKES.

In a fair wood like this where the beeches are growing,
Brave Robin Hood hunted in days of old;
Down his broad shoulders his brown locks fell flowing,
His cap was of green, with a tassel of gold.

His eye was as blue as the sky in midsummer,
Ruddy his cheek as the oak-leaves in June,
Hearty his voice as he hailed the new-comer,
Tender to maidens in changeable tune.

His step had a strength and his smile had a sweetness,
His spirit was wrought of the sun and the breeze,
He moved as a man framed in nature's completeness,
And grew unabashed with the growth of the trees.

And ever to poets who walk in the gloaming
His horn is still heard in the prime of the year;
Last eve he went with us, unseen, in our roaming,
And thrilled with his presence the shy troops of deer.

Then Robin stole forth in his quaint forest fashion,
For dear to the heart of all poets is he,
And in mystical whispers awakened the passion
Which slumbers within for the life that were free.

We follow the lead unawares of his spirit,
He tells us the tales which we heard in past time,
Ah! why should we forfeit this earth we inherit,
For lives which we cannot expand into rhyme!

I think as I lie in the shade of the beeches,
How lived and how loved this old hero of song:
I would we could follow the lesson he teaches,
And dwell as he dwelt these wild thickets among—

At least for a while, till we caught up the meaning.
The beeches breathe out in the wealth of their growth,
Width in their nobleness, love in their leaning,
And peace at the heart from the fullness of both.

A Doubting Heart.—By Miss PROCTER.

Where are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O doubting heart!

Far over purple seas,
They wait in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern home once more.
Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky
That soon—for spring is nigh—
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

Going Out and Coming In.—*By* ISA CRAIG-KNOX.

In that home was joy and sorrow
Where an infant first drew breath,
While an aged sire was drawing
Near unto the gate of death.
His feeble pulse was failing,
And his eye was growing dim;
He was standing on the threshold
When they brought the babe to him.

While to murmur forth a blessing
On the little one he tried.
In his trembling arms he raised it,
Pressed it to his lips and died.
An awful darkness resteth
On the path they both begin,
Who thus met upon the threshold,
Going out and coming in.

Going out unto the triumph,
Coming in unto the fight—
Coming in unto the darkness,
Going out unto the light;
Although the shadow deepened
In the moment of eclipse,
When he passed through the dread portal,
With the blessing on his lips.

And to him who bravely conquers
As he conquered in the strife,
Life is but the way of dying—
Death is but the gate of life:
Yet, awful darkness resteth
On the path we all begin,
Where we meet upon the threshold,
Going out and coming in.

Song.—*By* MISS INGELOW.

When sparrows build, and the leaves break forth,
My old sorrow wakes and cries.
For I know there is dawn in the far, far north,
And a scarlet sun doth rise;
Like a scarlet fleece the snow-field spreads,
And the icy founts run free,
And the bergs begin to bow their heads,
And plunge, and sail in the sea.

O my lost love, and my own, own love,
And my love that loved me so!
Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen for words from below?
Nay, I spoke once, and I grieved thee sore—
I remember all that I said;
And now thou wilt hear me no more—no more
Till the sea gives up her dead.

Thou didst set thy foot on the ship, and sail
To the ice-fields and the snow;
Thou wert sad, for thy love did nought avail,
And the end I could not know.
How could I tell I should love thee to-day,
Whom that day I held not dear?
How could I know I should love thee away,
When I did not love thee near?

We shall walk no more through the sodden plain
With the faded bents o'erspread,
We shall stand no more by the seething main
While the dark wrack drives o'erhead;
We shall part no more in the wind and the rain,
Where thy last farewell was said;
But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again
When the sea gives up her dead.

MRS. AUGUSTA WEBSTER, has published 'Dramatic Studies,'1866; 'A Woman Sold, and other Poems,' 1867; 'Portraits;' &c. She has also translated the 'Prometheus Bound' and 'Medea.'

The Gift.—By MRS. WEBSTER.

O happy glow, O sun-bathed tree,
O golden-lighted river,
A love-gift has been given me,
And which of you is giver?

I came upon you something sad,
Musing a mournful measure,
Now all my heart in me is glad
With a quick sense of pleasure.

I came upon you with a heart
Half sick of life's vexed story,
And now it grows of you a part,
Steeped in your golden glory.

A smile into my heart has crept,
And laughs through all my being;
New joy into my life has leapt,
A joy of only seeing!

O happy glow, O sun-bathed tree,
O golden-lighted river,
A love-gift has been given me,
And which of you is giver?

LORD NEAVES—FREDERICK LOCKER—AUSTIN DOBSON.

A choice little collection of 'Songs and Verses, Social and Scientific' (1869), most of them originally published in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' has been 'garnered up' in a small handsome volume by their author, the HON. LORD NEAVES, a Scottish judge. They are lively, witty, and sarcastic, the sarcasm being levelled at abuses and absurdities in social life. Charles Neaves was born in Edinburgh in 1800, was admitted to the bar in 1822, and raised to the bench in 1854. He was early distinguished as a scholar, of fine taste and fancy, and his Greek and Latin have not disqualified him for law or logic. Sir Edward Coke, that father of English jurisprudence, said: 'It standeth well

with the gravity of our lawyers to cite verses'—and to *write* as well as cite verses cannot be derogatory to the dignity of Themis.

How to Make a Novel, a Sensational Song.

Try with me and mix what will make a novel,
All hearts to transfix in house or hall, or hovel.
Put the caldron on, set the bellows blowing,
We'll produce anon something worth the shewing.

Never mind your *plot*, 'tisn't worth the trouble:
Throw into the pot what will boil and bubble.
Character's a jest, what's the use of study?
All will stand the test that's black enough and bloody.

Here's the *Newgate Guide*, here's the *Causes Celebres*;
Tumble in beside, pistol, gun, and sabre;
These police reports, *those* Old Bailey trials,
Horrors of all sorts, to match the Seven Vials.

Down into a well, lady, thrust your lover;
Truth, as some folks tell, there he may discover.
Stepdames, sure though slow, rivals of your daughters,
Bring as from below Styx and all its waters.

Crime that breaks all bounds, bigamy and arson;
Poison, blood, and wounds, will carry well the farce on.
Now it's just in shape; yet with fire and murder,
Treason, too, and rape might help it all the further.

Or, by way of change, in your wild narration,
Choose adventures strange of fraud and personation.
Make the job complete: let your vile assassin
Rob and forge and cheat, for his victim passin'.

Tame is virtue's school: paint, as more effective,
Villain, knave, and fool, with always a detective.
Hate for Love may sit; gloom will do for gladness,
Banish sense and wit, and dash in lots of madness.

Stir the broth about, keep the furnace glowing:
Soon we'll pour it out in three bright volumes flowing,
Some may jeer and jibe; *we* know where the shop is,
Ready to subscribe for a thousand copies!

A small volume of light graceful 'London Lyrics,' by FREDERICK LOCKER, something in the style of Luttrell of Praed, has been so popular as to reach a fifth edition (1872).

Vanity Fair.

'Vanitas vanitatum' has rung in the ears
Of gentle and simple for thousands of years;
The wail still is heard, yet its notes never scare
Either simple or gentle from Vanity Fair.

I often hear people abusing it, yet
There the young go to learn, and the old to forget;
The mirth may be feigning, the sheen may be glare,
But the gingerbread's gilded in Vanity Fair.

Old Dives there rolls in his chariot, but mind
Atra Cura is up with the lacqueys behind;
Joan trudges with Jack—are the sweethearts aware
Of the trouble that waits them in Vanity Fair?

We saw them all go, and we something may learn
Of the harvest they reap when we see them return;
The tree was enticing, its branches are bare—
Heigh-ho for the promise of Vanity Fair!

That stupid old Dives, once honest enough,
His honesty sold for star, ribbon, and stuff;
And Joan's pretty face has been clouded with care
Since Jack bought her ribbons at Vanity Fair.

Contempt'ble Dives! too credulous Joan!
Yet we all have a Vanity Fair of our own:
My son, you have yours, but you need not despair—
I own I've a weakness for Vanity Fair.

Philosophy halts, wisest counsels are vain—
We go, we repent, we return there again;
To-night you will certainly meet with us there—
So come and be merry in Vanity Fair.

Another writer of light airy *vers de société* is a young poet, AUSTIN DOBSON. He has a graceful fancy, with humour, and a happy art of giving a new colour to old phrases. His volume of 'Vignettes in Rhyme' is now in a third edition. Some serious verses ('After Sedan,' &c.) evince higher powers, which Mr. Dobson should cultivate.

POET-TRANSLATORS—BOWRING, BLACKIE, ETC.

The poet-translators of this period are numerous. The most remarkable for knowledge of foreign tongues and dialects was SIR JOHN BOWRING, who commenced in 1821 a large series of translations—'Specimens of the Russian Poets,' 'Batavian Anthology,' 'Ancient Poetry and Romances of Spain,' 'Specimens of the Polish Poets,' 'Servian Popular Poetry,' 'Poetry of the Magyars,' 'Cheskian Anthology, or the Poetical Literature of Bohemia,' &c. The last of these works appeared in 1832. In 1825 Dr. Bowring became editor of the 'Westminster Review,' he sat some time in parliament, and in 1854 was knighted and made governor of Hong kong. He was the literary executor of Jeremy Bentham, and author of political treatises, original poetry, and various other contributions to literature The original bias of Sir John Bowring seems to have been towards literature, but his connection with Bentham, and his public appointments, chiefly distinguished his career. Sir John was a native of Exeter, born in 1792, died in 1872.—Mr. JOHN STUART BLACKIE (born in Glasgow in 1809, educated in Aberdeen and Edinburgh, and Professor of Greek in the university of Edinburgh) in 1834 gave an English version of Goethe's 'Faust;' and in 1850 translated the lyrical dramas of Æschylus, two volumes. Both of these versions were well received; and Mr. Blackie has aided greatly in exciting a more general study of Greek in Scotland.

In 1866 he published an elaborate work, 'Homer and the Iliad,' being a translation of the 'Iliad' in ballad measure, a third volume of critical dissertations, and a fourth of notes philological and archæo-

logical. In 1870 the Professor put forth a volume of 'War Songs of the Germans.' He has published several other translations, and also original poems, chiefly on Highland scenes and legends. In 1874 he zealously advocated the founding of a chair of Celtic Literature in the University of Edinburgh. By the spring of 1876, the funds necessary for this purpose were nearly collected. The enthusiasm of the Professor bears down all opposition! In 1874 Professor Blackie published a scholarly and interesting volume, 'Horæ Hellenicæ,' being a collection of essays and discussions on important points of Greek philology and antiquity, from which we give an extract;

The Theology of Homer.

The theology of the Homeric poems is not the theology of an individual, but of an age; and this altogether irrespective of the Wolfian theory, which, in a style so characteristically German, with one sublimely sweeping negation, removed at once the personal existence of the supposed poet, and the actual coherence of the existing poem. The principal value of Wolf's theory, in the eye of many genuine lovers of poetry, is that, while it robbed us of the poet Homer and his swarms of fair fancies, it restored to us the Greek people, and the rich garden of heroic tradition, watered by fountains of purely national feeling, and freshened by the breath of a healthy popular opinion, which, precisely because it can be ascribed to no particular person, must be taken as the exponent of the common national existence. To have achieved this revolution of critical sentiment with regard to the Homeric poems, to have set before the eyes of Europe the world-wide distance between the poetry of a Shelley or a Coleridge writing to express their own opinions, and the songs of a race of wandering minstrels singing to give a new echo to the venerable voices of a common tradition; this were enough for the Berlin philologer to have done, without attempting to establish those strange paradoxes, repugnant alike to the instincts of a sound æsthetical and of a healthy historical criticism, which have made his name so famous. The fact is, that the peculiar dogmas of Wolf, denying the personality of the poet and the unity of the poems, have nothing whatever to do with that other grand result of his criticism to which we have alluded—the clear statement of the distinction between the sung poetry of popular tradition and the written poetry of individual authorship.

Not because there was no Homer, are the Homeric poems so generically distinct from the modern productions of a Dante, a Milton, and a Goethe; but because Homer lived in an age when the poet, or rather the singer, had, and from his position could have no other object than to reflect the popular tradition of which his mind was the mirror. As certainly as a party newspaper or review of the present day represents the sentiments of the party of which it is the organ, so certainly did a Demodocus or a Phemius, a Homer or a Cinæthus—the public singers of the public banquets of a singing, not a printing age—represent the sentiments of the parties, that is, the people in general, for whose entertainment they exercised their art. 'Tis the very condition, indeed, of all popular writing in the large sense, that it must serve the people before it masters them; that while entertainment is its direct, and instruction only its indirect object, it must, above all things, avoid coming rudely into conflict with public feeling or public prejudice on any subject, especially on so tender a subject as religion; nay, rather, by the very necessity of its position give up the polemic attitude altogether in reference to public error and vice, and be content, along with many glorious truths, to give immortal currency to any sort of puerile and perverse fancy that may be interwoven with the motley texture of popular thought. A poet, even in modern times, when the great public contains every possible variety of small publics, can ill afford to be a preacher; and if he carries his preaching against the vices of the age beyond a certain length, he changes his genus, and becomes, like Coleridge, a metaphysician, or, like Thomas Carlyle, a prophet.

But in the Homeric days, corresponding as they do exactly to our mediæval times, when the imaginations of all parties reposed quietly on the bosom of a common

faith, to suppose, as Herodotus in a well known passage does, that the popular minstrel had it in his power to describe for the first time the function of the gods, and to assign them appropriate names, were to betray a complete misconception both of the nature of popular poetry in general, and of the special character of the popular poetry of the Greeks as we find it in the pages of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey.' So far as the mere secular materials of his songs are concerned, Homer, we have the best reason to believe, received much more than he gave; but in the current theology and religious sentiment we have not the slightest authority for supposing that he invented anything at all. Amid the various wealth of curious and not always coherent religious traditions, he might indeed select this and reject that, as more or less suited for his immediate purpose; he might give prominence to one aspect of his country's theology, while he threw another into the shade; he might even adorn and beautify to some extent what was rude, and here and there lend a fixity to what was vague; but whatsoever in the popular creed was stable, his airy music had no power to shake; whatsoever in the vulgar tradition had received fixed and rigid features, his plastic touch had no power to soften.

In 1853 an excellent translation of some of the Spanish dramas of Calderon was published by MR. D. F. M'CARTHY.—Various works in the prose literature of Germany have been correctly and ably rendered by MRS. SARAH AUSTIN (1793–1867), a lady of great talent and learning, descended from the Taylors of Norwich. Among Mrs. Austin's translations are 'Characteristics of Goethe,' 1833; 'Ranke's History of the Popes,' 1840; and 'Fragments from the German Prose Writers.' 1841. Mrs. Austin also translated from the French Guizot's work on the French Revolution, and Cousin's Report on Prussian Education. She also edited the work of her daughter, LADY DUFF GORDON (who died in 1869), entitled 'Letters from Egypt,' 1863–65.—A series of interesting volumes, 'Beautiful Thoughts from Greek, Latin, Italian, and French Authors,' with translations, have been published (1864–66) by DR. C. TAIT RAMAGE.

SCOTTISH POETS.

WILLIAM THOM.

WILLIAM THOM, the 'Inverary poet' (1789–1848), was author of some sweet, fanciful, and pathetic strains. He had wrought for several years as a weaver, and when out of employment, traversed the country as a pedler, accompanied by his wife and children. This precarious, unsettled life induced irregular and careless habits, and every effort to place the poor poet in a situation of permanent comfort and respectability failed. He first attracted notice by a poem inserted in the 'Aberdeen Herald,' entitled 'The Blind Boy's Pranks;' in 1844 he published a volume of 'Rhymes and Recollections of a Hand-loom Weaver.' He visited London, and was warmly patronised by his countrymen and others; but returning to Scotland, he died at Dundee after a period of distress and penury. A sum of about £300 was collected for his widow and family.

The Mitherless Bairn.

When a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame
By anxiety, or cousin, or frecky* grand-dame
Wha stands last an' lanely, an' nae body carin'?
'Tis the puir doited loonie—the mitherless bairn.

The mitherless bairn gangs to his lane bed.
Nane covers his cauld back or haps his bare head;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' caulder the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow siccan dreams hover there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair;
But morning brings clutches a' reckless and stern,
That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn.

Yon sister, that sang o'er his saftly rocked bed,
Now rests in the mools where her mammy is laid;
The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn,
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit, that passed in yon hour o' his birth,
Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth;
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn.

Oh! speak na him harshly—he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, an' blesses your smile;
In their dark hours o' anguish, the heartless shall learn,
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

DAVID VEDDER.

A native of Burness, Orkney, Mr. VEDDER (1790–1854) obtained some reputation by a volume of 'Orcadian Sketches,' published in 1842. His Scottish songs and Norse ballads were popular in Scotland. The following piece, which Dr. Chalmers was fond of quoting to his students in his theological prelections, is in a more elevated strain of poetry:

The Temple of Nature.

Talk not of temples—there is one
Built without hands, to mankind given;
Its lamps are the meridian sun,
And all the stars of heaven;
Its walls are the cerulean sky;
Its floor the earth so green and fair;
The dome, its vast immensity—
All Nature worships there!

The Ocean heaves resistlessly,
And pours his glittering treasure forth;
His waves—the priesthood of the sea—
Kneel on the shell-gemmed earth,
And there emit a hollow sound,
As if they murmured praise and prayer;
On every side 'tis holy ground—
All Nature worships there! . . .

The Alps, arrayed in stainless snow,
The Andean ranges yet untrod,
At sunrise and at sunset glow
Like altar-fires to God.
A thousand free volcanoes blaze,
As if with hallowed victims rare;
And thunder lifts its voice in praise—
All Nature worships there!

The cedar and the mountain pine,
The willow on the fountain's brim,
The tulip and the eglantine,
In reverence bend to Him;
The song-birds pour their sweetest lays,
From tower and tree and middle air;
The rushing river murmurs praise—
All Nature worships there!

* This word, not found in Burns, is the same as *frack*, active, vigorous.

GEORGE OUTRAM—A. MACLAGAN, ETC.

A small collection of 'Lyrics, Legal and Miscellaneous' (third edition, 1874), was written from time to time by GEORGE OUTRAM (1805–1856), and published after his death. Mr. Outram was born at Clyde Iron-works, in the vicinity of Glasgow, of which his father was manager. He passed as an advocate in 1827, but had little legal practice; and in 1837 he accepted the editorship of the 'Glasgow Herald.' He became also one of its proprietors, and settled down in Glasgow to his new duties for life. His friend and biographer, Sheriff Bell, says truly that Mr. Outram left behind him the memory of a most kindly, amiable, and gifted man. He had a vein of genuine Scotch humour, as rich as it was original and unique.

The Annuity.—Air, 'Duncan Davidson.'

I gaed to spend a week in Fife—
An unco week it proved to be—
For there I met a waesome wife
Lamentin' her viduity.
Her grief brak out sae fierce an' fell,
I thought her heart wad burst the shell;
An'—I was sae left to mysel'—
I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair enough—
She just was turned o' saxty-three;
I couldna guessed she 'd prove sae tough,
By human ingenuity.
But years have come, an' years have gane,
An' there she 's yet as stieve 's a stane—
The limmer 's growin' young again,
Since she got her annuity.

She 's crined awa' to bane an' skin,
But that it seems is naught to me;
She 's like to live—although she 's in
The last stage o' tenuity.
She munches wi' her wizened gums,
An' stumps about on legs o' thrums,
But comes—as sure as Christmas comes—
To ca' for her annuity.

She jokes her joke, an' cracks her crack,
As spunkie 's a growin' flea—
An' there she sits upon my back,
A livin' perpetuity.
She harkles by her ingle side,
An' toasts an' tans her wrunkled hide—
Lord kens how lang she yet may bide
To ca' for her annuity!

I read the tables drawn wi' care
For an Insurance Company there;
Her chance o' life was stated
Wi' perfect perspicuity.
But tables here or tables there,
She 's lived ten years beyond her share,
An 's like to live a dizzen mair,
To ca' for her annuity.

I gat the loon that drew the deed—
We spelled it o'er right carefully;
In vain he yerked his souple head,
To find an ambiguity:
It 's dated—tested—a' complete—
The proper stamp—nae word delete—
An' diligence, as on decreet,
May pass for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearfu' hoast—
I thought a kink might set me free;
I led her out, 'mang snaw an' frost,
Wi' constant assiduity.
But deil ma' care—the blast gaed by,
An' missed the auld anatomy;
It just cost me a tooth, forbye
Discharging her annuity.

I thought that grief might gar her quit—
Her only son was lost at sea—
But aff her wits behuved to flit,
An' leave her in fatuity!
She treeps, an' treeps, he 's livin' yet,
For a' the tellin' she can get;
But catch the doited runt forget
To ca' for her annuity!

If there 's a sough o' cholera
Or typhus—wha sae gleg as she?
She buys up baths, an' drugs, an' a',
In siccan superfluity!
She doesna need—she 's fever-proof—
The pest gaed o'er her very roof;
She tauld me sae—an' then her loof
Held out for her annuity.

Ae the day she fell—her arm she brak—
A compound fracture as could be;
Nae leech the cure would undertak,
Whate'er was the gratuity.
It 's cured! she handles 't like a flail,
It does as weel in bits as hale;
But I 'm a broken man mysel'
Wi' her an' her annuity.

Her broozled flesh an' broken banes
Are weel as flesh an' banes can be.
She beats the taeds that live in stanes,
An' fatten in vacuity!
They die when they 're exposed to air,
They canna thole the atmo-sphere;
But her! expose her onywhere,
She lives for her her annuity. . . .

The Bible says the age o' man
Threescore an' ten perchance may be;
She 's ninety-four; let them wha can
Explain the incongruity.

She should hae lived afore the Flood—
She 's come o patriarchal blood—
She 's some auld pagan, mummified
Alive for her annuity.

She 's been embalmed inside an' out—
She 's sauted to the last degree—
There 's pickle in her very snout
Sae caper-like an' cruety;
Lot's wife was fresh compared to her;
They 've Kyanised the useless knir,
She canna decompose—nae mair
Than her accursed annuity.

The water-drap wears out the rock
As this eternal jaud wears me;
I could withstand the single shock,
But no the continuity.
It 's pay me here, an' pay me there,
An' pay me, pay me, evermair;
I 'll gang demented wi' despair—
I 'm *charged* for her annuity.

Alexander Maclagan (born at Brigend, Perth, in 1811) published in 1841 a volume of Poems; in 1849, 'Sketches from Nature, and other Poems;' and in 1854, 'Ragged and Industrial School Rhymes.' In one of the last letters written by Lord Jeffrey, he praised the homely and tender verses of Maclagan for their 'pervading joyousness and kindliness of feeling, as well as their vein of grateful devotion, which must recommend them to all good minds.'—James Ballantine (born in Edinburgh in 1808) is known equally for his Scottish songs and his proficiency in the revived art of glass-painting; of the latter, the Palace at Westminster and many church windows bear testimony; while his native muse is seen in 'The Gaberlunzie's Wallet,' 1843; 'The Miller of Deanhaugh;' and a collected edition of his lyrics, published in 1856. In 1871 Mr. Ballantine published 'Lilias Lee,' a narrative poem in the Spenserian stanza, with other poems evincing increased poetic power and taste.—Andrew Park (born at Renfrew in 1811) is author of several volumes of songs and poems, and of a volume of travels entitled 'Egypt and the East,' 1857. A collected edition of his poetical works appeared in 1854.—John Crawford (born at Greenock in 1816) published in 1850 a volume of 'Doric Lays,' which received the commendation of Lord Jeffrey and Miss Mitford.—Henry Scott Riddell (born at Sorbie, Wigtownshire, in 1798, died in 1870) was author of 'Songs of the Ark,' 1831; 'Poems, Songs, and Miscellaneous Pieces,' 1847; &c. Mr. Riddell passed many of his years as a shepherd in Ettrick, but afterwards studied for the church.—Francis Bennoch (born at Drumcrool, parish of Durisdeer, Dumfriesshire, in 1812) settled early in London, and carries on business extensively as a merchant. He has written various songs and short poems and otherwise evinced his attachment to literature and art by his ser-

vices on behalf of Miss Mitford, Haydon the painter, and others.—William Glenn (1789–1826), a native of Glasgow, whose Poems have been published by Dr. Charles Rogers (1874), was author of some popular occasional pieces and songs.—James Smith, a printer, has published a volume of 'Poems, Songs, and Lyrics' (1866), containing many pieces of merit, and especially those of a domestic and tender nature.

From 'The Widow.'—By A. Maclagan.

Oh, there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain,
Oh, there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain;
Though the heart o' this warld's as hard as a stane,
Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain.

Though tottering now, like her auld crazy biel,
Her step ance the lightest on hairst-rig or reel;
Though sighs tak' the place o' the heart-cheering strain,
Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain.

Though bumble her biggin' and scanty her store,
The beggar ne'er went unserved frae her door;
Though she aft lifts the lid o' the girnel in vain,
Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain.

Though thin, thin her locks, now like hill-drifted snaw:
Ance sae glossy and black, like the wing o' the craw;
Though grief frae her mild cheek the red rose has ta'en,
Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain.

The sang o' the lark finds the widow astere,
The birr o' her wheel starts the night's dreamy ear;
The tears o'er the tow-tap will whiles fa' like rain,
Yet there's naebody hears Widow Miller complain.

Ye may hear in her speech, you may see in her claes,
That auld Widow Miller has seen better days,
Ere her auld Robin died, sae fond and sae fain—
Yet there' naebody hears Widow Miller complain. . . .

Ye wealthy and wise in this fair field of ours
When your fields wave wi' gowd, your gardens wi' flowers,
When ye bind up the sheaves, leave out a few grains
To the heart-broken widow who never complains.

Ilka Blade o' Grass Keps its Ain Drap o' Dew.—By James Ballantine.

Confide ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind.
And bear ye a' life's changes wi' a calm and tranquil mind,
Though pressed and hemmed on every side, hae faith and ye 'll win through,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends or crossed in love, as whiles nae doubt ye 've been,
Grief lies deep hidden in your heart, or tears flow frae your een,
Believe it for the best, and trow there's good in store for you,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang, lang days o' simmer, when the clear and cloudless sky
Refus s ae wee drap o' rain to nature parched and dry,
The genial night, wi' balmy breath, gars verdure spring anew,
And ilka blade 'o grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Sae, lest 'mid fortune's sunshine we should feel owre proud and hie,
And in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae poortith's ee,
Some wee dark clouds o' sorrow come, we ken na whence or how,
But ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

When the Glen all is Still.—*By* H. S. RIDDEL.

When the glen all is still, save the stream from the fountain;
When the shepherd has ceased over the heather to roam:
And the wail of the plover awakes on the mountain,
Inviting his love to return to her home;
There meet me, my Mary, adown by the wild wood,
Where violets and daisies sleep saft in the dew;
Our bliss shall be sweet as the visions of childhood,
And pure as the heaven's own orient blue.

Thy locks shall be braided with pearls of the gloaming;
Thy cheek shall be fanned by the breeze of the lawn;
The angel of love shall be 'ware of thy coming,
And hover around thee till rise of the dawn.
O Mary! no transports of heaven's decreeing
Can equal the joys of such meeting to me;
For the light of thine eye is the home of my being,
And my soul's fondest hopes are all gathered to thee.

*Florence Nightingale.**—*By* F. BENNOCH.

With lofty song we love to cheer
The hearts of daring men,
Applauded thus they gladly hear
The trumpet's call again.
But now we sing of lowly deeds
Devoted to the brave,
When she, who stems the wound that bleeds,
A hero's life may save:
And heroes saved exulting tell
How well her voice they knew;
How sorrow near it could not dwell,
But spread its wings and flew.

Neglected, dying in despair,
They lay till woman came
To soothe them with her gentle care,
And feed life's flickering flame.
When wounded sore on fever's rack,
Or cast away as slain,
She called their fluttering spirits back,
And gave them strength again.
'Twas grief to miss the passing face
That suffering could dispel;
But joy to turn and kiss the place
On which her shadow fell.

When words of wrath profaning rung,
She moved with pitying grace;
Her presence stilled the wildest tongue,
And holy made the place.
They knew that they were cared for then;
Their eyes forgot their tears:
In dreamy sleep they lost their pain,
And thought of early years—
Of early years when all was fair,
Of faces sweet and pale;
They woke: the angel bending there
Was—Florence Nightingale!

Wae's me for Prince Charlie.—*By* WILLIAM GLEN.

A wee bird cam' to our ha' door,
He warbled sweet and clearly,
An' aye the owercome o' his song
Was, 'Wae's me for Prince Charlie!'
O, when I heard the bonny soun,
The tears cam' happin' rarely;
I took my bannet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

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* This lady, the daughter of William Nightingale, Esq., formerly of Embley Park Hampshire, is justly celebrated for her exertions in tending the sick and wounded at Scutari during the Crimean war in 1854-56. In directing and presiding over the band of female nurses, the services of Miss Nightingale were invaluable, and gratefully acknowledged by her sovereign and the country. She still (1870) continues her career of disinterested usefulness.

Quoth I: 'My bird, my bonny, bonny bird,
Is that a sang ye borrow?
Are these some words ye've learnt by heart,
Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?'
'O, no, no, no!' the wee bird sang;
'I've flown since mornin' early.
But sic a day o' wind and rain—
Oh, wae's me for Prince Charlie.

'On hills that are by right his ain,
He roves a lanely stranger;
On every side he's pressed by want—
On every side is danger;
Yestreen I met him in a glen,
My heart maist bursted fairly,
For sadly changed indeed was he—
Oh, wae's me for Prince Charlie.

'Dark night cam' on, the tempest roared
Loud o'er the hills and valleys;
And where was't that your Prince lay down,
Whase hame should been a palace?
He rowed him in a Highland plaid,
Which covered him but sparely,
And slept beneath a bush o' broom—
Oh, wae's me for Prince Charlie.'

But now the bird saw some red-coats,
And he shook his wings wi' anger:
'Oh, this is no a land for me;
I'll tarry here nae langer.'
He hovered on the wing a while,
Ere he departed fairly;
But weel I mind the fareweel strain
Was, 'Wae's me for Prince Charlie.

The Wee Pair o' Shoon.—*By* JAMES SMITH.

Oh, lay them canny doon, Jamie,
An' tak' them frae my sicht!
They mind me o' her sweet wee face,
An' sparkling ee sae bricht.
Oh, lay them saftly doon beside
The lock o' silken hair;
For the darlin' o' thy heart an' mine,
Will never wear them mair!

But oh! the silvery voice, Jamie,
That fondly lisped your name,
An' the wee bit hands sae aft held oot
Wi' joy when ye cam' hame!
An' oh, the smile—the angel smile,
That shone like simmer morn;
An' the rosy mou' that socht a kiss
When ye were weary worn!

The eastlin' wind blaws cauld, Jamie,
The snaw's on hill an' plain;
The flowers that decked my lammie's grave
Are faded noo, an' gane!
Oh, dinna speak! I ken she dwells
In yon fair land aboon;
But sair's the sicht that blin's my ee—
That wee, wee pair o' shoon!

DRAMATISTS.

Dramatic literature no longer occupies the prominent place it held in former periods of our history. Various causes have been assigned for this decline—as, the more fashionable attractions of the opera, the great size of the theatres, the love of spectacle or scenic display, which has usurped the place of the legitimate drama, and the late dinner-hours now prevalent among the higher and even the middle classes. The increased competition in business has also made our 'nation of shopkeepers' a busier and harder-working race than their forefathers; and the diffusion of cheap literature may have further tended to thin the theatres, as furnishing intellectual entertainment for the masses at home at a cheaper rate than dramatic performances. The London managers appear to have had considerable influence in

this matter. They lavish enormous sums on scenic decoration and particular actors, and aim rather at filling their houses by some ephemeral and dazzling display, than by the liberal encouragement of native talent and genius. To improve, or rather re-establish the acted drama, a writer in the 'Edinburgh Review' suggested that there should be a classification of theatres in the metropolis, as in Paris, where each theatre has its distinct species of the drama, and performs it well.

'We believe,' he says, 'that the evil is mainly occasioned by the vain endeavour of managers to succeed by commixing every species of entertainment—huddling together tragedy, comedy, farce, melodrama, and spectacle—and striving by alternate exhibitions, to draw all the dramatic public to their respective houses. Imperfect—very imperfect companies for each species are engaged; and as, in consequence of the general imperfection, they are forced to rely on individual excellence, individual performers become of inordinate importance, and the most exorbitant salaries are given to procure them. These individuals are thus placed in a false position, and indulge themselves in all sorts of mannerisms and absurdities. The public is not unreasonably dissatisfied with imperfect companies and bad performances; the managers wonder at their ruin; and critics become elegiacal over the mournful decline of the drama! Not in this way can a theatre flourish; since, if one species of performance proves attractive, the others are at a discount, and their companies become useless burdens; if none of them proves attractive, then the loss ends in ruin.' Too many instances of this have occurred within the last thirty years. Whenever a play of real excellence has been brought forward, the public has shewn no insensibility to its merits; but so many circumstances are requisite to its successful representation—so expensive are the companies, and so capricious the favorite actors—that men of talent are averse to hazard a competition.

The tragedies of Miss Mitford and Lord Lytton were highly successful in representation, but the fame of their authors must ever rest on those prose fictions by which they are chiefly known. The 'Lady of Lyons' is, however, one of our most popular acting plays; it is picturesque and romantic, with passages of fine poetry and genuine feeling. Some of the dramatic productions of Mr. Tom Taylor have also had marked success.

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

Two classic and two romantic dramas were produced by THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, an eloquent English barrister and upright judge, whose sudden death was deeply lamented by a most attached circle of literary and accomplished friends, as well as by the public at large. Mr. Talfourd was born at Doxey, a suburb of Stafford, January 26, 1795. His father was a brewer in Reading. Having studied the law, Talfourd was called to the bar in 1821, and in 1833

got his silk gown. As Sergeant Talfourd, he was conspicuous for his popular eloquence and liberal principles, and was returned to Parliament for the borough of Reading. In 1835, he published his tragedy of 'Ion,' which was next year produced at Covent Garden Theatre with success. His next tragedy, 'The Athenian Captive,' was also successful. His subsequent dramatic works were 'The Massacre of Glencoe,' and 'The Castillian,' a tragedy. Besides these offerings to the dramatic muse, Talfourd published 'Vacation Rambles,' 1851, comprising the recollections of three continental tours; a 'Life of Charles Lamb;' and an 'Essay on the Greek Drama.' In 1849, he was elevated to the bench; and in 1854 he died of apoplexy, while delivering his charge to the grand jury at Stafford. 'Ion,' the highest literary effort of its author, seems an embodiment of the simplicity and grandeur of the Greek drama, and its plot is founded on the old Grecian notion of destiny, apart from all moral agencies. The oracle of Delphi had announced that the vengeance which the misrule of the race of Argos had brought on the people, in the form of a pestilence, could only be disarmed by the extirpation of the guilty race; and Ion, the hero of the play, at length offers himself a sacrifice. The character of Ion—the discovery of his birth as son of the king—his love and patriotism, are the chief features in the play, and are drawn with considerable power and effect. Take, for example, the delineation of the character of Ion:

> Ion, our sometime darling, whom we prized
> As a stray gift, by bounteous Heaven dismissed
> From some bright sphere which sorrow may not cloud,
> To make the happy happier! Is *he* sent
> To grapple with the miseries of this time,
> Whose nature such ethereal aspect wears
> As it would perish at the touch of wrong?
> By no internal contest is he trained
> For such hard duty; no emotions rude
> Hath his clear spirit vanquished—Love, the germ
> Of his mild nature, hath spread graces forth,
> Expanding with its progress, as the store
> Of rainbow colour which the seed conceals
> Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury,
> To flush and circle in the flower. No fear
> Hath filled his eye save that of thoughtful joy
> When, in the evening stillness, lovely things
> Pressed on his soul too busily; his voice,
> If, in the earnestness of childish sports,
> Raised to the tone of anger, checked its force,
> As if it feared to break its being's law,
> And faltered into music; when the forms
> Of guilty passion have been made to live
> In pictured speech, and others have waxed loud
> In righteous indignation, he hath heard
> With sceptic smile, or from some slender vein
> Of goodness, which surrounding gloom concealed,
> Struck sunlight o'er it: so his life hath flowed
> From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,

In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirrored; which, though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them.

Extract from 'Ion.'

Ion, having been declared the rightful heir to the throne, is installed in his royal dignity, attended by the high-priest, the senators, &c. The people receive him with shouts.

ION. I thank you for your greetings—shout no more,
But in deep silence raise your hearts to heaven,
That it may strengthen one so young and frail
As I am for the business of this hour.—
Must I sit here?

MEDON. My son! my son!
What ails thee? When thou shouldst reflect the joy
Of Argos, the strange paleness of the grave
Marbles thy face.

ION. Am I indeed so pale?
It is a solemn office I assume,
Which well may make me falter; yet sustained
By thee, and by the gods I serve, I take it.—
Stand forth, Agenor. [*Sits on the throne.*

AGENOR. I await thy will.

ION. To thee I look as to the wisest friend
Of this afflicted people; thou must leave
Awhile the quiet which thy life has earned,
To rule our councils; fill the seats of justice
With good men, not so absolute in goodness
As to forget what human frailty is;
And order my sad country.

AGENOR. Pardon me——

ION. Nay, I will promise 'tis my last request;
Grant me thy help till this distracted state
Rise tranquil from her griefs—'twill not be long,
If the great gods smile on us now. Remember,
Meanwhile, thou hast all power my word can give,
Whether I live or die.

AGENOR. Die! Ere that hour.
May even the old man's epitaph be moss-grown!

ION. Death is not jealous of the mild decay
That gently wins thee his; exulting youth
Provokes the ghastly monarch's sudden stride,
And makes his horrid fingers quick to clasp
His prey benumbed at noontide.—Let me see
The captain of the guard.

CRYTHES. I kneel to crave
Humbly the favour which thy sire bestowed
On one who loved him well.

ION. I cannot mark thee,
That wak'st the memory of my father's weakness,
But I will not forget that thou hast shared
The light enjoyments of a noble spirit,
And learned the need of luxury. I grant
For thee and thy brave comrades ample share
Of such rich treasure as my stores contain,
To grace thy passage to some distant land,
Where, if an honest cause engage thy sword,
May glorious issues wait it. In our realm

We shall not need it longer.
CRYTHES. Dost intend
To banish the firm troops before whose valour
Barbarian millions shrink appalled, and leave
Our city naked to the first assault
Of reckless foes?
ION. No, Crythes, in ourselves,
In our own honest hearts and chainless hands
Will be our safeguard; while we do not use
Our power towards others, so that we should blush
To teach our children; while the simple love
Of justice and their country shall be born
With dawning reason; while their sinews grow
Hard 'midst the gladness of heroic sports,
We shall not need, to guard our walls in peace,
One selfish passion, or one venal sword.
I would not grieve thee; but thy valiant troop—
For I esteem them valiant—must no more
With luxury which suits a desperate camp
Infect us. See that they embark, Agenor,
Ere night.
CRYTHES. My lord—
ION. No more—my word hath passed.—
Medon, there is no office I can add
To those thou hast grown old in; thou wilt guard
The shrine of Phœbus, and within thy home—
Thy too delightful home—befriend the stranger
As thou didst me; there sometimes waste a thought
On thy spoiled inmate.
MEDON. Think of thee, my lord?
Long shall we triumph in thy glorious reign.
ION. Prithee, no more.—Argives! I have a boon
To crave of you. Whene'er I shall rejoin
In death the father from whose heart in life
Stern fate divided me, think gently of him!
Think that beneath his panoply of pride
Were fair affections crushed by bitter wrongs
Which fretted him to madness; what he did,
Alas! ye know; could you know what he suffered,
Ye would not curse his name. Yet never more
Let the great interests of the state depend
Upon the thousand chances that may sway
A piece of human frailty; swear to me
That ye will seek hereafter in yourselves
The means of sovereignty: our country's space
So happy in its smallness, so compact,
Needs not the magic of a single name
Which wider regions may require to draw
Their interest into one; but, circled thus,
Like a blest family, by simple laws
May tenderly be governed—all degrees,
Not placed in dexterous balance, not combined
By bonds of parchment, or by iron clasps,
But blended into one—a single form
Of nymph-like loveliness, which finest chords
Of sympathy pervading, shall endow
With vital beauty: tint with roseate bloom
In times of happy peace, and bid to flash
With one brave impulse, if ambitious bands
Of foreign power should threaten. Swear to me
That ye will do this!

MEDON. Wherefore ask this now?
Thou shalt live long: the paleness of thy face,
Which late seemed death-like, is grown radiant now,
And thine eyes kindle with the prophecy
Of glorious years.
ION. The gods approve me then!
Yet I will use the function of a king,
And claim obedience. Swear, that if I die,
And leave no issue, ye will seek the power
To govern in the free-born people's choice,
And in the prudence of the wise.
MEDON AND OTHERS. We swear it!
ION. Hear and record the oath, immortal powers!
Now give me leave a moment to approach
That altar unattended. [*He goes to the altar.*
Gracious gods!
In whose mild service my glad youth was spent,
Look on me now; and if there is a power,
As at this solemn time I feel there is,
Beyond ye, that hath breathed through all your shapes
The spirit of the beautiful that lives
In earth and heaven; to ye I offer up
This conscious being, full of life and love,
For my dear country's welfare. Let this blow
End all her sorrows! [*Stabs himself.*

CLEMANTHE *rushes forward.*

CLEMANTHE. Hold!
Let me support him—stand away—Indeed
I have best right, although ye know it not,
To cleave to him in death.
ION. This is a joy
I did not hope for—This is sweet indeed.
Bend thine eyes on me!
CLEM. And for this it was
Thou wouldst have banned me from thee!
Couldst thou think
I would be so divorced?
ION. Thou art right, Clemanthe—
It was a shallow and an idle thought;
'Tis past; no show of coldness frets us now;
No vain disguise, my girl. Yet thou wilt think
On that which, when I feigned, I truly spoke—
Wilt thou not, sweet one?
CLEM. I will treasure all.

Enter IRUS.

IRUS. I bring you glorious tidings—
Ha! no joy
Can enter here.
ION. Yes—is it as I hope?
IRUS. The pestilence abates.
ION. [*Springs to his feet.*] Do ye not hear?
Why shout ye not? ye are strong—think not of me;
Hearken! the curse my ancestry had spread
O'er Argos is dispelled!—My own Clemanthe!
Let this console thee—Argos lives again—
The offering is accepted—all is well! [*Dies.*

SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

Although long engaged in public business—in the Colonial Office—Mr. (now Sir) Henry Taylor is distinguished both as a poet and prose essayist. He is a native of the county of Durham, born in 1800, only son of George Taylor, of Wilton Hall. In 1827 appeared his play of 'Isaac Commenus,' 'which met with few readers,' says Southey, 'and was hardly heard of.' In 1834 was published 'Philip van Artevelde,' a play in two parts, characterised by its author as an 'historical romance cast in a dramatic and rhythmical form.' The subject was suggested by Southey, and is the history of the two Van Arteveldes, father and son, 'citizens of revolted Ghent, each of whom swayed for a season almost the whole power of Flanders against their legitimate prince, and each of whom paid the penalty of ambition by an untimely and violent death.'

> There is no game so desperate which wise men
> Will not take freely up for love of power,
> Or love of fame, or merely love of play.
> These men are wise, and then reputed wise,
> And so their great repute of wisdom grows,
> Till for great wisdom a great price is bid,
> And then their wisdom they do part withal.
> Such men must still be tempted with high stakes:
> Philip van Artevelde is such a man.

As the portrait of a revolutionary champion, Philip is powerfully delineated by the dramatist, and there are also striking and effective scenes in the play. The style and diction resemble those of Joanna Baillie's dramas—pure, elevated, and well sustained, but wanting the brief electric touches and rapid movement necessary to insure complete success in this difficult department of literature. Two years after the historical romance had established Henry Taylor's reputation as a poet, he produced a prose treatise, 'The Statesman,' a small volume, treating of 'such topics as experience rather than inventive meditation suggested to him.' The counsels and remarks of the author are distinguished by their practical worldly character; he appears as a sort of political Chesterfield, and the work was said by Maginn to be 'the art of official humbug systematically digested and familiarly explained.'* It abounds, however, in acute and sensible observations, shewing that the poet was no mere visionary or romantic dreamer. The other works of Sir Henry are—'Edwin the Fair,' an historical drama, 1842; 'The Eve of the Conquest, and other Poems,' 1847; 'Notes from Life,' 1847; 'Notes from Books,'

* In Crabb Robinson's *Diary*, vol. iii., is the following notice of Henry Taylor, then under Sir James Stephen in the Colonial Office: 'Taylor is known as literary executor of Southey, and author of several esteemed dramas, especially *Philip van Artevelde*. He married Lord Monteagle's daughter. He is now one of my most respected acquaintance. His manners are shy, and he is more a man of letters than of the world. He published a book called *The Statesman*, which some thought presumptuous in a junior clerk in a government office.' Southey said Henry Taylor was the only one of a generation younger than his own whom he had taken into his heart of hearts.

1849; 'The Virgin Widow,' a play, 1850; 'St. Clement's Eve,' a play, 1862; 'A Sicilian Summer, and Minor Poems,' 1868. The poetical works of Sir Henry Taylor enjoy a steady popularity with the more intellectual class of readers. 'Philip van Artevelde' has gone through eight editions, 'Isaac Comnenus' and 'Edwin' through five, and the others have all been reprinted.

The Death of Launoy, one of the Captains of Ghent.—From 'Philip van Artevelde,' Part I.

SECOND DEAN. Beside Nivelle the Earl and Launoy met.
Six thousand voices shouted with the last:
'Ghent, the good town! Ghent and the Chaperons Blancs!'
But from that force thrice-told there came the cry
Of 'Flanders, with the Lion of the Bastard!'
So then the battle joined, and they of Ghent
Gave back and opened after three hours' fight;
And hardly flying had they gained Nivelle,
When the earl's vangard came upon their rear,
Ere they could close the gate, and entered with them.
Then all were slain save Launoy and his guard,
Who, barricaded in the minster tower,
Made desperate resistance; whereupon
The earl waxed wrothful, and bade fire the church.
FIRST BURGHER. Say'st thou? Oh, sacrilege accursed!
Was't done?
SECOND DEAN. 'Twas done—and presently was heard a yell.
And after that the rushing of the flames!
Then Launoy from the steeple cried aloud
'A ransom!' and held up his coat to sight
With florins filled, but they without but laughed
And mocked him, saying: 'Come amongst us, John,
And we will give thee welcome; make a leap—
Come out at window, John.' With that the flames
Rose up and reached him, and he drew his sword,
Cast his rich coat behind him in the fire,
And shouting: 'Ghent, ye slaves!' leapt freely forth,
When they below received him on their spears.
And so died John of Launoy.
FIRST BURGHER. A brave end.
'Tis certain we must now make peace by times;
The city will be starved else.—Will be, said I?
Starvation is upon us. . . .
VAN ARTEVELDE. I never looked that he should live so long.
He was a man of that unsleeping spirit,
He seemed to live by miracle: his food
Was glory, which was poison to his mind,
And peril to his body. He was one
Of many thousand such that die betimes,
Whose story is a fragment, known to few.
Then comes the man who has the luck to live,
And he's a prodigy. Compute the chances,
And deem there's ne'er a one in dangerous times,
Who wins the race of glory, but than him
A thousand men more gloriously endowed
Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others
Have had their fortunes founded by a chance,
Whilst lighter barks pushed past them; to whom add
A smaller tally, of the singular few,

Who, gifted with predominating powers,
Bear yet a temperate will, and keep the peace.
The world knows nothing of its greatest men.
FATHER JOHN. Had Launoy lived, he might have passed for great,
But not by conquest in the Franc of Bruges.
The sphere—the scale of circumstance—is all
Which makes the wonder of the many. Still
An ardent soul was Launoy's, and his deeds
Were such as dazzled many a Flemish dame.
There'll be some bright eyes in Ghent be dimmed for him.
VAN ARTEVELDE. They will be dim, and then be bright again.
All is in busy, stirring, stormy motion;
And many a cloud drifts by, and none sojourns.
Lightly is life laid down amongst us now,
And lightly is death mourned: a dusk star blinks
As fleets the rack, but look again, and lo!
In a wide solitude of wintry sky
Twinkles the reilluminated star,
And all is out of sight that smirched the ray.
We have no time to mourn.
FATHER JOHN. The worse for us!
He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
Where sorrow's held intrusive and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity.
Yet such the barrenness of busy life!
From shelf to shelf Ambition clambers up,
To reach the naked'st pinnacle of all;
Whilst Magnanimity, absolved from toil,
Reposes self-included at the base.
But this thou know's't.

The 'Lay of Elena.'—From the same.

A bark is launched on Como's lake,
A maiden sits abaft;
A little sail is loosed to take
The night-wind's breath, and waft
The maiden and her bark away,
Across the lake and up the bay.
And what doth there that lady fair
Upon the wavelet tossed?
Before her shines the evening star,
Behind her in the woods afar
The castle lights are lost. . . .

It was not for the forms—though fair,
Though grand they were beyond compare
It was not only for the forms
Of hills in sunshine or in storms,
Or only unrestrained to look
On wood and lake, that she forsook
By day or night
Her home, and far
Wandered by light
Of sun or star.
It was to feel her fancy free,
Free in a world without an end,
With ears to hear, and eyes to see,
And heart to apprehend.

It was to leave the earth behind,
And rove with liberated mind,
As fancy led, or choice or chance,
Through wildered regions of romance. . . .

Be it avowed, when all is said.
She trod the path the many tread.
She loved too soon in life; her dawn
Was bright with sunbeams, whence is drawn
A sure prognostic that the day
Will not unclouded pass away.
Too young she loved, and he on whom
Her first love lighted, in the bloom
Of boyhood was, and so was graced
With all that earliest runs to waste.
Intelligent, loquacious, mild,
Yet gay and sportive as a child,
With feelings light and quick, that came
And went like flickerings of flame;
A soft demeanour, and a mind
Bright and abundant in its kind,

That, playing on the surface, made
A rapid change of light and shade,
Or, if a darker hour perforce
At times o'ertook him in his course,
Still, sparkling thick like glow-worms, shewed
Life was to him a summer's road—
Such was the youth to whom a love
For grace and beauty far above
Their due deserts, betrayed a heart
Which might have else performed a prouder part.

First love the world is wont to call
The passion which was now her all.
So be it called; but be it known
The feeling which possessed her now
Was novel in degree alone;
Love early marked her for his own;
Soon as the winds of heaven had blown
Upon her, had the seed been sown
In soil which needed not the plough;
And passion with her growth had grown,
And strengthened with her strength; and how
Could love be new, unless in name,
Degree, and singleness of aim?
A tenderness had filled her mind
Pervasive, viewless, undefined;
As keeps the subtle fluid oft
In secret, gathering in the soft
And sultry air, till felt at length,
In all its desolating strength—
So silent, so devoid of dread,
Her objectless affections spread:
Not wholly unemployed, but squandered
At large where'er her fancy wandered—
Till one attraction, one desire
Concentred all the scattered fire;
It broke, it burst, it blazed amain,
It flashed its light o'er hill and plain,
O'er earth below and heaven above—
And then it took the name of love.

We add a few sentences of Sir Henry's prose writings:

On the Ethics of Politics.—From 'The Statesman.'

The moral principle of private life which forbids one man to despoil another of his property, is outraged in the last degree when one man holds another in slavery. Carry it therefore in all its absoluteness into political life, and you require a statesman to do what he can, under any circumstances whatever, to procure immediate freedom for any parties who may be holden in slavery in the dominion of the state which he serves. Yet, take the case of negro slaves in the British dominions in the condition of barbarism in which they were thirty years ago, and we find the purest of men and strictest of moralists falling short of the conclusion. In private life, the magnitude of the good which results from maintaining the principle inviolate, far overbalances any specific evil which may possibly attend an adherence to it in a particular case. But in political affairs, it may happen that the specific evil is the greater of the two, even in looking to the longest train of consequences that can be said to be within the horizon of human foresight. For to set a generation of savages free in a civilised community, would be merely to maintain one moral principle inviolate at the expense of divers other moral principles. Upon the whole, therefore, I come to the conclusion that the cause of public morality will be best served by moralists permitting to statesmen, what statesmen must necessarily take and exercise—a free judgment namely, though a most responsible one, in the weighing of specific against general evil, and in the perception of perfect or imperfect analogies between public and private transactions, in respect of the moral rules by which they are to be governed. The standard of morality to be held forth by moralists to statesmen is sufficiently elevated when it is raised to the level of practicable virtue: such standards, to be influential, must be above common opinion certainly, but not remotely above it; for if above it, yet near, they draw up common opinion; but if they be far off in their altitude, they have no attractive influence.

Of Wisdom.—From 'Notes from Life.'

Wisdom is not the same with understanding, talents, capacity, sense, or prudence; not the same with any one of these; neither will all these together make it up. It is that exercise of the reason into which the heart enters—a structure of the understanding rising out of the moral and spiritual nature. It is for this cause that a high order of wisdom—that is, a highly intellectual wisdom—is still more rare than a high order of genius. When they reach the very highest order they are one; for each includes the other, and intellectual greatness is matched with moral strength.

But they hardly ever reach so high, inasmuch as great intellect, according to the ways of Providence, almost always brings along with it great infirmities—or, at least, infirmities which appear great owing to the scale of operation; and it is certainly exposed to unusual temptations; for as power and pre-eminence lie before it, so ambition attends it, which, whilst it determines the will and strengthens the activities, inevitably weakens the moral fabric

Wisdom is corrupted by ambition, even when the quality of the ambition is intellectual. For ambition, even of this quality, is but a form of self-love, which, seeking gratification in the consciousness of intellectual power, is too much delighted with the exercise to have a single and paramount regard to the end—that is, the moral and spiritual consequences—should suffer derogation in favour of the intellectual means. God is love, and God is light: whence, it results that love is light, and it is only by following the effluence of that light, that intellectual power issues into wisdom. The intellectual power which loses that light, and issues into intellectual pride, is out of the way to wisdom, and will not attain even to intellectual greatness.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The works of Douglas Jerrold (1803–1857) are various, consisting of plays, tales, and sketches of character, in which humour, fancy, and satire are blended. The most popular of these were contributed to 'Punch, or the London Charivari.' Jerrold was born in London in January 1803. His father was an actor, lessee of the Sheerness Theatre, and the early years of Douglas were spent in Sheerness. But before he had completed his tenth year, he was transferred to the guard-ship *Namur*, then lying at the mouth of the river—'a first-class volunteer in His Majesty's service, and not a little proud of his uniform.' Two years were spent at sea, after which Douglas, with his parents, removed to London. He became apprentice to a printer—worked diligently during the usual business hours—and seized upon every spare moment for solitary self-instruction. The little, eager, intellectual boy was sure to rise in the world. He had, however, a sharp novitiate. His great friend at this time was Mr. Laman Blanchard (1803–1845), who was engaged in periodical literature, and author of numerous tales and essays, collected after his premature death, and published with a memoir of the author by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. Douglas Jerrold took early to dramatic writing, and in his eighteenth year he was engaged at a salary of 'a few pounds weekly' to write pieces for the Coburg Theatre. His nautical and domestic drama, 'Black-eyed Susan,' was brought out at the Surrey Theatre in 1829, and had a prodigious success. It had a run of above three hundred nights, and produced many thousands to the theatre, though it brought only about £70 to the author. The other dramas of Jerrold are—'The Rent Day,' 1832; 'Nell Gwynne' and 'The Housekeeper,' 1833; 'The Wedding Gown,' 1834; 'The School-fellows' and 'Doves in a Cage,' 1835; 'Prisoner of War,' 1842; 'Bubbles of the Day' and 'Time Works Wonders,' 1845; 'The Catspaw,' 1850; 'Retired from Business,' 1851; 'St. Cupid,' 1853; 'Heart of Gold,' 1854. The plays of Jerrold, like all his other writings, abound in pointed and witty sayings and lively illustration. His incidents and characters

are also well contrasted and arranged for stage-effect, yet there is a want of breadth and simplicity.

About 1831 Jerrold became a contributor to the magazines; and in 1840 he was editor of a series of sketches, called 'Heads of the People,' illustrated by Kenny Meadows, to which Thackeray, R. H. Horne, Blanchard, Peake, and others contributed. Some of the best of Jerrold's essays appeared in this periodical. Afterwards 'Punch' absorbed the greater part of this time, though he still continued to write occasionally for the stage. Henceforward his life was that of a professional littérateur, steadily rising in public estimation and in worldly prosperity—famous for his sarcasm, his witty sayings, and general conversational brilliancy. In 1852 a large addition was made to his income—£1000 per annum—by his becoming editor of 'Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper.' He was a zealous advocate of social reform; a passionate hater of all cant, pretence, and affectation; and though on some grave questions he wrote without sufficient consideration, his career was that of an honest journalist and lover of truth. Of his personal generosity of character many memorials remain. Mr. Dickens relates one instance: 'There had been an estrangement between us—not on any personal subject, and not involving an angry word—and a good many months had passed without my even seeing him in the street, when it fell out that we dined, each with his own separate party, in the strangers' room of the club. Our chairs were almost back to back, and I took mine after he was seated and at dinner. I said not a word—I am sorry to remember—and did not look that way. Before we had sat long, he openly wheeled his chair round, stretched out both his hands, and said aloud, with a bright and loving face that I can see as I write to you: "For God's sake let us be friends again! A life 's not long enough for this."'* He died, after a short illness, on the 8th of June 1857, and was interred in Norwood Cemetery—followed to the grave by all his literary *confreres*, who nobly raised a memorial fund of £2000 for the benefit of his family. The collected miscellaneous writings of Douglas Jerrold fill six duodecimo volumes. The longest is a story of town-life, 'St. Giles and St. James,' by no means his happiest production.

He was best in short satirical and descriptive sketches—spontaneous bursts of fancy or feeling. His 'Caudle Lectures,' 'Story of a Feather,' 'Men of Character,' and 'Sketches of the English,' were highly popular. The style is concise and pungent—too much, perhaps, in the manner of dramatic dialogue, but lightened up by poetic feeling and imagery. His satire was always winged with fancy. Some brilliant or pointed saying carried home his argument or sentiment, and fixed it firmly in the mind. Like Charles Lamb and most

* *The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold*, by his Son, Blanchard Jerrold. 1859. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold succeeded his father as editor of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, and is author of *Imperial Paris*, *The Life of the Emperor Napoleon III.*, and other works.

humorists, he had tenderness and pathos. 'After all,' he said, 'life has something serious in it—it cannot be all a comic history of humanity.' Hence, amidst all the quips and turns of his fancy, the real mingles with the ideal, and shrewd, kindly observation and active sympathy are at the bottom of his picturesque sketches and portraits. He was often wrong, often one-sided—an ardent, impulsive man—but high-principled, sincere, and generous. In witty repartee he was unequalled among his contemporaries.

The following extracts are from his drama of 'Bubbles of the Day:'

Fancy Fair in Guildhall for Painting St. Paul's.

SIR PHENIX CLEARCAKE. I come with a petition to you—a petition not parliamentary, but charitable. We propose, my lord, a fancy fair in Guildhall; its object so benevolent, and more than that, so respectable.

LORD SKINDEEP. Benevolence and respectability! Of course I'm with you. Well, the precise object?

SIR P. It is to remove a stain—a very great stain from the city; to give an air of maiden beauty to a most venerable institution; to exercise a renovating taste at a most inconsiderable outlay; to call up, as it were, the snowy beauty of Greece in the coal smoke atmosphere of London; in a word, my lord, but as yet 'tis a profound secret—it is to paint St. Paul's! To give it a virgin outside—to make it so truly respectable.

LORD SKIN. A gigantic effort.

SIR P. The fancy fair will be on a most comprehensive and philanthropic scale. Every alderman takes a stall, and to give you an idea of the enthusiasm of the city—but this also is a secret—the Lady Mayoress has been up three nights making pincushions.

LORD SKIN. But do you want me to take a stall—to sell pincushions?

SIR P. Certainly not, my lord. And yet your philanthropic speeches in the House, my lord, convince me that, to obtain a certain good, you would sell anything.

LORD SKIN. Well, well; command me in any way; benevolence is my foible.

Companies for leasing Mount Vesuvius, for making a Trip all round the World, for Buying the Serpentine River, &c.

CAPTAIN SMOKE. We are about to start a company to take on lease Mount Vesuvius for the manufacture of lucifer matches.

SIR P. A stupendous speculation. I should say that, when its countless advantages are duly numbered, it will be found a certain wheel of fortune to the enlightened capitalist.

SMOKE. Now, sir, if you would but take the chair at the first meeting—[*Aside to Chatham:* We shall make it all right about the shares]—if you would but speak for two or three hours on the social improvement conferred by the lucifer-match, with the monopoly of sulphur secured to the company—a monopoly which will suffer no man, woman, or child to strike a light without our permission.

CHATHAM. Truly, sir, in such a cause, to such an auditory—I fear my eloquence.

SMOKE. Sir, if you would speak well anywhere, there's nothing like first grinding your eloquence on a mixed meeting. Depend on 't, if you can only manage a little humbug with a mob, it gives you great confidence for another place.

LORD SKIN. Smoke, never say humbug; it's coarse.

SIR P. And not respectable.

SMOKE. Pardon me, my lord, it *was* coarse. But the fact is, humbug has received such high patronage, that now it's quite classic.

CHAT. But why not embark his lordship in the lucifer question?

SMOKE. I can't: I have his lordship in three companies already. Three. First, there's a company—half a million capital—for extracting civet from asafœtida. The second is a company for a trip all round the world. We propose to hire a three-

decker of the Lords of the Admiralty, and fit her up with every accommodation for families. We've already advertised for wet-nurses and maids-of-all-work.

SIR P. A magnificent project! And then the fittings-up will be so respectable. A delightful billiard-table in the ward-room; with, for the humbler classes, skittles on the orlop-deck. Swings and archery for the ladies, trap-ball and cricket for the children, whilst the marine sportsman will find the stock of gulls unlimited. Weippert's quadrille band is engaged, and——

SMOKE. For the convenience of lovers, the ship will carry a parson.

CHAT. And the object?

SMOKE. Pleasure and education. At every new country we shall drop anchor for at least a week, that the children may go to school and learn the language. The trip must answer: 'twill occupy only three years, and we've forgotten nothing to make it delightful—nothing from hot rolls to cork jackets.

BROWN. And now, sir, the third venture?

SMOKE. That, sir, is a company to buy the Serpentine River for a Grand Junction Temperance Cemetery.

BROWN. What! so many watery graves?

SMOKE. Yes, sir, with floating tombstones. Here's the prospectus. Look here; surmounted by a hyacinth—the very emblem of temperance—a hyacinth flowering in the limpid flood. Now, if you don't feel equal to the luciters—I know his lordship's goodness—he'll give you up the cemetery. [*Aside to Chatham:* A family vault as a bonus to the chairman.]

SIR P. What a beautiful subject for a speech! Water-lilies and aquatic plants gemming the translucent crystal, shells of rainbow brightness, a constant supply of gold and silver fish, with the right of angling secured to shareholders. The extent of the river being necessarily limited, will render lying there so select, so very respectable.

Time's Changes.—From 'Time Works Wonders.'

FLORENTINE. O, sir, the magic of five long years! We paint Time with glass and scythe—should he not carry harlequin's own wand? for, oh, indeed Time's changes!

CLARENCE. Are they, in truth, so very great?

FLOR. Greater than harlequin's; but then Time works them with so grave a face, that even the hearts he alters doubt the change, though often turned from very flesh to stone.

CLAR. Time has his bounteous changes too; and sometimes to the sweetest bud will give an unimagined beauty in the flower.

Retired from Business.

TACKLE. Kitty, see what you 'll get by waiting! I 'll grow you such a garland for your wedding.

KITTY. A garland, indeed! A daisy to-day is worth a rose-bush to-morrow.

PUFFINS. But, Mr. Pennyweight, I trust you are now, in every sense, once and for ever, retired from business?

GUNN. No; in every sense, who is? Life has its duties ever; none wiser, better, than a manly disregard of false distinctions, made by ignorance, maintained by weakness. Resting from the activities of life, we have yet our daily task—the interchange of simple thoughts and gentle doings. When, following those already passed, we rest beneath the shadow of yon distant spire, then, and then only, may it be said of us, retired from business.

Winter in London.

The streets were empty. Pitiless cold had driven all who had the shelter of a roof to their homes; and the northeast blast seemed to howl in triumph above the untrodden snow. Winter was at the heart of all things. The wretched, dumb with excessive misery, suffered, in stupid resignation, the tyranny of the season. Human blood stagnated in the breast of want; and death in that despairing hour, losing its terrors, looked in the eyes of many a wretch a sweet deliverer. It was a

time when the very poor, barred from the commonest things of earth, take strange counsel with themselves, and in the deep humility of destitution, believe they are the burden and the offal of the world.

It was a time when the easy, comfortable man, touched with finest sense of human suffering, gives from his abundance; and, whilst bestowing, feels almost ashamed that, with such wide-spread misery circled round him, he has all things fitting, all things grateful. The smitten spirit asks wherefore he is not of the multitude of wretchedness; demands to know for what especial excellence he is promoted above the thousand thousand starving creatures; in his very tenderness for misery, tests his privilege of exemption from a woe that withers manhood in man, bowing him downward to the brute. And so questioned, this man gives in modesty of spirit—in very thankfulness of soul. His alms are not cold, formal charities; but reverent sacrifices to his suffering brother.

It was a time when selfishness hugs itself in its own warmth, with no other thoughts than of its pleasant possessions, all made pleasanter, sweeter, by the desolation around; when the mere worldling rejoices the more in his warm chamber, because it is so bitter cold without; when he eats and drinks with whetted appetite, because he hears of destitution prowling like a wolf around his well-barred house: when, in fine, he bears his every comfort about him with the pride of a conqueror. A time when such a man sees in the misery of his fellow-beings nothing save his own victory or fortune—his own successes in a suffering world. To such a man, the poor are but the tattered slaves that grace his triumph.

It was a time, too, when human nature often shews its true divinity, and with misery like a garment clinging to it, forgets its wretchedness in sympathy with suffering. A time when, in the cellars and garrets of the poor, are acted scenes which make the noblest heroism of life; which prove the immortal texture of the human heart not wholly seared by the branding-iron of the torturing hours. A time when in want, in anguish, in throes of mortal agony, some seed is sown that bears a flower in heaven.

The Emigrant Ship.

Some dozen folks, with gay, dull, earnest, careless, hopeful, wearied looks, spy about the ship, their future abiding-place upon the deep for many a day. Some dozen, with different feelings, shewn in different emotions, enter cabins, dip below, emerge on deck, and weave their way among packages and casks, merchandise and food, lying in a labyrinth about. The ship is in most seemly confusion. The land-man thinks it impossible she can be all taut upon the wave in a week. Her yards are all so up and down, and her rigging in such a tangle, such disorder, like a wench's locks after a mad game at romps. Nevertheless, Captain Goodbody's word is as true as oak. On the appointed day, the skies permitting, the frigate-built *Halcyon*, with her white wings spread, will drop down the Thames—down to the illimitable sea.

She carries a glorious freightage to the antipodes—English hearts and English sinews—hope and strength to conquer and control the waste, turning it to usefulness and beauty. She carries in her the seeds of English cities, with English laws to crown them free. She carries with her the strong, deep, earnest music of the English tongue—the music soon to be universal as the winds of heaven. What should fancy do in a London dock? All is so hard, material, positive. Yet there, amid the tangled ropes, fancy will behold—clustered like birds—poets and philosophers, history-men and story-men, annalists and legalists—English all—bound for the other side of the world, to rejoice it with their voices. Put fancy to the task, and fancy will detect Milton in the shrouds, and Shakspeare looking sweetly, seriously down, pedestaled upon you main-block. Spenser, like one of his own fairies, swings on a brace; and Bacon, as if in philosophic chair, sits soberly upon a yard. Poetic heads of every generation, from the half-cowled brow of Chaucer to the periwigged pate of Dryden, from bonneted Pope to night-capped Cowper—fancy sees them all—all; ay, from the long-dead day of Edward to the living hour of Victoria; sees them all gathered aloft, and with fine ear lists the rustling of their bays.

Puns and Sayings of Jerrold.

DOGMATISM is the maturity of puppyism.

UNREMITTING KINDNESS.—'Call that a kind man,' said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance; 'a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing! Call that kindness!' 'Yes, unremitting kindness,' Jerrold replied.

THE RETORT DIRECT.—Some member of 'Our Club,' hearing an air mentioned, exclaimed: 'That always carries me away when I hear it.' 'Can nobody whistle it?' exclaimed Jerrold.

AUSTRALIA.—Earth is so kindly there that, tickle her with a hoe, and she laughs with a harvest.

THE SHARP ATTORNEY.—A friend of an unfortunate lawyer met Jerrold, and said: 'Have you heard about poor R.——? His business is going to the devil.' JERROLD: 'That's all right: then he is sure to get it back again.'

THE REASON WHY.—One evening at the Museum Club a member very ostentatiously said in a loud voice: 'Isn't it strange; we had no fish at the marquis's last night? That has happened twice lately—I can't account for it.' 'Nor I,' replied Jerrold, 'unless they ate it all up-stairs.'

OSTENTATIOUS GRIEF.—Reading the pompous and fulsome inscription which Soyer the cook put on his wife's tomb in Kensal Green Cemetery, Jerrold shook his head and said: 'Mock-turtle.'

A FILIAL SMILE.—In a railway-carriage one day, a gentleman expatiated on the beauty of nature. Cows were grazing in the fields. 'In reading in the fields,' said he, 'sometimes a cow comes and bends its head over me. I look up benignantly at it.' 'With a filial smile,' rejoined Jerrold.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE.—A Frenchman said he was proud to see the English and French such good friends at last. JERROLD: 'Tut! the best thing I know between France and England is—the sea.'

THE SCOTCH.—Jerrold was fond of *girding* at the Scotch jocularly. 'Every Scotchman has a niche [an itch] in the temple of Fame.' Look at the antiquity of the paintings in Holyrood Palace! 'Ay, and you had the distemper before the oil-paintings.'

GILBERT ABBOT À BECKETT—MARK LEMON—SHIRLEY BROOKS—TOM TAYLOR.

This cluster of genial wits and humorists—contributors to 'Punch,' and all of them well known in general literature—attempted the drama, and one of them (Mr Taylor) with continued and marked success. MR. À BECKETT (1810–1856) delighted in puns and burlesque; he produced above thirty dramatic pieces, and wrote the 'Comic Blackstone' and 'Comic Histories of England' and 'Rome.' He latterly filled the office of police magistrate—a man universally respected and beloved.

MARK LEMON (1809–1870) wrote a vast number of dramatic pieces—above fifty, it is said—but his highest honours were derived from his editorship of 'Punch,' a valuable weekly periodical, witty without coarseness, and satirical without scurrility—which he conducted from its commencement, July 17, 1841, till his death. Mr. Lemon was author also of occasional poems and prose sketches.

CHARLES SHIRLEY BROOKS (1815–1874) succeeded Mark Lemon as editor of 'Punch,' to which he had for many years been a regular contributor. Mr. Brooks was a native of London, studied for the law, and was articled to a solicitor (his uncle) at Oswestry: but he early adopted literature as a profession. He was engaged on the 'Morning Chronicle,' writing the parliamentary summary of that

journal for five years. He also travelled in the south of Russia, Asia Minor, and Egypt as special commissioner for the 'Chronicle,' investigating the condition of the labouring classes; and part of the results of his journey was published under the title of 'The Russians in the South.' Mr. Brooks was author of several successful dramas and of four novels—'Aspen Court,' 'The Gordian Knot,' 'The Silver Cord' and 'Sooner or Later.' All these works are distinguished by witty and sparkling dialogue, by variety of incident and knowledge of the world, especially of town life and character. We subjoin one short extract from 'The Gordian Knot:'

Portrait of Douglas Jerrold.

Margaret found herself alone; but not being one of the persons who find themselves bores, and must always seek companionship, she sat down, and amused herself with one of the new books on the table. And as the volume happened to be a fresh and noble poem by a poetess who is unreasonable enough to demand that those who would understand her magnificent lines shall bestow on them some little thought in exchange for the great thought that has produced them (and then the reader is but like the scrubby Diomed giving his brass arms for the golden harness of splendid Sarpedon), Margaret's earnest attention to Mrs. Browning rendered the reader unaware that another person had entered the room.

His footfall was so light that her not hearing his approach was not surprising; and as he stood for a minute or more watching her intelligent face as it expressed the pleasure she felt as rose-leaf after rose-leaf of an involved and beautiful thought unfolded and expanded to her mind. Then, as she raised her eyes, her half-formed smile changed to a look of surprise as she found herself confronted by a stranger; and she coloured highly as that look was returned by a pleasant glance and a bow, respectful and yet playful, as the situation and the difference of age might warrant.

Before her stood a gentleman, considerably below the middle height, and in form delicate almost to fragility, but whose appearance was redeemed from aught of feebleness by a lion-like head, and features which, classically chiselled, told of a mental force and will rarely allotted. The hair, whose gray was almost whiteness, was long and luxuriant, and fell back from a noble forehead. The eye, set back under a bold strong brow, yet in itself somewhat prominent, was in repose, but its depths were those that, under excitement, light up to a glow. About the flexible mouth there lingered a smile, too gentle to be called mocking, but evidence of a humour ready at the slightest call—and yet the lips could frame themselves for stern or passionate utterances at need. The slight stoop was at first taken by Margaret for part of the bow with which the stranger had greeted her, but she perceived that it was habitual, as the latter, resting his small white hands on the head of an ivory-handled cane, said in a cheerful and kindly voice, and with a nod at the book: 'Fine diamonds in a fine casket there, are there not?'

His tone was evidently intended to put Margaret at her ease, and to make her forget that she had been surprised; and his manner was so pleasant, and almost fatherly, that she felt herself in the presence of some one of a kindred nature to that of her Uncle Cheriton. By a curious confusion of idea, to be explained only by the suddenness of the introduction, Margaret seized the notion that her other uncle was before her. I am sorry, however, to say that neither the poetess's page nor the visitor's phrase inspired her with a cleverer answer to his speech than a hesitating 'O—O Yes, very.'

And then she naturally expected to receive her relative's greeting; but as she rose, the gentleman made a slight and courteous gesture, which seemed to beg her to sit, or do exactly what she liked, and she resumed her chair in perplexity. Her companion looked at her again with some interest, and his bright eye then fell upon Bertha's volume, which Margaret had laid on the table.

'Ah,' he said, pointing to the word on the cover, 'those five letters again in conspiracy against the peace of mankind. They ought to be dispersed by a social police. But may one look?'

'There is scarcely anything there,' said Margaret, as he opened the book. 'Only a few pages have been touched.'

'Ah, I see,' he said. 'Just a few songsters, as the bird-catchers put some caged birds near the nets, to persuade the others that the situation is eligible. But,' he continued, turning on until he came to a drawing, 'this is another kind of thing. This is capital.' It was a sketch by Margaret, and represented her cousin Latimer, in shooting-costume, and gun in hand. At his feet lay a hare, victim of his skill. 'Capital,' he repeated. 'Your own work?'

'Yes,' said Margaret; 'the likeness happened to be thought fortunate, and so'—

'No, no; you draw charmingly. I'll give you a motto for the picture. Shall I?'

'Please. I am glad of any contribution.'

He took a pen and in a curious little hand wrote below the sketch:

And beauty draws us with a single hare.

'I shall not find any poetry of yours here,' he said. 'You read Mrs. Browning, and so you know better. What a treasure-house of thought that woman is! Some of the boxes are locked, and you must turn the key with a will; but when you *have* opened, you are rich for life.'

TOM TAYLOR is said to have produced about a hundred dramatic pieces, original and translated. Many of these have been highly successful, and in particular we may mention 'Still Waters Run Deep,' 'The Ticket-of-Leave Man,' 'Victims,' 'An Unequal Match,' 'The Contested Election,' 'The Overland Route,' 'Twixt Axe and Crown,' and 'Joan of Arc.' The two last mentioned are historical dramas of a superior class, and to 'Joan of Arc,' Mrs. Tom Taylor (*nee* Laura Barker, distinguished as a musical composer) contributed an original overture and entr'acte. At the Literary Fund banquet, London, in June 1878, Mr. Taylor said that, 'while serving literature as his mistress, he had served the state as his master—a jealous one, like the law, if not so jealous—and while contributing largely to literature grave and gay, by help of the invaluable three hours before breakfast, he had given the daily labour of twenty-two of his best years to the duties of a public office.' In 1850 Mr. Taylor was appointed Assistant-secretary to the Board of Health; and in 1854, on the reconstruction of that Board, he was made Secretary of the local Government Act Office, a department of the Home Office connected with the administration of the Sanitary Act of 1866. From this public employment he retired in 1872. Besides his dramatic pieces Mr. Taylor has been a steady contributor to 'Punch,' and on the death of Shirley Brooks became editor of that journal. He has added to our literature the 'Autobiography of B. R. Haydon,' 1853, compiled and edited from the journals of that unfortunate artist; also the 'Autobiography and Correspondence of the late C. R. Leslie, R.A.,' 1859; and the 'Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds,' 1865—the last having been commenced by Leslie shortly before his death, and left in a very incomplete state. Mr. Taylor is a native of Sunderland, born in 1817; he studied at Glasgow University, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was elected a Fellow. He held for two years the Professorship of English Literature at University College, London; was called to the bar of the Inner Temple in 1845, and went the northern circuit until

his appointment to the Board of Health in 1850. A rare combination of taste and talent, industry and private worth, has insured Mr. Taylor a happy and prosperous life, with the esteem and regard of all his literary and artistic contemporaries.

WESTLAND MARSTON, ETC.

There are numerous other dramatists: Mr. Westland Marston (born at Boston, in Lincolnshire, in 1820) produced 'The Patrician's Daughter,' 1841; 'The Heart and the World,' 1847; 'Strathmore,' a tragedy, 1849; &c.—Mr. Robert B. Brough (born in London in 1828) has produced several burlesque and other dramatic pieces.—In the list of modern dramatists are Mr. Planché, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Oxenford, Mr. Leman Rede, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Stirling Coyne, Mr. Edward Fitzball, Mr. Dion Boucicault, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, &c. The play-goers of the metropolis welcome these 'Cynthias of the minute,' and are ever calling for new pieces, but few modern dramas can be said to have taken a permanent place in our literature.

NOVELISTS.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

This distinguished American novelist (1789-1851) has obtained great celebrity in England and over all Europe for his pictures of the sea, sea-life, and wild Indian scenery and manners. His imagination is essentially poetical. He invests the ship with all the interest of a living being, and makes his readers follow its progress, and trace the operations of those on board, with intense and never-flagging anxiety. Of humour he has scarcely any perception; and in delineating character and familiar incidents, he often betrays a great want of taste and knowledge of the world. 'When he attempts to catch the ease of fashion,' it has been truly said, 'he is singularly unsuccessful.' He belongs, like Mrs. Radcliffe, to the romantic school of novelists—especially to the sea, the heath, and the primeval forest. Mr. Cooper was born at Burlington, New Jersey, son of Judge William Cooper. After studying at Yale College, he entered the navy as a midshipman; and though he continued only six years a sailor, his nautical experience gave a character and colour to his after-life, and produced impressions of which the world has reaped the rich result. On his marriage, in 1811, to a lady in the state of New York, Mr. Cooper left the navy. His first novel, 'Precaution,' was published anonymously

in 1819, and attracted little attention; but in 1821 appeared his story of 'The Spy,' founded upon incidents connected with the American Revolution. This is a powerful and interesting romance, and it was highly successful.

The author's fame was still more increased by his novels of 'The Pioneers' and 'The Pilot,' published in 1823; and these were succeeded by a long train of fictions—'Lionel Lincoln,' 1825; 'The Last of the Mohicans,' 1826; 'The Red Rover' and 'The Prairie,' 1827; 'Travelling Bachelor,' 1828; 'Wept of Wish-ton Wish,' 1829; 'The Water Witch,' 1830; 'Bravo,' 1831; 'Heidenmauer,' 1832; 'Headsman,' 1833; 'Monikins,' 1835; 'Homeward Bound' and 'Home as Found,' 1838; 'The Pathfinder' and 'Mercedes of Castile,' 1840; 'The Deerslayer,' 1841; 'The Two Admirals' and 'Wing and Wing,' 1842; 'Ned Myers' and 'Wyandotte,' 1843; 'Afloat and Ashore' and 'Miles Wallingford,' 1844; 'The Chainbearer' and 'Satanstoe,' 1845; 'The Redskins,' 1846; 'The Crater,' 1847; 'Jack Tier' and 'Oak Openings,' 1848; 'The Sea Lions,' 1849; and 'The Ways of the Hour,' 1850. Of this numerous family of creations, the best are—'The Spy,' 'The Pilot,' 'The Prairie,' 'The Last of the Mohicans,' and 'The Red Rover.' In these his characteristic excellences—his noble marine painting and delineation of American scenery and character—are all combined. Besides his novels, Cooper wrote ten volumes of sketches of European travels, a 'History of the Navy of the United States,' and various treatises on the institutions of America, in which a strong democratic spirit was manifested. In these he does not appear to advantage. He seems to have cherished some of the worst prejudices of the Americans, and, in his zeal for republican institutions, to have forgotten the candour and temper becoming an enlightened citizen of the world. In the department of fiction, however, Cooper has few superiors, and his countrymen may well glory in his name. He 'emphatically belongs to the American nation,' as Washington Irving has said, while his painting of nature under new and striking aspects, has given him a European fame that can never wholly die.

A Virgin Wilderness—Lake Otsego.

On all sides, wherever the eye turned, nothing met it but the mirror-like surface of the lake, the placid view of heaven, and the dense setting of woods. So rich and fleecy were the outlines of the forest, that scarce an opening could be seen; the whole visible earth, from the rounded mountain-top to the water's edge, presenting one unvaried line of unbroken verdure. As if vegetation were not satisfied with a triumph so complete, the trees overhung the lake itself, shooting out towards the light; and there were miles along its eastern shore where a boat might have pulled beneath the branches of dark Rembrandt-looking hemlocks, quivering aspens, and melancholy pines. In a word, the hand of man had never yet defaced or deformed any part of this native scene, which lay bathed in the sunlight, a glorious picture of affluent forest grandeur, softened by the balminess of June, and relieved by the beautiful variety afforded by the presence of so broad an expanse of water.

Death of Long Tom Coffin.

Lifting his broad hands high into the air, his voice was heard in the tempest. 'God's will be done with me,' he cried: 'I saw the first timber of the *Ariel* laid, and shall live just long enough to see it turn out of her bottom; after which I wish to live no longer.' But his shipmates were far beyond the sounds of his voice before these were half uttered. All command of the boat was rendered impossible, by the numbers it contained, as well as the raging of the surf; and as it rose on the white crest of a wave, Tom saw his beloved little craft for the last time. It fell into a trough of the sea, and in a few moments more its fragments were ground into splinters on the adjoining rocks. The cockswain [Tom] still remained where he had cast off the rope, and beheld the numerous heads and arms that appeared rising, at short intervals, on the waves, some making powerful and well-directed efforts to gain the sands, that were becoming visible as the tide fell, and others wildly tossed, in the frantic movements of helpless despair. The honest old seaman gave a cry of joy as he saw Barnstable [the commander, whom Tom had forced into the boat] issue from the surf, where one by one several seamen soon appeared also, dripping and exhausted. Many others of the crew were carried in a similar manner to places of safety; though, as Tom returned to his seat on the bowsprit, he could not conceal from his reluctant eyes the lifeless forms that were, in other spots, driven against the rocks with a fury that soon left them but few of the outward vestiges of humanity.

Dillon and the cockswain were now the sole occupants of their dreadful station. The former stood in a kind of stupid despair, a witness of the scene; but as his curdled blood began again to flow more warmly to his heart, he crept close to the side of Tom, with that sort of selfish feeling that makes even hopeless misery more tolerable, when endured in participation with another.

'When the tide falls,' he said in a voice that betrayed the agony of fear, though his words expressed the renewal of hope, 'we shall be able to walk to land.'

'There was One and only One to whose feet the waters were the same as a dry deck,' returned the cockswain; 'and none but such as have His power will ever be able to walk from these rocks to the sands.' The old seaman paused, and turning his eyes, which exhibited a mingled expression of disgust and compassion, on his companion, he added with reverence: 'Had you thought more of Him in fair weather, your case would be less to be pitied in this tempest.'

'Do you still think there is much danger?' asked Dillon.

'To them that have reason to fear death. Listen! Do you hear that hollow noise beneath ye?'

''Tis the wind driving by the vessel!'

''Tis the poor thing herself,' said the affected cockswain, 'giving her last groans. The water is breaking up her decks; and in a few minutes more, the handsomest model that ever cut a wave will be like the chips that fell from her in framing!'

'Why then did you remain here?' cried Dillon wildly.

'To die in my coffin, if it should be the will of God,' returned Tom. 'These waves are to me what the land is to you; I was born on them, and I have always meant that they should be my grave.'

'But I—I,' shrieked Dillon, 'I am not ready to die!—I cannot die!—I will not die!'

'Poor wretch;' muttered his companion; 'you must go like the rest of us; when the death-watch is called, none can skulk from the muster.'

'I can swim,' Dillon continued, rushing with frantic eagerness to the side of the wreck. 'Is there no billet of wood, no rope, that I can take with me?'

'None; everything has been cut away, or carried off by the sea. If ye are about to strive for your life, take with ye a stout heart and a clean conscience, and trust the rest to God.'

'God!' echoed Dillon, in the madness of his frenzy; 'I know no God! there is no God that knows me!'

'Peace!' said the deep tones of the cockswain, in a voice that seemed to speak in the elements; 'blasphemer, peace!'

The heavy groaning produced by the water in the timbers of the *Ariel*, at that moment added its impulse to the raging feelings of Dillon, and he cast himself head-

long into the sea. The water thrown by the rolling of the surf on the beach was necessarily returned to the ocean, in eddies, in different places favourable to such an action of the element. Into the edge of one of these counter-currents, that was produced by the very rocks on which the schooner lay, and which the watermen call the 'under-tow,' Dillon had unknowingly thrown his person; and when the waves had driven him a short distance from the wreck, he was met by a stream that his most desperate efforts could not overcome. He was a light and powerful swimmer, and the struggle was hard and protracted. With the shore immediately before his eyes, and at no great distance, he was led as by a false phantom, to continue his efforts, although they did not advance him a foot. The old seaman, who at first had watched his motions with careless indifference, understood the danger of his situation at a glance, and, forgetful of his own fate, he shouted aloud, in a voice that was driven over the struggling victim to the ears of his shipmates on the sands: 'Sheer to port, and clear the under-tow! Sheer to the southward!'

Dillon heard the sounds, but his faculties were too much obscured by terror to distinguish their object; he, however, blindly yielded to the call, and gradually changed his direction until his face was once more turned towards the vessel. Tom looked around him for a rope, but all had gone over with the spars, or been swept away by the waves. At this moment of disappointment, his eyes met those of the desperate Dillon. Calm and inured to horrors as was the veteran seaman, he involuntarily passed his hand before his brow to exclude the look of despair he encountered; and when, a moment afterwards, he removed the rigid member, he beheld the sinking form of the victim as it gradually settled in the ocean, still struggling with regular but impotent strokes of the arms and feet to gain the wreck, and to preserve an existence that had been so much abused in its hour of allotted probation. 'He will soon meet his God, and learn that his God knows him!' murmured the cockswain to himself. As he yet spoke, the wreck of the *Ariel* yielded to an overwhelming sea, and after a universal shudder, her timbers and planks gave way, and were swept towards the cliffs, bearing the body of the simple-hearted cockswain among the ruins.

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

The Rev. Richard Harris Barham (1788–1845), under the name of Thomas Ingoldsby, contributed to 'Bentley's Miscellany' a series of papers, 'The Ingoldsby Legends,' which were afterwards collected into volumes, and went through several editions. To the third series (1847) was prefixed a life of the author by his son. Mr. Barham also wrote a novel, 'My Cousin Nicholas.' The Ingoldsby papers, prose and verse, contain sallies of quaint humour, classic travesties and illustrations, droll rhymes, banter and irony, with a sprinkling of ghost stories and medieval legends. The intimate friend of Theodore Hook, Mr. Barham had something of Hook's manner, with a love of punning and pleasantry as irrepressible as that of Hood, though accompanied with less literary power. Few of the readers of 'Ingoldsby,' unless moving in a certain circle, imagined that their author was a dignitary of the Church, a minor canon of St. Paul's, a rector and royal chaplain. He appears to have been a learned and amiable, no less than witty and agreeable man.

CAPTAIN FREDERIC MARRYAT.

This popular naval writer—the best painter of sea characters since Smollett—commenced what proved to be a busy and highly successful literary career in 1829, by the publication of 'The Naval Officer,' a nautical tale in three volumes. This work partook too strongly of

the free spirit of the sailor, but amidst its occasional violations of taste and decorum, there was a rough racy humour and dramatic liveliness that atoned for many faults. In the following year, the captain was ready with other three volumes, more carefully finished, and presenting a well-compacted story, entitled 'The King's Own.' Though occasionally a little awkward on land, Captain Marryat was at home on the sea; and whether serious or comic—whether delineating a captain, midshipman or common tar, or even a carpenter—he evinced a minute practical acquaintance with all on board ship, and with every variety of nautical character. 'Newton Foster, or the Merchant Service,' 1832, was Marryat's next work, and is a tale of various and sustained interest. It was surpassed, however, by its immediate successor, 'Peter Simple,' the most amusing of all the author's works. His naval commander, Captain Savage, Chucks the boatswain, O'Brien the Irish lieutenant, and Muddle the carpenter, are excellent individual portraits—as distinct and life-like as Tom Bowling, Hatchway, or Pipes. The scenes in the West Indies display the higher powers of the novelist; and the escape from the French prison interests us almost as deeply as the similar efforts of Caleb Williams.

Continuing his nautical scenes and portraits—Captain Marryat wrote about thirty volumes—as 'Jacob Faithful' (one of his best productions), 'The Phantom Ship,' 'Midshipman Easy,' 'The Pacha of Many Tales,' 'Japhet in Search of a Father,' 'The Pirate and the Three Cutters,' 'Poor Jack,' 'Joseph Rushbrook the Poacher,' 'Masterman Ready,' &c. In the hasty production of so many volumes, the *quality* could not always be equal. The nautical humour and racy dialogue could not always be produced at will, of a new and different stamp at each successive effort. Such, however, was the fertile fancy and active observation of the author, and his lively powers of amusing and describing, that he has fewer repetitions and less tediousness than almost any other writer equally voluminous. His next novel, 'Percival Keene,' 1842, betrayed no falling-off, but, on the contrary, is one of the most vigorous and interesting of his 'sea changes.' In 1843 he published a 'Narrative of the Travels and Adventures of Monsieur Violet,' in which fact and fiction are blended with little artistic skill, and which was proved to be chiefly a compilation. Two other works of mediocre character followed—'The Settlers in Canada,' 1844, and 'The Mission, or Scenes in Africa,' 1845. In 1846 he regained something of his old nautical animation in 'The Privateersman One Hundred Years Ago.'

Captain Marryat made a trip to America in 1837, the result of which he gave to the world in 1839 in three volumes, entitled 'A Diary in America, with Remarks on its Institutions.' This was flying at higher game than he had previously brought down; but the real value of these volumes consists in their resemblance to parts of his novels—in humorous caricature and anecdote, shrewd observa-

tion, and lively or striking description. His account of the American navy is valuable; and so practical and sagacious an observer could not visit the schools, prisons, and other public institutions of the New World without throwing out valuable reflections, and noting what is superior or defective. He was no admirer of the democratic government of America; indeed, his 'Diary' is as unfavourable to the national character as the sketches of Mrs. Trollope or Captain Hall. But it is in relating traits of manners, peculiarities of speech, and other singular or ludicrous characteristics of the Americans, that Captain Marryat excelled. These are as rich as his fictitious delineations, and, like them, probably owe a good deal to the suggestive fancy and love of drollery proper to the novelist. The success of this 'Diary' induced the author to add three additional volumes to it in the following year, but the continuation is greatly inferior.

The life of this busy novelist terminated, after a long and painful illness, at Langham, in Norfolk, August 9 1848. Captain Marryat was the second son of Joseph Marryat, Esq., M. P., of Wimbledon House, Surrey, and was born in the year 1792. He entered the navy at an early age, and was a midshipman on board the *Imperieuse* when that ship was engaged as part of Lord Cochrane's squadron in supporting the Catalonians against the French. On board the *Imperieuse* young Marryat was concerned in no less than fifty engagements. After one of these, an officer, who had an aversion to the youth, seeing him laid out, as if dead, among his fallen comrades, exclaimed: 'Here's a young cock who has done crowing. Well, for a wonder, this chap has cheated the gallows!' Marryat faintly raising his head, exclaimed: 'You're a liar!' Afterwards the 'chap' served in the attack on the French fleet in Aix Roads and in the Walcheren expedition. In 1814, as lieutenant of the *Newcastle*, he cut out four vessels in Boston Bay, an exploit of great difficulty and daring. During the Burmese war, he commanded the *Larne*, and was for some time senior officer on the station. His services were rewarded by professional promotion and honours. He was a Companion of the Bath, a Knight of the Hanoverian Guelphic Order, an officer of the Legion of Honour, &c. The latter years of the novelist were spent in the pleasant but not profitable occupations of a country gentleman. His receipts from farming, in one year, were £154, 2s. 9d.; his expenditure, £1637, 0s. 6d.! He spent large sums on his place in Norfolk. At one time, we are told, he had a hobby for making a decoy; he flooded some hundred acres of his best grazing-ground, got his decoy into full working order, so as to send some five thousand birds yearly to the London market, and then—drained it again. In February 1848, Captain Marryat received intelligence of the death of his son, lieutenant on board the *Avenger* steam-frigate, which was lost on the rocks off Galita. This bereavement tended to hasten the death of the able and accomplished novelist. In 1872,

'The Life and Letters of Captain Marryat' were published by his daughter, Mrs. Ross Church.

A Prudent Sea Captain—Abuse of Ship's Stores.—From 'The King's Own.'

'Well, Mr. Cheeks, what are the carpenters about?'

'Weston and Smallbridge are going on with the chairs—the whole of them will be finished to-morrow.'

'Well?'—'Smith is about the chest of drawers, to match the one in my Lady Capperbar's bedroom.'

'Very good. And what is Hilton about?'—'He has finished the spare leaf of the dining-table, sir; he is now about a little job for the second lieutenant.'

'A job for the second lieutenant, sir! How often have I told you, Mr. Cheeks, that the carpenters are not to be employed, except on ship's duty, without my special permission!'—'His standing bed-place is broken, sir; he is only getting out a chock or two.'

'Mr. Cheeks, you have disobeyed my most positive orders. By the by, sir, I understand you were not sober last night.'—'Please your honour,' replied the carpenter, 'I wasn't drunk—I was only a little fresh.'

'Take you care, Mr. Cheeks. Well, now, what are the rest of your crew about?'—'Why, Thomson and Waters are cutting out the pales for the garden out of the jib-boom; I've saved the heel to return.'

'Very well; but there won't be enough, will there?'

'No, sir; it will take a hand-mast to finish the whole.'

'Then we must expend one when we go out again. We can carry away a top-mast, and make a new one out of the hand-mast at sea. In the meantime, if the sawyers have nothing to do, they may as well cut the palings at once. And now, let me see—oh, the painters must go on shore to finish the attics.'

'Yes, sir; but my Lady Capperbar wishes the *jealousees* to be painted vermilion; she says it will look more rural.'—'Mrs. Capperbar ought to know enough about ship's stores by this time to be aware that we are only allowed three colours. She may choose or mix them as she pleases; but as for going to the expense of buying paint, I can't afford it. What are the rest of the men about?'—'Repairing the second cutter, and making a new mast for the pinnace.'

'By the by—that puts me in mind of it—have you expended any boat's masts?'—'Only the one carried away, sir.'

'Then you must expend two more. Mrs. C. has just sent me off a list of a few things that she wishes made while we are at anchor, and I see two poles for clothes-lines. Saw off the Sheave-holes, and put two pegs through at right angles—you know how I mean?'

'Yes, sir. What am I to do, sir, about the cucumber frame? My Lady Capperbar says she must have it, and I haven't glass enough. They grumbled at the yard last time.'—'Mrs. C. must wait a little. What are the armourers about?'

'They have been so busy with your work, sir, that the arms are in a very bad condition. The first lieutenant said yesterday that they were a disgrace to the ship.'

'Who dares say that?'—'The first lieutenant, sir.'

'Well, then, let them rub up the arms, and let me know when they are done, and we'll get the forge up.'

'The armourer has made six rakes and six hoes, and the two little hoes for the children; but he says that he can't make a spade.'

'Then I'll take his warrant away, by heavens! since he does not know his duty. That will do, Mr. Cheeks. I shall overlook your being in liquor this time; but take care. Send the boatswain to me.'

CAPTAINS GLASSCOCK AND CHAMIER—MR. HOWARD—M. SCOTT—J. HANNAY.

A few other authors have, like Captain Marryat, presented us with good pictures of maritime life and adventures. 'The Naval

Sketch-Book,' 1828; 'Sailors and Saints,' 1829; 'Tales of a Tar,' 1830; 'Land Sharks and Sea Gulls,' 1838; and other works, by CAPTAIN GLASSCOCK, R. N., are all genuine tales of the sea, and display a hearty comic humour and rich phraseology, with as cordial a contempt for regularity of plot. Captain Glasscock died in 1847. He was one of the inspectors under the Poor Relief Act in Ireland, and in that capacity, as well as in his naval character, was distinguished by energy and ability.—'Rattlin the Reefer,' and 'Outward Bound, or a Merchant's Adventures,' by MR. HOWARD, are better managed as to fable—particularly 'Outward Bound,' which is a well-constructed tale—but have not the same breath of humour as Captain Glasscock's novels.—'The Life of a Sailor' and 'Ben Brace,' by CAPTAIN CHAMIER, are excellent works of the same class, replete with nature, observation, and humour.—'Tom Cringle's Log,' by MICHAEL SCOTT, and 'The Cruise of the Midge'—both originally published in 'Blackwood's Magazine'—are also veritable productions of the sea—a little coarse, but spirited, and shewing us 'things as they are.' Mr. Scott, who was a native of Glasgow, spent a considerable part of his life—from 1806 to 1822—in a mercantile situation at Kingston, in Jamaica. He settled in his native city as a merchant, and died there in 1835, aged forty-six.—MR. JAMES HANNAY also added to our nautical sketches. He may, however, be characterised as a critical and miscellaneous writer of scholastic taste and acquirements. Mr. Hannay was a native of Dumfries, a cadet of an old Galloway family, and was born in 1827. He served in the navy for five years—from 1840 to 1845, and was afterwards engaged in literature, writing in various periodicals—including the 'Quarterly and Westminster Reviews,' the 'Athenæum,' &c.—and he published the following works: 'Biscuits and Grog,' 'The Claret Cup,' and 'Hearts are Trumps,' 1848; 'King Dobbs,' 1849; 'Singleton Fontenoy,' 1850; 'Sketches in Ultramarine,' 1853; 'Satire and Satirists,' a series of six lectures, 1854; 'Eustace Conyers,' a novel in three volumes, 1855; &c. Mr. Hannay died at Barcelona (where he resided as British consul), January 8, 1873, in the forty-sixth year of his age. We subjoin from 'Eustace Conyers' a passage descriptive of

Nights at Sea.

Eustace went on deck. A dark night had come on by this time. The ship was tranquilly moving along with a fair wind. Few figures were moving on deck. The officer of the watch stood on the poop. The man at the wheel and quarter-master stood in silence before the binnacle; inside which, in a bright spot of light, which contrasted strongly with the darkness outside, lay the compass, with its round eloquent face, full of meaning and expression to the nautical eye. The men of the watch were lying in black heaps, in their sea-jackets, along both sides of the ship's waist. Nothing could be stiller than the whole scene. Eustace scarcely heard the ripple of the ship's motion, till he leant over the gangway, and looked out on the sea.

Nights like these make a man meditative; and sailors are more serious than is generally supposed; being serious just as they are gay, because they give themselves up to natural impressions more readily than other people. At this moment, the least conventional men now living are probably afloat. If you would know how your an-

cestors looked and talked, before towns became Babylonish, or trade despotic, you must go and have a cruise on salt water, for the soul's business is to keep the earth fresh: and it preserves character as it preserves meat. Our Frosley Foxes and Pearl Studdes are exceptions: the results of changed times, which have brought the navy into closer relation with the shore than it was in old days: and sprinkled it with the denizens of other regions. Our object is to show how the character of the sailor-born is affected by contact with the results of modern ages. Can we retain the spirit of Benbow minus that pigtail to which elegant gentlemen have a natural objection? Can we be at once polished, yet free from what the newspapers call 'juvenile extravagance?' Such is our ambition for Eustace. Still, we know that Pearl Studdes would go into action as cheerfully as any man, and fears less any foe's face than the banner of Levy, and we must do him no injustice.

'Such nights, then, Eustace already felt as fruitful in thought. If he had been pining for a little more activity, if he had drooped under the influence of particular kinds of talk, a quiet muse on deck refreshed him. The sea regains all its natural power over the spirit, when the human life of the ship is hushed. In the presence of its grand old familiar majesty you forget trouble, and care little for wit. Hence, the talk of the middle watch, which occupies the very heart of the night, from twelve to four, in the most serious, the deepest, the tenderest, the most confidential of the twenty-four hours; and by keeping the middle with a man, you learn him more intimately than you would in any other way. Even Studds in the middle watch, at least after the 'watch-stock,' or refreshment, was disposed of, grew a somewhat different man. A certain epicurean melancholy came over the spirit of Studds, like moonlight falling on a banquet-table after the lamps are out! 'By Jove, sir,' he would sigh, speaking of the hollowness of life generally; and was even heard to give tender reminiscences of one 'Eleanor,' whose fortune would probably have pleased him as much as her beauty, had not both been transferred in matrimony to the possession of a Major Jones.

Hannay was very profuse, and often very happy, in similes, a few of which we subjoin.

Detached Similes.

Many a high spirit, which danger, and hardship, and absence from home could never turn from its aims, has shrunk from the chill thrown on its romantic enthusiasm. The ruder the hand, the more readily it brushes away the fine and delicate bloom from the grape. And the bloom of character is that light enthusiasm which makes men love their work for the beauty in it—which is the essence of excellence in every pursuit carried on in this world.

From *nil admirari* to worldly ambition is only a short step. It is an exchange of passive selfishness for active selfishness—that's all.

CONSISTENCY.—There may be consistency and yet change. Look at a growing tree, how that changes! But for regular consistency, there's nothing like a broomstick; for it never puts out a fresh leaf.

There were signs of energy about the boy, which on a small scale predicted power. Mr. Conyers studied them, as Watt studied the hissing of a tea-kettle, descrying far off the steam-engine.

Could he place him but safely under the influence of one of the leading ambitions of mankind? A ship goes along so merrily with a trade-wind.

A party is like a mermaid; the head and face may enchant and attract you, and yet in a moment you shall be frightened off by a wag of the cold, scaly, and slimy tail.

(Of Sir W. Scott.) We do not hear so much of him as his contemporaries did, of course; but just as we don't have any longer yesterday's rain, which is the life of to-day's vegetation.

(Of Thackeray's poetical vein.) He was not essentially poetical, as Tennyson, for instance, is. Poetry was not the predominant mood of his mind, or the intellectual law by which the objects of his thought and observations were arranged and classified. But *inside* his fine sagacious common-sense understanding, there was, so to speak, a pool of poetry—like the *impluvium* in the hall of a Roman house,

which gave an air of coolness, and freshness, and nature, to the solid marble columns and tesselated floor.

MRS. CATHERINE GRACE FRANCES GORE.

This lady (1799–1861) was a clever and prolific writer of tales and fashionable novels. Her first work, 'Theresa Marchmont,' was published in 1823; her next was a small volume containing two tales, 'The Lettre de Cachet' and 'The Reign of Terror,' 1827. One of these relates to the times of Louis XIV., and the other to the French Revolution. They are both interesting, graceful tales—superior, we think, to some of the more elaborate and extensive fictions of the authoress. A series of 'Hungarian Tales' succeeded. In 1830 appeared 'Women as they Are, or the Manners of the Day,' three volumes—an easy, sparkling narrative, with correct pictures of modern society; much lady-like writing on dress and fashion; and some rather misplaced derision or contempt for 'excellent wives' and 'good sort of men.' This novel soon went through a second edition; and Mrs. Gore continued the same style of fashionable portraiture. In 1831, she issued 'Mothers and Daughters, a Tale of the Year 1830.' Here the manners of gay life—balls, dinners, and fêtes—with clever sketches of character and amusing dialogues, make up the customary three volumes. The same year we find Mrs. Gore compiling a series of narratives for youth, entitled 'The Historical Traveller.' In 1832 she came forward with 'The Fair of May Fair,' a series of fashionable tales, that were not so well received. The critics hinted that Mrs. Gore had exhausted her stock of observation; and we believe she went to reside in France, where she continued some years. Her next tale was entitled 'Mrs. Armytage,' which appeared in 1836; and in the following year came out 'Mary Raymond' and 'Memoirs of a Peeress.' In 1838, 'The Diary of a Desennuyee,' 'The Woman of the World,' 'The Heir of Selwood,' and 'The Book of Roses, or Rose-fancier's Manual,' a delightful little work on the history of the rose, its propagation and culture. France is celebrated for its rich varieties of the queen of flowers, and Mrs. Gore availed herself of the taste and experience of the French floriculturists. Mrs. Gore long continued to furnish one or two novels a year. She had seen much of the world both at home and abroad, and was never at a loss for character or incident. The worst of her works must be pronounced clever. Their chief value consists in their lively caustic pictures of fashionable and high society. Besides her long array of regular novels, Mrs. Gore contributed short tales and sketches to the periodicals, and was perhaps unparalleled for fertility. All her works were welcome to the circulating libraries. They are mostly of the same class—all pictures of existing life and manners; but the want of genuine feeling, of passion and simplicity, in her living models, and the endless frivolities of their occupations and pursuits, make us sometimes take leave of Mrs. Gore's fashionable triflers in the temper with which Goldsmith parted from Beau Tibbs—'The

company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy.'

Mrs. Gore was a native of East Retford, Nottinghamshire, daughter of Mr. Moody, a wine-merchant of that town. In 1823 she was married to Captain C. A. Gore, by whom she had two children, a son and daughter; the latter married, in 1853, to Lord Edward Thynne.

Character of a Prudent Worldly Lady.—From 'Women as they Are.'

Lady Lilfield was a thoroughly worldly woman—a worthy scion of the Mordaunt stock. She had professedly accepted the hand of Sir Robert because a connection with him was the best that happened to present itself in the first year of her *début*—the 'best match' to be had at a season's warning! She knew that she had been brought out with the view to dancing at a certain number of balls, refusing a certain number of good offers, and accepting a better one, somewhere between the months of January and June; and she regarded it as a propitious dispensation of Providence to her parents and to herself, that the comparative proved a superlative—even a high-sheriff of the county, a baronet of respectable date, with ten thousand a year! She felt that her duty towards herself necessitated an immediate acceptance of the dullest 'good sort of man' extant throughout the three kingdoms; and the whole routine of her after-life was regulated by the same rigid code of moral selfishness. She was penetrated with a most exact sense of what was due to her position in the world; but she was equally precise in her appreciation of all that, in her turn, she owed to society; nor, from her youth upwards—

Content to dwell in decencies for ever—

had she been detected in the slightest infraction of these minor social duties. She knew with the utmost accuracy of domestic arithmetic—to the fraction of a course or an *entrée*—the number of dinners which Beech Park was indebted to its neighbourhood—the complement of laundry-maids indispensable to the maintenance of its county dignity—the aggregate of pines by which it must retain its horticultural precedence. She had never retarded by a day or an hour the arrival of the family-coach in Grosvenor Square at the exact moment creditable to Sir Robert's senatorial punctuality; nor procrastinated by half a second the simultaneous bobs of her ostentatious Sunday school, as she sailed majestically along the aisle towards her tall, stately, pharisaical, squire-archical pew. True to the execution of her tasks—and her whole life was but one laborious task—true and exact as the great bell of the Beech Park turret-clock, she was enchanted with the monotonous music of her own cold iron tongue; proclaiming herself the best of wives and mothers, because Sir Robert's rent-roll could afford to command the services of a first-rate steward, and butler, and housekeeper, and thus insure a well-ordered household; and because her seven substantial children were duly drilled through a daily portion of rice-pudding and spelling-book, and an annual distribution of mumps and measles! All went well at Beech Park; for Lady Lilfield was 'the excellent wife' of 'a good sort of man!'

So bright an example of domestic merit—and what country neighbourhood cannot boast of its duplicate?—was naturally superior to seeking its pleasures in the vapid and varying novelties of modern fashion. The habits of Beech Park still affected the dignified and primeval purity of the departed century. Lady Lilfield remained true to her annual eight rural months of the county of Durham; against whose claims Kemp Town pleaded, and Spa and Baden bubbled in vain. During her pastoral seclusion, by a careful distribution of her stores of gossiping, she contrived to prose, in undetected tautology, to successive detachments of an extensive neighbourhood, concerning her London importance—her court dress—her dinner parties—and her refusal to visit the Duchess of ——; while, during the reign of her London importance, she made it equally her duty to bore her select visiting list with the history of the new Beech Park school-house—of the Beech Park double dahlias—and of the Beech Park privilege of uniting, in an aristocratic dinner-party, the abhorrent heads of the rival political factions—the *Bianchi e Neri*—the houses of Montague and Capulet of the county palatine of Durham. By such minute sections of the wide chapter of colloquial boredom, Lady Lilfield acquired the character of being a very charming

woman throughout her respectable clan of dinner-giving baronets and their wives; but the reputation of a very miracle of prosiness among those

Men of the world who know the world like men,

She was but a weed in the nobler field of society.

Exclusive London Life.

A squirrel in a cage, which pursues its monotonous round from summer to summer, as though it had forgotten the gay green-wood and glorious air of liberty, is not condemned to a more monotonous existence than the fashionable world in the unvarying routine of its amusements; and when a London beauty expands into ecstasies concerning the delights of London to some country neighbour on a foggy autumn day, vaguely alluding to the 'countless' pleasures and 'diversified' amusements of London, the country neighbour may be assured that the truth is not in her. Nothing can be more minutely monotonous than the recreations of the really fashionable; monotony being, in fact, essential to that distinction. Tigers may amuse themselves in a thousand irregular diverting ways; but the career of a genuine exclusive is one to which a mill-horse would scarcely look for relief. London houses, London establishments, are formed after the same unvarying model. At the fifty or sixty balls to which she is to be indebted for the excitement of her season, the fine lady listens to the same band, is refreshed from a buffet prepared by the same skill, looks at the same diamonds, hears the same trivial observations; and but for an incident or two, the growth of her own follies, might find it difficult to point out the slightest difference between the fête of the countess on the first of June and that of the marquis on the first of July. But though twenty seasons' experience of these desolating facts might be expected to damp the odour of certain dowagers and dandies who are to be found hurrying along the golden railroad year after year, it is not wonderful that the young girls their daughters should be easily allured from their dull school-rooms by fallacious promises of pleasure.

MRS. FRANCES TROLLOPE.

Another keen observer and caustic delineator of modern manners, Mrs. Frances Trollope, was the authoress of a long series of fictions. This lady had nearly reached her fiftieth year before she entered on that literary career which proved so prolific and distinguished. She first came before the public in 1832, when her 'Domestic Manners of the Americans' appeared, and excited great attention. The work was the result of three years' residence and travels in the United States, commencing in 1829. Previous to this period, Mrs. Trollope had resided at Harrow. She drew so severe a picture of American faults and foibles—of their want of delicacy, their affectations, drinking, coarse selfishness, and ridiculous peculiarities—that the whole nation was incensed at their English satirist. There is much exaggeration in Mrs. Trollope's sketches; but having truth for their foundation, her book is supposed to have had some effect in reforming the 'minor morals' and social habits of the Americans. The same year our authoress continued her satiric portraits, in a novel entitled 'The Refugee in America,' marked by the same traits as her former work, but exhibiting little art or talent in the construction of a fable. Mrs. Trollope now tried new ground. In 1833, she published 'The Abbess,' a novel; and in the following year, 'Belgium and Western Germany in 1833,' countries where she found much more to gratify and interest her than in America, and where she travelled in generally good-humour. The

only serious evil which Mrs. Trollope seems to have encountered in Germany was the tobacco-smoke, which she vituperates with unwearied perseverance.

In 1836 she renewed her war with the Americans in 'The Adventures of Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw,' a tale in which she powerfully depicts the miseries of the black and coloured population of the Southern States.' In this year, also, she published 'Paris and the Parisians' in 1835. In 1837 appeared the 'Vicar of Wrexhill,' her best novel, an able and interesting work, full of prejudices, but containing some excellent painting of manners and eccentricities. In 1838 our authoress appeared again as a traveller: 'Vienna and the Austrians' was of the same cast as 'Belgium and Germany,' but more deformed by predjudice. Between 1838 and 1843, Mrs. Trollope threw off seven or eight novels, and an account of a 'Visit to Italy.' The smart caustic style of our authoress was not so well adapted to the classic scenes, manners and antiquities of Italy, as to the broader features of American life and character, and this work was not so successful as her previous publications. Returning to fiction, we find Mrs. Trollope, as usual, abounding. Three novels, of three volumes each, were the produce of 1843—'Hargrave,' Jessie Phillips, and the 'Laurringtons.' The first is a sketch of a man of fashion; the second an attack on the new English poor-law; and the third, a lively satire on 'superior people,' the 'bustling Botherbys' of society. Other novels followed; but these later works of Mrs. Trollope are much inferior to her early novels: the old characters are reproduced, and coarseness is too often substituted for strength. The indefatigable novelist died at Florence (where she had for several years resided) October 6, 1863, in the eighty-fifth year of her age.

Mrs. Trollope was born at Stapleton, near Bristol, daughter of the Rev. William Milton. She was married in 1809 to Thomas Anthony Trollope, a barrister, by whom she had six children. 'The wife of a barrister who had not been fortunate,' says the 'Athenæum' (1863), 'Frances Trollope found herself, after an unsuccessful attempt to establish a home in America, here in England, with the world to begin again, a husband too ill to aid her, and children who needed aid and could as yet give none. Many men in like circumstances would have appealed to public charity, but the true woman's heart did not fail her. She wrote for bread, and reaped that and honour.' She has been honoured too in her surviving sons, Anthony and Thomas Adolphus Trollope.

MARGUERITE, COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

This lady, long known in the world of fashion and light literature, was born at Knockbrit, near Clonmel, September 1, 1790. Her father, Edmund Power, was a small proprietor in Ireland—*a squireen*—who is said to have forced his daughter, when only fifteen, into a marriage with a Captain Farmer. The marriage was unhappy;

Marguerite left her husband, and Captain Farmer was accidentally killed. This was in 1817. In a few months afterwards, Marguerite was united to an Irish peer, Charles Gardiner, Earl of Blessington. Her rank, her beauty, and literary tastes now rendered her the centre of a brilliant circle, and the doting husband revelled in every species of extravagant display.

In 1822 they set out on a continental tour. They visited Byron in Genoa; and Lady Blessington's 'Conversations with Lord Byron' (published after the death of the poet) present a faithful and interesting—though of course incomplete—picture of the noble bard. In May 1829, Lady Blessington was again left a widow, but with a jointure of about £2000 a year. A daughter of the deceased earl, by a former marriage, became the wife of Count Alfred D'Orsay, son of a French general officer, and remarkable for his handsome appearance and varied accomplishments. This marriage also proved unfortunate; the parties separated, and while the lady remained in Paris, the count accompanied Lady Blessington to England. This connection was only broken by death. It gave rise to scandalous rumours, yet the countess and her friend maintained a conspicuous place in society. Count D'Orsay was the acknowledged leader of fashion, besides being an accomplished artist in both painting and sculpture. A career of gaiety and splendour soon involved the countess in debt. She then applied herself to literature, and produced several light sketchy works, now forgotten. Latterly, the popularity of the countess greatly declined. She was forced to break up her establishment in Gore House, Kensington; all was sold off, and Lady Blessington and D'Orsay repaired to Paris. She died June 4, 1849. The count survived her just three years. The most favourable—perhaps the truest—view of this once popular lady is thus given in the epitaph written for her tomb by Mr. Procter (Barry Cornwall): 'In her lifetime she was loved and admired for her many graceful writings, her gentle manners, her kind and generous heart. Men, famous for art and science, in distant lands sought her friendship; and the historians and scholars, the poets and wits, and painters of her own country found an unfailing welcome in her ever-hospitable home. She gave cheerfully, to all who were in need, help and sympathy, and useful counsel; and she died lamented by many friends. Those who loved her best in life, and now lament her most, have reared this tributary marble over the place of her rest.'

MRS. S. C. HALL.

Mrs. S. C. Hall, authoress of 'Lights and Shadows of Irish Life,' and various other works, 'is a native of Wexford, though by her mother's side she is of Swiss descent. Her maiden name was Fielding, by which, however, she was unknown in the literary world, as her first work was not published till after her marriage to

Samuel Carter Hall in 1824. She first quitted Ireland at the early age of fifteen, to reside with her mother in England, and it was some time before she revisited her native country; but the scenes which were familiar to her as a child have made such a vivid and lasting impression on her mind, and all her sketches evince so much freshness and vigour that her readers might easily imagine she had spent her life among the scenes she describes. To her early absence from her native country is probably to be traced one strong characteristic of all her writings—the total absence of party feeling on subjects connected with politics or religion.'* Mrs. Hall's first work appeared in 1829, and was entitled 'Sketches of Irish Character.' These bear a closer resemblance to the tales of Miss Mitford than to the Irish stories of Banim or Griffin, and the works of Miss Edgeworth probably directed Mrs. Hall to the peculiarities of Irish character. They contain some fine rural description, and are animated by a healthy tone of moral feeling and a vein of delicate humour. The coquetry of her Irish girls—very different from that in high life—is admirably depicted. In 1831 she issued a second series of 'Sketches of Irish Character,' fully equal to the first, and which was well received. The 'Rapparee' is an excellent story, and some of the satirical delineations are hit off with great truth and liveliness. In 1832 she ventured on a larger and more difficult work—an historical romance in three volumes, entitled 'The Buccaneer.' The scene of this tale is laid in England at the time of the Protectorate, and Oliver himself is among the characters. The plot of 'The Buccaneer' is well managed, and some of the characters—as that of Barbara Iverk, the Puritan—are skilfully delineated; but the work is too feminine, and has too little of energetic passion for the stormy times in which it is cast.

In 1834 Mrs. Hall published 'Tales of a Woman's Trials,' short stories of decidedly moral tendency, written in the happiest style of the authoress. In 1835 appeared 'Uncle Horace,' a novel; and in 1838, 'Lights and Shadows of Irish Life,' three volumes. The latter had been previously published in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' and enjoyed great popularity. The principal tale in the collection, 'The Groves of Blarney,' was dramatised at one of the theatres with distinguished success. In 1840 Mrs. Hall issued 'Marian, or a Young Maid's Fortunes,' in which her knowledge of Irish character is again displayed. Katey Macane, an Irish cook, who adopts Marian, a foundling and watches over her with untiring affection, is equal to any of the Irish portraitures since those of Miss Edgeworth. The next work of our authoress was a series of 'Stories of the Irish Peasantry,' contributed to 'Chambers's Edinburgh Journal,' and afterwards published in a collected form. In 1840, Mrs. Hall aided her husband in a work chiefly composed by him, and which reflects

* *Dublin University Magazine* for 1840.

credit upon his talents and industry—'Ireland, its Scenery, Character,' &c. Topographical and statistical information is here blended with the poetical and romantic features of the country—the legends of the peasantry—scenes and characters of humour or pathos—and all that could be gathered in five separate tours through Ireland, added to early acquaintance and recollection of the country. The work was highly embellished by British artists, and extended to three large volumes. In 1845, Mrs. Hall published what is considered by many her best novel, 'The Whiteboy'—a striking Irish story—and a fairy tale, 'Midsummer Eve;' in 1857, 'a Woman's Story;' in 1862, 'Can Wrong be Right?' in 1868–9, 'The Fight of Faith.' To the 'Art Journal,' conducted by her husband, Mrs. Hall has contributed many pleasant and picturesque sketches, some of which have been collected and re-issued under the title of 'Pilgrimages to English Shrines,' 'The Book of the Thames,' &c. Mrs. Hall has also produced some pleasing children's books. In tasteful description of natural objects, and pictures of everyday life, Mrs. Hall has few superiors. Her humour is not so broad or racy as that of Lady Morgan, nor her observations so exact and extensive as Miss Edgeworth's: her writings are also unequal, but in general they constitute easy delightful reading, and possess a simple truth and purity of sentiment.

Depending upon Others.—From Sketches of Irish Character.

'*Independence!*'—it is the word, of all others, that Irish—men, women, and children—least understand; and the calmness, or rather indifference, with which they submit to dependence, bitter and miserable as it is, must be a source of deep regret to all who 'love the land,' or who feel anxious to uphold the dignity of humankind. Let us select a few cases from our Irish village, such as are abundant in every neighbourhood. Shane Thurlough, 'as dacent a boy,' and Shane's wife, as 'clane-skinned a girl,' as any in the world. There is Shane, an active handsome-looking fellow, leaning over the half-door of his cottage, kicking a hole in the wall with his brogue, and picking up all the large gravel within his reach to pelt the ducks with—those useful Irish scavengers. Let us speak to him. 'Good-morrow, Shane!' 'Och! the bright bames of heaven on ye every day! and kindly welcome, my lady; and won't ye step in and rest—it's powerful hot, and a beautiful summer, sure—the Lord be praised!' 'Thank you, Shane. I thought you were going to cut the hay-field to-day; if a heavy shower comes it will be spoiled; it has been fit for the scythe these two days.' 'Sure it's all owing to that thief o' the world, Tom Parrel, my lady. Didn't he promise me the loan of his scythe; and, by the same token, I was to pay him for it: and *depinding* on that, I didn't buy one, which I have been threatening to do for the last two years.' 'But why don't you go to Carrick and purchase one?' 'To Carrick! Och, 'tis a good step to Carrick, and my toes are on the ground—saving your presence—for I *depinded* on Tim Jarvis to tell Andy Cappler, the brogue-maker, to do my shoes; and, bad luck to him, the spalpeen! he forgot it.' 'Where's your pretty wife, Shane?' 'She's in all the woe o' the world, ma'am, dear. And she puts the blame of it on me, though I'm not in the fault this time anyhow. The child's taken the small-pox, and she *depinded* on me to tell the doctor to cut it for the cow-pox, and I *depinded* on Kitty Cackle, the limner, to tell the doctor's own man, and thought she would not forget it, because the boy's her bachelor: but out o' sight, out o' mind—the never a word she told him about it, and the babby has got it natural, and the woman's in heart trouble—to say nothing o' myself—and it the first, and all.' 'I am very sorry, indeed, for you have got a much better wife than most men.' 'That's a true word, my lady, only

she's fidgety-like sometimes, and says I don't hit the nail on the head quick enough; and she takes a dale more trouble than she need about many a thing.' 'I do not think I ever saw Ellen's wheel without flax before, Shane.' 'Bad cess to the wheel! —I got it this morning about that too. I *depinded* on John Williams to bring the flax from O'Flaherty's this day week, and he forgot it; and she says I ought to have brought it myself, and I close to the spot. But where's the good? says I; sure he'll bring it next time.' 'I suppose, Shane, you will soon move into the new cottage at Clure Hill?' I passed it to-day, and it looked so cheerful; and when you get there, you must take Ellen's advice, and *depend* solely on yourself.' 'Och, ma'am dear, don't mention it; sure it's that makes me so down in the mouth this very minit. Sure I saw that born blackguard, Jack Waddy, and he comes in here quite innocent-like: "Shane, you've an eye to squire's new lodge," says he. "Maybe I have," says I. "I am yer man," says he. "How so?" says I. "Sure I'm as good as married to my lady's maid," said he; "and I'll spake to the squire for you my own self." "The blessing be about you," says I, quite grateful—and we took a strong cup on the strength of it—and, *depinding* on him, I thought all safe. And what d'ye think, my lady? Why, himself stalks into the place—talked the squire over, to be sure—and without so much as by yer lave, sates himself and his new wife on the lease in the house; and I may go whistle.' 'It was a great pity, Shane, that you didn't go yourself to Mr. Clure.' 'That's a true word for ye ma'am, dear; but it's hard if a poor man can't have a frind to *depind* on.'

G. P. R. JAMES.

Mr. George Payne Rainsford James was one of Scott's historical imitators. If he had not written so much—if, instead of employing an amanuensis, to whom he dictated his 'thick-coming fancies,' he had concentrated his whole powers on a few congenial subjects or periods of history, and resorted to the manual labour of penmanship as a drag-chain on the machine, he might have attained to the highest honours of this department of literature. As it is, he has furnished many light, agreeable, and picturesque books—none of questionable tendency. Mr. James's first appearance as an author was made at the age of seventeen, when he published some eastern tales, entitled 'The String of Pearls.' In 1822 he published a 'History of the Life of Edward the Black Prince.' In 1825, he struck into that path in which he was so indefatigable, and produced his historical romance of 'Richelieu,' a very attractive fiction. In 1830, he issued two romances, 'Darnley, or the field of the Cloth of Gold,' and 'De L'Orme.' Next year he produced 'Philip Augustus;' in 1832, a History of Charlemagne,' and a tale, 'Henry Masterton;' in 1832, 'Mary of Burgundy, or the Revolt of Ghent;' in 1834, 'The Life and Adventures of John Marston Hall;' in 1835, 'One in a Thousand, or the Days of Henri Quatre,' and 'The Gipsy, a Tale;' in 1837, 'Attila,' a romance, and 'The Life and Times of Louis XIV.;' in 1838, 'The Huguenot, a Tale of the French Protestants,' and 'The Robber; 1839, 'Henry of Guise;' and other works of fiction of a similar character. Altogether, the original works of Mr. James extend to one hundred and eighty-nine volumes, and he edited about a dozen more! 'There seems,' says a lively writer, 'to be no limit to his ingenuity, his faculty of getting up scenes and incidents dilemmas, artifices, *contre-temps*, battles, skirmishes, disguises, escapes, trials,

combats, adventures.' The sameness of the author's style and characters is, however, too marked to be pleasing.

Mr. James was a native of London, born in the year 1801. He early commenced writing tales, encouraged by Washington Irving; and the success of 'Richelieu' proved an incentive to exertion. During the reign of William IV., the honorary office of Historiographer of Great Britain was conferred upon him; but he afterwards relinquished it, and proceeded with his family to the United States. He was six years (from 1852 to 1858) consul at Richmond, Virginia; and at the expiration of that period, was appointed consul at Venice, which office he held till his death, June 6, 1860.

EDWARD, LORD LYTTON.

Among our modern authors, the name of EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, afterwards LORD LYTTON, was long conspicuous. It is half a century since he appeared as an author, and during that time till his death there was, as Scott said of Byron, 'no reposing under the shade of his laurels—no living upon the resource of past reputation: his foot was always in the arena, his shield hung always in the lists.' He is remarkable also as having sought and obtained distinction in almost every department of literature—in poetry, the drama, the historical romance, domestic novel, philosophical essay, and political disquisition. Like Cowley, too, he is memorable as having appeared as an author, in a printed volume, in his fifteenth year. This early and indefatigable candidate for literary distinction enjoyed advantages in the circumstances of his birth, education, and fortune. He was born in May 1805, the youngest son of General Bulwer of Haydon Hall and Wood-Dalling, in the county of Norfolk. His mother, an amiable and accomplished woman, was of the ancient family of Lytton of Knebworth, in Hertfordshire; and on her death in 1843, the novelist succeeded to her valuable estate, and took the name of Lytton.* General Bulwer died in 1807, and the charge of his three sons fell to his widow, whose care and tenderness have been commemorated by the youngest and most distinguished of her children. 'From your graceful and accomplished taste,' says the novelist, in the dedication of his works to his mother, 'I early

* His full name, like that of his brother-novelist, Mr. James, might serve in point of length for a Spanish hidalgo. It was Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer Lytton. His brother, Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer (in 1871 raised to the peerage as Lord Dalling and Bulwer, and who died in 1872), was a well-known diplomatist, and author of several works—*An Autumn in Greece; France, Social and Literary; The Monarchy of the Middle Classes;* a *Life of Lord Byron*, prefixed to a Paris edition of the poet's works; *Historical Characters*, *Life of Lord Palmerston*, &c. Lord Dalling was described as 'the prop and pillar of the Palmerstonian Policy in the East.' In 1827 Lord Lytton was married to Rosina, daughter of Francis Wheeler, Esq., of Lizzard Connel, county of Limerick—an unhappy connection which was soon dissolved. The lady wrote several novels not deficient in talent, but wild and extravagant. The issue of this marriage was a son and daughter. The latter died in 1848; the former, Edward Robert, now Lord Lytton, has already been noticed as a poet.

learned that affection for literature which has exercised so large an influence over the pursuits of my life ; and you who were my first guide were my earliest critic.' He is said to have written verses when he was only five or six years old.

In June 1820, appeared his first volume, 'Ismael, an Oriental Tale, with other Poems, written between the Age of Thirteen and Fifteen.' The boyish rhymes are, of course, merely imitative. His next public appearance was as the successful candidate for the prize poem in Cambridge University; he was then a fellow-commoner of Trinity Hall; and in 1825 he carried off the Chancellor's gold medal for the best English poem. The subject selected by Bulwer was Sculpture, and his verses are above the average of prize poems. The long vacation in his college terms was spent by our author in rambles over England and Scotland and France. In 1826 he published a volume of miscellaneous verse, entitled 'Weeds and Wild Flowers;' and in 1827 a poetical narrative, called 'O'Neill, or the Rebel.' The latter was in the style of Byron's 'Corsair,' echoing the false sentiment and morbid feeling of the noble poet, but wanting the poetic ardour, condensed energy of expression, and graceful picturesqueness which gild, if they do not redeem, the errors of Byron's style. A love of poetry, however intense, even when combined with general literary talent and devoted study of the art 'unteachable, untaught,' will never make a poet; and of this truism Lytton Bulwer was a striking illustration. He returned again and again to his first love and early ambition, and at times seemed to be on the brink of complete success; yet, with all his toil and repeated efforts, he never was able to reach the summit of the sacred mount. The following is a favourable specimen of these poetic aspirations:

Eternal air—and thou, my mother earth,
Hallowed by shade and silence—and the birth
Of the young moo : (now watching o'er the sleep
Of the dim mountains and the dreaming deep) :
And by yon star, Heaven's eldest born—whose light
Calls the first smile upon the cheek of night ;
And beams and bodes, like faith beyond the tomb,
Life through the calm, and glory through the gloom ;
My mother earth—and ye, her loftier race,
Midst whom my soul hath held its dwelling-place ;
Rivers, and Rocks, and valleys, and ye shades
Which sleep at noonday o'er the haunted glades
Made musical by waters and the breeze,
All idly dallying with the glowing trees ;
And songs of birds which, ever as they fly,
Breathe soul and gladness to the summer sky ;
Ye courts of Nature, where aloof and lone
She sits and reigns with darkness for her throne ;
Mysterious temples of the breathing God,
If 'mid your might my earliest steps have trod ;
If in mine inmost spirit still are stored
The wild deep memories childhood most adored ;
If still amid the drought and waste of years,
Ye hold the source of smiles and pangless tears :

Will ye not yet inspire me?—for my heart
Beats low and languid—and this idle art
Which I have summoned for an idle end,
Forsakes and flies me like a faithless friend.
Are all your voices silent? I have made
My home as erst amid your thickest shade:
And even now your soft air from above
Breathes on my temples like a sister's love.
Ah! could it bring the freshness of the day
When first my young heart lingered o'er its lay,
Fain would this wintry soul and frozen string
Recall one wind—one whisper from the spring!

In the same year, 1827, Bulwer published his first novel, 'Falkland,' a highly coloured tale of love and passion, calculated to excite and inflame, and evidently based on admiration of the peculiar genius and seductive errors of Byron. Taking up the style of the fashionable novels—rendered popular by Theodore Hook, but then on the wane—Bulwer next came forward with 'Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman,' 1828. This is a novel full of brilliant and witty writing, sarcastic levity, representations of the manners of the great, piquant remark, and scenes of intrigue and passion. There was a want of skill in the construction of the story, for the tragic and satirical parts were not well adjusted; but the picture of a man of fashion—a Charles Surface of the nineteenth century—was attractive, and a second edition of 'Pelham' was called for in a few months. Towards the close of the same year, Bulwer issued another novel, 'The Disowned,' intended by the author to contain 'scenes of more exciting interest and vivid colouring, thoughts less superficially expressed, passions more energetically called forth, and a more sensible and pervading moral tendency.' This was aiming at a high mark; but the labour was too apparent. The scene of the novel was laid in the last century—the days of Chesterfield, George Selwyn, and Horace Walpole; but it had no peculiar character or appropriate illustration, and consequently did not attain to the popularity of 'Pelham.' 'Devereux, a Novel,' 1829, was a more finished performance. 'The lighter portion,' said one of the critics in the 'Edinburgh Review,' 'does not dispute the field with the deeper and more sombre, but follows gracefully by its side, relieving and heightening it. We move, indeed, among the great, but it is the great of other times—names familiar in our mouths—Bolingbroke, Louis, Orleans; amidst manners perhaps as frivolous as those of the day, but which the gentle touch of time has already invested with an antiquarian dignity; the passions of men, the machinery of great motives and universal feelings, occupy the front; the humours, the affections, the petty badges of sects and individuals, retire into the shadows of the background: no undercurrent of persiflage or epicurean indifference checks the flow of that mournful enthusiasm which refreshes its pictures of life with living waters; its eloquent pages seem consecrated to the memory of love, honour, religion, and undeviating faith.' In 1830

Bulwer brought out another work of fiction, 'Paul Clifford,' the hero being a romantic highwayman, familiar with the haunts of low vice and dissipation, but afterwards transformed and elevated by the influence of love. Parts are ably written, but the general effect of the novel was undoubtedly injurious to the public taste and morals. The author seemed to be sinking into a representative of the artificial, unnatural school—an embodiment of Moore's sentimentalist—

> A fine, sallow, sublime sort of Werther-faced man,
> With moustaches that gave—what we read of so oft—
> The dear Corsair expression, half-savage, half-soft.

And with this sickly sentimentalism there was a great deal of prolix description. The love of satire, which had mingled largely in all Bulwer's works, took a more definite shape in 1831 in 'The Siamese Twins,' a poem satirical of fashion, of travellers, of politicians, London notoriety, and various other things, discussed or glanced at in sportive or bitter mood, and in verses that flow easily, and occasionally express vigorous and lively thoughts. Among the miscellaneous poems that follow 'The Siamese Twins,' is one entitled 'Milton,' which was subsequently corrected and enlarged, and is unquestionably Bulwer's best poetical production. He tried fiction again—the poetical satire having proved a comparative failure—and produced, in 1831, 'Eugene Aram,' a story of English life, founded on the history of the clever murderer of that name. This novel was suggested to Bulwer, and partly sketched out, by Godwin. The character of the sordid but ingenious Eugene Aram is idealised by the fancy of the novelist. He is made an enthusiastic student and amiable visionary. The humbling part of his crime was, he says, 'its low calculations, its poor defence, its paltry trickery, its mean hypocrisy: these made his chiefest penance.' Unconscious that detection was close at hand, Aram is preparing to wed an interesting and noble-minded woman, the generous Madeline; and the scenes connected with this ill-fated passion possess a strong and tragical interest. Throughout the work are scattered some beautiful moral reflections and descriptions, imbued with poetical feeling and expression. What lover of literature, for example, does not sympathise with this passage?

Admiration of Genius.

There is a certain charm about great superiority of intellect that winds into deep affections, which a much more constant and even amiability of manners in lesser men often fails to reach. Genius makes many enemies, but it makes sure friends—friends who forgive much, who endure long, who exact little; they partake of the character of disciples as well as friends. There lingers about the human heart a strong inclination to look upward—to revere: in this inclination lies the source of religion, of loyalty, and also of the worship and immortality which are rendered so cheerfully to the great of old. And, in truth, it is a divine pleasure to admire! admiration seems in some measure to appropriate to ourselves the qualities it honours in others. We wed—we root ourselves to the natures we so love to contemplate, and their life grows a part of our own. Thus, when a great man, who has engrossed our thoughts, our conjectures, our homage, dies, a gap seems suddenly left in the world

—a wheel in the mechanism of our own being appears abruptly stilled; a portion of ourselves, and not our worst portion—for how many pure, high, generous sentiments it contains!—dies with him.

There was strong interest, though a want of simplicity and nature, in 'Eugene Aram;' but Bulwer's next novel, 'Godolphin,' published anonymously, was in all respects an inferior work. About this time, he undertook the management of the 'New Monthly Magazine'—which had attained a high reputation under the editorship of Campbell—and published in that work several essays and criticisms, subsequently collected and issued under the title of 'The Student.' In 1833 appeared his 'England and the English,' a series of observations on society, literature, the aristocracy, travelling, and other characteristics and peculiarities of the English people. Some of these are acute and clever, but many are tinged with prejudice, and a desire to appear original and sarcastic. 'The Pilgrims of the Rhine' (1834)—a fanciful and beautifully illustrated work—was Bulwer's next offering; and it was almost immediately afterwards succeeded by one of his best romances, 'The Last Days of Pompeii.' This brilliant and interesting classic story was followed by one still more vigorous and masterly, the tale of 'Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes,' which is the most complete, high-toned, and energetic of all the author's romantic fictions. His tendency to minute and prolonged description is, in these works, relieved by the associations connected with his story, and by historical information, while the reader's interest in the characters and incidents is seldom permitted to flag. Bulwer might then be said to have attained the acme of popularity as an imaginative writer, but he was still to appear as a master of the English domestic novel.

Ambitious of shining in politics as in literature, our author had obtained a seat in the House of Commons. In 1831 he was returned for the borough of St. Ives, and in the following year for the city of Lincoln, which he continued to represent until the year 1842. He was a supporter of extreme Reform principles; and in 1835 he conferred a signal favour on his party by a political pamphlet, entitled 'The Crisis,' which had almost unexampled success. Lord Melbourne, in return for this powerful support, offered Bulwer an appointment in his administration. He declined to accept office; but in 1838 the honour of a baronetcy was conferred upon him. He afterwards greatly modified his political opinions—conscientiously, there is every reason to believe—and in 1852 he was returned as a Conservative member for Hertfordshire, the county in which his property was situated. His few parliamentary speeches were able and comprehensive. They evinced little of the partisan or keen debater, but were marked by a thoughtful earnestness, and by large and liberal views of our national interests and dependencies. In politics, he was still the man of letters—not a political adventurer; and in the busiest portions of his public life, literature was never neglected.

In 1837 appeared Bulwer's novel of 'Ernest Maltravers.' He designed this story to illustrate 'what, though rare in novels, is common in human life—the affliction of the good, the triumph of the unprincipled.' The character of Maltravers is far from pleasing; and Alice Darvil is evidently a copy from Byron's Haidee. Ferrers, the villain of the tale, is also a Byronic creation; and, on the whole, the violent contrasts and gloomy delineations of this novel render it more akin to the spurious offspring of sentimental romance, than to the family of the genuine English novel. A continuation of this work was given in the following year, under the title of 'Alice, or the Mysteries,' with no improvement as to literary power or correct moral philosophy, but still containing some fresh and exquisite descriptions, and delightful portraiture. His next work was 'Athens,' partly historical and partly philosophical. In the same year (1838) we had 'Leila, or the Siege of Granada,' and 'Calderon the Courtier'—light and sketchy productions. Passing over the dramas of Bulwer, we come to 'Night and Morning,' a novel with a clear and simple plot, and some good characters. Gawtrey, a swindler, is well drawn, and the account of his death affords a specimen of the novelist's 'scenic' style. Gawtrey is the chief of a gang of coiners in Paris; they are detected, and Gawtrey, with his associate Morton, is pursued to the attic in which they live.

Death of Gawtrey the Coiner.

At both doors now were heard the sound of voices. 'Open, in the king's name, or expect no mercy!' 'Hist!' said Gawtrey. 'One way yet—the window—the rope.'

Morton opened the casement—Gawtrey uncoiled the rope. The dawn was breaking; it was light in the streets, but all seemed quiet without. The doors reeled and shook beneath the pressure of the pursuers. Gawtrey flung the rope across the street to the opposite parapet; after two or three efforts, the grappling-hook caught firm hold—the perilous path was made.

'Go first,' said Morton; 'I will not leave you now; you will be longer getting across than I shall. I will keep guard till you are over.'

'Hark! hark!—are you mad? *You* keep guard! What is your strength to mine? Twenty men shall not move that door, while my weight is against it. Quick, or you destroy us both! Besides, you will hold the rope for me; it may not be strong enough for my bulk of itself. Stay!—stay one moment. If you escape, and I fall—Fanny—my father, he will take care of her—you remember—thanks! Forgive me all! Go; that's right!'

With a firm pulse, Morton threw himself on that dreadful bridge; it swung and crackled at his weight. Shifting his grasp rapidly—holding his breath—with set teeth—with closed eyes—he moved on—he gained the parapet—he stood safe on the opposite side. And, now straining his eyes across, he saw through the open casement into the chamber he had just quitted. Gawtrey was still standing against the door to the principal staircase, for that of the two was the weaker and the more assailed. Presently the explosion of a firearm was heard; they had shot through the panel. Gawtrey seemed wounded, for he staggered forward, and uttered a fierce cry; a moment more, and he gained the window—he seized the rope—he hung over the tremendous depth! Morton knelt by the parapet, holding the grappling-hook in its place, with convulsive grasp, and fixing his eyes, bloodshot with fear and suspense, on the huge bulk that clung for life to that slender cord!

'*Le voila! le voila!*' cried a voice from the opposite side. Morton raised his gaze from Gawtrey; the casement was darkened by the forms of the pursuers—they had

burst into the room—an officer sprang upon the parapet, and Gawtrey, now aware of his danger, opened his eyes, and, as he moved on, glared upon the foe. The policeman deliberately raised his pistol—Gawtrey arrested himself—from a wound in his side the blood trickled slowly and darkly down, drop by drop, upon the stones below; even the officers of the law shuddered as they eyed him; his hair bristling—his cheek white—his lips drawn convulsively from his teeth, and his eyes glaring from beneath the frown of agony and menace in which yet spoke the indomitable power and fierceness of the man. His look, so fixed—so intense—so stern, awed the policeman: his hand trembled as he fired, and the ball struck the parapet an inch below the spot where Morton knelt. An indistinct, wild, gurgling sound—half laugh, half yell—of scorn and glee, broke from Gawtrey's lips. He swung himself on—near—near—nearer—a yard from the parapet.

'You are saved!' cried Morton; when at that moment a volley burst from the fatal casement—the smoke rolled over both the fugitives—a groan, or rather howl, of rage and despair, and agony, appalled even the hardiest on whose ear it came. Morton sprung to his feet, and looked below. He saw on the rugged stones, far down, a dark, formless, motionless mass—the strong man of passion and levity—the giant who had played with life and soul, as an infant with the baubles that it prizes and breaks—was what the Cæsar and the leper alike are, when all clay is without God's breath—what glory, genius, power, and beauty, would be for ever and for ever, if there were no God!

This novel of 'Night and Morning' was followed by 'Day and Night,' 'Lights and Shadows,' 'Glimmer and Gloom,' an affected title to a picturesque and interesting story. 'Zanoni,' 1842, is more unconnected in plot and vicious in style than the previous fictions of Bulwer, and possesses no strong or permanent interest. 'Eva, the Ill-omened Marriage, and other Tales and Poems,' 1842, was another attempt of our author to achieve poetical honours, ever present to his imagination, but, like the flowers on the mountain cliff,

Not to be come at by the willing hand.

We give, however, from the volume a happy definition:

Talent and Genius.

Talent convinces—genius but excites;
This tasks the reason, that the soul delights.
Talent from sober judgment takes its birth,
And reconciles the pinion to the earth;
Genius unsettles with desires the mind,
Contented not till earth be left behind;
Talent, the sunshine on a cultured soil,
Ripens the fruit by slow degrees for toil.
Genius the sudden Iris of the skies,
On cloud itself reflects its wondrous dyes:
And, to the earth, in tears and glory given,
Clasps in its airy arch the pomp of Heaven!
Talent gives all that vulgar critics need—
From its plain horn-book learn the dull to read;
Genius, the Pythian of the beautiful,
Leaves its large truths a riddle to the dull—
From eyes profane a veil the Isis screens,
And fools on fools still ask—'What Hamlet means?'

The next work of our author was 'The Last of the Barons,' 1843, an historical romance, describing the times of Warwick the King maker, and containing the most beautiful of Bulwer's female creations, the character of Sybill. Though too much elaborated in some parts,

and even dreary as a story, this romance, viewed as a whole, is a powerful and great work. In 1844 the novelist appeared as a translator: he gave to the world a version of Schiller's poems—executed carefully, as all Bulwer's works are, and occasionally with poetic spirit and felicity. He then ventured on an original poetic work, 'The New Timon,' a poem partly satirical and partly narrative, which he issued anonymously, the first part appearing at Christmas, 1845, and three others being subsequently added. 'Timon' is a romance of London, exhibiting, on the groundwork of an improbable plot, sketches of the leading public men and authors of the metropolis—eulogising some, vituperating others, and dealing about praise and censure with a degree of rashness, levity, and bad taste almost inconceivable in so practised a writer and so accomplished a man. Among those whom he assailed, both in verse and prose, was Alfred Tennyson, who was designated 'School Miss Alfred;' and the poetry of the laureate—so highly original, refined, and suggestive—was classed among

> The jingling medley of purloined conceits,
> Out-babying Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats.

That the satirist was unable to appreciate the works of Wordsworth, Keats, or Tennyson, is incredible. We must impute this *escapade* to a desire to say smart and severe things, as Pope and Byron had said before him, and to try his artistic hand in a line of authorship sure to attract attention. The disguise of the 'New Timon' was seen through, and 'Miss Alfred' is believed to have rebuked the audacity of the assailant in a very masculine reply.* But whatever were his affectations or blunders, Bulwer persevered, and he at last wrought out works worthy of his fame. His next novel, however, was not a happy effort. 'Lucretia, or the Children of Night,' was written to exhibit some of the workings of the arch-ruler of civilisation, Money, 'which ruins virtues in the spendthrift, no less than

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* We know him, out of Shakspeare's art,
And those fine curses which he spoke—
The Old Timon with his noble heart,
That strongly loathing, greatly broke.

So died the Old; here comes the New:
Regard him—a familiar face;
I thought we knew him. What! it 's you,
The padded man that wears the stays;

Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
With dandy pathos when you wrote:
O Lion, you that made a noise,
And shook a name *en papillotes*. . . .

But men of long-enduring hopes,
And careless what the hour may bring,
Can pardon little would-be Popes
And Brummels when they try to sting.

An artist, sir, should rest in art,
And waive a little of his claim:
To have the great poetic heart
Is more than all poetic fame. . . .

What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt—
A dapper boot—a little hand—
If half the little soul is dirt?

A Timon you! Nay, nay, for shame;
It looks too arrogant a jest—
That fierce old man—to take his name,
You bandbox! Off, and let him rest.

Punch, 1846.

engenders vices in the miser.' The subject is treated in a melodramatic style, with much morbid sentiment and unnecessary horrors; and the public condemnation of the tale was so emphatic that Sir Edward (who was tremblingly alive to criticism on his works) deemed it necessary to reply in 'A Word to the Public.' In this pamphlet the novelist sought to vindicate the moral tendency of his tales, and to defend the introduction of crime and terror in works of fiction. His reasoning was just in the abstract, but had no particular reference to the story in question, which was defective as a work of art; and, notwithstanding his defence, Sir Edward, in a subsequent edition, modified some of the incidents and details.

As a contrast to 'Lucretia,' he next presented the public with a tale of English domestic life, 'The Caxtons, a Family Picture,' which appeared in monthly parts in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and in 1849 was collected and issued in the usual three-volume form. Free from all mysticism and terror, and abounding in humour, quaint fancies and delineation of character, this work was highly successful. The characters were modelled upon the creations of Sterne—the head of the family being a simple, learned, absent recluse, who speculates like Mr. Shandy; while his brother the half-pay captain, his son Pisistratus—the historian of the family—his gentle, affectionate wife, and the eccentric family doctor, are all more or less copies from the elder novelist, retaining much of his genial spirit, whim, and satire, but with none of his grossness. While this work was in progress, delighting the readers of the magazine, its untiring author issued another historical romance, 'Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings,' a story of love and war, of Gothic and Celtic superstitions and character, presenting much animated description, though somewhat overlaid with archæological details.

The same year (1848), alternating, as before, poetical with prose fiction, and again assuming the anonymous guise, Sir Edward came forward with the first part of a metrical romance, 'King Arthur, by the Author of the New Timon.' The concluding portion was published early in 1849, and with it the name of the author was given. A serio-comic legendary poem in twelve books was a bold experiment. Sir Edward had bestowed on the work much thought and labour. It exhibits a great amount of research, of curious mythological and Scandinavian lore, and of ingenious allusions to modern events and characters, mixed up with allegorical and romantic incidents. We have the wandering king sent out by Merlin in quest of chivalrous adventures, guided by his emblematic silver dove (love), and protected by his magic sword (heroic patriotism) and by his silver shield (freedom). He vanquishes, of course, all enemies, and ranges through all regions, having also his ladye-love, Ægle, a fair maid of Etruria. But with all its variety, its ingenuity, and learned lore, 'King Arthur' is found to be tedious. The charm of human interest is wanting, and the vivifying soul of poetry which lightens

up the allegories of Spenser and Ariosto is absent from the pages of their modern imitator. The blending of satire and comic scenes with romantic fable, though sanctioned by the example of Ariosto, was also a perilous attempt; and we cannot say that the covert descriptions of Louis-Philippe, Guizot, or the Parisian February revolution, are either very just or very effective. Here is the portrait of the French minister:

With brow deject, the mournful Vandal took
Occasion prompt to leave his royal guest,
And sought a friend who served him, as a book
Read in our illness, in our health dismissed;
For seldom did the Vandal condescend
To that poor drudge which monarchs call a friend.

And yet Astutio was a man of worth
Before the brain had reasoned out the heart;
But now he learned to look upon the earth
As peddling hucksters look upon the mart;
Took souls for wares, and conscience for a till;
And damned his fame to save his master's will.

Much lore he had in men, and states, and things,
And kept his memory mapped in prim precision,
With histories, laws, and pedigrees of kings,
And moral saws which ran through each division,
All neatly colored with appropriate hue—
The histories black, the morals heavenly blue!

But state-craft, mainly, was his pride and boast;
The 'golden medium' was his guiding star,
Which means, 'move on until you're uppermost,
And then things can't be better than they are!'
Brief, in two rules, he summed the ends of man—
'Keep all you have, and try for all you can!'

In 1851 Bulwer wrote a comedy, 'Not so Bad as we Seem,' which was performed at Devonshire House, in aid of the Guild of Literature and Art—an institution for decayed and destitute authors and artists, projected by Charles Dickens and others, but which proved a failure. The Queen and Prince Consort were present at this dramatic representation, and among the amateur performers were Dickens, Forster, R. H. Horne, Mark Lemon, and Frank Stone.

The later works of this eminent author fulfilled the promise of healthful moral feeling, and the more complete mastery of his intellectual resources, indicated in the family picture of the Caxtons. 'My Novel, or Varieties of English Life,' 1853, and 'What will He Do with It?' 1858, are genuine English stories, uniting the characteristics of town and country life, and presenting the contrasts of national character. His country squires and clergymen are perhaps too good, and his manufacturers and borough Radicals too coarse and vulgar. He views society too exclusively from the atmosphere of Almack's and May Fair. He is also more apt to describe his characters than to develop them in action and dialogue; and his

digressions, though always ingenious, even when they are pedantic and egotistic, are sometimes misplaced. These are his most prominent defects or drawbacks. But there is so much variety in his portraits, so much to delight the fancy and exercise the understanding, that it is on these English tales, as we conceive, that the novelist's fame will ultimately rest. His 'Caxtoniana,' a series of essays (1863) and contributions to the Reviews, are also worthy of his reputation. In the course of his long career he exhibited an amazing versatility of intellect and noble perseverance. He worked himself free of the pruriency and affectations of his early manner, and displayed the matured powers of the artist, with deeper and broader sympathies, and a wiser philosophy of human life.

In 1853 Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer received from the university of Oxford the degree of D. C. L.; in 1856 he was elected Rector of the university of Glasgow; and in 1858 he joined the administration of the Earl of Derby as Secretary for Colonial Affairs. In 1866 he was elevated to the peerage as Baron Lytton. His literary industry was never relaxed. He successfully produced 'The Lost Tales of Miletus,' a collection of ancient legends in original rhythmical strophes (1866); a translation of "Horace's Odes" (1865); 'Walpole, or Every Man has his Price,' a rhyming comedy (1869); and 'The Coming Race' (1870). The last is a narrative of imaginary travels; it was published anonymously, and excited much attention and speculation, running rapidly through several editions. In this curious work Lord Lytton seems to have been indebted for some hints to a Latin work by Holberg, the Danish poet, 'Nicolia Kliminii Iter Subterranean,' of which a translation is given in Weber's Popular Romances. Both profess to be the narrative of an underground journey, the countries that are the scene of the travels being alike situated in the interior of the earth. In 1872-3, a novel, 'The Parisians,' appeared in monthly parts in 'Blackwood's Magazine;' and Lord Lytton had just completed another work, 'Kenelm Chillingly,' when his busy career terminated. He was seized with a severe pain—a terrible agony—from inflammation in the ear and head, which in three days proved fatal. He died at Torquay on the 18th of January 1873, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. The sudden death of Lord Lytton was much regretted. He was at the head of our literature, with the single exception of Mr. Carlyle; his works were popular over all Europe, and his fertility and industry seemed unabated. His son, the present Lord Lytton, has, with a just pride, said of his father: 'Whether as an author, standing apart from all literary cliques and coteries, or as a politician, never wholly subject to the exclusive dictation of any political party, he always thought and acted in sympathy with every popular aspiration for the political, social, and intellectual improvement of the whole national life.'*

* Prefatory Memoir to *Speeches of Edward, Lord Lytton*, 1874.

Lord Lytton left an unfinished romance, 'Pausanias, the Spartan,' which was published (edited by his son) in 1876.

Imagination on Canvas and in Books.

It is when we compare works of imagination in writing with works of imagination on the canvas, that we can best form a critical idea of the different schools which exist in each; for common both to the author and the painter are those styles which we call the familiar, the picturesque, and the intellectual. By recurring to this comparison, we can without much difficulty classify works of fiction in their proper order, and estimate the rank they should severally hold. The intellectual will probably never be the most widely popular for the moment. He who prefers to study in this school, must be prepared for much depreciation, for its greatest excellences, even if he achieve them, are not the most obvious to the many. In discussing, for instance, a modern work, we hear it praised, perhaps, for some striking passage, some prominent character; but when do we ever hear any comment on its harmony of construction, on its fitness of design, on its ideal character, on its essentials—in short, as a work of art? What we hear most valued in a picture, we often find the most neglected in a book—namely, *the composition*; and this, simply, because in England painting is recognised as an art, and estimated according to definite theories. But in literature, we judge from a taste never formed—from a thousand prejudices and ignorant predilections. We do not yet comprehend that the author is an artist, and that the true rules of art by which he should be tested are precise and immutable. Hence the singular and fantastic caprices of the popular opinion—its exaggerations of praise or censure—its passion and reaction. These violent fluctuations betray both a public and a criticism utterly unschooled in the elementary principles of literary art, and entitle the humblest author to dispute the censure of the hour, while they ought to render the greatest suspicious of its praise.

It is, then, in conformity, not with any presumptuous conviction of his own superiority, but with his common experience and common sense, that every author who addresses an English audience in serious earnest, is permitted to feel that his final sentence rests not with the jury before which he is first heard. The literary history of the day consists of a series of judgments set aside.

But this uncertainty must more essentially beride every student, however lowly, in the school I have called the intellectual, which must ever be more or less at variance with the popular canons: it is its hard necessity to use and disturb the lazy quietude of vulgar taste, for unless it did so, it could neither elevate nor move. He who resigns the Dutch art for the Italian, must continue through the dark to explore the principles upon which he founds his design—to which he adapts his execution; in hope or in despondence, still faithful to the theory which cares less for the amount of interest created, than for the sources from which the interest is to be drawn—seeking in action the movement of the prouder passions or the subtler springs of conduct—seeking in repose the colouring of intellectual beauty.

The low and the high of art are not very readily comprehended; they depend not upon the worldly degree or the physical condition of the characters delineated: they depend entirely upon the quality of the emotion which the characters are intended to excite: namely, whether of sympathy for something low, or of admiration for something high. There is nothing high in a boor's head by Teniers—there is nothing low in a boor's head by Guido. What makes the difference between the two? The absence or presence of the ideal! But every one can judge of the merit of the first, for it is of the familiar school; it requires a connoisseur to see the merit of the last, for it is of the intellectual.

Power and Genius—Idols of Imagination.—From 'The Last of the Barons.'

The father and child seated themselves on the parapet, and saw, below, the gay and numerous vessels that glided over the sparkling river while the dark walls of Bayard's Castle, the adjoining bulwark and battlements of Montfichet, and the tall watch-tower of Warwick's mighty mansion, frowned, in the distance, against the soft blue sky.

'There,' said Adam quietly, and pointing to the feudal roofs—'there seems to rise power; and yonder' (glancing to the river)—'yonder seems to flow genius! A century or so hence the walls shall vanish, but the river shall roll on. Man makes the castle and founds the power—God forms the river, and creates the genius. And yet, Sybill, there may be streams as broad and stately as yonder Thames, that flow afar in the waste, never seen, never heard by man. What profits the river unmarked? what the genius never to be known?'

It was not a common thing with Adam Warner to be thus eloquent. Usually silent and absorbed, it was not his gift to moralise or declaim. His soul must be deeply moved before the profound and buried sentiment within it could escape into words.

Sybill pressed her father's hand, and though her own heart was very heavy, she forced her lips to smile, and her voice to soothe. Adam interrupted her.

'Child, child, ye women know not what presses darkest and most bitterly on the minds of men. You know not what it is to form out of immaterial things some abstract but glorious object—to worship—to serve it—to sacrifice to it, as on an altar, youth, health, hope, life—and suddenly, in old age, to see that the idol was a phantom, a mockery, a shadow laughing us to scorn, because we have sought to clasp it.'

'O yes, father, women have known that illusion.'

'What! do they study?'

'No, father, but they feel!'

'Feel! I comprehend thee not.'

'As man's genius to him, is woman's heart to her,' answered Sybill, her dark and deep eyes suffused with tears. 'Doth not the heart create—invent? Doth it not dream? Doth it not form its idol out of air? Goeth it not forth into the future to prophesy to itself? And, sooner or later, in age or youth, doth it not wake itself at last, and see how it hath wasted its all on follies? Yes, father, my heart can answer, when thy genius would complain.'

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth, son of a solicitor in Manchester, was born in 1805. He has written several novels and romances, partly founded on English history and manners. His first novel, 'Sir John Chiverton,' appeared in 1825. His next work, 'Rookwood,' 1834, is a very animated narrative, in which the adventures of Turpin the highwayman are graphically related, and some of the vulgar superstitions of the last century coloured with a tinge of romance. In the interest and rapidity of his scenes and adventures, Mr. Ainsworth evinced a dramatic power and art, but no originality or felicity of humour or character. His romance, 'Crichton,' 1836, is founded on the marvellous history of the Scottish cavalier, but is scarcely equal to the first. He has since written 'Jack Sheppard' (1839), a sort of Newgate romance, 'The Tower of London,' 'Guy Fawkes,' 'Old St. Paul's,' 'Windsor Castle,' 'The Lancashire Witches,' 'The Star Chamber,' 'The Flitch of Bacon,' 'The Spendthrift,' &c. There are rich, copious and brilliant descriptions in some of these works, but their tendency must be reprobated. To portray scenes of low successful villainy, and to paint ghastly and hideous details of human suffering, can be no elevating task for a man of genius, nor one likely to promote among novel-readers a healthy tone of moral feeling or sentiment. The story of 'Jack Sheppard,' illustrated by the pencil of Cruikshank, had immense success, and was dramatised.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

The Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, son of Mr. Isaac D'Israeli, author of the 'Curiosities of Literature,' was born in London, December 21, 1804. He was privately educated, and placed in a solicitor's office, in order to give him some knowledge of business. His inclination, however, was for literature, not law, and in 1826 he appeared as an author, publishing 'Vivian Grey,' a novel, in two volumes. A second part was added in the following year. The work was read with great avidity. It contained so many and such direct references to public men and recent events—such sarcastic views of society and character in high life—and was at once so arrogant, egotistic, and clever, that it became the book of the season and the talk of the town. Passages of glowing sentiment and happy description gave evidence of poetic feeling and imagination. In 1828, the young novelist continued his vein of sarcasm in 'The Voyage of Captain Popanilla,' an adaptation of Swift's 'Gulliver' to modern times and circumstances. He then sought out new scenes abroad, travelling over Italy and Greece, residing for a winter in Constantinople, and exploring Syria, Egypt, and Nubia. On his return to England, Mr. Disraeli began to mingle in the political contests and excitement caused by the Reform Bill and the advent of the Whigs to power. He was ambitious of a seat in parliament, and made three unsuccessful efforts for this purpose—the first two as an extreme Reformer, and the third in the character of a Conservative. He quarrelled with O'Connell and Joseph Hume, wrote furious letters against all gainsayers, and sent a challenge to O'Connell's son. He then became the Coryphæus of the party denominated 'Young England,' and professed to look for the elements of national regeneration and welfare in the exertions and energies of the 'heroic youth' of the country.

From 1830 to 1833 he produced several works of fiction—'The Young Duke,' 'Contarini Fleming,' 'The Wondrous Tale of Alroy,' 'The Rise of Iskander,' 'Ixion in Heaven,' &c. The best of these is 'Contarini Fleming,' which he afterwards termed 'The Psychological Romance.' Though in the highest degree improbable as a story, and exaggerated in tone and sentiment, passages of fine imagination, satire, and description abound in this romance. The hero seemed to be a self-delineation of the author—an idealised Disraeli, revelling in scenes of future greatness, baffling foreign diplomatists and political intriguers, and trampling down all opposition by the brilliancy of his intellect and the force of his will. In 'Alroy,' the author's imagination ran to waste. It is written in a strain of Eastern hyperbole, in a sort of lyrical prose, and is without purpose, coherence, or interest. Nothing daunted by the ridicule heaped on this work, Mr. Disraeli made a still bolder flight next year. In 1834 appeared, in quarto, 'The Revolutionary Epick; the Work of Dis-

raeli the Younger, Author of The Psychological Romance.' Such a title was eminently provocative of ridicule, and the feeling was heightened by the preface, in which the author stated that his poem was suggested on the plains of Troy, but that 'the poet hath ever embodied the spirit of his time.' He instanced the 'Iliad,' the 'Æneid,' the 'Divine Comedy,' and the 'Paradise Lost,' adding: 'And the Spirit of my Time, shall it alone be uncelebrated? For me remains the 'Revolutionary Epick.'" Accordingly, the Genius of Feudalism and the Genius of Federalism are made to appear before the throne of Demogorgon, to plead in blank verse the cause of their separate political systems, and Faith and Fealty and 'Young England' are triumphant. No work of Mr. Disraeli's was ever without some passage of originality or power, and a few of the monologues and descriptions in this epic are wrought up with considerable effect; but on the whole it is heavy and incongruous, and was universally considered a failure. Some political dissertations succeeded—'The Crisis Examined,' 'Vindication of the English Constitution,' 'Letters of Runnymede,' &c. These are strongly anti-Whiggish, written after the model of Junius, and abound in elaborate sarcasm and invective, occasionally degenerating into bombast, but with traces of that command of humorous illustration which afterwards distinguished Mr. Disraeli as a parliamentary debater. The years 1836 and 1837 were marked by the production of two more novels—'Henrietta Temple, a Love Story,' and 'Venetia.' The former is one of the most pleasing and consistent of the author's fictions; the second is an attempt to portray the characters of Byron and Shelley in connection with a series of improbable incidents. Shortly after the appearance of his tale of 'Venetia,' its author was gratified by the acquisition of that long-coveted honour, a seat in parliament. He was returned for the borough of Maidstone, along with Mr. Wyndham Lewis, who died in 1838, and in the following year Mr. Disraeli married the widow of his late colleague, who, in 1868, was elevated to the peerage with the title of Viscountess Beaconsfield.

Mr. Disraeli's first speech was looked forward to with some interest, for he had menaced O'Connell with the threat, 'We shall meet at Philippi,' and had piqued the public curiosity by his political reveries and the bold satire; so that a performance rich in amusement, if not one of high triumph, was anticipated. In style and delivery the speech resembled Mr. Disraeli's oriental magnificence: it was received with shouts of derisive laughter, in the midst of which the speaker fairly broke down, but in conclusion he thundered out with prophetic sagacity: 'I have begun several times many things, and have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when *you will* hear me.' It was long, however, before he ventured on a second attempt; and when he did come forward again on that trying arena, it was obvious that he had profited by the failure and by the subsequent discipline it had led him to undertake. It

is not within our province to review the political career of Mr. Disraeli. In time his talent, or rather genius, took a practical shape; his taste and ambition were chastened, and his efforts as a politician and debater were crowned with brilliant success. 'It is a common opinion,' as he has himself said, 'that a man cannot at the same time be successful both in meditation and in action. But in life it is wisest to judge men individually, and not decide upon them by general rules. The common opinion in this instance may be very often correct; but where it fails to apply its influence, may involve us in fatal mistakes. A literary man who is a man of action is a two-edged weapon; nor should it be forgotten that Caius Julius and Frederick the Great were both eminently literary characters, and yet were perhaps the two most distinguished men of action of ancient and modern times.' Before the novelist had succeeded in realizing this rare combination, he continued his literary labours. In 1839 he produced a tragedy, 'Alcaros,' which is alike deficient in poetic power and artistic skill.

In 1844 and 1845 he was successful with two semi-political novels, 'Coningsby, or the New Generation,' and 'Sybil, or the Two Nations.' The former was a daring attempt to portray the public men of his own times—to delineate the excesses of the Marquis of Hertford, the subserviency and Irish assurance of Mr. John Wilson Croker (Rigby), the tuft-hunting and dissipation of Theodore Hook, and the political influence and social life of men like the Duke of Rutland and Lord Lonsdale. The lower class of trading politicians and supple subordinates was well drawn in the trio Messrs. Earwig, Tadpole and Taper; while the doctrines of 'Young England' were exemplified in the hero Coningsby (the Hon. Mr. Smythe), in Sidonia the Jew (obviously Mr. Disraeli himself) and in the various dialogues and episodes scattered throughout the work. Pictures of high life and fashionable frivolities vary the graver scenes, and defects in our domestic institutions and arrangements are commented upon in the author's pointed and epigrammatic style. These opinions of the 'new generation' are often false in sentiment and utterly impracticable—such as the proposed revival of May-games and other rustic sports, with profuse hospitality on the part of land-owners—while the historical retrospects of public affairs and English rulers are glaringly partial and unjust. The same defects characterise 'Sybil,' but with less interest in the narrative portions of the work. It is, indeed, more strictly a collection of political essays and conversations than a novel. One peculiarity in these works, and one which has become characteristic of Mr. Disraeli, is his chivalrous defense of the Jews. Touched by hereditary associations and poetic fancy, he places the Hebrew race above all others. But even in their day of power the Jews yielded to various conquerors, and their depressed political condition cannot but be regarded as a proof of their inferiority. The next flight of our author was towards the East. 'Tancred, or the New Crusade,' 1847, is extravagant and absurd in its whole con-

ception and plot, yet contains some gorgeous descriptions of oriental life and scenery. The hero, Tancred, a young English nobleman, desires to 'penetrate the great Asian mystery,' and travels over the Holy Land, encountering perils and adventures; he fights, loves, and meditates; but in the end, when the reader expects to be able to 'pluck the heart out of this great mystery,' the English father and mother appear in Jerusalem, and bear off the errant and enthusiastic crusader. With this second 'wild and wondrous tale' Mr. Disraeli's career as a novelist closed for a quarter of a century. He was now immersed in politics and conspicuous as a debater.

When Sir Robert Peel avowed and acted upon his conversion to the principles of free-trade, he was assailed, night after night, by Mr. Disraeli in speeches memorable for their bitterness, their concentrated sarcasm, and studied invective. No minister since Walpole had been so incessantly and perseveringly attacked. He denounced Sir Robert Peel as the head of an 'organised hypocrisy,' and as a politician who had 'found the Whigs bathing, and stolen their clothes.' The Opposition at this time was led by Lord George Bentinck; and when the chief was cut off by a sudden and premature death, Mr. Disraeli commemorated his services in a volume entitled 'Lord George Bentinck, a political Biography,' 1851. A few months after this period, the Earl of Derby was called upon to form a Conservative administration, and Mr. Disraeli was made Chancellor of the Exchequer. He retired with his party after about nine months possession of office; but when Lord Derby returned again to power in 1858, Mr. Disraeli resumed his former important appointment. In 1859, the defeat of the administration again led to his retirement. In February, 1868, he attained the highest parliamentary distinction—he was appointed first Lord of the Treasury or Premier. This office he held till December of the same year, when the Conservative administration was supplanted by that of Mr. Gladstone. In 1870 Mr. Disraeli astonished the world by appearing again as a novelist—author of 'Lothair,' the weakest of all his novels, yet the one which has had the greatest circulation. In 1874 Mr. Disraeli was once more restored to his high office of First Minister of the Crown, and in 1876 he was called to the House of Lords as Earl of Beaconsfield.

The Principle of Utility.

'In this country,' said Sidonia, 'since the peace, there has been an attempt to advocate a reconstruction of society on a purely rational basis. The principle of utility has been powerfully developed. I speak not with lightness of the labours of the disciples of that school. I bow to intellect in every form; and we should be grateful to any school of philosophers, even if we disagree with them; doubly grateful in this country, where for so long a period our statesmen were in so pitiable an arrear of public intelligence. There has been an attempt to reconstruct society on a basis of material motives and calculations. It has failed. It must ultimately have failed under any circumstances: its failure in an ancient and densely peopled kingdom was inevitable. How limited is human reason, the profoundest inquirers are most conscious. We are not indebted to the reason of man for any of the great achievements

which are the landmarks of human action and human progress. It was not reason that besieged Troy; it was not reason that sent forth the Saracen from the desert to conquer the world; that inspired the Crusades; that instituted the monastic orders; it was not reason that produced the Jesuits; above all, it was not reason that created the French Revolution. Man is only truly great when he acts from the passions; never irresistible but when he appeals to the imagination. Even Mormon counts more votaries than Bentham.' 'And you think, then, that as imagination once subdued the state, imagination may now save it?' 'Man is made to adore and to obey; but if you will not command him—if you give him nothing to worship—he will fashion his own divinities, and find a chieftain in his own passions.' 'But where can we find faith in a nation of sectaries? Who can feel loyalty to a sovereign of Downing Street?' 'I speak of the eternal principles of human nature; you answer me with the passing accidents of the hour. Sects rise and sects disappear. Where are the Fifth-monarchy men? England is governed by Downing Street: once it was governed by Alfred and Elizabeth.'

Jerusalem.—From 'Tancred.'

The broad moon lingers on the summit of Mount Olivet, but its beam has long left the garden of Gethsemane and the tomb of Absalom, the waters of Kedron and the dark abyss of Jehoshaphat. Full falls its splendour, however, on the opposite city, vivid and defined in its silver blaze. A lofty wall, with turrets and towers and frequent gates, undulates with the unequal ground which it covers, as it encircles the lost capital of Jehovah. It is a city of hills far more famous than those of Rome; for all Europe has heard of Sion and of Calvary, while the Arab and the Assyrian, and the tribes and nations beyond, are as ignorant of the Capitolan and Aventine Mounts as they are of the Malvern or the Chiltern Hills.

The broad steep of Sion crowned with the tower of David; nearer still, Mount Moriah, with the gorgeous temple of the God of Abraham, but built, alas! by the child of Hagar, and not by Sarah's chosen one; close to its cedars and its cypresses, its lofty spires and airy arches, the moonlight falls upon Bethesda's pool; further on, entered by the gate of St. Stephen, the eye, though 'tis the noon of night, traces with ease the Street of Grief, a long winding ascent to a vast cupolaed pile that now covers Calvary—called the Street of Grief, because there the most illustrious of the human, as well as of the Hebrew race, the descendant of King David, and the divine son of the most favoured of women, twice sank under that burden of suffering and shame which is now throughout all Christendom the emblem of triumph and of honour; passing over groups and masses of houses built of stone, with terraced roofs, or surmounted with small domes, we reach the hill of Salem, where Melchisedek built his mystic citadel; and still remains the hill of Scopas, where Titus gazed upon Jerusalem on the eve of his final assault. Titus destroyed the temple. The religion of Judea has in turn subverted the fanes which were raised to his father and to himself in their imperial capital: and the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob is now worshipped before every altar in Rome.

Jerusalem by moonlight! 'Tis a fine spectacle, apart from all its indissoluble associations of awe and beauty. The mitigating hour softens the austerity of a mountain landscape magnificent in outline, however harsh and severe in detail; and, while it retains all its sublimity, removes much of the savage sternness of the strange and unrivalled scene. A fortified city, almost surrounded by ravines, and rising in the centre of chains of far-spreading hills, occasionally offering, through their rocky glens, the gleams of a distant and richer land!

The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the sacred city. The all-pervading stillness is broken by a breeze, that seems to have travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea. It wails among the tombs, and sighs among the cypress groves. The palm-tree trembles as it passes, as if it were a spirit of woe. Is it the breeze that has travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea?

Or is it the haunting voice of prophets mourning over the city that they could not save? Their spirits surely would linger on the land where their Creator had deigned to dwell, and over whose impending faith Omnipotence had shed human tears. From this mount! Who can but believe that, at the midnight hour, from the summit of the Ascension, the great departed of Israel assemble to gaze upon the battlements of

their mystic city! There might be counted heroes and sages, who need shrink from no rivalry with the brightest and the wisest of other lands; but the lawgiver of the time of the Pharaohs, whose laws are still obeyed; the monarch, whose reign has ceased for three thousand years, but whose wisdom is a proverb in all nations of the earth; the teacher, whose doctrines have molded civilised Europe—the greatest of legislators, the greatest of administrators, and the greatest of reformers—what race, extinct or living, can produce three such men as these!

The last light is extinguished in the village of Bethany. The wailing breeze has become a moaning wind; a white film spreads over the purple sky; the stars are veiled, the stars are hid; all becomes as dark as the waters of Kedron and the valley of Jehoshaphat. The tower of David merges into obscurity; no longer glitter the minarets of the mosque of Omar; Bethesda's angelic waters, the gate of Stephen, the street of sacred sorrow, the hill of Salem, and the heights of Scopas, can no longer be discerned. Alone in the increasing darkness, while the very line of the walls gradually eludes the eye, the church of the Holy Sepulchre is a beacon light.

And why is the church of the Holy Sepulchre a beacon light? Why, when it is already past the noon of darkness, when every soul slumbers in Jerusalem, and not a sound disturbs the deep repose except the howl of the wild dog crying to the wilder wind—why is the cupola of the sanctuary illumined, though the hour has long since been numbered, when pilgrims there kneel and monks pray?

An armed Turkish guard are bivouacked in the court of the church; within the church itself, two brethren of the convent of Terra Santa keep holy watch and ward: while, at the tomb beneath, there kneels a solitary youth, who prostrated himself at sunset, and who will there pass unmoved the whole of the sacred night.

Yet the pilgrim is not in communion with the Latin Church; neither is he of the Church Armenian, or the Church Greek; Maronite, Coptic, or Abyssinian—these also are Christian churches which cannot call him child.

He comes from a distant and a northern isle to bow before the tomb of a descendant of the kings of Israel, because he, in common with all the people of that isle, recognises in that sublime Hebrew incarnation the presence of a Divine Redeemer. Then why does he come alone? It is not that he has availed himself of the inventions of modern science, to repair first to a spot, which till his countrymen may equally desire to visit, and thus anticipate their hurrying arrival. Before the inventions of modern science, all his countrymen used to flock hither. Then why do they not now? Is the Holy Land no longer hallowed? Is it not the land of sacred and mysterious truths? The land of heavenly messages and earthly miracles? The land of prophets and apostles? Is it not the land upon whose mountains the Creator of the Universe parleyed with man, and the flesh of whose anointed race He mystically assumed, when He struck the last blow at the powers of evil? Is it to be believed that there are no peculiar and eternal qualities in a land thus visited, which distinguish it from all others—that Palestine is like Normandy or Yorkshire, or even Attica or Rome?

There may be some who maintain this; there have been some, and those, too, among the wisest and the wittiest of the northern and western races, who, touched by a presumptuous jealousy of the long predominance of that oriental intellect to which they owed their civilisation, would have persuaded themselves and the world that the traditions of Sinai and Calvary were fables. Half a century ago, Europe made a violent and apparently successful effort to disembarrass itself of its Asian faith. The most powerful and the most civilised of its kingdoms, about to conquer the rest, shut up its churches, desecrated its altars, massacred and persecuted their sacred servants, and announced that the Hebrew creeds which Simon Peter brought from Palestine, and which his successors revealed to Clovis, were a mockery and a fiction. What has been the result? In every city, town, village, and hamlet of that great kingdom, the divine image of the most illustrious of Hebrews has been again raised amid the homage of kneeling millions: while, in the heart of its bright and witty capital, the nation has erected the most gorgeous of modern temples, and consecrated its marble and golden walls to the name, and memory, and celestial efficacy of a Hebrew woman.

The country of which the solitary pilgrim, kneeling at this moment at the Holy Sepulchre, was a native, had not actively shared in that insurrection against the first and second Testament which distinguished the end of the eighteenth century. But

more than six hundred years before, it had sent its king, and the flower of its peers and people, to rescue Jerusalem from those whom they considered infidels! and now, instead of the third crusade, they expend their superfluous energies in the construction of railroads.

The failure of the European kingdom of Jerusalem, on which such vast treasure, such prodigies of valour, and such ardent belief had been wasted, has been one of those circumstances which have tended to disturb the faith of Europe, although it should have carried convictions of a very different character. The Crusaders looked upon the Saracens as infidels, whereas the children of the Desert bore a much nearer affinity to the sacred corpse that had, for a brief space, consecrated the Holy Sepulchre, than any of the invading host of Europe. The same blood flowed in their veins, and they recognised the divine missions both of Moses and of his greater successor. In an age so deficient in physiological learning as the twelfth century, the mysteries of race were unknown. Jerusalem, it cannot be doubted, will ever remain the appanage either of Israel or of Ishmael; and if, in the course of those great vicissitudes which are no doubt impending for the East, there be any attempt to place upon the throne of David a prince of the House of Coburg or Deuxponts, the same fate will doubtless await him, as, with all their brilliant qualities and all the sympathy of Europe, was the final doom of the Godfreys, the Baldwins, and the Lusignans.

The Hebrew Race.—From 'Coningsby.'

You never observe a great intellectual movement in Europe in which the Jews do not greatly participate. The first Jesuits were Jews; that mysterious Russian diplomacy which so alarms Western Europe is organised and principally carried on by Jews; that mighty revolution which is at this moment preparing in Germany, and which will be, in fact, a second and greater Reformation, and of which so little is as yet known in England, is entirely developing under the auspices of Jews, who almost monopolise the professorial chairs of Germany. Neander, the founder of spiritual Christianity, and who is Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Berlin, is a Jew. Benary, equally famous, and in the same university, is a Jew. Wehl, the Arabic professor of Heidelberg, is a Jew. Years ago, when I was in Palestine, I met a German student who was accumulating materials for the History of Christianity, and studying the genius of the place; a modest and learned man. It was Wehl; then unknown, since become the first Arabic scholar of the day, and the author of the Life of Mohammed. But for the German professors of this race, their name is Legion. I think there are more than ten at Berlin alone. I told you just now that I was going up-town to-morrow, because I always made it a rule to interpose when affairs of state were on the carpet. Otherwise I never interfere. I hear of peace and war in newspapers, but I am never alarmed, except when I am informed that the sovereigns want treasure; then I know that monarchs are serious. A few years back we were applied to by Russia. Now there has been no friendship between the court of St. Petersburg and my family. It has Dutch connections which have generally supplied it, and our representations in favour of the Polish Hebrews, a numerous race, but the most suffering and degraded of all the tribes, has not been very agreeable to the czar. However, circumstances drew to an approximation between the Romanoffs and the Sidonias. I resolved to go myself to St. Petersburg. I had on my arrival an interview with the Russian minister of finance, Count Cancrin; I beheld the son of a Lithuanian Jew. The loan was connected with the affairs of Spain; I resolved on repairing to Spain from Russia. I travelled without intermission. I had an audience immediately on my arrival with the Spanish minister, Senor Mendizabel; I beheld one like myself, the son of a Nuovo Christiano, a Jew of Aragon. In consequence of what transpired at Madrid I went straight to Paris, to consult the president of the French council; I beheld the son of a French Jew, a hero, an imperial marshal, and very properly so, for who should be military heroes if not those who worship the Lord of hosts?'—'And is Soult a Hebrew?'—'Yes, and several of the French marshals, and the most famous; Massena, for example—his real name was Manasseh.—But to my anecdote. The consequence of our consultations was, that some northern power should be applied to in a friendly and meditative capacity. We fixed on Prussia, and the President of the Council made an application to the Prussian minister, who attended a few days after our conference. Count Arnim entered the cabinet, and I beheld a Prussian Jew. So you see, my dear Con-

ingsby, the world is governed by very different personages to what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes. Favoured by nature and by nature's God, we produced the lyre of David; we gave you Isaiah and Ezekiel; they are our Olynthians, our Phillipics. Favoured by nature we still remain; but in exact proportion as we have been favored by nature we have been persecuted by man. After a thousand struggles—after acts of heroic courage that Rome has never equalled—deeds of divine patriotism that Athens, and Sparta, and Carthage have never excelled—we have endured fifteen hundred years of supernatural slavery; during which every device that can degrade or destroy man has been the destiny that we have sustained and baffled. The Hebrew child has entered adolescence only to learn that he was the pariah of that ungrateful Europe that owes to him the best part of its laws, a fine portion of its literature, all its religion. Great poets require a public; we have been content with the immortal melodies that we sung more than two thousand years ago by the waters of Babylon, and wept. They record our triumphs; they solace our affliction. Great orators are the creatures of popular assemblies; we were permitted only by stealth to meet even in our temples. And as for great writers, the catalogue is not blank. What are all the schoolmen, Aquinas himself, to Maimonides? And as for modern philosophy, all springs from Spinoza! But the passionate and creative genius that is the nearest link to divinity, and which no human tyrant can destroy, though it can divert it—that should have stirred the hearts of nations by its inspired sympathy, or governed senates by its burning eloquence—has found a medium for its expression, to which, in spite of your prejudices and your evil passions, you have been obliged to bow. The ear, the voice, the fancy teeming with combinations—the imagination fervent with picture and emotion, that came from Caucasus, and which we have preserved unpolluted—have endowed us with almost the exclusive privilege of music; that science of harmonious sounds which the ancients recognised as most divine, and deified in the person of their most beautiful creation. I speak not of the past; though were I to enter into the history of the lords of melody, you would find it the annals of Hebrew genius. But at this moment even, musical Europe is ours. There is not a company of singers, not an orchestra in a single capital, that is not crowded with our children, under the feigned names which they adopt to conciliate the dark aversion which your posterity will some day disclaim with shame and disgust. Almost every great composer, skilled musician, almost every voice that ravishes you with its transporting strains, springs from our tribes. The catalogue is too vast to enumerate; too illustrious to dwell for a moment on secondary names, however eminent. Enough for us that the three great creative minds, to whose exquisite inventions all nations at this moment yield—Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn—are of Hebrew race; and little do your men of fashion, your "Muscadins" of Paris, and your dandies of London, as they thrill into raptures at the notes of a Pasta or a Grisi, little do they suspect that they are offering homage to the sweet singers of Israel.'

Pictures of Swiss Scenery and of the City of Venice.

It was in Switzerland that I first felt how constantly to contemplate sublime creation develops the poetic power. It was here that I first began to study nature. Those forests of black gigantic pines rising out of the deep snows; those tall white cataracts, leaping like headstrong youth into the world, and dashing from their precipices as if allured by the beautiful delusion of their own rainbow mist; those mighty clouds sailing beneath my feet, or clinging to the bosoms of the dark green mountains, or boiling up like a spell from the invisible and unfathomable depths; the fell avalanche, fleet as a spirit of evil, terrific when its sound suddenly breaks upon the almighty silence, scarcely less terrible when we gaze upon its crumbling and pallid frame, varied only by the presence of one or two blasted firs; the head of a mountain loosening from its brother peak, rooting up, in the roar of its rapid rush, a whole forest of pines, and covering the earth for miles with elephantine masses; the supernatural extent of landscape that opens to us new worlds; the strong eagles and the strange wild birds that suddenly cross you in your path, and stare, and shrieking fly—and all the soft sights of joy and loveliness that mingle with these sublime and savage spectacles, the rich pastures and the numerous flocks, and the golden bees and the wild-flowers, and the carved and painted cottages, and the simple manners and the primeval grace—wherever I moved, I was in turn appalled or enchanted; but

whatever I beheld, new images ever sprang up in my mind, and new feelings ever crowded on my fancy. . . .

If I were to assign the particular quality which conduces to that dreamy and voluptuous existence which men of high imagination experience in Venice, I should describe it as the feeling of abstraction, which is remarkable in that city, and peculiar to it. Venice is the only city which can yield the magical delights of solitude. All is still and silent. No rude sound disturbs your reveries; fancy, therefore, is not put to flight. No rude sound distracts your self-consciousness. This renders existence intense. We feel everything. And we feel thus keenly in a city not only eminently beautiful, not only abounding in wonderful creations of art, but each step of which is hallowed ground, quick with associations, that in their more various nature, their nearer relation to ourselves, and perhaps their more picturesque character, exercise a greater influence over the imagination than the more antique story of Greece and Rome. We feel all this in a city too, which, although her lustre be indeed dimmed, can still count among her daughters maidens fairer than the orient pearls with which her warriors once loved to deck them. Poetry, Tradition, and Love—these are the Graces that have invested with an ever charming cestus this Aphrodite of cities.

SAMUEL WARREN.

In vivid painting of the passions, and depicting scenes of modern life, the tales of Mr. SAMUEL WARREN (born in Denbighshire in 1807) enjoyed on their appearance a high degree of popularity. His 'Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician,' two volumes, 1837, contain many touching and beautiful stories. His 'Ten Thousand a Year' (1841), though in some parts ridiculously exaggerated, and liable to the suspicion of being a satire upon the middle classes, is also an amusing and able novel. The same remark applies to his third work of fiction, 'Now and Then' (1847). After the Great Exhibition of 1851, Mr. Warren published a slight work, 'The Lily and the Bee,' which was almost inconceivably puerile and absurd. In 1854 he produced a work on the 'Moral and Intellectual Development of the Age.' He has contributed various articles to 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and has written several professional works, besides editing 'Blackstone's Commentaries.' In 1859 Mr. Warren was appointed one of the two Masters in Lunacy.

MRS. BRAY.

MRS. ANNA ELIZA BRAY has written several novels, and other works, descriptive and biographical. A native of Devonshire, this lady became in 1818 the wife of Mr. Charles Stothard, author of 'The Monumental Effigies of Great Britain;' and on the premature death of Mr. Stothard, his widow published Memoirs of his life. She was afterwards married to the Rev. Mr. Bray, vicar of Tavistock. The novels of Mrs. Bray are—'De Foix, or Sketches of Manners and Customs of the Fourteenth Century,' 1826; 'The White Hoods,' 1828; 'The Protestant,' 1829; 'Fitz of Fitzford;' 'Henry de Pomeroy;' 'Talba, or the Moor of Portugal;' 'Trelawney of Trelawney;' 'Trials of Domestic Life;' &c. Mrs. Bray has also published 'Traditions and Sketches of Devonshire' (being a series of letters addressed to Southey the poet); 'Tours in Normandy and Switzerland;' and a 'Life of Thomas Stothard, R.A., 1851. In 1844 a collected edition of Mrs.

Bray's works of fiction was published in ten volumes. She has since added several works—'Life of Handel,' 1857; 'The Good St. Louis and his Times;' 'Hartland Forest,' 1871; &c.

THOMAS CROFTON CROKER.

MR. CROKER (1798–1854) was one of the most industrious and tasteful collectors of the legendary lore, the poetical traditions, and antiquities of Ireland. He was a native of Cork—a city famous also as the birthplace of Maginn, Maclise, and Mahony (Father Prout). In 1824 appeared Mr. Croker's 'Researches in the South of Ireland,' in 1825, the first portion of his 'Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland,' to which two additional volumes were added in 1827. His other works are—'Legends of the Lakes, or Sayings and Doings at Killarney,' two volumes, 1828; 'Daniel O'Rourke, or Rhymes of a Pantomime founded on that Story,' 1829; 'Barney Mahoney,' 1832; 'My Village versus Our Village,' 1832; 'Popular Songs of Ireland,' 1839; 'Historical Songs of Ireland,' 1841; &c. Mr. Croker edited various works illustrative of the history of his country. He held the office of clerk in the Admiralty, to which he had been appointed through the influence of his countryman and namesake, John Wilson Croker. The tales of 'Barney Mahoney' and 'My Village' are Mr. Crofton Croker's only strictly original works. Neither is of the first class. Miss Mitford, in 'Our Village,' may have occasionally dressed or represented her village *en vaudeville*, like the back-scene of a theatre, but Mr. Croker in 'My Village' errs on the opposite side. He gives us a series of Dutch paintings, too little relieved by imagination or passion to excite or gratify the curiosity of the reader. He is happiest among the fanciful legends of his native country, treasuring up their romantic features, quoting fragments of song, describing a lake or ruin, hitting off a dialogue or merry jest, and chronicling the peculiarities of his countrymen in their humours, their superstitions, and rustic simplicity. The following is related by one of his characters:

The Last of the Irish Serpents.

Sure everybody has heard tell of the blessed St Patrick, and how he druve the sarpints and all manner of venomous things out of Ireland: how he 'bothered all the varmint' entirely. But for all that, there was one ould sarpint left who was too cunning to be talked out of the country, or made to drown himself. St Patrick didn't well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great havoc; till at long last he bethought himself and got a strong iron chest made with nine boults upon it. So one fine morning he takes a walk to where the sarpint used to keep: and the sarpint, who didnt like the saint in the least, and small blame to him for that, began to hiss and shew his teeth at him like anything. 'Oh,' says St Patrick, says he, 'where's the use of making such a piece of work about a gentleman like myself coming to see you? 'Tis a nice house I have got made for you agin the winter: for I 'm going to civilise the whole country, man and beast' says he 'and you can come and look at it whenever you please, and 'tis myself will be glad to see you.' The sarpint, hearing such smooth words, thought that though St. Patrick had druve all the rest of the sarpints into the sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the sarpint walks fair and easy up to see him and the house he was speaking about. But when the sar-

pint saw the nine boults upon the chest he thought he was sould (betrayed), and was for making off with himself as fast as ever he could. 'This a nice warm house, you see,' says St. Patrick, 'and 'tis a good friend I am to you.' 'I thank you kindly, St. Patrick for your civility,' says the sarpint: 'but I think it 's too small it is for me'—meaning it for an excuse, and away he was going. 'Too small!' says St. Patrick: 'step it you please,' says he: 'you 're out in that, my boy, anyhow—I am sure 'twill fit you completely; and I'll tell you what,' says he, 'I'll bet you a gallon of porter,' says he, 'that if you'd only try and get in they'll be plenty of room for you.' The sarpint was as thirsty as could be with his walk: and 'twas great joy to him the thoughts of doing St Patrick out of the gallon of porter; so, swelling himself up as big as he could, in he got to the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. 'There, now,' says he; 'I've won the gallon, for you see the house is too small for me, for I can't get in my tail.' When what does St Patrick do, but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chest, and, putting his two hands to it, down he slaps it with a bang like thunder. When the rogue of a sarpint saw the lid coming down, in went his tail like a shot, for fear of being whipped off him. and St. Patrick began at once to boult the nine iron boults. 'Oh, murder! won't you let me out, St. Patrick?' says the sarpint; 'I've lost the bet fairly, and I'll pay you the gallon like a man.' 'Let you out, my darling? says St. Patrick: 'to be sure I will, by all manner of means; but you see I haven't time now, so you must wait till to-morrow.' And so he took the iron chest, with the sarpint in it, and pitches it into the lake here, where it is to this hour for certain; and 'tis the sarpint struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves upon it. Many is the living man (continued Pickel) besides myself has heard the sarpint, crying out from within the chest under the water: 'Is it to-morrow yet?—is it to-morrow yet?' which, to be sure, it never can be. And that 's the way St. Patrick settled the last of the sarpints, sir.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Few authors succeed in achieving so brilliant a reputation as that which was secured by MR. CHARLES DICKENS in a few years. The sale of his works has been almost unexampled, and several of them have been translated into various languages, including even the Dutch and Russian. Writings so universally popular must appeal to passions and tastes common to mankind in every country, and at the same time must possess originality, novelty of style or subject, and force of delineation. Mr. Dickens was born February 7, 1812, at Landport, in Portsea, in that middle rank of English life, within and below which his sympathies and powers as a novelist were bounded. His father was a clerk in the Navy Pay Office, and was then stationed in the Portsmouth Dockyard. He was a good-natured thriftless man; but both he and his wife lived to enjoy the prosperity of their celebrated son. Charles was the second in a family of eight children, two of whom died in infancy, and only one of whom (a sister) survived her distinguished brother. When only two years old, Charles was brought with his parents to London; but their home was soon afterwards again changed, as the elder Dickens was placed upon duty in Chatham. There Charles lived till he was about nine years of age, and made his first acquaintance with 'Don Quixote' and 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' with 'Gil Blas,' 'Roderick Random,' 'Peregrine Pickle,' 'Humphrey Clinker,' 'Tom Jones,' 'The Arabian Nights,' and 'Tales of the Genii,' some of the essayists, and Mrs. Inchbald's collection of farces. The dramatic spirit was always strong in him. The family was again moved to London; and the circumstances of

the elder Dickens getting embarrassed, he was before long imprisoned in the Marshalsea for debt. Almost everything in the house was by degrees sold or pawned, the books among other things, and little Charles was the agent in these sorrowful transactions. About the same time a relative of the family took a share in a blacking warehouse, which was started in opposition to 'Warren's Blacking.' Charles, then a weakly, sensitive child, was sent to work in this establishment at a wage of six or seven shillings a week, his occupation being to cover the blacking-pots with paper.

In a fragment of autobiography which he left unpublished, Charles describes his wretchednes at this time. It does not appear that he was over-wrought or received unkind treatment, but a sense of degradation settled on his mind, his lively imagination intensified the misery of his situation, and he suffered bitterly while suffering in silence. He was only eleven or twelve years old when he left this uncongenial employment. Writing about a quarter of a century afterwards, he says: 'From that hour till this my father and my mother have been stricken dumb upon it. I have never heard the least allusion to it, however far off and remote, from either of them. I have never, until I now impart it to this paper, in any burst of confidence with any one, my own wife not excepted, raised the curtain which I then dropped, thank God.' He adds that he never had the courage to go back to the place where his servitude began (about Hungerford Stairs) until the very nature of the ground was changed! The bitterness with which Dickens speaks of this portion of his life, and of the seeming neglect of his parents, appears rather the reflection of what he felt in after-life, in the midst of his success than what he experienced at the time. It reminds us of Swift's recollection of what he deemed the sordid parsimony and neglect of his uncle, on whose protection he was thrown. In both cases there was an unhealthy morbid feeling. The affairs of the elder Dickens afterwards improved a little, and Charles was put to school. When about fifteen he was placed in an attorney's office among the inferior grade of young clerks. Having probably small prospect of advancement there, he took to the study of short-hand, frequented the British Museum, and read diligently. 'Pray, Mr. Dickens,' said a friend one day to the young student's father, 'where was your son educated?' 'Why, indeed, sir—ha! ha!—he may be said to have educated himself.' In 'Pickwick,' Mr. Weller speaks in a similar strain about his hopeful son Sam: 'I took a good deal o' pains with his eddication, sir; let him run in the streets when he was wery young, and shift for his-self.' Charles got to practice as a reporter in the law-courts, his father having also taken to it in aid of the family resources.

At the age of nineteen the persevering youth made his way into the Gallery of the House of Commons, first as a reporter for the 'True Sun,' and afterwards for the 'Morning Chronicle.' At this employment

Dickens distinguished himself: out of eighty or ninety reporters he was acknowledged as the best. The situation was one calculated to sharpen his faculties and store his mind with miscellaneous information. Parliamentary reporting is more of a mental than mechanical labour. To the power of writing rapidly, there must be joined quickness of apprehension, judgment to select and condense, and a degree of imagination, ready sympathy, or dramatic talent which identifies the reporter with the speaker, and enables him to render his meaning faithfully and vividly. The difficulty is, to find the mechanical art combined with the intellectual qualifications; but these Dickens possessed in perfection. The Reporters' Gallery was a good field of discipline and observation for the future novelist, and out of it, in his long unemployed forenoons, he had the range of the world of London —its oddities, humours, streets and houses—which he made his favourite study. One day he ventured to drop a story he had written into the letter-box of the 'Old Monthly Magazine;' it appeared in all the glory of print; and the young author followed it up with other sketches, signed 'Boz,' which appeared in that magazine and in the 'Evening Chronicle.' In consideration of the 'Chronicle' sketches, his salary was raised from five to seven guineas a week.

The year 1836 was a memorable one in Dickens's career. In that year he collected into two volumes the first series of 'Sketches by Boz,' for the copyright of which he received £150, and which was repurchased next year for £2000! On 31st March he commenced the 'Pickwick Papers,' the foundation of his fame. On the 2d of April he was married to Catharine, eldest daughter of Mr. George Hogarth, one of his fellow-workers on the 'Chronicle.' In August he closed his connection with the Reporters' Gallery, trusting henceforth to literature as a profession; and in the same month he agreed to edit 'Bentley's Miscellany' (which was to be started in the following January), and to contribute to it a serial story; and before the year was out he had written two dramatic pieces—'The Strange Gentleman,' a farce, acted in September, and 'The Village Coquettes,' an opera, performed in December 1836. 'Pickwick' was commenced with illustrations by a comic draughtsman named Seymour; but between the first and second number, the artist, in some moment of despondency, committed suicide. Another artist, Mr. Hablot Browne, was procured, and continued the illustrations under the name of 'Phiz.' Boz and Phiz, after the first four or five numbers, became the rage of the town. The sale before the close of the work had risen to 40,000! Though defective in plan and arrangement, as Dickens himself admits—in fact, originally intended as only a representation of a club of oddities—the characters, incidents, and dialogues in this new series of sketches were irresistibly ludicrous and attractive. Criticism was lost in laughter. The hero, Pickwick, is almost as genial, unsophisticated, and original as My Uncle Toby; while his man, Sam Weller, and Sam's father, Mr. Weller, senior, were types of low life

new to fiction. They were caricatures, as every one saw; but so many curious traits of character were depicted, with such overflowing, broad, kindly humour, felicities of phrase and slang expression, and such a mass of comic incidents and details, that the effect of the whole was to place Dickens at one bound at the head of all his contemporary novelists.

The pictorial accompaniments aided greatly in the success of the work. What Boz conceived and described, Phiz represented with truth, spirit, and individuality. The intimate acquaintance evinced in 'Pickwick' with the middle and low life of London, and of the tricks and knavery of legal and medical pretenders, the arts of bookmakers, and generally of particular classes and usages common to large cities, was a novelty in our literature. It was a restoration of the spirit of Hogarth adapted to the times in which the story appeared. 'So much cant,' as one of Dickens's critics remarks, 'had been in fashion about the wisdom of our ancestors, the glorious constitution, the wise balance of King, Lords, and Commons, and other such topics, which are embalmed in the 'Noodle's Oration,' that a large class of people were ready to hail with intense satisfaction the advent of a writer who naturally, and without an effort, bantered everything in the world, from elections and law-courts, down to Cockney sportsmen, the boots at an inn, cooks and chambermaids.'

In the midst of the brilliant success of 'Pickwick' a personal sorrow occurred, which illustrates the keen sensibility of the novelist. His wife's younger sister, Mary, who lived with them, and had made herself 'the ideal of his life,' died with a terrible suddenness that completely bore him down. The publication of 'Pickwick' was interrupted for two months, the effort of writing it not being possible to him.* This Mary appears to have been the original of his Agnes in 'David Copperfield,' in which novel he embodied much of his own early career and experiences.

While 'Pickwick' was in progress, 'Oliver Twist' was in course of publication in 'Bentley's Miscellany.' It is a story of outlaw English life—of vice, wretchedness, and misery. The hero is an orphan brought up by the parish, and thrown among scenes and characters of the lowest and worst description. That he should not, under such training, have become utterly callous and debased, is an improbability which the author does not well get over; but the interest of the story is admirably sustained. The character of the ruffian Sikes, and the detail of his atrocities, particularly his murder of the girl Nancy, are brought out with extraordinary effect. The descriptive passages evince that close observation and skilful management of detail in which Dickens never fails, except when he attempts

* Forster's *Life of Dickens*. The epitaph of this young lady, written by Dickens, remains upon a gravestone in the cemetery at Kensal Green: 'Young, beautiful, and good, God in His mercy numbered her among His angels at the early age of seventeen.'

scenes in high life, or is led to carry his humour or pathos into the region of caricature. Take, for example, the following account of a scene of death witnessed by Oliver while acting in the capacity of attendant to an undertaker:

Death and Funeral of a Pauper.

There was neither knocker nor bell-handle at the open door where Oliver and his master stopped; so, groping his way cautiously through the dark passage, and bidding Oliver keep close to him, and not be afraid, the undertaker mounted to the top of the first flight of stairs, and, stumbling against a door on the landing, rapped at it with his knuckles.

It was opened by a young girl of thirteen or fourteen. The undertaker at once saw enough of what the room contained to know it was the apartment to which he had been directed. He stepped in, and Oliver followed him.

There was no fire in the room; but a man was crouching mechanically over the empty stove. An old woman, too, had drawn a low stool to the cold hearth, and was sitting beside him. There were some ragged children in another corner; and in a small recess opposite the door, there lay upon the ground something covered with an old blanket. Oliver shuddered as he cast his eyes towards the place, and crept involuntarily closer to his master; for, though it was covered up, the boy *felt* that it was a corpse.

The man's face was thin and very pale; his hair and beard were grizzly, and his eyes were bloodshot. The old woman's face was wrinkled, her two remaining teeth protruded over her upper lip, and her eyes were bright and piercing. Oliver was afraid to look at either her or the man; they seemed so like the rats he had seen outside.

'Nobody shall go near her,' said the man, starting fiercely up as the undertaker approached the recess. 'Keep back!—keep back, if you've a life to lose!'

'Nonsense, my good man,' said the undertaker, who was pretty well used to misery in all its shapes—'nonsense!'

'I tell you,' said the man, clenching his hands and stamping furiously on the floor—'I tell you I won't have her put into the ground. She couldn't rest there. The worms would worry—not eat her—she is so worn away.'

The undertaker offered no reply to this raving, but producing a tape from his pocket, knelt down for a moment by the side of the body.

'Ah!' said the man, bursting into tears, and sinking on his knees at the feet of the dead woman; 'kneel down, kneel down; kneel round her, every one of you, and mark my words. I say she starved to death. I never knew how bad she was till the fever came upon her, and then her bones were starting through the skin. There was neither fire nor candle; she died in the dark! She couldn't even see her children's faces, though we heard her gasping out their names. I begged for her in the streets, and they sent me to prison. When I came back she was dying; and all the blood in my heart has dried up, for they starved her to death. I swear it before the God that saw it—they starved her!' He twined his hands in his hair, and with a loud scream rolled grovelling upon the floor, his eyes fixed, and the foam gushing from his lips.

The terrified children cried bitterly; but the old woman, who had hitherto remained as quiet as if she had been wholly deaf to all that passed, menaced them into silence; and having unloosened the man's cravat, who still remained extended on the ground, tottered towards the undertaker.

'She was my daughter,' said the old woman, nodding her head in the direction of the corpse, and speaking with an idiotic leer more ghastly than even the presence of death itself. 'Lord, Lord! well, it *is* strange that I who gave birth to her, and was a woman then, should be alive and merry now, and she lying there so cold and stiff! Lord, Lord!—to think of it; it's as good as a play, as good as a play!'

As the wretched creature mumbled and chuckled in her hideous merriment, the undertaker turned to go away.

'Stop, stop!' said the old woman in a loud whisper. 'Will she be buried to-morrow, or next day, or to-night? I laid her out, and I must walk, you know. Send me a large cloak; a good warm one, for it it is bitter cold. We should have cake and wine, too, before we go! Never mind: send some bread; only a loaf of

bread and a cup of water. Shall we have some bread, dear?' she said eagerly, catching at the undertaker's coat as he once more moved towards the door.

'Yes, yes,' said the undertaker; 'of course; anything, everything.' He disengaged himself from the old woman's grasp, and dragging Oliver after him, hurried away.

The next day—the family having been meanwhile relieved with a half-quartern loaf and a piece of cheese, left with them by Mr. Bumble himself—Oliver and his master returned to the miserable abode, where Mr. Bumble had already arrived, accompanied by four men from the workhouse who were to act as bearers. An old black cloak had been thrown over the rags of the old woman and the man; the bare coffin having been screwed down, was then hoisted on the shoulders of the bearers, and carried down-stairs into the street.

'Now, you must put your best leg foremost, old lady,' whispered Sowerberry in the old woman's ear; 'we are rather late, and it won't do to keep the clergyman waiting.—Move on, my men—as quick as you like.'

Thus directed, the bearers trotted on under their light burden, and the two mourners kept as near them as they could. Mr. Bumble and Sowerberry walked at a good smart pace in front; and Oliver, whose legs were not so long as his master's, ran by the side.

There was not so great a necessity for hurrying as Mr. Sowerberry had anticipated, however; for when they reached the obscure corner of the churchyard in which the nettles grew and the parish graves were made, the clergyman had not arrived, and the clerk, who was sitting by the vestry-room fire, seemed to think it by no means improbable that it might be an hour or so before he came. So they set the bier down on the brink of the grave; and the two mourners waited patiently in the damp clay, with a cold rain drizzling down, while the ragged boys whom the spectacle had attracted into the churchyard played a noisy game at hide-and-seek among the tombstones, or varied their amusements by jumping backwards and forwards over the coffin. Mr. Sowerberry and Bumble, being personal friends of the clerk, sat by the fire with him and read the paper.

At length, after the lapse of something more than an hour, Mr. Bumble and Sowerberry, and the clerk were seen running towards the grave; and immediately afterwards the clergyman appeared, putting on his surplice as he came along. Mr. Bumble then thrashed a boy or two, to keep up appearances; and the reverend gentleman, having read as much of the burial-service as could be compressed into four minutes, gave his surplice to the clerk, and ran away again.

'Now, Bill,' said Sowerberry to the grave-digger, 'fill up.'

It was no very difficult task, for the grave was so full that the uppermost coffin was within a few feet of the surface. The grave-digger shovelled in the earth, stamped it loosely down with his feet, shouldered his spade, and walked off, followed by the boys, who murmured very loud complaints at the fun being over so soon.

'Come, my good fellow,' said Bumble, tapping the man on the back; 'they want to shut up the yard.'

The man, who had never once moved since he had taken his station by the grave-side, started, raised his head, stared at the person who had addressed him, walked forward for a few paces, and then fell down in a fit. The crazy old woman was too much occupied in bewailing the loss of her cloak—which the undertaker had taken off—to pay him any attention; so they threw a can of cold water over him, and when he came to, saw him safely out of the churchyard, locked the gate, and departed on their different ways.

'Well, Oliver,' said Sowerberry, as they walked home, 'how do you like it?'

'Pretty well, thank you, sir,' replied Oliver with considerable hesitation. 'Not very much, sir.'

'Ah! you'll get used to it in time, Oliver,' said Sowerberry. 'Nothing, when you *are* used to it, my boy.'

Oliver wondered in his own mind whether it had taken a very long time to get Mr. Sowerberry used to it; but he thought it better not to ask the question, and walked back to the shop, thinking over all he had seen and heard.

Dickens's next work, 'Nicholas Nickleby,' was also published in monthly numbers, 1838–39, and was no less extensively read. The

plan of this work is more regular and connected than that of 'Pickwick,' and the interest of the narrative is well sustained. The pedagogue Squeers, and his seminary of Dotheboys Hall, is one of the most amusing and graphic of English satirical delineations; and the picture it presents of imposture, ignorance, and brutal cupidity, is known to have been little, if at all, caricatured. The exposure was a public benefit. The ludicrous account of Mr. Crummles and his theatrical company will occur to the reader as another of Dickens's happiest conceptions, though it is pushed into the region of farce. In several of our author's works there appears a minute knowledge of dramatic rules and stage affairs. He took great interest and pleasure in the business of the drama. As an amateur comedian—in which he occasionally appeared for benevolent objects—he is described as having been equal to the old masters of the stage, such as Charles Lamb loved to see and write about; and doubtless some of his defects as well as excellencies as a novelist may be traced to this predilection. To paint strongly to the eye, and produce striking contrasts of a pathetic or grotesque description—to exaggerate individual oddities and traits of character, as marking individuals or classes—are almost inseparable from dramatic representation. Dickens was soon independent of all criticism. He was a recognized master of English fiction, and critics and readers alike looked forward with anxiety to each successive appearance of the popular novelist. In 1840, he commenced a new literary project, entitled 'Master Humphrey's Clock,' designed, like the 'Tales of My Landlord,' to comprise different tales under one general title, and joined by one connecting narrative. The outline was by no means prepossessing; but as soon as the reader had got through this exterior scaffolding, and entered on the first story, 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' there was no lack of interest. The effects of gambling are depicted with great force.

There is something very striking in the conception of the helpless old gamester, tottering upon the verge of the grave, and at that period when most of our other passions are as much worn out as the frame which sustains them, still maddened with that terrible infatuation, which seems to shoot up stronger and stronger as every other desire and energy dies away. Little Nell, the grandchild, is a beautiful creation of pure-mindedness and innocence, yet with those habits of pensive reflection, and that firmness and energy of mind, which misfortune will often ingraft on the otherwise buoyant and unthinking spirit of childhood; and the contrast between her and her grandfather, now dwindled in every respect but the one into a second childhood, and comforted, directed, and sustained by her unshrinking firmness and love, is very finely managed. The death of Nell is the most pathetic and touching of the author's serious passages—it is also instructive in its pathos, for we feel with the author, that 'when Death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he

lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven.' The horrors of the almost hopeless want which too often prevails in the great manufacturing towns, and the wild and reckless despair which it engenders, are described with equal mastery of colouring and effect. The account of the wretch whose whole life had been spent in watching day and night a furnace, until he imagined it to be a living being, and its roaring the voice of the only friend he had ever known, although grotesque, has something in it very terrible: we may smile at the wildness, yet shudder at the horror of the fancy. A second story, 'Barnaby Rudge,' is included in 'Master Humphrey's Clock,' and this also contains some excellent minute painting, a variety of broad humour and laughable caricature, with some masterly scenes of passion and description. The account of the excesses committed during Lord George Gordon's riots in 1780 may vie with Scott's narrative of the Porteous Mob; and poor Barnaby Rudge with his raven may be considered as no unworthy companion to Davie Gellatley. There is also a picture of an old English inn, the *Maypole*, near Epping Forest, and an old innkeeper, John Willet, which is perfect in its kind—such, perhaps, as only Dickens could have painted, though Washington Irving might have made the first etching. Of the success of this work and of its author, we have a passing glimpse in one of Lord Jeffrey's letters, dated May 4, 1841: 'I have seen a good deal of Charles Dickens, with whom I have struck up what I mean to be an eternal and intimate friendship. I often sit an hour *tete-a-tete* or take a long walk in the park with him—the only way really to know or be known by either man or woman. Taken in this way, I think him very amiable and agreeable. In mixed company, where he is now much sought after as a lion, he is rather reserved, &c. He has dined here, and me with him, at rather too sumptuous a dinner for a man with a family, and only beginning to be rich, though selling 44,000 copies of his weekly [monthly] issues.'*

In 1841 Dickens was entertained to a great public dinner in Edinburgh, Professor Wilson in the chair; after which he made a tour in the Highlands, visiting Glencoe and neighbouring scenery—'tremendous wilds, really fearful in their grandeur and amazing solitude.' Next year he made a trip to America, of which he published an account in 1842, under the somewhat quaint title of 'American Notes for General Circulation.' This work disappointed the author's ad-

* *Life of Lord Jeffrey*, vol. ii. p 338. In fact 60,000 copies of *Master Humphrey* were printed at first, and many thousands afterwards. Jeffrey's letters shew the affectionate interest which the then aged critic took in the fame and prosperity of the young novelist.

mirers, who may be considered as forming nearly the whole of the reading public. The field had already been well gleaned, the American character and institutions frequently described and generally understood, and Dickens could not hope to add to our knowledge on any of the great topics connected with the condition or future destinies of the New World. His descriptive passages (as that on the Falls of Niagara) are often overdone. The newspaper press he describes as corrupt and debased beyond any experience or conception in this country. He also joins with Captain Basil Hall, Mrs. Trollope, and Captain Marryat, in representing the social state and morality of the people as low and dangerous, destitute of high principle or generosity. So acute and practised an observer as Dickens could not travel without noting many oddities of character and viewing familiar objects in a new light. The following is a sketch of an *original* met with by our author on board a Pittsburg canal-boat:

A Man from the Brown Forests of the Mississippi.

A thin-faced, spare-figured man of middle age and stature, dressed in a dusty drabbish-coloured suit, such as I never saw before. He was perfectly quiet during the first part of the journey; indeed I don't remember having so much as seen him until he was brought out by circumstances, as great men often are. The canal extends to the foot of the mountain, and there of course it stops, the passengers being conveyed across it by land-carriage, and taken on afterwards by another canal boat, the counterpart of the first, which awaits them on the other side. There are two canal lines of passage-boat; one is called the *Express*, and one—a cheaper one—the *Pioneer*. The *Pioneer* gets first to the mountain, and waits for the *Express* people to come up, both sets of passengers being conveyed across it at the same time. We were the *Express* company, but when we had crossed the mountain, and had come to the second boat, the proprietors took it into their heads to draft all the Pioneers into it likewise, so that we were five and forty at least, and the accession of passengers was not all of that kind which improved the prospect of sleeping at night. Our people grumbled at this, as people do in such cases, but suffered the boat to be towed off with the whole freight aboard nevertheless; and away we went down the canal. At home I should have protested lustily, but, being a foreigner here, I held my peace. Not so this passenger. He cleft a path among the people on deck—we were nearly all on deck—and without addressing anybody whomsoever, soliloquised as follows: 'This may suit *you*, this may, but it don't suit *me*. This may be all very well with down-easters and men of Boston raising, but it won't suit my figure nohow: and no two ways about *that;* and so I tell you. Now, I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi, *I* am, and when the sun shines on me, it does shine—a little. It don't glimmer where *I* live, the sun don't. No. I am a brown forester, I am. I ain't a Johnny Cake. There are no smooth skins where I live. We're rough men there. Rather. If down-easters and men of Boston raising like this, I am glad of it, but I'm none of that raising, nor of that breed. No. This company wants a little fixing, *it* does. I am the wrong sort of a man for 'em, *I* am. They won't like me, *they* won't. This is piling of it up, a little too mountainous, this is.' At the end of every one of these short sentences, he turned upon his heel and walked the other way; checking himself abruptly when he had finished another short sentence, and turning back again. It is impossible for me to say what terrific meaning was hidden in the words of this brown forester, but I know that the other passengers looked on in a sort of admiring horror, and that presently the boat was put back to the wharf, and as many of the Pioneers as could be coaxed or bullied into going away were got rid of. When we started again some of the boldest spirits on board made bold to say to the obvious occasion of this improvement in our prospects. 'Much obliged to you, sir;' whereunto the brown forester—waving his hand, and still walking up and down as before—replied: 'No, you an't.' You're none o'

my raising. You may act for yourselves, *you* may. I have p'inted out the way. Down-easters and Johnny Cakes can follow if they please. I an't a Johnny Cake, *I* an't. I am from the brown forests of the Mississippi, *I* am;' and so on as before. He was unanimously voted one of the tables for his bed at night—there is a great contest for the tables—in consideration of his public services, and he had the warmest corner by the stove throughout the rest of the journey. But I never could find out that he did anything except sit there; nor did I hear him speak again until, in the midst of the bustle and turmoil of getting the luggage ashore in the dark at Pittsburg, I stumbled over him as he sat smoking a cigar on the cabin steps, and heard him muttering to himself, with a short laugh of defiance: 'I an't a Johnny Cake, *I* an't. I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi. *I* am!' I am inclined to argue from this that he had never left off saying so.

Another American sketch is full of heart:

The Bustling, Affectionate, little American Woman.

There was a little woman on board with a little baby; and both little woman and little child were cheerful, good-looking, bright-eyed, and fair to see. The little woman had been passing a long time with her sick mother in New York, and had left her home in St. Louis in that condition in which ladies who truly love their lords desire to be. The baby was born in her mother's house, and she had not seen her husband (to whom she was now returning) for twelve months, having left him a month or two after their marriage. Well, to be sure, there never was a little woman so full of hope, and tenderness, and love, and anxiety, as this little woman was; and all day long she wondered whether 'he' would be at the wharf; and whether 'he' had got her letter; and whether, if she sent the baby ashore by somebody else, 'he' would know it, meeting it in the street; which, seeing that he had never set eyes upon it in his life, was not very likely in the abstract, but was probable enough to the young mother. She was such an artless little creature, and was in such a sunny, beaming, hopeful state, and let out all this matter clinging close about her heart so freely, that all the other lady passengers entered into the spirit of it as much as she; and the captain (who heard all about it from his wife) was wondrous sly, I promise you, inquiring every time we met at table, as in forgetfulness, whether she expected anybody to meet her at St. Louis, and whether she would want to go ashore the night we reached it (but he supposed she wouldn't), and cutting many other dry jokes of that nature. There was one little weazen-dried, apple-faced old woman, who took occasion to doubt the constancy of husbands in such circumstances of bereavement; and there was another lady (with a lapdog), old enough to moralise on the lightness of human affections, and yet not so old that she could help nursing the baby now and then, or laughing with the rest when the little woman called it by its father's name, and asked it all manner of fantastic questions concerning him, in the joy of her heart. It was something of a blow to the little woman, that when we were within twenty miles of our destination, it became clearly necessary to put this baby to bed. But she got over it with the same good-humour, tied a handkerchief round her head, and came out into the little gallery with the rest. Then, such an oracle as she became in reference to the localities! and such facetiousness as was displayed by the married ladies, and such sympathy as was shewn by the single ones, and such peals of laughter as the little woman herself (who would just as soon have cried) greeted every jest with! At last there were the lights of St. Louis, and here was the wharf, and those were the steps; and the little woman, covering her face with her hands, and laughing (or seeming to laugh) more than ever, ran into her own cabin and shut herself up. I have no doubt that in the charming inconsistency of such excitement, she stopped her ears, lest she should hear 'him' asking for her—but I did not see her do it. Then a great crowd of people rushed on board, though the boat was not yet made fast, but was wandering about among the other boats to find a landing-place; and everybody looked for the husband, and nobody saw him, when, in the midst of us all—Heaven knows how she ever got there!—there was the little woman clinging with both arms tight round the neck of a fine, good-looking, sturdy young fellow; and in a moment afterwards there she was again, actually clapping her little hands for joy, as she dragged him through the small door of her small cabin to look at the baby as he lay asleep!

In the course of the year 1842, Dickens entered upon a new tale, 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' in which many of his American reminiscences are embodied. The quackeries of architects are admirably ridiculed in the character of Pecksniff; and the nurse, Mrs. Gamp, with her *eidolon*, Mrs. Harris, is one of the most finished and original of the author's portraits. About Christmas of the same year the fertile author threw off a light production in his happiest manner, 'A Christmas Carol, in Prose,' which enjoyed vast popularity, and was dramatised at the London theatres. A goblin story, 'The Chimes,' greeted the Christmas of 1844; and a fairy tale, 'The Cricket on the Hearth, was ready for the same genial season in 1845. These little annual stories are imbued with excellent feeling, and are rodolent of both tenderness and humour. A residence in Italy furnished Dickens with materials for a series of sketches, originally published in a new morning paper, 'The Daily News,' which was for a short time under the charge of our author; they were afterwards collected and republished in a volume, bearing the title of 'Pictures from Italy,' 1846. It is perhaps characteristic of Dickens that Rome reminded him of London!

We began in a perfect fever to strain our eyes for Rome; and when, after another mile or two, the Eternal City appeared, at length, in the distance, it looked like—I am half afraid to write the word—London. There it lay under a thick cloud, with innumerable towers, and steeples, and roofs of houses rising up into the sky, and high above them all, one dome. I swear that, keenly as I felt the seeming absurdity of the comparison, it was so like London, at that distance, that if you could have shewn it me in a glass, I should have taken it for nothing else.

Though of the slightest texture, and generally short, these Italian pictures of Dickens are not unworthy of his graphic pencil. We extract his concluding sentences:

Farewell to Italy.

Beyond the walls [of Florence] the whole sweet valley of the Arno, the convent at Fiesole, the tower of Galileo, Boccaccio's house, old villas, and retreats; innumerable spots of interest all glowing in a landscape of surpassing beauty steeped in the richest light, are spread before us. Returning from so much brightness how solemn and grand the streets again, with their great, dark, mournful palaces, and many legends—not of siege, and war, and might, and Iron Hand alone, but of the triumphant growth of peaceful arts and sciences.

What light is shed upon the world at this day, from amidst these rugged palaces of Florence! Here, open to all comers, in their beautiful and calm retreats, the ancient sculptors are immortal, side by side with Michael Angelo, Canova, Titian, Rembrandt, Raphael, poets, historians, philosophers—those illustrious men of history, beside whom its crowned heads and harnessed warriors shew so poor and small, and are so soon forgotten. Here, the imperishable part of noble minds survives, placid and equal, when strongholds of assault and defence are overthrown; when the tyranny of the many, or the few, or both, is but a tale; when pride and power are so much cloistered dust. The fire within the stern streets, and among the massive palaces and towers, kindled by rays from heaven, is still burning brightly, when the flickering of war is extinguished, and the household fires of generations have decayed; as thousands upon thousands of faces, rigid with the strife and passion of the hour, have faded out of the old squares and public haunts, while the nameless Florentine lady, preserved from oblivion by a painter's hand, yet lives on in enduring grace and truth.

Let us look back on Florence while we may, and when its shining dome is seen no more, go travelling through cheerful Tuscany, with a bright remembrance of it; for Italy will be the fairer for the recollection. The summer time being come; and Genoa, and Milan, and the Lake of Como lying far behind us; and we resting at Faido, a Swiss village, near the awful rocks and mountains, the everlasting snows and roaring cataracts, of the Great St. Gothard, hearing the Italian tongue for the last time on this journey; let us part from Italy, with all its miseries and wrongs, affectionately, in our admiration of the beauties, natural and artificial, of which it is full to overflowing, and in our tenderness towards a people naturally well disposed, and patient, and sweet-tempered. Years of neglect, oppression, and misrule, have been at work, to change their nature and reduce their spirit; miserable jealousies fomented by petty princes to whom union was destruction, and division strength, have been a canker at the root of their nationality, and have barbarised their language; but the good that was in them ever, is in them yet, and a noble people may be one day raised up from these ashes. Let us entertain that hope! And let us not remember Italy the less regardfully, because in every fragment of her fallen temples, and every stone of her deserted palaces and prisons, she helps to inculcate the lesson that the wheel of Time is rolling for an end, and that the world is, in all great essentials, better, gentler, and more forbearing, more hopeful as it rolls!

The novelist afterwards visited Switzerland, and resided several summers in France; and his letters written during these residences abroad, have all the liveliness, humor and interest of his published works. In 1848 appeared his novel of 'Dombey and Son,' and in 1850, 'David Copperfield,' perhaps the most perfect, natural, and agreeable of his novels. In this story, Dickens introduced much of his own life and experience, his father sitting for the character of Micawber, one of the most humorous and finished of his portraitures. In his next work, 'Bleak House,' he also drew from living originals—Savage Landor and Leigh Hunt. The latter, though a faithful, was a deprecatory sketch, and led to much remark, which its author regretted. In 1850, Dickens commenced a literary periodical, 'Household Words,' which he carried on with marked success until 1859, when, in consequence of a disagreement with his publishers (in which Dickens was clearly and decidedly in the wrong), he discontinued it, and established another journal of the same kind under the title of 'All the Year Round.' His novels subsequent to 'Bleak House' were—'Hard Times,' 1854; 'Little Dorrit,' 1855; 'A Tale of Two Cities,' 1859; 'Great Expectations,' 1861; 'Our Mutual Friend,' 1865. During part of this time he was engaged in giving public readings from his works by which he realized large sums of money,* and gratified thousands of his admirers in England, Ireland, and Scotland. He also extended his readings to America, having revisited that country in 1867, and met with a brilliant reception. His health, however, suffered from the excitement and fatigue of these readings, into which he threw a great amount of dramatic power and physical energy.

The combined effects of a love of money and a love of applause

* It may be worthy of note, as illustrating the popularity of Dickens's works and public readings, that, on his death, his real and personal estate amounted to £93,000. Of this, upwards of £40,000 was made by the readings in Great Britain and America.

urged him on incessantly long after he should have ceased. He gave his final reading in London, March 15, 1870, and in the same month appeared the first part of a new novel, 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood,' which promised to be one of the best of his long file of fictions. About half of this novel was written, when its author one afternoon, whilst at dinner, was struck down by an attack of apoplexy. He lingered in a state of unconsciousness for about twenty-four hours, and died on the evening of the 9th of June 1870. He was interred in Westminster Abbey. The sudden death of an author so popular and so thoroughly national, was lamented by all classes, from the sovereign downwards, as a personal calamity. It was not merely as a humorist—though that was his great distinguishing characteristic—that Charles Dickens obtained such unexampled popularity. He was a public instructor, a reformer, and moralist. 'Ah!' said he, speaking of the glories of Venice, 'when I saw those places, how I thought that to leave one's hand upon the time, with one tender touch for the mass of toiling people that nothing could obliterate, would be to lift one's self above the dust of all the doges in their graves, and stand upon a giant's staircase that Samson couldn't overthrow!' Whatever was good and amiable, bright and joyous in our life and nature, he loved, supported, and augmented by his writings; whatever was false, hypocritical, and vicious, he held up to ridicule, scorn, or contempt.

The collected works of Dickens have been published in various forms, the best being the 'Library Edition,' twenty-six volumes, which contains the original illustrations. 'A Life of Charles Dickens,' by his friend and counsellor on all occasions, Mr. John Forster, is published in three volumes.

W. M. THACKERAY.

While Dickens was in the blaze of his early fame, another master of English fiction, dealing with the realities of life and the various aspects of English society, was gradually making way in public favour, and attaining the full measure of his intellectual strength. William Makepeace Thackeray—the legitimate successor of Henry Fielding—was a native of Calcutta, born in the year 1811. His family was originally from Yorkshire, but his great-grandfather, Dr. Thomas Thackeray, became Master of Harrow School. The youngest son of this Dr. Thackeray, William Makepeace, obtained an appointment in the East India Company's service; and his son Richmond Thackeray, father of the novelist, followed the same career, filling, at the time of his death in 1816 (at the early age of thirty), the office of Secretary to the Board of Revenue at Calcutta. The son, with his widowed mother, left India, and arrived in England in 1817. 'When I first saw England,' he said in one of his lectures, 'she was in mourning for the young Princess Charlotte, the hope of the empire. I came from India as a child, and our ship touched at an island on the way home, where my black servant took me a walk over rocks

and hills, till we passed a garden where we saw a man walking. "That is he," said the black man; "that is Bonaparte; he eats three sheep every day, and all the children he can lay hands on!" There were people in the British dominions besides that poor black who had an equal terror and horror of the Corsican ogre.' Young Thackeray was placed in the Charterhouse School of London, which had formerly received as gown-boys or scholars the melodious poet Crashaw, Addison, Steele, and John Wesley. Thackeray has affectionately commemorated the old Carthusian establishment in several of his writings, and has invested it with a strong pathetic interest by making it the last refuge and death-scene of one of the finest of his characters, Colonel Newcome. From the Charterhouse, Thackeray went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and whilst resident there in 1829, he made his first appearance as an author. In conjunction with a college friend (Mr. Lettsom), he carried on for a short time a light humorous weekly miscellany entitled 'The Snob.'

In 1830–31, he was one of 'at least a score of young English lads who used to live at Weimar for study, or sport, or society; all of which were to be had in the friendly little Saxon capital,' and who were received with the kindliest hospitality by the Grand Duke and Duchess.* He did not remain at college to take his degree. His great ambition was to be an artist, and for this purpose he studied at Rome and Paris.† On attaining his majority, he became possessed of a considerable fortune, but some losses and speculations reduced his patrimony. At one time he lent, or rather gave, £500 to Dr. Maginn, and many other instances of his liberality might be recorded. Thackeray first became known through 'Frazer's Magazine,' to which he was for several years a regular contributor, under the names of 'Michael Angelo Titmarsh,' 'George Fitz-Boodle, Esquire,' 'Charles Yellowplush,' &c.—names typical of his artistic and satirical predilections. Tales, criticism, descriptive sketches, and poetry were all dashed off by his ready pen. They were of unequal merit, and for some time attracted little attention; but John Sterling, among others, recognised the genius of Thackeray in his tale of 'The Hoggarty Diamond,' and ranked its author with Fielding and Goldsmith. His style was that of the scholar combined with the shrewdness and knowledge of a man of the world. 'Titmarsh' had both seen and read much. His school and college life, his foreign

* Lewes's *Life of Goethe*. At this time Mr. Thackeray saw Goethe, and had the good-luck, he says, to purchase Schiller's sword, which formed a part of his costume at the court entertainments. 'My delight in those days,' he adds, 'was to make caricatures for children. I was touched to find [on revisiting Weimar in 1853] that they were remembered, and some even kept until the present time; and very proud to be told, as a lad, that the great Goethe had looked at some of them.'

† A volume of his sketches, fragments, and drawings was published in 1875, copied by a process that gives a faithful reproduction of the original. The volume was entitled *The Orphan of Pimlico*, and was enriched with a preface and editorial notes by Miss Thackeray. The drawings display the artist's keen sense of humour and perception of character, and are more quaint and amusing than sarcastic.

travels and residence abroad, his artistic and literary experiences, even his 'losses,' supplied a wide field for observation, reflection, and satire. He was thirty years of age or more ere he made any bold push for fame. By this time the mind was fully stored and matured.

Thackeray never, we suspect, paid much attention to what Burke called the 'mechanical part of literature'—the mere collocation of words and construction of sentences; but, of course, greater facility as well as more perfect art would be acquired by repeated efforts. The great regulators—taste, knowledge of the world, and gentlemanly feeling—he possessed ere he began to write. In 1836, as he has himself related, he offered Dickens to undertake the task of illustrating one of his works—'Pickwick'—but his drawings were considered unsuitable. In the same year he joined with his step-father, Major Carmichael Smyth, and others in starting a daily newspaper, 'The Constitutional,' which was continued for about a twelvemonth, but proved a loss to all concerned. Thackeray entered himself of the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar (May 1848), but apparently without any intention of following the profession of the law. Under his pseudonym of Titmarsh, literary Cockney and sketcher, he had published several works—'The Paris Sketch-book,' two volumes, 1840; 'The Second Funeral of Napoleon,' 'The Chronicle of the Drum,' 1841; and the 'Irish Sketch-book,' 1843. None of these became popular, though the Irish sketches are highly amusing, and contain some of Thackeray's happiest touches. The following incident, for example, is admirably told. The tourist meets with a set of jovial Irish yachtsmen, bound, like himself, for Killarney:

Car-travelling in Ireland.

The Irish car seems accommodated for any number of persons. It appeared to be full when we left Glengariff, for a traveller from Beerhaven and five gentlemen from the yacht took seats upon it with myself; and we fancied it was impossible more than seven should travel by such a conveyance, but the driver shewed the capabilities of his vehicle presently. The journey from Glengariff to Kenmare is one of astonishing beauty; and I have seen Killarney since, and am sure that Glengariff loses nothing by comparison with this most beautiful of lakes. Rock, wood, and sea, stretch around the traveller a thousand delightful pictures; the landscape is at first wild, without being fierce, immense woods and plantations enriching the valleys, beautiful streams to be seen everywhere. Here, again, I was surprised at the great population along the road; for one saw but few cabins, and there is no village between Glengariff and Kenmare. But men and women were on the banks and in the fields; children, as usual, came trooping up to the car; and the jovial men of the yacht had great conversation with most of the persons whom we met on the road. A merrier set of fellows it were hard to meet. 'Should you like anything to drink, sir?' says one, commencing the acquaintance; 'we have the best whisky in the world, and plenty of porter in the basket.' Therewith, the jolly seaman produced a long bottle of grog, which was passed round from one to another; and then began singing, shouting, laughing, roaring for the whole journey—'British sailors have a knack, pull away, yeho, boys! Hurroo! my fine fellow, does your mother know you're out? Hurroo! Tim Hurlihy? you're a fluke, Tim Hurlihy!' One man sang on the roof, one hurrooed to the echo, another apostrophised the aforesaid Hurlihy, as he passed grinning on a car; a fourth had a pocket-hand-

kerchief flaunting from a pole, with which he performed exercises in the face of any horseman whom he met; and great were their yells as the ponies shied off at the salutation, and the riders swerved in their saddles. In the midst of this rattling chorus we went along; gradually the country grew wilder and more desolate, and we passed through a grim mountain region, bleak and bare; the road winding round some of the innumerable hills, and once or twice, by means of a tunnel, rushing boldly through them. One of these tunnels, they say, is a couple of hundred yards long; and a pretty howling, I need not say, was made through that pipe of rock by the jolly yacht's crew. 'We saw you sketching in the blacksmith's shed at Glengariff,' says one, 'and we wished we had you on board. Such a jolly life as we had of it!' They roved about the coast, they sailed in their vessel, they feasted off the best of fish, mutton, and whisky; they had Gamble's turtle-soup on board, and fun from morning till night, and *vice versa*. Gradually it came out that there was not, owing to the tremendous rains, a dry corner in their ship—that they slung two in a huge hammock in the cabin, and that one of their crew had been ill, and shirked off. What a wonderful thing pleasure is! to be wet all day and night; to be scorched and blistered by the sun and rain; to beat in and out of little harbours, and to exceed diurnally upon whisky punch. Faith, London and an arm-chair at the club are more to the tastes of some men!

The pencil of Titmarsh, in this and some other of his works, comes admirably in aid of his pen; and the Irish themselves confessed that their people, cabins and costume had never been more faithfully depicted. About the time that these Irish sketches appeared, their author was contributing under his *alter ego* of Fitz-Boodle, to 'Fraser's Magazine' his tale of 'Barry Lyndon,' which appears to us the best of his short stories. It is a relation of the adventures of an Irish *picaroon*, or gambler and fortune-hunter, and abounds in racy humor and striking incidents. The commencement of 'Punch'—the wittiest of periodicals—in 1841 opened up a new field for Thackeray, and his papers signed 'The Fat Contributor,' soon became famous. These were followed by 'Jeames's Diary' and the 'Snob Papers,' distinguished by their inimitable vein of irony and wit; and he also made various contributions in verse. A journey to the East next led to 'Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo, by way of Lisbon, Athens, Constantinople and Jerusalem, by M. A. Titmarsh.' This volume appeared in 1846; and in the following year he issued a small Christmas book, 'Mrs. Perkins's Ball.' But before this time Thackeray had commenced, in monthly parts, his story of 'Vanity Fair, a Novel without a Hero,' illustrated by himself, or, to use his own expression, 'illuminated with the author's own candles.' The first number appeared in February, 1847. Every month added to the popularity of this work; and ere it was concluded it was obvious that Thackeray's probationary period was past—that Michael Angelo Titmarsh and George Fitz-Boodle would disappear from 'Fraser,' and their author take his place in his own proper name and person as one of the first of English novelists, and the greatest social satirist of his age.

In regularity of story and consistency of detail—though these by no means constitute Thackeray's strength—'Vanity Fair' greatly excels any of his previous works, while in delineation of character it stands pre-eminent. Becky Sharp and Amelia Sedley—one recog-

nized as the 'impersonation of intellect without virtue, and the other as that of virtue without intellect'—are not only perfectly original characters, but are drawn with so much dramatic power, knowledge of life, and shrewd observation, as to render them studies in human nature and moral anatomy. Amidst all her selfishness, Becky preserves a portion of the reader's sympathy, and we follow her with unabated interest through her vicissitudes as French teacher, governess, the wife of the heavy dragoon, the lady of fashion, and even the desperate and degraded swindler. From part of this demoralisation we could have wished that Becky had been spared by her historian, and the story would have been complete, morally and artistically, without it. But there are few scenes, even the most cynical and humiliating, that the reader desires to strike out: all have such an air of truth, and are lively, biting, and humorous. The novelist had soared far beyond the region of mere town-life and snobbism. He had also greatly heightened the interest felt in his characters by connecting them with historical events and places. We have a picture of Brussels in 1815; and as Fielding in 'Tom Jones' glanced at some of the incidents of the Jacobite rising in '45, Thackeray reproduced, as it were, the terrors and anxieties felt by thousands as to the issue of the great struggles at Quatre Bras and Waterloo.

Having completed 'Vanity Fair,' Thackeray published another Christmas volume, 'Our Street,' 1848, to which a companion-volume, 'Dr. Birch and his Young Friends,' was added next year. He had also entered upon another monthly serial—his second great work—'The History of Pendennis (1849–1850). This was an attempt to describe the gentlemen of the present age—'no better nor worse than most educated men.' And even these educated men, according to the satirist, cannot be painted as they are, with the notorious foibles and selfishness of their education. 'Since the author of "Tom Jones" was buried, no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost powers *a man*. We must drape him, and give him a certain conventional simper. Society will not tolerate the natural in our art.' This is rather too broadly stated, but society, no doubt, considers that it would not be benefited by such toleration. Thackeray, however, has done more than most men to strip off conventional disguises and hypocrisies, and he affords glimpses of the interdicted region—too near at times, but without seeking to render evil attractive. His hero, Pendennis, is scarcely a higher model of humanity than Tom Jones, though the difference in national manners and feelings, brought about during a hundred years, has saved him from some of the descents into which Jones was almost perforce drawn. Thackeray's hero falls in love at sixteen, his juvenile flame being a young actress, who jilts him on finding that his fortune is not what she believed it to be. This boyish passion, contrasted with the character of the actress and that of her father—a drunken Irish

captain—is forcibly delineated. Pendennis is sent to the university, gets into debt, is plucked, and returns home to his widowed mother, who is ever kind, gentle, and forgiving, but without any strong sense or firmness—another favourite type of character with Thackeray.

The youth then becomes a law student, but tires of the profession, and adopts that of literature. In this he is ultimately successful, and by means of his novels and poetry, aided by the services of his uncle, Major Pendennis, he obtains an introduction into fashionable society. A varied career of this kind affords scope for the author's powers of description, and for the introduction of characters of all grades and pretensions. Major Pendennis—an antiquated beau, a military Will Honeycomb, and a determined tuft-hunter—is a finished portrait. The sketches of literary life—professional writers—may be compared with a similar description in 'Humphry Clinker;' and the domestic scenes in the novel are true to nature, both in their satirical views of life and in incidents of a tender and pathetic nature. 'Pendennis' was concluded in 1850. In the Christmas of that year Thackeray republished one of his Titmarsh contributions to 'Fraser,' 1846, a mock continuation of Scott's 'Ivanhoe,' entitled 'Rebecca and Rowena.' This piece was certainly not worthy of resuscitation. An original Christmas tale was ready next winter—'The Kickleburys on the Rhine,' in which Mr. M. A. Titmarsh was revived, in order to conduct and satirise the Kicklebury family—mother, daughter, courier, and footman, in all their worldly pride, vulgarity, and grandeur, as they cross the Channel, and proceed to their destination at 'Rougetnoirburg.' This a clever little satire—faithful though bitter, as all continental travellers admit; but it was seized upon by the 'Times' newspaper as illustrating that propensity charged upon the novelist of representing only the dark side of human nature—its failings and vices—as if no real goodness or virtue existed in the world. The accusation thus brought against Thackeray he repelled, or rather ridiculed, in a reply entitled 'An Essay on Thunder and Small Beer,' prefixed to a second edition of the Christmas volume. One passage on verbal criticism may be quoted as characteristic.

'It has been customary,' says the critic, 'of late years for the purveyors of amusing literature to put forth certain opuscules, denominated Christmas books, with the ostensible intention of swelling the tide of exhilaration, or other expansive emotions, incident upon the exodus of the old of the inauguration of the new year.'

That is something like a sentence (rejoins Titmarsh) not a word scarcely but 's in Latin, and the longest and handsomest out of the whole dictionary. That is proper economy—as you see a buck from Holywell Street put every pinchbeck pin, ring, and chain which he possesses about his shirt, hands, and waistcoat, and then go and cut a dash in the park, or swagger with his order to the theatre. It costs him no more to wear all his ornaments about his distinguished person than to leave them at home. If you can be a swell at a cheap rate, why not? And I protest, for my part, I had no idea what I was really about in writing and submitting my little book for sale, until my friend the critic, looking at the article, and examining it with the eyes of a connoisseur, pronounced that what I had fancied simply to be a book was in fact 'an opuscule denominated so-and-so, and ostensibly intended to swell the tide of expan-

sive emotion incident upon the inauguration of the new year.' I can hardly believe as much even now—so little do we know what we really are after, until men of genius come and interpret.

In the summer of 1851 Thackeray appeared as a lecturer. His subject was 'The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century;' and all the rank and fashion, with no small portion of the men of letters of London, flocked to Willis's Rooms to hear the popular novelist descant on the lives and works of his great predecessors in fiction from Swift to Goldsmith. The lectures were afterwards repeated in Scotland and in America; and they are now published, forming one of the most delightful little books in the language. Ten thousand copies of the cheap edition of this volume were sold in one week. To Swift, Thackeray was perhaps too severe—to Fielding, too indulgent; Steele is painted *en beau* in cordial love, and with little shadow; yet we know not where the reader will find in the same limited compass so much just and discriminating criticism, or so many fine thoughts and amusing anecdotes, as those which this loving brother of the craft has treasured up regarding his 'fellows' of the last century. The Queen Anne period touched upon in these lectures formed the subject of Thackeray's next novel, 'Esmond,' published in three volumes, 1852. The work is in the form of an autobiography. The hero, Colonel Henry Esmond, is a Cavalier and Jacobite, who, after serving his country abroad, mingles with its wits and courtiers at home; plots for the restoration of the Chevalier St. George; and finally retires to Virginia, where, in his old age, he writes this memoir of himself and of the noble family of Castlewood, of which he is a member.

Historical events and characters are freely introduced. Esmond serves under Marlborough at Blenheim and Ramilies, and we have a portrait of the great general as darkly coloured as the portrait of him by Macaulay. The Chevalier is also brought upon the stage; and Swift, Congréve, Addison, and Steele are among the interlocutors. But the chief interest of the work centres in a few characters—in Esmond himself, the pure, disinterested, and high-minded Cavalier; in Lady Castlewood; and in Lady Castlewood's daughter, Beatrix, a haughty and spoiled, yet fascinating beauty. Esmond woos Beatrix—a hopeless pursuit of many years; but he is finally rejected; and in the end he is united to Lady Castlewood—to the mother instead of the daughter—for whom he had secretly cherished from his boyhood an affection amounting to veneration. It required all Thackeray's art and genius to keep such a plot from revolting the reader, and we cannot say that he has wholly triumphed over the difficulty. The boyish passion is true to nature. At that period of life the mature beauty is more overpowering to the youthful imagination than any charmer of sixteen. But when Esmond marries he is forty, and the lady is ten years his senior. The romance of life is over. The style of the Queen Anne period is admirably copied in

thought, sentiment, and diction, and many striking and eloquent passages occur throughout the work. It is a grand and melancholy story, standing in the same relation to Thackeray's other works that Scott's 'Bride of Lammermoor' does to the Waverly group.

We give one extract—sardonic and sad—from 'Esmond:'

Decay of Matrimonial Love.

'Twas easy for Harry to see, however much his lady persisted in obedience and admiration for her husband, that my lord tired of his quiet life, and grew weary, and then testy, at those gentle bonds with which his wife would have held him. As they say the Grand Lama of Thibet is very much fatigued by his character of divinity, and yawns on his altar as his bonzes kneel and worship him, many a home-god grows heartily sick of the reverence with which his family devotees pursue him, and sighs for freedom and for his old life, and to be off the pedestal on which his dependants would have him sit for ever, whilst they adore him, and ply him with flowers, and hymns, and incense, and flattery: so, after a few years of his marriage, my honest Lord Castlewood began to tire; all the high flown raptures and devotional ceremonies with which his wife, his chief priestess, treated him, first sent him to sleep, and then drove him out of doors; for the truth must be told, my lord was a jolly gentleman, with very little of the august or divine in his nature, though his fond wife persisted in revering it—and besides, he had to pay a penalty for this love, which persons of his disposition seldom liked to defray; and, in a word, if he had a loving wife, he had a very jealous and exacting one. Then he wearied of this jealousy; then he broke away from it; then came, no doubt, complaints and recriminations; then, perhaps, promises of amendment not fulfilled; then upbraidings, not the more pleasant because they were silent, and only sad looks and tearful eyes conveyed them. Then, perhaps, the pair reached that other stage which is not uncommon in married life, when the woman perceives that the god of the honeymoon is a god no more; only a mortal like the rest of us—and so she looks into her heart, and, lo! *vacuæ sedes et inania arcana*. And now, supposing our lady to have a fine genius and a brilliant wit of her own, and the magic spell and infatuation removed from her which had led to her to worship as a god a very ordinary mortal—and what follows? They live together, and they dine together, and they say 'My dear' and 'My love' as heretofore; but the man is himself, and the woman herself: that dream of love is over, as everything else is over in life; as flowers and fury, and griefs and pleasures are over.

The next work of Thackeray is considered his masterpiece. It is in the old vein—a transcript of real life in the present day, with all its faults and follies, hypocrisy and injustice. The work came recommended by the familiar and inviting title of 'The Newcomes: Memoirs of a Most Respectable Family. Edited by Authur Pendennis, Esq.' It was issued in the monthly form, and was completed in 1855. The leading theme or moral of the story is the misery occasioned by forced and ill-assorted marriages. That unhallowed traffic of the great and worldly is denounced with all the author's moral indignation and caustic severity, and its results are developed in incidents of the most striking and affecting description. Thus of one fair victim we read:

Lady Clara Newcome.

Poor Lady Clara! I fancy a better lot for you than that to which fate handed you over. I fancy there need have been no deceit in your fond, simple, little heart, could it but have been given into other keeping. But you were consigned to a master whose scorn and cruelty terrified you; under whose sardonic glances your scared eyes were afraid to look up, and before whose gloomy coldness you dared not be

happy. Suppose a little plant; very frail and delicate from the first, but that might have bloomed sweetly and borne fair flowers, had it received warm shelter and kindly nurture; suppose a young creature taken out of her home, and given over to a hard master whose caresses are as insulting as his neglect; consigned to cruel usage, to weary loneliness, to bitter insulting recollections of the past; suppose her schooled into hypocrisy by ty anny—and then, quick let us hire an advocate to roar out to a British jury the wrongs of her injured husband, to paint the agonies of his bleeding heart (if Mr. Advocate gets plaintiff's brief in time, and before defendant's attorney has retained him), and to shew society injured through him! Let us console that martyr. I say, with thumping damages; and as for the woman—the guilty wretch!—let us lead her out and stone her. . . . So Lady Clara flies from the custody of her tyrant, but to what a rescue! The very man who loves her, and gives her asylum, pities and deplores her. She scarce dares to look out of the windows of her new home upon the world, lest it should know and reproach her. All the sisterhood of friendship is cut off from her. If she dares to go abroad, she feels the sneer of the world as she goes through it, and knows that malice and scorn whisper behind her. People as criminal, but undiscovered, make room for her, as if her touch were pollution. She knows she has darkened the lot and made wretched the home of the man she loves best, that his friends who see her treat her with but a doubtful respect, and the domestics who attend her, with a suspicious obedience. In the country lanes, or the streets of the country town, neighbors look aside as the carriage passes in which she is splendid and lonely. Rough hunting companions of her husband's come to the table: he is driven perforce to the company of flatterers and men of inferior sort; his equals, at least in his own home, will not live with him. She would be kind, perhaps, and charitable to the cottagers around her, but she fears to visit them, lest they too should scorn her. The clergyman who distributes her charities, blushes and looks awkward on passing her in the village, if he should be walking with his wife or one of his children.

Could anything more sternly or touchingly true be written? The summation of Clara's miseries, item by item, might have been made by Swift, but there is a pathos and moral beauty in the passage that the Dean never reached. The real hero of the novel is Colonel Newcome—a counterpart to Fielding's Allworthy. The old officer's high sense of honour, his simplicity, his never-failing kindness of heart, his antique courtesy—as engaging as that of Sir Roger de Coverley—his misfortunes and ruin through the knavery of others—and his death as a 'poor brother' in the Charterhouse, form altogether so noble, so affecting a picture, and one so perfectly natural and life-like, that it can scarcely be even recalled without tears. The author, it was said, might have given a less painful end to the good Colonel, to soothe him after the buffetings of the world. The same remark was made on Scott's treatment of his Jewess Rebecca, and we have no doubt Thackeray's answer would be that of Scott—'A character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with worldly prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit.' The best of Thackeray's female portraits—his highest compliment to the sex—is in this novel. Ethel Newcome, in her pride and sensibility—the former balancing, and at last overcoming, the weaknesses induced by the latter—is drawn with great delicacy and truth; while in the French characters, the family of De Florac and others, we have an entirely new creation—a cluster of originals. The gay *roué*, Paul de Florac—who plays the English-

man in top-boots and buckskins—could only be hit off by one equally at home in French and in English society. Of 'course there are in 'The Newcomes' many other personages and classes—as the sanctimonious fop, the coarse and covetous trader, the parasite, the schemer, &c.—who are drawn with the novelist's usual keen insight and minute detail, though possessing fewer features of novelty or interest.

Recurring to the pleasant and profitable occupation of lecturing, Thackeray crossed the Atlantic, taking with him four more lectures —'The Four Georges'—which, after being delivered in the United States in 1855–56, were, on his return, repeated in London, and in most of the large towns in England and Scotland. The Hanoverian monarchs afforded but little room for eulogistic writing or fine moral painting; and the dark shades—the coarseness, immorality, and heartlessness that pervaded the courts of at least the First, Second, and Fourth of the Georges—were exhibited without any relief or softening. George III., as the better man, fared better with the lecturer; and the closing scene, when, old, blind, and bereft of reason, the monarch sank to rest, was described with great pathos and picturesque effect. The society, literature, manners, and fashion of the different periods were briefly touched upon—somewhat in the style of Horace Walpole; and we believe Thackeray contemplated, among his future tasks, expanding these lectures into memoirs of the different reigns. The novelist now aimed at a different sort of public distinction. The representation of the city of Oxford becoming vacant, he offered himself as a candidate—the advocate of all liberal measures —but was defeated by Mr. Cardwell (July 1857), the numbers being 1085 to 1018. Before the close of the year Thackeray was at the more appropriate occupation of another serial. The Castlewood family was revived, and in 'The Virginians' we had a tale of the days of George II.—of Chesterfield, Queensberry, Garrick, and Johnson—the gaming-table, coffee-house, and theatre, but with Washington, Wolfe, and the American war in the background. As a story, 'The Virginians' is defective. The incidents hang loosely together, and want progressive interest, but the work abounds in passages of fine philosophic humour and satire. The author frequently stops to moralise and preach *sotto voce* to his readers, and in these digressions we have some of his choicest and most racy sentences. Youth and love are his favourite themes. There is a healthy natural world both within and without the world of fashion—particularly *without*. Mere wealth and *ton* go for nothing in the composition of happiness, and genuine, manly love is independent of the sunshine of prosperity. We quote a few of his 'mottoes of the heart' and satirical touches.

Recollection of Youthful Beauty.

When cheeks are faded and eyes are dim, is it sad or pleasant, I wonder, for the woman who is a beauty no more, to recall the period of her bloom? When the heart is withered, do the old love to remember how it once was fresh, and beat with warm

emotions? When the spirits are languid and weary, do we like to think how bright they were in other days; the hope how buoyant, the sympathies how ready, the enjoyment of life how keen and eager? So they fall—the buds of prime, the roses of beauty, the florid harvests of summer—fall and wither, and the naked branches shiver in the winter.

Indifference of the World.

The world can pry out everything about us which it has a mind to know. But there is this consolation, which men will never accept in their own cases, that the world doesn't care. Consider the amount of scandal it has been forced to hear in its time, and how weary and *blasé* it must be of that kind of intelligence. You are taken to prison, and fancy yourself indelibly disgraced? You are bankrupt under odd circumstances? You drive a queer bargain with your friends, and are found out, and imagine the world will punish you? Pshaw! Your shame is only vanity. Go and talk to the world as if nothing had happened, and nothing *has* happened. Tumble down; brush the mud off your clothes; appear with a smiling countenance, and nobody cares. Do you suppose society is going to take out its pocket-handkerchief and be inconsolable when you die? Why should it care very much, then, whether your worship graces yourself or disgraces yourself? Whatever happens, it talks, meets, jokes, yawns, has its dinner pretty much as before.

Lackeys and Footmen in the Last Century.

Lackeys, liveries, footmen—the old society was encumbered with a prodigious quantity of these. Gentle men or women could scarce move without one, sometimes two or three vassals in attendance. Every theatre had its footmen's gallery; an army of the liveried race hustled round every chapel-door. They swarmed in anterooms, they sprawled in halls and on landings, they guzzled, devoured, debauched, cheated, played cards, bullied visitors for vails [or gratuities]. That noble old race of footmen is well-nigh gone. A few thousand of them may still be left among us. Grand, tall, beautiful, melancholy, we still behold them on levee days, with their nosegays and their buckles, their plush and their powder. So have I seen in America specimens, nay, camps and villages, of Red Indians. But the race is doomed. The fatal decree has gone forth, and Uncas with his tomahawk and eagle's plume, and Jeames with his cocked-hat and long cane, are passing out of the world where they once walked in glory.

The English Country Gentleman.

To be a good old country gentleman, is to hold a position nearest the gods, and at the summit of earthly felicity. To have a large unencumbered rent-roll, and, the rents paid regularly by adoring farmers, who bless their stars at having such a landlord as His Honour; to have no tenant holding back with his money, excepting just one, perhaps, who does so just in order to give occasion to Good Old Country Gentleman to shew his sublime charity and universal benevolence of soul; to hunt three days a week, love the sport of all things, and have perfect good health and good appetite in consequence; to have not only a good appetite, but a good dinner; to sit down at church in the midst of a chorus of blessings from the villagers, the first man in the parish, the benefactor of the parish, with a consciousness of consummate desert, saying, 'Have mercy upon us miserable sinners,' to be sure, but only for form's sake and to give other folks an example:—a G. O. C. G, a miserable sinner! So healthy, so wealthy, so jolly, so much respected by the vicar, so much honoured by the tenants, so much beloved and admired by his family, amongst whom his story of Grouse in the gun-room causes laughter from generation to generation; this perfect being a miserable sinner! *Allons donc!* Give any man good health and temper, five thousand a year, the adoration of his parish, and the love and worship of his family, and I'll defy you to make him so heartily dissatisfied with his spiritual condition as to set himself down a miserable anything. If you were a Royal Highness, and went to church in the most perfect health and comfort, the parson waiting to begin the service until your R. H. came in, would you believe yourself to be a miserable, &c.? You might, when racked with gout, in solitude, the fear of death before your eyes, the doctor having cut off your bottle of claret, and ordered arrowroot and a little sherry—you might *then* be humiliated, and acknowledge your shortcom-

ings and the vanity of things in general; but in high health, sunshine, spirits, that word 'miserable' is only a form. You can't think in your heart that you are to be pitied much for the present. If you are to be miserable, what is Colin Ploughman with the ague, seven children, two pounds a year rent to pay for his cottage, and eight shillings a week? No, a healthy, rich, jolly country gentleman, if miserable, has a very supportable misery; if a sinner, has very few people to tell him so.

The following passage in 'The Four Georges' is one of the most striking and affecting in our literature:

Death of George the Third.

All history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly courts. I have seen his picture as it was taken at this time, hanging in the apartment of his daughter, the Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg—amidst books and Windsor furniture, and a hundred fond reminiscences of her English home. The poor old father is represented in a purple gown, his snowy beard falling over his breast—the star of his famous Order still idly shining on it. He was not only sightless: he became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had; in one of which the queen, desiring to see him, entered the room, and found him singing a hymn, and accompanying himself at the harpsichord. When he had finished, he knelt down and prayed aloud for her, and then for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity from him, but if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears, and reason again fled.

What preacher need moralise on this story: what words, save the simplest are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. 'O brothers!' I said to those who heard me first in America—'O brothers! speaking the same dear mother-tongue—O comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest; dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely: our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries: "Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!"

> Vex not his ghost—Oh, let him pass!—he hates him
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer.'

Hush! strife and quarrel, over the solemn grave; sound, trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy.

We add one specimen of Thackeray's verse, which differs very little from his prose: the colour and flavour are the same.

The Ballad of Bouillabaisse.

A street there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields;
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case;
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffern,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach and dace;
All these you eat at Terrés tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savoury stew 'tis;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.
And Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast day too afflicting,
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
Yes, here the lamp is, as before;
The smiling red-cheeked écaillère is
Still opening oysters at the door.
Is Terré still alive and able?
I recollect his droll grimace;
He'd come and smile before your table,
And hoped you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter—nothing's changed or older.
'How's Monsieur Terré, waiter, pray?'
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder—
'Monsieur is dead this many a day.'—
'It is the lot of saint and sinner,
So honest Terré's run his race.'—
'What will Monsieur require for dinner?'—
'Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?'—

'Oh oui, Monsieur,' 's the waiters answer;
'Quel vin Monsieur désire-t-il?'
'Tell me a good one.'—'That I can sir:
The Chambertin with yellow seal.'—
'So Terré's gone,' I say, and sink in
My old accustomed corner place;
'He's done with feasting and with drinking,
With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse.

My old accustomed corner, here is,
The table still is in the nook;
Ah! vanished many a busy year is,
This well-known chair since last I took.
When first I saw ye, cari luoghi,
I'd scarce a beard upon my face,
And now a grizzled, grim old fogy,
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty,
Of early days here met to dine?
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;
There's poor old Fred in the Gazette;
On James's head the grass is growing:
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me—
There's no one now to share my cup.

I drink it as the fates ordain it.
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes;
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of dear old times.
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
—Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse.

For two years (1860–62) Thackeray conducted the 'Cornhill Magazine,' and in the pages of this popular miscellany appeared his 'Roundabout Papers'—a series of light graceful essays and sketches; also two novels, 'Lovel the Widower,' and 'Philip on his Way through the World,' which were scarcely worthy of his reputation. He had commenced another story, 'Dennis Duval,' of which four monthly portions were published; and he contemplated Memoirs of the Reign of Queen Anne, as a continuation of Macaulay's History. All his schemes, however, were frustrated by his sudden and lament

able death. His health had long been precarious, and on the day preceding his death he had been in great suffering. Still he moved about; 'he was out several times,' says Shirley Brooks, 'and was seen in Palace Gardens, Kensington, reading a book. Before the dawn on Thursday (December 24, 1863) he was where there is no night.' 'Never more,' said the 'Times,' 'shall the fine head of Mr. Thackeray, with its mass of silvery hair, be seen towering among us.' He had died in bed alone and unseen, struggling, as it appeared, with a violent spasmodic attack, which had caused the effusion on the brain of which he died. The medical attendants who conducted the *post-mortem* examination stated that the brain was of great size, weighing 58½ ounces. *Non omnis mortuus est.* 'He will be remembered,' says James Hannay, 'for ages to come, as long as the hymn of praise rises in the old Abbey of Westminster, and wherever the English tongue is native to men, from the banks of the Ganges to those of the Mississippi.'

REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

As a novelist, poet, theologian, and active philanthropist, Mr. Kingsley, Rector of Eversley, Hampshire, and Canon of Westminster, was one of the most remarkable and meritorious men of his age. His views of social reform verge upon Chartism, and, in some instance, are crude and impracticable in the present state of society; but his zeal, disinterestedness, and unceasing perseverance in seeking to remedy evils which press upon the working classes, no one doubts or questions, while the genius he brought to bear on his various duties and tasks reflects honour on our literature. Mr. Kingsley was a native of Devonshire, born at Holne Vicarage, near Dartmoor, in 1819. He studied at King's College, London, and Magdalene College, Cambridge, and intended to follow the profession of the law. He soon, however, abandoned this intention, and entered the church, obtaining first the curacy, and then the rectory of Eversley, which he has invested with affectionate interest and celebrity. Mr. Kingsley's first appearance as an author was in 1844, when he published a collection of 'Village Sermons'—plain, earnest, useful discourses. He has published several other volumes of sermons and lectures; but it is from his imaginative works that Mr. Kingsley derives his chief fame. In 1848 he appeared as a dramatic poet, author of 'The Saint's Tragedy,' or the story of Elizabeth of Hungary, Landgravine of Thuringia, and a saint of the Romish calendar. This poem is a sort of protest against superstitious homage and false miracles, but it gives also a vivid picture of live in the middle ages, and is animated by a poetical imagination.

His next work was one of fiction—'Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet: an Autobiography,' two volumes, 1849. The design of this tale is to shew the evils of competition and the grievances of the artisan class. The hardships which drove Alton to become a Chartist, and his mental struggles as he oscillated between infidelity and religion are pow-

erfully depicted, though the story is in some respects a painful one, and in parts greatly exaggerated. Mr. Kingsley's remedy for the evils of competition and the tyranny of masters in large towns is the adoption of the associative principle among the workmen—combining capital and labour—and in the case of the tailors and a few other trades, the scheme was tried. The same social topics are discussed in Mr. Kingsley's 'Yeast, a Problem,' 1851, which is devoted more particularly to the condition of the agricultural labourers, and is written with a plainness and vehemence that deterred fastidious readers. Mr. Kingsley put his views into a more definite shape in a lecture on the 'Application of Associative Principles and Methods to Agriculture,' published also in 1851. But in this tract the author's denunciation of large towns and mill-owners, and his proposal to restore the population to the land, are erroneous both in theory and sentiment. 'The earth,' he says, 'hath bubbles, and such cities as Manchester are of them. A short-sighted and hasty greed created them, and when they have lasted their little time, and had their day, they will vanish like bubbles.' Such 'Christian Socialism' as this would throw back society into ignorance and poverty, instead of solving the problem as to the rich and the poor. 'Phaethon, or Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers,' 1852, and 'Hypatia, or New Friends with an Old Face,' 1853, were Mr. Kingsley's next works.

These were followed by a series of lectures, delivered at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, on 'Alexandria and her Schools,' 1854; and in the following year our author took a higher and more genial position as a man of letters by his novel of 'Westward Ho!' and his delightful little treatise of 'Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Shore.' In his 'Westward Ho!' Mr. Kingsley threw himself into the exciting and brilliant Elizabethan period, professing to relate the 'Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh, Knight, of Burrough, in the county of Devon, in the reign of Her Most Glorious Majesty Queen Elizabeth; rendered into modern English by Charles Kingsley.' Here we have Raleigh, Drake, Hawkins, and the other great names of Devonshire once more in action; we have adventures in the Spanish Main and South American continent, the memorable chase and defeat of the Spanish Armada, the plots of Jesuits, the pride of Spaniards, English burghers, Puritans, seamen, and soldiers—an endless variety of incidents and characters, with descriptions of scenery which for rich colouring and picturesqueness have rarely been surpassed. Believing that the Protestantism of the Elizabethan age was all-important to the cause of freedom as well as true religion, Mr. Kingsley gives no quarter to its opponents, and has marred the effect of parts of his narrative by frequent and bitter assaults on the Romish Church. In the delineation of passion—especially the passion of love, as operating on grave and lofty minds like that of Amyas Leigh—Mr. Kingsley is eminently successful. He is more intent on such moral painting and on the development of character, than on

the construction of a regular story. But the most popular passages in his tale—the most highly wrought and easily remembered—are his pictures of wild Indian life and scenery. In these we have primeval innocence and intense enjoyment, in connection with the gorgeous, unchecked luxuriance of nature—as if the pictorial splendour of the 'Fairy Queen' had been transported to this wild Arcadia of the west. Passing over some sermons and occasional tracts, we come to Mr. Kingsley's next novel, 'Two Years Ago,' published in 1857. This work is of the school or class of 'Alton Locke,' exhibiting contrasts of social life and character, with references to modern events, as the gold-digging in Australia, the Crimean war, and the political institutions of the United States. The story is deficient in clearness and interest, but contains scenes of domestic pathos and descriptions of external nature worthy the graphic pencil and vivid imagination of its author. Reverting again to poetry—though few of his prose pages are without some tincture of the poetical element—Mr. Kingsley, in 1858, published 'Andromeda, and other Poems,' a classic theme adopted from a Greek legend, and expressed in hexameter verse, carrying the reader

Over the sea, past Crete, on the Syrian shore to the southward.

The poetry of Mr. Kingsley, like that of Lord Lytton, is rather a graceful foil to his other works, than the basis of a reputation; but we quote a pathetic lyric of the sea, which, set to music by Hullah, has drawn tears from many bright eyes, and perhaps—what the author would have valued more—prompted to acts of charity and kindness:

Three Fishers went Sailing.

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west, as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town.
For men must work and women must weep,
And there's little to earn and many to keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
But men must work and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town.
For men must work and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

Scene in the Indian Forest—Sir Amyas Paulet pursues Two of his missing Seamen.

Forth Amyas went, with Ayacanora as a guide, some five miles upward along the forest slopes, till the girl whispered, 'There they are;' and Amyas pushing himself gently through a thicket of bamboo, beheld a scene which, in spite of his wrath, kept him silent, and perhaps softened, for a minute.

On the further side of a little lawn, the stream leaped through a chasm beneath overarching vines, sprinkling eternal freshness upon all around, and then sank foaming into a clear rock-basin, a bath for Dian's self. On its further side the crag rose some twenty feet in height, bank upon bank of feathered ferns and cushioned moss, over the rich green beds of which drooped a thousand orchids, scarlet, white, and orange, and made the still pool gorgeous with the reflection of their gorgeousness. At its more quiet outfall it was half-hidden in huge fantastic leaves and tall flowering stems; but near the water-fall the grassy bank sloped down toward the stream, and there, on palm leaves strewed upon the turf, beneath the shadow of the crags, lay the two men whom Amyas sought, and whom, now he had found them, he had hardly heart to wake from their delicious dream.

For what a nest it was which they had found! The air was heavy with the scent of flowers, and quivering with the murmur of the stream, the humming of the colibris and insects, the cheerful song of birds, the gentle cooing of a hundred doves; while now and then, from far away, the musical wail of the sloth, or the deep toll of the bell-bird, came softly to the ear. What was not there which eye or ear could need? And what which palate could need either? For on the rock above, some strange tree, leaning forward, dropped every now and then a luscious apple upon the grass below, and huge wild plantains bent beneath their load of fruit.

There, on the stream bank, lay the two renegades from civilised life. They had cast away their clothes, and painted themselves, like the Indians, with arnotta and indigo. One lay lazily picking up the fruit which fell close to his side; the other sat, his back against a cushion of soft moss, his hands folded languidly upon his lap, giving himself up to the soft influence of the narcotic cocoa-juice, with half-shut dreamy eyes fixed on the everlasting sparkle of the water-fall—

> While beauty, born of murmuring sound,
> Did pass into his face.

Somewhat apart crouched their two dusky brides, crowned with fragrant flowers, but working busily, like true women, for the lords whom they delighted to honour. One sat plaiting palm-fibres into a basket; the other was boring the stem of a huge milk-tree, which rose like some mighty column on the right hand of the lawn, its broad canopy of leaves unseen through the dense underwood of laurel and bamboo, and betokened only by the rustle far aloft, and by the mellow shade in which it bathed the whole delicious scene.

Amyas stood silent for a while, partly from noble shame at seeing two Christian men thus fallen of their own self-will; partly because—and he could not but confess that—a solemn calm brooded above that glorious place, to break through which seemed sacrilege even while he felt it duty. Such, he thought, was Paradise of old; such our first parents' bridal bower! Ah! if man had not fallen, he too might have dwelt for ever in such a home—with whom? He started, and shaking off the spell, advanced sword in hand.

The women saw him, and sprang to their feet, caught up their long pocunas, and leaped like deer each in front of her beloved. There they stood, the deadly tubes pressed to their lips, eyeing him like tigresses who protect their young, while every slender limb quivered, not with terror, but with rage. Amyas paused, half in admiration, half in prudence; for one rash step was death. But rushing through the canes, Ayacanora sprang to the front, and shrieked to them in Indian. At the sight of the prophetess the women wavered, and Amyas, putting on as gentle a face as he could, stepped forward, assuring them in his best Indian that he would harm no one.

'Ebsworthy! Parracombe! Are you grown such savages already, that you have forgotten your captain? Stand up, men, and salute!' Ebsworthy sprang to his feet, obeyed mechanically, and then slipped behind his bride again, as if in shame. The dreamer turned his head languidly, raised his hand to his forehead, and then returned to his contemplation. Amyas rested the point of his sword on the ground, and his

hands upon the hilt, and looked sadly and solemnly upon the pair. Ebsworthy broke the silence, half reproachfully, half trying to bluster away the coming storm.

'Well, noble captain, so you've hunted out us poor fellows; and want to drag us back again in a halter, I suppose?'

'I came to look for Christians, and I find heathens; for men, and I find swine. I shall leave the heathens to their wilderness, and the swine to their trough. Parracombe!'

'He's too happy to answer you, sir. And why not? What do you want of us? Our two years' vow is out, and we are free men now.'

'Free to become like the beasts that perish? You are the Queen's servants still, and in her name I charge you'——

'Free to be happy,' interrupted the man. 'With the best of wives, the best of food, a warmer bed than a duke's, and a finer garden than an emperor's. As for clothes, why the plague should a man wear them where he don't need them? As for gold, what's the use of it where Heaven sends everything ready-made to your hands? Hearken, Captain Leigh. You've been a good captain to me, and I'll repay you with a bit of sound advice. Give up your gold-hunting, and toiling and moiling after honour and glory, and copy us. Take that fair maid behind you there to wife; pitch here with us; and see if you are not happier in one day than ever you were in all your life before.'

'You are drunk, sirrah! William Parracombe! Will you speak to me, or shall I heave you into the stream to sober you?' 'Who calls William Parracombe?' answered a sleepy voice. 'I, fool!—your captain!' 'I am not William Parracombe. He is dead long ago of hunger, and labour, and heavy sorrow, and will never see Bideford town any more. He is turned into an Indian now; and he is to sleep, sleep, sleep for a hundred years, till he gets his strength again, poor fellow'——

'Awake, then, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light! A christened Englishman, and living thus the life of a beast!'

'Christ shall give thee light?' answered the same unnatural, abstracted voice. 'Yes; so the parsons say. And they say, too, that he is Lord of heaven and earth. I should have thought his light was as near us here as anywhere, and nearer too, by the look of the place. Look round,' said he, waving a lazy hand, and see the works of God, and the place of paradise, whither poor weary souls go home and rest, after their masters in the wicked world have used them up, with labour and sorrow, and made them wade knee-deep in blood—I'm tired of blood, and tired of gold. I'll march no more; I'll fight no more; I'll hunger no more after vanity and vexation of spirit. What shall I get by it? Maybe I shall leave my bones in the wilderness. I can but do that here. Maybe I shall get home with a few pezos, to die an old cripple in some stinking hovel, that a monkey would scorn to lodge in here. You may go on; it'll pay you. You may be a rich man, and a knight, and live in a fine house, and drink good wine, and go to court, and torment your soul with trying to get more, when you've got too much already; plotting and planning to scramble upon your neighbour's shoulders, as they all did—Sir Richard, and Mr. Ralcigh, and Chichester, and poor dear old Sir Warham, and all of them that I used to watch when I lived before. They were no happier than I was then; I'll warrant they are no happier now. Go your ways, captain; climb to glory upon some other backs than ours, and leave us here in peace, alone with God and God's woods, and the good wives that God has given us, to play a little like school children. It's long since I've had play-hours; and now I'll be a little child once more, with the flowers, and the singing birds, and the silver fishes in the stream, that are at peace, and think no harm, and want neither clothes, nor money, nor knighthood, nor peerage, but just take what comes; and their heavenly Father feedeth them, and Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these—and will he not much more feed us, that are of more value than many sparrows?'

'And will you live here, shut out from all Christian ordinances?'

'Christian ordinances! Adam and Eve had no parsons in Paradise. The Lord was their priest, and the Lord was their shepherd, and he'll be ours too. But go your ways, sir, and send up Sir John Brimblecombe, and let him marry us here church fashion—though we have sworn troth to each other before God already—and let him give us the Holy Sacrament once and for all, and then read the funeral service over us, and go his ways, and count us for dead, sir—for dead we are to the

wicked worthless world we came out of three years ago. And when the Lord chooses to call us, the little birds will cover us with leaves, as they did the babies in the wood, and fresher flowers will grow out of our graves, sir, than out of yours in that bare Northam churchyard there beyond the weary, weary, weary sea.'

His voice died away to a murmur, and his head sank on his breast. Amyas stood spell-bound. The effect of the narcotic was all but miraculous in his eyes. The sustained eloquence, the novel richness of diction in one seemingly drowned in sensual sloth, were in his eyes the possession of some evil spirit. And yet he could not answer the Evil One. His English heart, full of the divine instinct of duty and public spirit, told him that it must be a lie: but how to prove it a lie? And he stood for full ten minutes searching for an answer, which seemed to fly further and further off the more he sought for it. . . .

A rustle! a roar! a shriek! and Amyas lifted his eyes in time to see a huge dark bar shoot from the crag above the dreamer's head, among the group of girls. A dull crash, as the group flew asunder; and in the midst, upon the ground, the tawny limbs of one were writhing beneath the fangs of a black jaguar, the rarest and most terrible of the forest kings. Of one? But of which? Was it Ayacanora? And sword in hand, Amyas rushed madly forward: before he reached the spot, those tortured limbs were still.

It was not Ayacanora; for with a shriek which rang through the woods, the wretched dreamer, wakened thus at last, sprang up and felt for his sword. Fool! he had left it in his hammock! Screaming the name of his dead bride, he rushed on the jaguar, as it crouched above its prey, and seizing its head with teeth and nails, worried it, in the ferocity of his madness, like a mastiff dog.

The brute wrenched its head from his grasp, and raised its dreadful paw. Another moment, and the husband's corpse would have lain by the wife's. But high in air gleamed Amyas's blade; down, with all the weight of his huge body and strong arm, fell that most trusty steel; the head of the jaguar dropped grinning on its victim's corpse:

> And all stood still who saw him fall,
> While men might count a score.

'O Lord Jesus,' said Amyas to himself, 'thou hast answered the devil for me! And this is the selfish rest for which I would have bartered the rest which comes by working where thou hast put me!'

They bore away the lithe corpse into the forest, and buried it under soft moss and virgin mould; and so the fair clay was transfigured into fairer flowers, and the poor gentle untaught spirit returned to God who gave it. And then Amyas went sadly and silently back again, and Parracombe walked after him, like one who walks in sleep. Ebsworthy, sobered by the shock, entreated to come too; but Amyas forbade him gently. 'No, lad; you are forgiven. God forbid that I should judge you or any man. Sir John shall come up and marry you; and then, if it still be your will to stay, the Lord forgive you, if you be wrong; in the meanwhile, we will leave with you all that we can spare. Stay here, and pray to God to make you, and me too, wiser men.'

And so Amyas departed. He had come out stern and proud, but he came back again like a little child.

The other works of Canon Kingsley are 'Miscellanies' from 'Fraser's Magazine,' 1859; 'The Water Babies,' 1863; 'Hereward, the Last of the English,' 1866; 'The Hermits,' 1867; 'How and Why,' 1869; 'At Last, a Christmas in the West Indies,' 1871; 'Health and Education,' 1874. Mr. Kingsley was made Canon of Chester in 1869, which he resigned in 1873, when made Canon of Westminster. This popular author and good man died at his parsonage of Eversley, Hampshire, January 23, 1875, and was interred in Westminster Abbey.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

In the real as distinguished from the ideal school of fiction, CHARLOTTE BRONTË (afterwards Nicholls), by her tale of 'Jane Eyre,' attained immediate and remarkable popularity. Its Yorkshire scenes and characters were new to readers, and the whole had the stamp of truth and close observation. The life of Charlotte Brontë was one of deep and painful interest. Her father, the Rev. Patrick Brontë—who survived to a great age, outliving all his gifted children—was a native of the county Down in Ireland. One of a family of ten, the children of a small farmer, Patrick Brontë saw the necessity for early exertion. At the age of sixteen he opened a school, then became a tutor in a gentleman's family, and afterwards, at the age of twenty-five, entered himself of St. John's College, Cambridge. Having taken his degree, he obtained a curacy in Essex, whence he removed to Yorkshire—first to Hartshead, near Leeds. At Hartshead he married a gentle, serious young Cornish woman, Maria Branwell, by whom in little more than six years he had six children. In 1820 the family moved to another Yorkshire home, Mr. Brontë having obtained the living of Haworth, four miles from Keighley. The income of the minister, £170 per annum, might have sufficed for humble comfort, but the parsonage was bleak and uncomfortable—a low oblong stone building, standing at the top of the straggling village on a steep hill, without the shelter of a tree, with the churchyard pressing down on it on both sides, and behind a long tract of wild moors. Charlotte Brontë thus describes the scene:

Description of Yorkshire Moors.

A village parsonage amongst the hills bordering Yorkshire and Lancashire. The scenery of these hills is not grand—it is not romantic; it is scarcely striking. Long low moors, dark with heath, shut in little valleys, where a stream waters, here and there, a fringe of stunted copse. Mills and scattered cottages chase romance from these valleys: it is only higher up, deep in amongst the ridges of the moors, that Imagination can find rest for the sole of her foot; and even if she finds it there, she must be a solitude-loving raven—no gentle dove. If she demand beauty to inspire her, she must bring it inborn: these moors are too stern to yield any product so delicate. The eye of the grazer must *itself* brim with a 'purple light,' intense enough to perpetuate the brief flower-flush of August on the heather, or the rare sunset-smile of June; out of his heart must well the freshness that in later spring and early summer brightens the bracken, nurtures the moss, and cherishes the starry flowers that spangle for a few weeks the pasture of the moor-sheep. Unless that light and freshness are innate and self-sustained, the drear prospect of a Yorkshire moor will be found as barren of poetic as of agricultural interest: where the love of wild nature is strong, the locality will perhaps be clung to with the more passionate constancy, because from the hill-lover's self comes half its charm.

The population of Haworth and its neighbourhood was chiefly engaged in the worsted manufacture. They were noted for a wild lawless energy, and were divided by sectarian differences. The Brontë family kept aloof unless when direct service was required, and the minister always carried a pistol with him on his walks. He was an eccentric, half-misanthropical man, with absurd notions on the sub-

ject of education. He kept his children on a vegetable diet, and clothed them in the humblest garments, that they might grow up hardy and indifferent to dress. He took his meals in his own room. His wife died the year after the arrival of the family at Haworth, and the poor children were mostly left to themselves, occupying a room called the 'children's study'—though the eldest *student* was only about seven years of age—or they wandered hand in hand over the moors. They were all small and feeble, stunted in their growth, but with remarkable precocity of intellect. The eccentric minister one day made an experiment to test their powers of reflection or understanding. He had a mask in the house, and thinking they might speak with less timidity if thus concealed, he told them all to stand and speak boldly from under cover of the mask. The youngest, about four years of age, was asked what a child like her most wanted; she answered: 'Age and experience.' The next was asked what had best be done with her brother, who was sometimes a naughty boy: 'Reason with him,' she said; 'and when he won't listen to reason, whip him.' The boy was then questioned as to the best way of knowing the difference between the intellects of man and woman, and he replied: 'By considering the difference between them as to their bodies.' Charlotte was asked what was the best book in the world: 'The Bible,' she said; 'and next to that the Book of Nature.' Another was asked what was the best education for a woman, and she replied: 'That which would make her rule her house well.' Lastly, the oldest—about ten years of age—was asked what was the best mode of spending time, and she answered: 'By laying it out in preparation for a happy eternity.' These extraordinary little reasoners took a great interest in politics and public events; they read and discussed the newspapers, and set up among themselves 'little magazines' in imitation of 'Blackwood's Magazine.' Tales, dramas, poems, and romances were all attempted by the girls; and in one period of fifteen months, before she was fifteen years of age, Charlotte had filled twenty-two volumes with original compositions, written in a hand so painfully small and close as scarcely to be decipherable without the aid of a magnifying-glass. Four of the girls were at length sent out to be educated. An active, wealthy clergyman, the Rev. W. Carus Wilson, established a school for the education of the daughters of poor clergymen at a place called Cowan's Bridge, between Leeds and Kendal. Each pupil paid £14 a year, with £1 of entrance-money. The institution, however, was badly managed. The food was insufficient and badly cooked, and one of the teachers —satirised in 'Jane Eyre' as 'Miss Scatchard'—tyrannised over one of the Brontës with inhuman severity. A fever afterwards broke out in the school, and the little band of sisters returned to the old stone parsonage and the 'children's study' at Haworth. Death, however, soon thinned the affectionate group. Maria died in 1825 in her twelfth year, and in the same year Elizabeth, aged eleven.

Branwell, the only boy of the family, was educated at home; he had the family talent and precocity, wrote verses, and had a turn for drawing, but ultimately became idle and dissipated, and occasioned the most poignant distress to his sisters. The latter made many efforts to place themselves in an independent position. They went out as governesses, but disliked the occupation. Charlotte wrote to Southey, sending some of her poetry, and the laureate replied in a kindly but discouraging tone. The project of keeping a school was then suggested. The aunt—who had come from Cornwall and assisted at Haworth since the death of her sister—advanced a little money, and Charlotte and Emily proceeded to Brussels in order to acquire a knowledge of foreign languages. They entered a *pensionnat*, and remained from February to September 1842, when they were recalled by the death of their aunt. Charlotte again returned to Brussels, and officiated about a twelvemonth as a teacher, her salary being just £16 per annum, out of which she had to pay ten francs a month for German lessons. In January 1844 she was again at Haworth. The sisters advertised that they would receive pupils in the parsonage; but no pupils came. They then ventured on the publication of a volume of their poems. The death of their aunt had somewhat improved their circumstances, and a sum of £31, 10s. was spent in printing the 'Poems, by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell.' This ambiguous choice of names was dictated, as Charlotte relates, by 'a sort of conscientious scruple at assuming Christian names positively masculine, while they did not like to declare themselves women.' The volume had little success. The best of the pieces are those by Emily, who had more vivacity and force of character than her sisters. Mrs. Gaskell, in her interesting 'Life of Charlotte Brontë,' has the following remarkable statement relative to Emily, and the passage also illustrates Charlotte's novel of 'Shirley:'

Emily Brontë and her Dog 'Keeper.'

From her, many traits in Shirley's character were taken: her way of sitting on the rug reading, with her arm round her rough bull-dog's neck; her calling to a strange dog running past with hanging head and lolling tongue, to give it a merciful draught of water, its maddened snap at her, her nobly stern presence of mind, going right into the kitchen, and taking up one of Tabby's [the old servant in the parsonage] red-hot Italian irons to sear the bitten place, and telling no one, till the danger was well-nigh over, for fear of the terrors that might beset their weaker minds. All this, looked upon as a well-invented fiction in *Shirley*, was written down by Charlotte with streaming eyes; it was the literal account of what Emily had done. The same tawny bull-dog (with his 'strangled whistle') called 'Tartar' in *Shirley*, was 'Keeper' in Haworth parsonage—a gift to Emily. With the gift came a warning. Keeper was faithful to the depths of his nature as long as he was with friends; but he who struck him with a stick or whip roused the relentless nature of the brute, who flew at his throat forthwith, and held him there until one or the other was at the point of death. Now Keeper's household fault was this: he loved to steal up-stairs and stretch his square, tawny limbs on the comfortable beds, covered over with white delicate counterpanes. But the cleanliness of the par-

sonage arrangements was perfect, and Emily declared that if he was found again transgressing, she herself, in defiance of warning and his well known ferocity of nature, would beat him so severely, that he would never offend again. In the gathering dusk of the evening, Tabby came to tell Emily that Keeper was lying on the best bed in drowsy voluptuousness. Charlotte saw Emily's whitening face and set mouth, but dared not interfere; no one dared when Emily's eyes glowed in that manner out of the paleness of her face, and when her lips were so compressed into stone. She went up-stairs, and Tabby and Charlotte stood in the gloomy passage below. Down-stairs came Emily, dragging after her the unwilling Keeper, his hind-legs set in a heavy attitude of resistance, held by the 'scuft of his neck,' but growling low and savagely all the time. The watchers would fain have spoken, but durst not, for fear of taking off Emily's attention, and causing her to avert her head for a moment from the enraged brute. She let him go, planted in a dark corner at the bottom of the stairs; no time was there to fetch stick or rod, for fear of the strangling clutch at her throat—her bare clenched fist struck against his red fierce eyes, before he had time to make his spring, and, in the language of the turf, she 'punished' him till his eyes were swelled up, and the half-blind stupefied beast was led to his accustomed lair to have his swollen head fomented and cared for by the very Emily herself. The generous dog owed her no grudge; he loved her dearly ever after; he walked first among the mourners at her funeral; he slept moaning for nights at the door of her empty room; and never, so to speak, rejoiced, dog-fashion, after her death.

Each of the three sisters commenced a novel; Charlotte's was called 'The Professor,' Emily's 'Withering Heights,' and Anne's 'Agnes Grey.' When completed, the tales were sent to London. Charlotte's was rejected by several publishers; and her sisters', after various refusals, were only accepted on terms 'impoverishing to their authors.' Charlotte, however, was encouraged to try a longer work in a more saleable form, and the very day that 'The Professor' was returned, 'Jane Eyre' was commenced. It was finished, accepted by Smith, Elder & Co., and published in October 1847. Its success was instant and remarkable. Three editions were called for within a twelvemonth. A new genius had arisen, 'capable of depicting the strong, self-reliant, racy, and individual characters which lingered still in the north.' This individuality of character and description, eulogised by Mrs. Gaskell, constitutes the attraction and the value of the novel, for the plot is in many parts improbable, and some of the scenes are drawn with coarseness, though with piquancy and power. A masculine vigour and originality pervade the work. There was truth in the observation, that Jane Eyre was too like Richardson's Pamela in her intercourse with her Master, though the inherent indelicacy of such passages—of which the authoress was unconscious—was soon forgotten in the strong interest excited by Jane's misfortunes and moral heroism. Much of Charlotte's own history, down even to her petite figure and plain face, is embodied in the story of the heroine. The authorship had been kept a secret. But when success was assured, Charlotte carried a copy of the novel to her father; he read it in his study, and at tea-time said: 'Girls, do you know Charlotte has been writing a book, and it is *much better than likely*.' He had tried book-making himself, but with very different powers and differ-

ent results.* In December 1847, 'Wuthering Heights' and 'Agnes Grey,' by Emily and Anne Brontë,' were published. The former had some strong delineation—a finished picture of a villain—but the effect was unpleasing. A second tale by Anne, 'The Tenant of Wildfell Hall,' is an improvement on the former work, and was more successful. Both of these novelists, however, were now fast sinking into the grave. Emily first declined, and Charlotte has told the melancholy sequel in a few brief but impressive words.

Death of Emily and Anne Bronte.

Never in all her life had she [Emily] lingered over any task that lay before her, and she did not linger now. She sank rapidly. She made haste to leave us. Yet, while physically she perished, mentally she grew stronger than we had yet known her. Day by day, when I saw with what a front she met suffering, I looked on her with an anguish of wonder and love. I have seen nothing like it: but, indeed, I have never seen her parallel in anything. Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone. The awful point was, that while full of ruth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh; from the trembling hand, the unnerved limbs, the faded eyes, the same service was exacted as they had rendered in health. To stand by and witness this, and not dare to remonstrate, was a pain no words can render. Two cruel months of hope and fear passed painfully by, and the day came at last when the terrors and pains of death were to be undergone by this treasure, which had grown dearer and dearer to our hearts as it wasted before our eyes. Towards the decline of that day, we had nothing of Emily but her mortal remains as consumption left them. She died December 19, 1848 [in her thirtieth year]. We thought this enough; but we were utterly and presumptuously wrong. She was not buried ere Anne fell ill. She had not been committed to the grave a fortnight, before we received distinct intimation that it was necessary to prepare our minds to see the younger sister go after the elder. Accordingly, she followed in the same path with a slower step, and with a patience that equalled the other's fortitude. She was religious, and it was by leaning on those Christian doctrines in which she firmly believed that she found support through her most painful journey. I witnessed their efficacy in her latest hour and greatest trial, and must bear my testimony to the calm triumph with which they brought her through. She died May 28, 1849 [aged twenty-nine].

Charlotte alone was now left with the aged father, for Branwell, after sinking from vice to vice, had died the year before, in his thirty-first year. Literary labour was indispensable; and Charlotte completed her tale of 'Shirley,' another series of Yorkshire delineations, fresh and vigorous as the former, and as well received by the public. It was published in 1849. With the publication of 'Shirley' ended the mystery of the authorship. A Haworth man, residing in Liverpool, read the novel, and recognised the localities and dialect; he guessed it to be Miss Brontë's, and communicated his discovery to a Liverpool paper, after which Miss Brontë paid a visit

* Mrs. Gaskell was probably not aware—and Charlotte Bronte might wish to conceal—that the singular minister of Haworth, while resident at Harishead, published two small volumes of verse—*Cottage Poems*, 1811; and *The Rural Minstrel, a Miscellany of Descriptive Poems*, 1813—the year after his marriage. His name is prefixed to both—'By the Rev. Patrick Bronte, B. A., Minister of Harishead-cum-Cliffon, near Leeds, Yorkshire;' and both volumes bear the imprint, 'Halifax, printed and sold by P. K. Holden for the author.' There would have been difficulty in ushering them into the world in any other way, for assuredly no publisher would, at his own cost, have undertaken the risk. The poems have nothing but their piety to recommend them

to London, and the fact was made distinctly known. It was three years after this ere she appeared again as a novelist. 'Her experiences at the pensionnat in Brussels, and the insight she had obtained into French character, suggested the subject of her next work, 'Villette,' which was published in 1853. In mere literary merit and skill of construction, it is superior to 'Shirley,' but it had not the same strong interest or air of reality. This was to be the last of Charlotte Brontë's triumphs. Her father's curate, Mr. Nicholls, had entertained a deep and enduring attachment for her. The old minister was at first opposed to the match; but he at length yielded, and Charlotte was married in June, 1854. A few months of happy wedded life brightened the close of her strange and sad career, in which she had displayed the virtues of a noble self-sacrificing nature, and she died March 31, 1855, in the thirty-ninth year of her age. Her first novel, 'The Professor,' has since been published, but it will not bear comparison with her other works.

Charlotte Brontë's Protest against Pharisaism.—From Preface to Second Edition of 'Jane Eyre.'

To that class in whose eyes whatever is unusual is wrong; whose ears detect in each protest against bigotry—that parent of crime—an insult to piety, that regent of God on earth, I would suggest to such doubters certain obvious distinctions; I would remind them of certain simple truths.

Conventionality is not morality. Self-righteousness is not religion. To attack the first is not to assail the last. To pluck the mask from the face of the Pharisee, is not to lift an impious hand to the crown of thorns. These things and deeds are diametrically opposed; they are as distinct as vice from virtue. Men too often confound them: they should not be confounded: appearance should not be mistaken for truth; narrow human doctrines, that only tend to elate and magnify a few, should not be substituted for the world-redeeming creed of Christ. There is—I repeat it—a difference; and it is a good and not a bad action to mark broadly and clearly the line of separation between them.

The world may not like to see these ideas dissevered, for it has been accustomed to blend them: finding it convenient to make external show pass for sterling worth—to let white-washed walls vouch for clean shrines. It may hate him who dares to scrutinize and expose—to raze the gilding, and shew base metal under it—to penetrate the sepulchre, and reveal charnel relics: but hate as it will, it is indebted to him.

Ahab did not like Micaiah, because he never prophesied good concerning him, but evil: probably he liked the sycophant son of Chenaanah better; yet might Ahab have escaped a bloody death, had he but stopped his ears to flattery, and opened them to faithful counsel.

There is a man in our own days whose words are not framed to tickle delicate ears; who, to my thinking, comes before the great ones of society much as the son of Imlah came before the throned kings of Judah and Israel; and who speaks truth as deep, with a power as prophet-like and as vital—a mien as dauntless and as daring. Is the satirist of 'Vanity Fair' admired in high places? I cannot tell: but I think if some of those amongst whom he hurls the Greek-fire of his sarcasm, and over whom he flashes the levin-brand of his denunciation, were to take his warnings in time—they or their seed might yet escape a fatal Ramoth-Gilead.

Why have I alluded to this man? I have alluded to him, reader, because I think I see in him an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries have yet recognised: because I regard him as the first social regenerator of the day—as the very master of that working corps who would restore to rectitude the warped system of things.

The Orphan Child.—From 'Jane Eyre.

My feet they are sore, and my limbs they are weary;
Long is the way, and the mountains are wild;
Soon will the twilight close moonless and dreary
Over the path of the poor orphan child.

Why did they send me so far and so lonely,
Up where the Moors spread and gray rocks are piled?
Men are hard-hearted, and kind angels only
Watch o'er the steps of a poor orphan child.

Yet distant and soft the night-breeze is blowing,
Clouds there are none, and clear stars beam mild;
God in his mercy protection is shewing,
Comfort and hope to the poor orphan child.

Ev'n should I fall o'er the broken bridge passing,
Or stray in the marshes, by false lights beguiled,
Still will my Father, with promise and blessing,
Take to his bosom the poor orphan child.

There is a thought that for strength should avail me
Though both of shelter and kindred despoiled;
Heaven is a home, and a rest will not fail me;
God is a friend to the poor orphan child.

CHARLES JAMES LEVER.

A series of Irish novels, totally different in character from those of Banim or Carleton, but as distinctly and truly national, has been written by MR. LEVER, who commenced his career in 1839 with 'The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer.' The author was born in Dublin, August 31, 1806. He studied medicine, and practised in Ireland. When the cholera broke out in 1832 he exerted himself nobly, and was rewarded with the appointment of physician to the British Embassy at Brussels. The success of 'Harry Lorrequer' determined Mr. Lever in favor of the literary profession. In 1841 he produced 'Charles O'Malley,' which was highly popular; and for thirty years afterward scarcely a year passed without a novel from the gay and brilliant author. Among them were 'Jack Hinton;' 'Tom Burke of Ours;' 'The O'Donoghue, a Tale of Ireland Fifty Years Ago;' 'The Knight of Gwynne, a Tale of the Union;' 'Roland Cashel,' 'The Daltons,' 'The Dodd Family Abroad,' 'The Martins of Cro' Martin,' 'The Fortunes of Glencore,' 'Davenport Dunn,' 'Maurice Tierney,' 'Sir Jasper Carew,' 'Luttrell of Arran,' 'Sir Brook Fossbrooke,' 'That Boy of Norcott's,' 'Paul Gosslett's Confessions,' 'A Day's Ride,' 'Con Cregan,' 'The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly,' &c. His Last novel, 'Lord Kilgobbin,' was produced only a few months before his death, and aware that his end was near at hand, he said: 'I hope this effort may be my last.' He died of heart-disease at Trieste, June 1, 1872. Besides his long file of novels, Lever published in 'Blackwood's Magazine' (where many of his fictions also first appeared) a series of papers 'upon men and women, and other things in general, by Cornelius O'Dowd.' These are clever, sarcastic and

humorous essays, which, when collected, formed three volumes of admirable light reading.

For about three years (1842–45) Mr. Lever conducted the 'Dublin University Magazine.' The novels of this versatile and lively author had all a considerable sale—some of the early ones rivalled the works of Dickens in popularity. 'Charles O'Malley' has gone through twelve editions. Besides his strange adventures, his battle-scenes, and romantic exploits, Mr. Lever has a rich, racy, national humour. His heroes have all a strong love of adventure, a national proneness to blundering, and a tendency to get into scrapes and questionable situations. The author's chief fault is his sometimes mistaking farce for comedy—mere animal spirits for wit or humour. In 'Glencore' he tried the higher style of fiction—'the detection of character and the unravelment of that tangled skein which makes up human motives;' but his satire and serious painting are not equal to his light-hearted gaiety, rollicking fun, and broad, laughable caricature. In 'The Dodd Family' is an excellent view of foreign life. During the latter part of his life Mr. Lever constantly resided abroad. He was many years in Florence; in 1858 he was appointed vice-consul at Spezia, where he remained till 1867, when he was transferred to Trieste. In 1871 the university of Dublin conferred upon him the degree of LL.D.

Dispensing Charity among the Irish Poor.—From 'The Martins of Cro' Martin.'

Most of those who came were desirous of tickets for dispensary aid, for sickness has its permanent home in the Irish cabin, and fever lurks amidst the damp straw and smoky atmosphere of the poor peasant's home. Some, however, came for articles of clothing, or for aid to make and repair them; others, for some little assistance in diet, barley for a sick man's drink, a lemon, or an orange, to moisten the parched lips of fever; others, again, wanted leave to send a grandchild or a niece to the school: and, lastly, a few privileged individuals appeared to claim their weekly rations of snuff or tobacco—little luxuries accorded to old age—comforts that solaced many a dreary hour of a joyless existence. Amongst all the crowded mass, there was not one whom Mary had not known and visited in their humble homes. Thoroughly conversant with their condition and their necessities, she knew well their real wants, and if one less hopeful than herself might have despaired to render any actual relief to such wide-spread misery, she was sanguine enough to be encouraged by the results before her, small and few as they were, to think that possibly the good time was yet to come when such efforts would be unneeded, and when Ireland's industry, employed and rewarded, would more then suffice for all the requirements of her humble poor.

'Jane Maloney,' said Mary, placing a small packet on the table. 'Give this to Sally Kieran as you pass her door; and here is the order for your own cloak.'

'May the heavens be your bed. May the holy'——

'Catty Honan,' cried Mary, with a gesture to enforce silence. 'Catty, your granddaughter never comes to the school now that she has got leave. What 's the reason of that?'

'Faix, your reverence, miss, 'tis ashamed she is by rayson of her clothes. She says Luke Cassidy's daughters have check aprons.'

'No more of this, Catty. Tell Eliza to come on Monday, and if I 'm satisfied with her, she shall have one too.'

'Two ounces of tea for the Widow Jones.'

'Ayeh,' muttered an old hag, 'but it 's weak it makes it without a little green in it!'

'How are the pains, Sarah?' asked Mary, turning to a very feeble-looking old creature with crutches.

'Worse and worse, my lady. With every change of the weather they come on afresh.'

'The doctor will attend you, Sally, and if he thinks wine good for you, you shall have it.'

''Tis that same would be the savin' of me, Miss Mary,' said a cunning-eyed little woman, with a tatter d straw bonnet on her head, and a ragged shawl over her.

'I don't think so, Nancy. Come up to the house on Monday morning, and help Mrs. Taafe with the bleaching.'

'So this is the duplicate, Polly?' said she, taking a scrap of paper from an old woman, whose countenance indicated a blending of dissipation with actual want.

'One-and-fourpence was all I got on it, and trouble enough it gave me.' These words she uttered with a heavy sigh, and in a tone at once resentful and complaining.

'Were my uncle to know that you had pawned your cloak, Polly, he 'd never permit you to cross his threshold.'

'Ayeh, it 's a great sin, to be sure,' whined out the hag, half insolently.

'A great shame and a great disgrace it certainly is; and I shall stop all relief to you till the money be paid back.'

'And why not?'—'To be sure!'—'Miss Mary is right!'—'What else could she do?' broke in full twenty sycophant voices, who hoped to prefer their own claims by the cheap expedient of condemning another.

'The Widow Hannigan?'

'Here, miss,' simpered out a smiling, little old creature, with a curtsey, as she held up a scroll of paper in her hand.

'What 's this, Widow Hannigan?'

''Tis a picture Mickey made of you, miss, when you was out riding that day with the hounds; he saw you jumping a stone wall.'

Mary smiled at the performance, which c rtainly did not promise future excellence, and went on: 'Tell Mickey to mend his writing; his was the worst copy in the class; and here 's a card for your daughter's admission into the infirmary. By the way, widow, which of the boys was it I saw dragging the river on Wednesday?'

'Faix, miss, I don't know. Sure it was none of ours would dare to'——

'Yes, they would, any one of them; but I 'll not permit it; and what's more, widow, if it occur again, I'll withdraw the leave I gave to fish with a rod.'

'Teresa Johnson, your niece is a very good child, and promises to be very handy with her needle. Let her hem these handkerchiefs, and there 's a frock for herself. My uncle says, Tom shall have half his wages paid him till he 's able to come to work again.'

But why attempt to follow out what would be but the long unending catalogue of native misery—that dreary series of wants and privations to which extreme destitution subjects a long-neglected and helpless people. There was nothing from the cradle to the coffin, from the first wailing wants of infancy to the last requirement of doting old age, that they did not stand in need of. A melancholy spectacle, indeed, was it to behold an entire population so steeped in misery, so utterly inured to wretchedness, that they felt no shame at its exposure, but rather a sort of self-exaltation at any opportunity of displaying a more than ordinary amount of human suffering and sorrow—to hear them how they caressed their afflictions, how they seemed to fondle their misfortunes, vying with each other in calamity, and bidding higher and higher for a little human sympathy. Mary Martin set herself stoutly to combat this practice, including, as it does, one of the most hopeless features of the national character. To inculcate habits of self-reliance, she was often driven, in violation of her own feelings, to favour those who least needed assistance, but whose efforts to improve their condition might serve as an example.

SAMUEL LOVER—LEITCH RITCHIE.

Another Irish worthy, SAMUEL LOVER (1798–1868), a native of Dublin, produced a number of good Irish songs—'The Angels'

Whisper,' 'Molly Bawn,' 'The Four-leaved Shamrock, &c.' His Irish novels—'Rory O'More' (1839), 'Handy Andy' (1842), and 'Treasure Trove' (1844), were well received. His short Irish sketches, however, are much better; and by reciting some of these, and singing his fine wild songs, he made up a public entertainment which he gave with great success in Ireland, England, and America.

The Angels' Whisper.

A baby was sleeping, its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried: 'Dermot, darling, oh! come back to me.'

Her beads while she numbered, the baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face while she bended her knee.
'Oh! blest be that warning, my child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

'And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
'Oh! pray to them softly, my baby with me;
And say thou wouldst rather they'd watched o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.'

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
And closely caressing her child with a blessing,
Said: 'I knew that the angels were whispering with thee.'

LEITCH RITCHIE (1800–1865), a native of Greenock, was author of four novels—'Schinderhannes,' 'The Game of Life,' 'The Magician,' and 'Wearyfoot Common,' 1855. He wrote various short tales and continental tours, and for several years bore a part in conducting 'Chambers's Journal.'

THOMAS HUGHES.

'Tom Brown's School-days, by an Old Boy,' 1857, gives an excellent account of Rugby School under Dr. Arnold; also some delightful sketches of scenery, rural customs, and sports in Berkshire. The hero, Tom Brown, is the son of a Berkshire squire; he is genial, good-humoured, and high-spirited; he fights his way nobly at Rugby, and battles against bullying, tossing, and other evils of our public schools. The tone and feeling of the volume are admirable, and it was pleasant to see so healthy and wise a book—for so it may be termed—in its sixth edition within twelve months. Several more editions have since been published. The same author has still further commemorated his beloved Berkshire in 'The Scouring of the White Horse, or the Long Vacation Ramble of a London Clerk,' 1858. In this work the country games, traditions, and antiquarian associations of Berkshire are described.

The Browns.

The Browns have become illustrious by the pen of Thackeray and the pencil of Doyle, within the memory of the young gentlemen who are now matriculating at the universities. Notwithstanding the well-merited but late fame which has now fallen

upon them, any one at all acquainted with the family must feel that much has yet to be written and said before the British nation will be properly sensible of how much of its greatness it owes to the Browns. For centuries, in their quiet, dogged, home-spun way, they have been subduing the earth in most English counties, and leaving their mark in American forests and Australian uplands. Wherever the fleets and armies of England have won renown, there stalwart sons of the Browns have done yeoman's work. With the yew-bow and cloth-yard shaft at Cressy and Agincourt—with the brown bill and pike under the brave Lord Willoughby—with culverin and demi-culverin against Spaniards and Dutchmen—with hand-grenade and sabre, and musket and bayonet, under Rodney and St. Vincent, Wolf and Moore, Nelson and Wellington, they have carried their lives in their hands; getting hard knocks and hard work in plenty, which was on the whole what they looked for, and the best thing for them: and little praise or pudding, which indeed they, and most of us, are better without. Talbots and Stanleys, St. Maurs and such-like folk, have led armies and made laws time out of mind; but those noble families would be somewhat astounded—if the accounts ever came to be fairly taken—to find how small their work for England has been by the side of that of the Browns.

The author of 'Tom Brown's School-days' is Thomas Hughes, a Chancery barrister (appointed Queen's Counsel in 1869), son of John Hughes, Esq., of Oriel College, Oxford, author of the 'Itinerary of Provence,' and editor of the 'Boscobel Tracts.' Sir Walter Scott pronounced this gentleman 'a poet, a draughtsman, and a scholar.' The once famous ballad of 'The One-horse Shay' and other political *jeux d'esprit* in 'John Bull,' were by the elder Mr. Hughes. His son, born in 1823, was educated at Rugby under Dr. Arnold. Mr. Hughes was for some time an active member of parliament, warmly advocating the interests, without flattering the prejudices, of the working-classes. In all social questions he takes a deep interest, and evinces a manly, patriotic spirit.

MRS. CROWE.

This lady differs from most of her sister-novelists in a love of the supernatural and mysterious. She possesses dramatic skill in describing characters and incidents, and few who have taken up one of her stories will lay down the volume until it has been read through. Mrs. Crowe's first publication was a tragedy, 'Aristodemus,' 1838. Her next work was addressed to the many. 'The Adventures of Susan Hopley,' 1841, is a novel of English life, and was very successful. It was followed by 'Men and Women, or Manorial Rights,' 1843—a tale less popularly attractive than 'Susan Hopley,' but undoubtedly superior to it in most essential points. Mrs. Crowe next translated 'The Seeress of Prevorst,' revelations concerning the inner life of man, by Justinus Kerner; and two years afterwards (1847), she published 'The Story of Lilly Dawson.' The heroine, when a child, falls into the hands of a family of English smugglers, desperadoes of the Dirk Hatteraick stamp; and the account given of the gradual development of her intellect and affections amidst scenes of brutal violence and terror, with the story of her subsequent escape and adventures when the world was all before her, form a narrative of psychological as well as of romantic interest. Among

the opinions and reflections thrown out by the authoress is an admission that the intellectual faculty of woman is inferior in quality and calibre to that of man:

If, as we believe, under no system of training, the intellect of woman would be found as strong as that of man, she is compensated by her intuitions being stronger—if her reason be less majestic, her insight is clearer—where man reasons, she sees. Nature, in short, gave her all that was needful to enable her to fill a noble part in the world's history, if man would but let her play it out, and not treat her like a full-grown baby, to be flattered and spoiled on the one hand, and coerced and restricted on the other, vibrating betwixt royal rule and slavish serfdom.

In 1848 Mrs. Crowe issued two volumes representing 'The Night-side of Nature, or Ghosts and Ghost-seers.' Some of the stories are derived from the German, and others are relations of supernatural events said to have happened in this country, some of them within the author's knowledge. A three-volume novel from her pen appeared in 1852, 'The Adventures of a Beauty,' describing the perplexities arising out of a secret marriage contracted by a wealthy baronet's son with the daughter of a farmer; and another domestic story, 'Linny Lockwood,' two volumes, 1854, appears to complete the round of Mrs. Crowe's works of fiction. The novelist, we may add, is a native of Borough Green, county of Kent; her maiden name was Catherine Stevens, and in 1822 she was married to Colonel Crowe.

Stages in the History of Crime.

It is in the annals of the doings and sufferings of the good and brave spirits of the earth that we should learn our lessons. It is by these that our hearts are mellowed, our minds exalted, and our souls nerved to go and do likewise. But there are occasionally circumstances connected with the history of great crimes that render them the most impressive of homilies: fitting them to be set aloft as beacons to warn away the frail mortal, tossed on the tempest of his passions, from the destruction that awaits him if he pursues his course; and such instruction we hold may be best derived from those cases in which the subsequent feelings of a criminal are disclosed to us; those cases, in short, in which the chastisement proceeds from within instead of from without; that chastisement that no cunning concealment, no legal subtlety, no eloquent counsel, no indulgent judge can avert. . . .

One of the features of our time—as of all times, each of which is new in its generation—is the character of its crimes. Every phasis of human affairs, every advance in civilisation, every shade of improvement in our material comforts and conveniences, gives rise to new modes and forms—nay, to actual new births—of crime, the germs of which were only waiting for a congenial soil to spring in; whilst others are but modifications of the old inventions accommodated to new circumstances.

There are thus stages in the history of crime indicative of ages. First, we have the heroic. At a very early period of a nation's annals, crime is bloody, bold, and resolute. Ambitious princes 'make quick conveyance' with those who stand in the way of their advancement; and fierce barons slake their enmity and revenge in the blood of their foes, with little attempt at concealment, and no appearance of remorse. Next comes the age of strange murders, mysterious poisonings, and lifelong incarcerations; when the passions, yet rife, unsubdued by education and the practical influence of religion, and rebellious to the new restraints of law, seek their gratification by hidden and tortuous methods. This is the romantic era of crime. But as civilisation advances, it descends to a lower sphere, sheltering itself chiefly in the squalid districts of poverty and wretchedness; the last halo of the romantic and heroic fades from it; and except where it is the result of brutal ignorance, its chief characteristic becomes astuteness.

But we are often struck by the strange tinge of romance which still colours the page of continental criminal records, causing them to read like the annals of a previous century. We think we perceive also a state of morals somewhat in arrear of the stage we have reached, and, certainly, some curious and very defective forms of law; and these two causes combined, seem to give rise to criminal enterprises which, in this country, could scarcely have been undertaken, or, if they were, must have been met with immediate detection and punishment.

There is also frequently a singular complication or imbroglio in the details, such as would be impossible in this island of daylight—for, enveloped in fog as we are physically, there is a greater glare thrown upon our actions here than among any other nation of the world perhaps—an imbroglio that appears to fling the narrative back into the romantic era, and to indicate that it belongs to a stage of civilisation we have already passed.

MISS PARDOE.

Julia Pardoe (1806–1862), born at Beverley, in Yorkshire, the daughter of Major Thomas Pardoe, was an extensive writer in fiction, in books of travels, and in historical memoirs. Her most successful efforts have been those devoted to Eastern manners and society. She is said to have produced a volume of Poems at the age of thirteen. The first of her works which attracted any attention was 'Traits and Traditions of Portugal,' published in 1833. Having proceeded to the East, Miss Pardoe wrote 'The City of the Sultan,' 1836; which was succeeded in 1839 by 'The Romance of the Harem' and 'The Beauties of the Bosphorus.' In 1857, reverting to these Eastern studies and observations, Miss Pardoe produced a pleasant collection of oriental tales, entitled 'Thousand and One Days.' A visit to Hungary led to 'The City of the Maygar, or Hungary and its Institutions,' 1840, and to a novel, entitled 'The Hungarian Castle.' Another journey called forth 'Recollections of the Rhône and the Chartreuse;' while studies in French history suggested 'Louis the Fourteenth and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century,' 1847. The novels of Miss Pardoe are numerous. Among them are 'Reginald Lyle,' 'Flies in Amber,' 'The Jealous Wife,' 'Poor Relations,' and 'Pilgrimages in Paris'—the last published in 1858, and consisting of short romantic tales which had appeared in various periodicals. Her historical works include 'The Court of Francis I.,' 'Memoirs of Marie de Medici,' 'Episodes of French History,' &c.

MRS. ANNE MARSH—LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

The domestic novels of these ladies have been received with great favour. They are earnest, impassioned, and eloquent expositions of English life and feeling—those of Lady Fullerton, perhaps too uniformly sad and gloomy. Mrs. Marsh (1799–1874) was a Staffordshire lady, daughter of Mr. James Caldwell of Limleywood, Recorder of New-castle-under-Lyme. She does not seem to have entered on her career as an authoress until 1834, when she published 'Two Old Men's Tales.' Between that year and 1836 she had issued several publications—'Tales of the Woods and Fields,' 'The Triumphs of Time,' 'Amelia Wyndham,' and 'Mount Sorel.' These she followed up some years later by 'Father Darcy,' an historical romance:

'Mordant Hall,' 'Lettice Arnold,' 'The Wilmingtons,' 'Time the Avenger,' 'Castle Avon,' 'The Rose of Ashurst,' 'Evelyn Marston,' and 'Norman's Bridge,' a family history of three generations. Besides these works of fiction, Mrs. Marsh published one work of an historical character relating to the Protestant Reformation in France, but it was never completed. The death of her brother about 1858 devolving on her the estate of Linleywood, Mrs. Marsh took the additional name and arms of Caldwell.

LADY FULLERTON, daughter of the first Earl Granville, was married in 1833 to A. G. Fullerton, Esq. of Ballintoy Castle, County of Antrim, Ireland. In 1844 she published 'Ellen Middleton,' a domestic story, which was followed by 'Grantley Manor,' 1847; 'Lady Bird,' 1852; the 'Life of St. Francis of Rome,' and 'La Comtesse de Bonneval,' 1857; 'Rose Leblanc,' 1861; 'Laurentia,' 1861; 'Constance Sherwood,' 1865; 'A Stormy Life,' 1867; 'Mrs. Gerald's Niece,' 1869, &c.

MISS KAVANAGH.

A series of tales, having moral and benevolent aims, has been produced by MISS JULIA KAVANAGH. In 1847 she published a Christmas book, 'The Three Paths;' and in 1848, 'Madeline, a Tale of Auvergne; founded on Fact' The 'fact' that gave rise to this interesting story is the devotion of a peasant-girl, who by her labour founded a hospital in her native village. 'Women in France during the Eighteenth Century,' two volumes, 1850, was Miss Kavanagh's next work—an ambitious and somewhat perilous theme; but the memoirs and anecdotes of the *belles esprits* who ruled the Parisian courts and coteries are told with discretion and feeling as well as taste. French society and scenery supplied materials for another fiction, 'Nathalie,' 1851; after which Miss Kavanagh gave short biographies of women eminent for works of charity and goodness, entitling the collection 'Women of Christianity,' 1852. She has since published 'Daisy Burns,' 1853; 'Grace Lee,' 1855; 'Rachel Gray,' 1856; 'Adèle,' 1858; 'A Summer and Winter in the Two Sicilies,' two vols. 1858; 'Seven Years, and other Tales,' 1859; 'French Women of Letters,' 1861; 'English Women of Letters,' 1862; 'Queen Mab,' 1863; 'Beatrice,' 1865; 'Sybil's Second Love,' 1867; 'Dora,' 1868; 'Sylvia,' 1870; &c. In fiction and memoirs, Miss Kavanagh is always interesting, delicate in fancy and feeling, and often rich in description. She is not so able in construction as some of her contemporaries, but she has dealt with very various types of character, and always with a certain grace and careful decision. This lady is a native of Ireland, born at Thurles, in Tipperary, in the year 1824; but she was educated in France.

MRS. GASKELL.

About the same time that Charlotte Brontë was drawing scenes and characters from Yorkshire, another lady novelist was depicting

the condition of the manufacturing classes in Lancashire. MRS. ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL (*nee* Stevenson), wife of the Rev. W. Gaskell, Unitarian minister, Manchester, in 1848 published anonymously 'Mary Barton, a Tale of Manchester Life.' The work is a faithful and painfully interesting picture of the society of the manufacturing capital. The heroine is the daughter of a factory operative; and the family group, with their relatives and friends, are drawn with a distinctness and force that leave no doubt of its truth. The authoress says she has often thought how deep might be the romance in the lives of some of those who elbowed her daily in the streets of Manchester.

'I had always,' she adds, 'felt a deep sympathy with the care-worn men, who looked as if doomed to struggle through their lives in strange alternations between work and want: tossed to and fro by circumstances apparently in even a greater degree than other men. A little manifestation of this sympathy, and a little attention to the expression of feelings on the part of some of the work-people with whom I was acquainted, had laid open to me the hearts of one or two of the more thoughtful among them; I saw that they were sore and irritable against the rich, the even tenor of whose seemingly happy lives appeared to increase the anguish caused by the lottery-like nature of their own. Whether the bitter complaints made by them, of the neglect which they experienced from the prosperous—especially from the masters whose fortunes they had helped to build up—were well founded or no, it is not for me to judge. It is enough to say, that this belief of the injustice and unkindness which they endure from their fellow-creatures, taints what might be resignation to God's will, and turns it to revenge in too many of the poor uneducated factory-workers of Manchester.'

The effects of bad times, political agitation, and 'strikes,' are depicted and brought home more vividly to the reader by their connection with the characters in the novel. The Lancashire dialect is also occasionally introduced, adding to the impression of reality made by the whole work; and though the chief interest is of a painful character, the novelist reflects the lights as well as the shades of artisan life. Her powers of description may be seen from the beautiful opening scene:

Picture of Green Heys Fields, Manchester.

There are some fields near Manchester, well known to the inhabitants as 'Green Heys Fields,' through which runs a public footpath to a little village about two miles distant. In spite of these fields being flat and low—nay, in spite of the want of wood (the great and usual recommendation of level tracts of land), there is a charm about them which strikes even the inhabitant of a mountainous district, who sees and feels the effect of contrast in these commonplace but thoroughly rural fields, with the busy, bustling manufacturing town he left but half an hour ago. Here and there an old black and white farm-house, with its rambling outbuildings, speaks of other times and other occupations than those which now absorb the population of the neighbourhood. Here in their seasons may be seen the country business of hay-making, ploughing, &c., which are such pleasant mysteries for towns-people to watch: and here the artisan, deafened with noise of tongues and engines, may come to listen awhile to the delicious sounds of rural life—the lowing of cattle, the milk-maids' call, the clatter and cackle of poultry in the old farm-yards. You cannot wonder, then, that these fields are popular places of resort at every holiday-time; and you would not wonder, if you could see, or I properly describe, the charm of one particular stile, that it should be, on such occasions, a crowded halting-place. Close by it

is a deep, clear pond, reflecting in its dark-green depths the shadowy trees that bend over it to exclude the sun. The only place where its banks are shelving is on the side next to a rambling farm-yard, belonging to one of those old-world, gabled, black and white houses I named above, overlooking the field through which the public footpath leads. The porch of this farm-house is covered by a rose-tree; and the little garden surrounding it is crowded with a medley of old-fashioned herbs and flowers, prized long ago, when the garden was the only druggist's shop within reach, and allowed to grow in scrambling and wild luxuriance—roses, lavender, sage, balm (dittany), rosemary, pinks and wallflowers, onions and jessamine, in most republican and indiscriminate order. This farm-house and garden are within a hundred yards of the stile on which I spoke, leading from the large pasture-field into a smaller one, divided by a hedge of hawthorn and blackthorn; and near this stile, on the further side, there runs a tale that primroses may often be found, and occasionally the blue sweet violet on the grassy hedge-bank.

I do not know whether it was on a holiday granted by the masters, or a holiday seized in right of nature and her beautiful spring-time by the workmen; but one afternoon—now ten or a dozen years ago—these fields were much thronged. It was an early May evening—the April of the poets; for heavy showers had fallen all the morning, and the round, soft white clouds which were blown by a west wind over the dark-blue sky, were sometimes varied by one blacker and more threatening. The softness of the day tempted forth the young green leaves, which almost visibly fluttered into life; and the willows, which that morning had had only a brown reflection in the water below, were now of that tender gray-green which blends so delicately with the spring harmony of colours.

Groups of merry, and somewhat loud-talking girls, whose ages might range from twelve to twenty, came by with a buoyant step. They were most of them factory-girls, and wore the usual out-of-doors dress of that particular class of maidens—namely, a shawl, which at mid-day, or in fine weather, was allowed to be merely a shawl, but towards evening, or if the day were chilly, became a sort of Spanish mantilla or Scotch plaid, and was brought over the head and hung loosely down, or was pinned under the chin in no unpicturesque fashion. Their faces were not remarkable for beauty; indeed, they were below the average, with one or two exceptions; they had dark hair, neatly and classically arranged, dark eyes, but sallow complexions and irregular features. The only thing to strike a passer-by was an acuteness and intelligence of countenance which has often been noticed in a manufacturing population.

There were also numbers of boys, or rather young men, rambling among these fields, ready to bandy jokes with any one, and particularly ready to enter into conversation with the girls, who, however, held themselves aloof, not in a shy, but rather in an independent way, assuming an indifferent manner to the noisy wit or obstreperous compliments of the lads. Here and there came a sober, quiet couple, either whispering lovers, or husband and wife, as the case might be; and if the latter, they were seldom unencumbered by an infant, carried for the most part by the father, while occasionally even three or four little toddlers have been carried or dragged thus far, in order that the whole family might enjoy the delicious May afternoon together.

In 1850 Mrs. Gaskell published 'The Moorland Cottage'—a short domestic tale: in 1853, 'Ruth,' a novel in three volumes, and 'Cranford,' a collection of sketches that had appeared in a periodical work; in 1855, 'North and South,' another story of the manufacturing districts, which had also been originally published in the periodical form; and in 1859, 'Round the Sofa.' In 1860 appeared 'Right at Last;' and in 1863, 'Silvia's Lovers.' These novels were all popular. The authoress was a prose Crabbe—earnest, faithful, and often spirited in her delineations of humble life. By confining herself chiefly to the manufacturing population, she threw light on conditions of life, habits, and feelings comparatively new and original in our fictitious literature. Her 'Life of Charlotte Brontë,' 1857, has all the in-

terest of a romance, and is worthy of the authoress of 'Mary Barton.' Mrs. Gaskell died at Alton, November 12, 1865, aged fifty-four.

Yorkshiremen of the West Riding.—From 'Life of Charlotte Bronte.'

Even an inhabitant of the neighbouring county of Lancaster is struck by the peculiar force of character which the Yorkshiremen display This makes them interesting as a race; while at the same time, as individuals, the remarkable degree of self-sufficiency they possess gives them an air of independence rather apt to repel a stranger. I use this expression 'self-sufficiency' in the largest sense. Conscious of ths strong sagacity and the dogged power of will which seem almost the birthright of the natives of the West Riding, each man relies upon himself, and seeks no help at the hand of his neighbor. From rarely requiring the assistance of others, he comes to doubt the power of bestowing it: from the general success of his efforts, he grows to depend upon them, and to over-esteem his own energy and power. He belongs to that keen, yet short-sighted class who consider suspicion of all whose honesty is not proved as a sign of wisdom. The practical qualities of a man are held in great respect; but the want of faith in strangers and untried modes of action, extends itself even to the manner in which the virtues are regarded; and if they produce no immediate and tangible result, they are rather put aside as unfit for this busy, striving world; especially if they are more of a passive than an active character. Their affections are strong, and their foundations lie deep; but they are not—such affections seldom are—wide-spreading, nor do they shew themselves on the surface. Indeed, there is little display of any of the amenities of life among this wild, rough population. Their accost is curt: their accent and tone of speech blunt and harsh. Something of this may, probably, be attributed to the freedom of mountain air and of isolated hill-side life, something to be derived from their rough Norse ancestry. They have a quick perception of character, and a keen sense of humour; the dwellers among them must be prepared for certain uncomplimentary, though most likely true observations, pithily expressed. Their feelings are not easily roused, but their duration is lasting. Hence there is much close friendship and faithful service. From the same cause also come enduring grudges, in some cases amounting to hatred, which occasionally has been bequeathed from generation to generation. I remember Miss Brontë once telling me that it was a saying round about Haworth: 'Keep a stone in thy pocket seven year; turn it and keep it seven year longer, that it may be ever ready to thy hand when thine enemy draws near.'

The West Riding men are sleuth-hounds in pursuit of money. . . . These men are keen and shrewd; faithful and persevering in following out a good purpose, fell in tracking an evil one. They are not emotional; they are not easily made into either friends or enemies; but once lovers or haters, it is difficult to change their feeling. They are a powerful race both in mind and body, both for good and for evil.

The woollen manufacture was introduced into this district in the days of Edward III. It is traditionally said that a colony of Flemings came over and settled in the West Riding to teach the inhabitants what to do with their wool. The mixture of agricultural with manufacturing labour that ensued and prevailed in the West Riding up to a very recent period, sounds pleasant enough at this distance of time, when the classical impression is left, and the details forgotten, or only brought to light by those who explore the few remote parts of England where the custom still lingers. The idea of the mistress and her maidens spinning at the great wheels while the master was abroad ploughing his fields, or seeing after his flocks on the purple moors, is very poetical to look back upon; but when such life actually touches on our own days, and we can hear particulars from the lips of those now living, there come out details of coarseness—of the uncouthness of the rustic mingled with the sharpness of the tradesman—of irregularity and fierce lawlessness—that rather mar the vision of pastoral innocence and simplicity. Still, as it is the exceptional and exaggerated characteristics of any period that leave the most vivid memory behind them, it would be wrong, and in my opinion faithless, to conclude that such and such forms of society and modes of living were not best for the period when they prevailed, although the abuses they may have led into, and the gradual progress of the world, have made it well that such ways and manners should pass away for ever, and as preposterous

to attempt to return to them, as it would be for a man to return to the clothes of his childhood.

A uniform edition of Mrs. Gaskell's novels and tales has been published in seven volumes.

WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS.

This gentleman's first work was a Life of his father, William Collins, the celebrated English painter. It was published in 1848, and was universally recognized as a valuable addition to our art biography. Mr. COLLINS then tried another field. He turned to fiction, and in 1850 published a classic romance of the fifth century, entitled 'Antonina, or the Fall of Rome.' Though much inferior to Bulwer's historical romances, the work evinced Mr. Collins's art in constructing an interesting story, and this dramatic faculty—rather than skill in depicting character—has distinguished his subsequent productions. These are—'Rambles beyond Railways, or Notes in Cornwall,' 1851; 'Basil,' a novel, 1852; 'Mr. Wray's Cash-box,' 1852; 'Hide and Seek,' 1854; 'After Dark,' 1856; 'The Dead Secret,' 1857. The last of these tales appeared in 'Household Words,' and kept its readers in breathless suspense—the delight of all lovers of romance—until the secret was unfolded. Mr. Collins is author also of a drama, 'The Frozen Deep,' performed in 1857 by Mr. Dickens, by the dramatist himself, and other friends, amateur actors, in aid of the family of Douglas Jerrold, the Queen having previously witnessed a private representation of the piece. The late works of Mr. Collins are—'The Queen of Hearts,' 1859; The Woman in White,' 1860; 'No Name,' 1862; 'My Miscellanies,' 1863; 'Armadale,' 1866; 'The Moonstone,' 1868; 'Man and Wife,' 1870; 'Poor Miss Finch;' 'The Law and the Lady,' &c. This popular novelist is a native of London, born in January, 1824. He was intended for a commercial life, then studied law in Lincoln's Inn; but in his twenty-fourth year he entered on his natural field—the literary profession.

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

In the description of daring feats and romantic adventures—scenes in the desert, the forest, and wild hunting-ground—CAPTAIN MAYNE REID, of the United States army, has earned great popularity, especially with the young. He seems to have made Cooper the novelist his model, but several of his works are more particularly devoted to natural history. This gentleman is a native of the north of Ireland, son of a Presbyterian minister, and was born in the year 1818. In his twentieth year he went abroad to 'push his fortune.' He set out for Mexico, made trading excursions with the Indians up the Red River, and afterwards sailed up the Missouri, and settled on the prairies for a period of four or five years. He then took to the literary profession in Philadelphia; but in 1845, when war was declared between the United States and Mexico, Mr. Reid obtained a commission

in the American army, and distinguished himself by his gallantry. He led the forlorn-hope at the assault of the castle of Chapultepec, and was severely wounded. The Mexican war over, Captain Reid organised a body of men to aid the Hungarians in their struggle for independence, but the failure of the insurrection prevented his reaping any fresh laurels as a soldier. He now repaired to England and resumed his pen. His personal experiences had furnished materials of a rare and exciting kind, and he published a series of romances and other works, which were well received. In 1849 appeared 'The Rifle Rangers;' in 1850, 'The Scalp Hunters;' in 1852, 'The Desert Home' and 'Boy Hunters;' in 1853, 'The Young Voyageurs;' in 1854, 'The Forest Exiles;' in 1855, 'The Bush Boys,' 'The Hunter's Feast,' and 'The White Chief;' in 1856, 'The Quadroon, or a Lover's Adventures in Louisiana;' in 1857, 'The Young Yägers;' in 1858, 'The Plant Hunters' and 'The War Trail;' in 1859, 'Oceola;' &c. As a vivid describer of foreign scenes, Captain Reid is entitled to praise; but his incidents, though exciting, are often highly improbable.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS—ANGUS B. REACH—ALBERT SMITH.

The author of 'Caleb Stukeley' and other tales, MR. SAMUEL PHILLIPS (1815–1854), was for some years literary critic of the 'Times,' and afterwards literary director of the Crystal Palace. The only works to which he put his name were certain guide-books to the Palace. Mr. Phillips was by birth a Jew, son of a London tradesman. In his fifteenth year he appeared as an actor in Covent Garden Theatre; but his friends placed him in the London University, and whilst there, he attracted the attention of the Duke of Sussex by an essay on Milton. Through the Duke's assistance he was sent to Göttingen University. His novel of 'Caleb Stukeley' appeared originally in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and was reprinted in 1843. Its success led to other contributions to 'Blackwood'—'We are all Low People There,' and other tales. He occasionally sent letters to the 'Times,' and ultimately formed a regular engagement with the conductors of that paper. His reviews of books were vigorous and slashing; Dickens, Carlyle, Mrs. Stowe, and other popular writers were boldly assailed by the anonymous critic, and his articles became the talk of the town. Two volumes of these literary essays have since been published. The tales of Mr. Phillips all bear the impress of his energetic mind and shrewd caustic observation. With better health, he would probably have been more genial, and have accomplished some complete artistic work.

As a first-class journalist and happy descriptive writer, few young men rose into greater favour and popularity than MR. ANGUS BETHUNE REACH (1821–1856). He was a native of Inverness; but before he had reached his twentieth year he was in London, busily employed on the 'Morning Chronicle,' as reporter and critic, and let us add, honourably supporting his parents, on whom misfortune had

fallen. Besides contributing to the magazines, Mr. Reach wrote two novels—'Clement Lorimer,' one volume, 1848; and 'Leonard Lindsay,' two volumes, 1850. He wrote also a number of light satires, dramatic pieces, and sketches of social life—'The Natural History of Bores and Humbugs,' 'The Comic Bradshaw,' 'London on the Thames,' 'The Man of the Moon,' &c. Being despatched to France as a Commissioner for the 'Morning Chronicle,' he enriched his note-book with sketches social, picturesque, and legendary, published with the title of 'Claret and Olives, from the Garonne to the Rhone,' 1852. The disappointment he experienced in traversing what is considered the most poetic region of France, he thus describes:

The South of France.

We entered Languedoc, the most early civilised of the provinces which now make up France—the land where chivalry was first wedded to literature—the land whose tongue laid the foundations of the greater part of modern poetry—the land where the people first rebelled against the tyranny of Rome—the land of the Menestrals and the Albigenses. People are apt to think of this favoured tract of Europe as a sort of terrestrial paradise—one great glowing odorous garden—where, in the shade of the orange and the olive tree, queens of love and beauty crowned the heads of wandering troubadours. The literary and historic associations have not unnaturally operated upon our common notions of the country; and for the 'south of France,' we are very apt to conjure up a brave, fictitious landscape. Yet, this country is no Eden. It has been admirably described in a single phrase, the 'Austere South of France.' It *is* austere—grim—sombre. It never smiles; it is scathed and parched. There is no freshness or rurality in it. It does not seem the country, but a vast yard—shadeless, glaring, drear, and dry. Let us glance from our elevated perch over the district we are traversing. A vast, rolling wilderness of clodded earth, browned and baked by the sun; here and there masses of red rock heaving themselves above the soil like protruding ribs of the earth, and a vast coating of drouthy dust, lying like snow upon the ground. To the left, a long ridge of iron-like mountains—on all sides rolling hills, stern and kneaded, looking as though frozen. On the slopes and in the plain, endless rows of scrubby, ugly trees, powdered with the universal dust, and looking exactly like mopsticks. Sprawling and straggling over the soil beneath them, jungles of burnt-up leafless bushes, tangled and apparently neglected. The trees are olives and mulberries—the bushes, vines. Glance again across the country. It seems a solitude. Perhaps one or two distant figures, gray with dust, are labouring to break the clods with wooden hammers; but that is all. No cottages—no farm-houses—no hedges—all one rolling sweep of iron-like, burnt-up, glaring land. In the distance you may espy a village. It looks like a fortification—all blank, high stone walls, and no windows, but mere loopholes. A square church tower gloomily and heavily overtops the houses, or the dungeon of an ancient fortress rears its massive pile of mouldering stone. Where have you seen such a landscape before? Stern and forbidding, it has yet a familiar look. These scrubby, mop-headed trees—these formal square lines of huge edifices—these banks and braes, varying in hue from the gray of the dust to the red of the rock—why, they are precisely the backgrounds of the pictures of the renaissance painters of France and Italy.

With his various tasks and incessant labour, the health of the young littérateur gave way. Mental disease prostrated him, and for the last two years of his life he was helpless. One eminent and generous man of letters—Mr. Thackeray—by special lectures and personal bounty, contributed largely to the comfort of the sufferer; and another—Mr. Shirley Brooks—undertook, and for many months cheerfully fulfilled, some of his friend's literary engagements. The Liter-

ary Fund also lent assistance. It is gratifying to note these instances of sympathy, but more important to mark the warning which Mr. Reach's case holds out to young literary aspirants of the dangers of over-application.

Mr. Albert Smith (1816–1860), born at Chertsey, is best known for his illustrated lectures or amusing monologues in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, in which he described a visit to Constantinople, the ascent of Mont Blanc, and a trip to China in 1858–9. Of these tours he also published accounts. Mr. Smith studied medicine both in London and Paris, but began early to write for the magazines, and threw off numerous tales and sketches—as 'The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury,' 'The Scattergood Family,' 'Christopher Tadpole,' 'The Pottleton Legacy,' several dramatic pieces, &c. His lectures—somewhat in the style of Mathews's 'At Home,' but with the addition of very fine scenery—were amazingly successful: 'Mont Blanc' was repeated above a thousand times, and almost invariably to crowded houses.

MRS. ELLIS.

This lady is the Hannah Moore of the present generation. She has written fifty or sixty volumes, nearly all conveying moral or religious instruction. Her principal works are—'The Women of England,' 1838; 'A Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees,' 1841; 'The Daughters of England,' 1842; 'The Wives of England,' and 'The Mothers of England,' 1843; 'Prevention Better than Cure,' 1847; 'Hints on Formation of Character,' 1848. Several short tales and poems have also been published by Mrs. Ellis. This accomplished and industrious lady (*nee* Sarah Stickney) was in 1847 married to the distinguished missionary, the Rev. William Ellis, author of 'Polynesian Researches in the Society and Sandwich Islands,' four volumes, 1832.

MISS C. M. YONGE—MISS SEWELL—MISS JEWSBURY.

A not less voluminous writer is Charlotte Mary Yonge, a native of Hampshire, born in 1823. Her novel, 'The Heir of Redclyffe,' 1853, at once established her reputation. She had, however, previous to this date written several other tales—'Henrietta's Wish,' 'Venneth,' and 'Langley School,' 1850; 'The Kings of England,' 'The Two Guardians,' and 'Landmarks of Ancient History,' 1852, &c. The popularity of 'The Heir of Redclyffe' induced the authoress to continue what may be called the regular novel style; and in 'Heart's Ease,' 1854; 'Daisy Chain,' 1856; and 'Dynevor Terrace,' 1857, we have interesting, well-constructed tales. Since then she has produced several other works—'The Young Stepmother,' 'Hopes and Fears,' 'The Lances of Lynwood,' 'Clever Woman of the Family,' 'Prince and the Page,' &c. The children's books of Miss Yonge have also been exceedingly popular; and all her works, like those of Mrs. Ellis, have in view the moral improvement of the

young, more particularly those of her own sex. Miss Yonge is said to have given £2000, the profits of her tale 'Daisy Chain,' towards the building of a missionary college at Auckland, New Zealand, and also a portion of the proceeds of the 'Heir of Redclyffe' to fitting out the missionary ship *Southern Cross*, for the use of Bishop Selwyn.

Elizabeth Missing Sewell, a native of the Isle of Wight, born in 1815, is authoress of various works of what is called 'High Church fiction,' but works affording moral instruction, blended with delicate womanly pictures of life and character. The best known of these are 'Amy Herbert,' 1844; 'Gertrude' and 'Sketches,' 1847; 'Katherine Ashton,' 1854; 'Margaret Percival,' 1858, &c. Miss Sewell has written various religious works, sketches of continental travel, &c.

Geraldine Jewsbury is more ambitous in style, but not always so successful. Her works are—'Zoe,' 1845; 'The Half-Sisters,' 1848; 'Constance Herbert' and 'Right or Wrong,' 1859, &c. Of these, 'Constance Herbert' is the best, both for the interest of the story and its literary merits. Miss Jewsbury has written a story for children, 'Angelo, or the Pine Forest in the Alps,' 1855. The elder sister of this lady, Maria Jane, wife of the Rev. W. Fletcher, accompanied her husband to India, and died at Bombay in 1833; she was an amiable, accomplished woman, authoress of various essays, sketches, and poems, including two volumes, 'Phantasmagoria,' 1829, which Professor Wilson characterised as 'always acute and never coarse.'

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

This distinguished American author was born on the 4th July 1804—the American Independence Day. He was a native of Salem, Massachusetts, and was early in the field as a contributor to periodical literature. Two volumes of these pieces were collected and published under the title of 'Twice-told Tales' (1837 and 1842.) In 1845 appeared 'Mosses from an old Manse,' and in 1850 'The Scarlet Letter,' which may be said to have given its author a European reputation. He afterwards joined with some friends in a scheme like the contemplated Pantisocracy of Southey and Coleridge—a society called the Brook Farm Community, from which Arcadian felicity and plenty were anticipated, but which ended in failure. In 1851, Mr. Hawthorne produced 'The House of the Seven Gables,' and in 1852 'The Blithedale Romance.' He published also a 'Life of General Pierce,' and 'A Wonder Book,' a second series of which, called 'Tanglewood Tales,' was published in 1853. On the accession of General Pierce to the presidency in 1852, Hawthorne was appointed consul for the United States at Liverpool, which he held for about five years. A visit to Italy gave occasion to his writing 'Transformation' (1860)—a novel which gives an admirable view of

Roman life, antiquities, and art. How graphic and striking and true, for example, is the picture presented by the opening scene!

The Capitol at Rome.

Four individuals, in whose fortunes we should be glad to interest the reader, happened to be standing in one of the saloons of the sculpture-gallery in the Capitol at Rome. It was that room (the first after ascending the staircase) in the centre of which reclines the noble and most pathetic figure of the Dying Gladiator, just sinking into his death swoon. Around the walls stand the Antinous, the Amazon, the Lycian Apollo, the Juno; all famous productions of antique sculpture, and still shining in the undiminished majesty and beauty of their ideal life, although the marble that embodies them is yellow with time, and perhaps corroded by the damp earth in which they lay buried for centuries. Here, likewise is seen a symbol (as apt at this moment as it was two thousand years ago) of the human soul, with its choice of innocence or evil at hand, in the pretty figure of a child, clasping a dove to her bosom, but assaulted by a snake.

From one of the windows of this saloon, we may see a flight of broad stone steps descending alongside the antique and massive foundation of the Capitol, towards the battered triumphal arch of Septimus Severus, right below. Farther on, the eye skirts along the edge of the desolate Forum (where Roman washerwomen hang out their linen to the sun), passing over a shapeless confusion of modern edifices, piled rudely up with ancient brick and stone, and over the domes of Christian churches, built on the old pavements of heathen temples, and supported by the very pillars that once upheld them. At a distance beyond—yet but a little way, considering how much history is heaped into the intervening space—rises the great sweep of the Coliseum, with the blue sky brightening through its upper tier of arches. Far off, the view is shut in by the Alban Mountains, looking just the same, amid all this decay and change, as when Romulus gazed thitherward over his half-finished wall.

We glance hastily at these things—at this bright sky, and those blue, distant mountains, and at the ruins, Etruscan, Roman, Christian, venerable with a threefold antiquity, and at the company of world-famous statues in the saloon—in the hope of putting the reader into that state of feeling which is experienced oftenest at Rome. It is a vague sense of ponderous remembrances; a perception of such weight and density in a bygone life, of which this spot was the centre, that the present moment is pressed down or crowded out, and our individual affairs and interests are but half as real here as elsewhere. Side by side with the massiveness of the Roman Past, all matters that we handle or dream of nowadays look evanescent and visionary alike.

Mr. Hawthorne returned to America, and published 'Our Old Home,' two vols., 1863, giving an account of England, but written in a tone of querulous discontent and unfairness which pained his friends on both sides of the Atlantic. Part of this must be attributed to ill-health, which continued to increase till the death of the novelist, which took place at Plymouth, New Hampshire, May 19, 1864. An interesting volume of Memorials of Hawthorne has been published by HENRY A. PAGE. His widow also edited and published 'Passages from the American Note-books of Nathaniel Hawthorne,' two vols., 1868; 'Passages from the English Note-books of Nathaniel Hawthorne,' two vols., 1870; and 'Septimius,' an unfinished romance, 1871. The three early romances, 'The Scarlet Letter,' 'Seven Gables,' and 'Blithedale,' are the most popular and original of Mr. Hawthorne's works. The first of these pictures of New England life and Puritanism is on a painful subject, for 'The Scarlet Letter' is the badge of the heroine's shame, and her misery and

degradation form the leading theme of the story. But it is intensely interesting, and its darker shades are relieved by passages of fine description. Perhaps its only fault is one which attaches also to Scott's 'Waverley'—a too long and tedious introduction. The second romance does not possess the same harrowing interest, but it has greater variety, and the inmates of the old house are drawn with consummate skill. 'The Blithedale Romance' is a story founded on the Socialist experiment at Brook Farm. A strain of weird fancy and sombre thought pervades most of Hawthorne's writings.

A Socialist Experiment.

The peril of our new way of life was not lest we should fail in becoming practical agriculturists, but that we should probably cease to be anything else. While our enterprise lay all in theory, we had pleased ourselves with delectable visions of the spiritualisation of labour. It was to be our form of prayer and ceremonial of worship. Each stroke of the hoe was to uncover some aromatic root of wisdom, heretofore hidden from the sun. Pausing in the field, to let the wind exhale the moisture from our foreheads, we were to look upward, and catch glimpses into the far-off soul of truth. In this point of view, matters did not turn out quite so well as we anticipated. It is very true that, sometimes, gazing casually around me, out of the midst of my toil, I used to discern a richer picturesqueness in the visible scene of earth and sky. There was, at such moments, a novelty, an unwonted aspect, on the face of nature, as if she had been taken by surprise and seen at unawares, with no opportunity to put off her real look, and assume the mask with which she mysteriously hides herself from mortals. But this was all. The clods of earth which we so constantly belaboured and turned over and over, were never etherialised into thought. Our thoughts, on the contrary, were fast becoming cloddish. Our labour symbolised no thing, and left us mentally sluggish in the dusk of the evening. Intellectual activity is incompatible with any large amount of bodily exercise. The yeoman and the scholar—the yeoman and the man of finest moral culture, though not the man of sturdiest sense and integrity—are two distinct individuals, and can never be melted or welded into one substance.

In quaint description and love of odd localities, Mr. Hawthorne, in his short pieces, reminds us of Charles Lamb. He is a humorist with poetical fancy and feeling. In his romances, however, he puts forth greater power—a passionate energy and earnestness, with a love of the supernatural, but he never loses the simplicity and beauty of his style.

Autumn at Concord, Massachusetts.

Alas for the summer! The grass is still verdant on the hills and in the valleys; the foliage of the trees is as dense as ever, and as green; the flowers are abundant along the margin of the river, and in the hedgerows, and deep among the woods; the days, too, are as fervid as they were a month ago; and yet, in every breath of wind and in every beam of sunshine, there is an autumnal influence. I know not how to describe it. Methinks there is a sort of coolness amid all the heat, and a mildness in the brightest of the sunshine. A breeze cannot stir without thrilling me with the breath of autumn; and I behold its pensive glory in the far, golden gleams among the huge shadows of the trees.

The flowers, even the brightest of them, the golden rod and the gorgeous cardinals—the most glorious flowers of the year—have this gentle sadness amid their pomp. Pensive autumn is expressed in the glow of every one of them. I have felt this influence earlier in some years than in others. Sometimes autumn may be perceived even in the early days of July. There is no other feeling like that caused by

this faint, doubtful, yet real perception, or rather prophecy of the year's decay, so deliciously sweet and sad at the same time. . . .

I scarcely remember a scene of more complete and lovely seclusion than the passage of the river through this wood [North Branch]. Even an Indian canoe, in olden times, could not have floated onward in deeper solitude than my boat. I have never elsewhere had such an opportunity to observe how much more beautiful reflection is than what we call reality. The sky and the clustering foliage on either hand, and the effect of sunlight as it found its way through the shade, giving lightsome hues in contrast with the quiet depth of the prevailing tints—all these seemed unsurpassably beautiful when beheld in upper air. But on gazing downward, there they were, the same even to the minutest particular, yet arrayed in ideal beauty, which satisfied the spirit incomparably more than the actual scene. I am half convinced that the reflection is indeed the reality, the real thing which Nature imperfectly images to our grosser sense. At any rate the disembodied shadow is nearest to the soul. There were many tokens of autumn in this beautiful picture. Two or three of the trees were actually dressed in their coats of many colours—the real scarlet and gold which they wear before they put on mourning.

Sunday, September 23.—There is a prevading blessing diffused over all the world. I look out of the window, and think: 'O perfect day! O beautiful world! O good God!' And such a day is the promise of a blissful eternity. Our Creator would never have made such weather, and given us the deep heart to enjoy it, above and beyond all thought, if He had not meant us to be immortal. It opens the gates of heaven, and gives us glimpses far inward.

The English Lake Country—Grasmere.

I question whether any part of the world looks so beautiful as England—this part of England at least—on a fine summer morning. It makes one think the more cheerfully of human life to see such a bright universal verdure; such sweet, rural, peaceful, flower-bordered cottages—not cottages of gentility, but dwellings of the labouring poor; such nice villas along the roadside so tastefully contrived for comfort and beauty, and adorned more and more, year after year, with the care and afterthought of people who mean to live in them a great while, and feel as if their children might live in them also. And so they plant trees to overshadow their walks, and train ivy and all beautiful vines up against their walls—and thus live for the future in another sense than we Americans do. And the climate helps them out, and makes everything moist and green, and full of tender life, instead of dry and arid, as human life and vegetable life are so apt to be with us. Certainly, England can present a more attractive face than we can, even in its humbler modes of life—to say nothing of the beautiful lives that might be led, one would think, by the higher classes, whose gateways, with broad, smooth, gravelled drives leading through them, one sees every mile or two along the road, winding into some proud seclusion. All this is passing away, and society must assume new relations; but there is no harm in believing that there has been something very good in English life—good for all classes—while the world was in a state out of which these forms naturally grew.

MRS. STOWE.

No work of fiction, perhaps, ever had so large an immediate sale as the American Story of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. It first appeared in parts in a weekly journal, 'The Washington National Era,' 1850; and when completed, it was published in a collected form, and in less than a year 200,000 copies are said to have been sold in the United States. It was soon imported into this country, and there being no restraining law of international copyright, it was issued in every form from the price of a shilling upwards. At least half a million copies must have been sold in twelve months. So graphic and terrible a picture of slavery in the Southern States of America could not fail to interest all classes;

and though 'Uncle Tom' may have been drawn too saint-like, and Legree, the slave-owner, too dark a fiend, it is acknowledged that the characters and incidents in the tale are founded on facts and authentic documents. To verify her statements, Mrs. Stowe, in 1853, published a 'Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin,' in which she had collected advertisements of the sale of slaves, letters from the sufferers, and arguments in support of slavery from newspapers, law reports, and even sermons.

Mrs. Stowe visited England the same year (1853), and was received with great distinction. In London she received an address from the ladies of England, presented to her in Stafford House—the residence of the Duke of Sutherland—by Lord Shaftesbury. She afterwards travelled over the country, and from England she proceeded to France and Switzerland. An account of this European tour was published by Mrs. Stowe, under the title of 'Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands.' There are some pleasant passages of description in this work, but on the whole it is unworthy of the authoress. So much tuft-hunting, vanity, and slip-slop criticism could hardly have been expected from one who had displayed so much mastery over the stronger feelings and passions of our nature, and so much art in the construction of a story. Receptions, breakfast-parties, and personal compliments make up a large portion of these 'Memories,' but here is one pleasing extract:

English Trees—Warwick Castle.

When we came fairly into the court-yard of the castle, a scene of magnificent beauty opened before us. I cannot describe it minutely. The principal features are the battlements, towers, and turrets of the old feudal castle, encompassed by grounds on which has been expended all that princely art of landscape gardening for which England is famous—leafy thickets, magnificent trees, openings and vistas of verdure, and wide sweeps of grass, short, thick, and vividly green, as the velvet moss we sometimes see growing on rocks in New England. Grass is an art and a science in England—it is an institution. The pains that are taken in sowing, tending, cutting, clipping, rolling, and otherwise nursing and coaxing it, being seconded by the misty breath and often falling tears of the climate, produce results which must be seen to be appreciated. So again of trees in England. Trees here are an order of nobility; and they wear their crowns right kingly. A few years ago, when Miss Sedgwick was in this country, while admiring some splendid trees in a nobleman's park, a lady standing by said to her encouragingly: 'O well I suppose your trees in America will be grown up after a while!' Since that time, another style of thinking of America has come up, and the remark that I most generaly hear made is: 'Oh, I suppose we cannot think of shewing you anything in the way of trees, coming as you do from America!' Throwing out of account, however, the gigantic growth of our western river-bottoms, where I have seen sycamore trunks twenty feet in diameter—leaving out of account, I say, all this mammoth arboria—these English parks have trees as fine and as effective, of their kind, as any of ours; and when I say their trees are an order of nobility, I mean that they pay a reverence to them such as their magnificence deserves. Such elms as adorn the streets of New Haven, or overarch the meadows of Andover, would in England be considered as of a value which no money could represent; no pains, no expense would be spared to preserve their life and health; they would never be shot dead by having gas-pipes laid under them, as they have been in some of our New England towns; or suffered to be devoured by canker-worms for want of any amount of money spent in their defence. Some of the finest

trees in this place are magnificent cedars of Lebanon, which bring to mind the expression in the Psalms, 'Excellent as the cedars.' They are the very impersonation of kingly majesty, and are fitted to grace the old feudal stronghold of Warwick the king-maker. These trees, standing as they do amid magnificent sweeps and undulations of lawn, throwing out their mighty arms with such majestic breadth and freedom of outline, are themselves a living, growing, historical epic. Their seed was brought from the Holy Land in the old days of the Crusades; and a hundred legends might be made up of the time, date, and occasion of their planting.

In 1856, Mrs. Stowe published another novel written to expose the evils of slavery and the state of Southern society in America—namely, 'Dred, a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp,' a work much inferior to 'Uncle Tom.' Before the period of her European fame, the authoress had contributed tales and sketches to American periodicals, the most popular of which was 'The Mayflower, or Sketches of the Descendants of the Pilgrims,' 1849; a number of children's books, religious poems, and anti-slavery tracts have proceeded from her fertile pen. Among her late separate works may be mentioned 'The Minister's Wooing,' 1859—an excellent novel, descriptive of Puritan life in New England: 'The Pearl of Orr's Island,' 1862; 'Agnes of Sorrento,' 1862; 'Little Foxes, or the Insignificant Little Habits which mar Domestic Happiness,' 1865; 'Light after Darkness,' 1867; 'Men of our Times, or Leading Patriots of the Day,' 1862; 'Old Town Folks,' 1869; 'Little Pussy Willow,' 1870; 'My Wife and I,' 1871; 'Pink and White Tyranny,' 1871; 'Old Town Fireside Stories' (humorous little tales), 'Palmetto Leaves,' 1873; &c. One publication of Mrs. Stowe's which appeared simultaneously in America and England—'The True Story of Lady Byron's Life,' 1869—excited a strong and painful interest. This was a narrative disclosing what the authoress termed 'a terrible secret,' confided to her thirteen years before by Lady Byron. The secret was that Lord Byron was guilty of incest with his half-sister, Mrs. Leigh, to whom he had dedicated some of the most touching and beautiful of his verses. So revolting an accusation called forth a universal burst of indignation. When examined, the statement was found to be inaccurate in dates and in some of its leading features.

Letters written by Lady Byron to Mrs. Leigh in terms of the warmest affection, after the separation of the poet and his wife, were produced, and a formal contradiction to some of the principal allegations was given by the descendants and representatives of both Lord and Lady Byron. Mrs. Stowe attempted a vindication next year, but it was a failure. No new evidence was adduced, and her defence consisted only of strong assertions, of aspersions on the character of Byron, and of extracts from the most objectionable of his writings. The whole of this affair on the part of the clever American lady was a blunder and a reproach. No one, however, ventured to think she had fabricated the story. Lady Byron was the delinquent; on that subject Lady Byron was a monomaniac. 'Her mind was not a weak one, but she had impaired it by religious speculations

beyond her reach, and by long brooding over her trials, involving some real and many imaginary wrongs. She could at first account for her gifted husband's conduct on no hypothesis but insanity; and now, by a sort of Nemesis, there is no other hypothesis on which the moralist can charitably account for hers; but there is this marked difference in their maladies—he morbidly exaggerated his vices, and she her virtues' ('Quarterly Review'). This seems to be the true view of the case.

We add a few sentences from 'The Minister's Wooing.'

A Moonlight Scene.

Mary returned to the quietude of her room. The red of twilight had faded, and the silver moon, round and fair, was rising behind the thick boughs of the apple trees. She sat down in the window, thoughtful and sad, and listened to the crickets, whose ignorant jollity often sounds as mournfully to us mortals as ours may to superior beings. There the little, hoarse, black wretches were scraping and creaking, as if life and death were invented solely for their pleasure, and the world were created only to give them a good time in it. Now and then a little wind shivered among the boughs, and brought down a shower of white petals which shimmered in the slant beams of the moonlight; and now a ray touched some small head of grass, and forthwith it blossomed into silver, and stirred itself with a quiet joy, like a new-born saint just awaking in Paradise. And ever and anon came on the still air the soft eternal pulsations of the distant sea—sound mournfullest, most mysterious, of all the harpings of Nature. It was the sea—the deep, eternal sea—the treacherous, soft, dreadful, inexplicable sea.

Love.

It is said that, if a grape-vine be planted in the neighbourhood of a well, its roots, running silently under ground, wreath themselves in a network around the cold clear waters, and the vine's putting on outward greenness and unwonted clusters and fruit is all that tells where every root and fibre of its being has been silently stealing. So those loves are most fatal, most absorbing, in which, with unheeded quietness, every thought and fibre of our life twines gradually around some human soul, to us the unsuspected well-spring of our being. Fearful, it is, because so often the vine must be uprooted, and all its fibres wrenched away; but till the hour of discovery comes, how is it transfigured by a new and beautiful life!

There is nothing in life more beautiful than that trance-like quiet dawn which precedes the rising of love in the soul, when the whole being is pervaded imperceptibly and tranquilly by another being, and we are happy, we know not and ask not why, the soul is then receiving all and asking nothing. At a later day she becomes self-conscious, and then come craving exactions, endless questions—the whole world of the material comes in with its hard counsels and consultations, and the beautiful trance fades for ever. . . .

Do not listen to hear whom a woman praises, to know where her heart is; do not ask for whom she expresses the most earnest enthusiasm. But if there be one she once knew well, whose name she never speaks; if she seem to have an instinct to avoid every occasion of its mention; if, when you speak, she drops into silence and changes the subject—why, look there for something!—just as, when getting through deep meadow-grass, a bird flies ostentatiously up before you, you may know her nest is not there, but far off under distant tufts of fern and buttercup, through which she has crept, with a silent flutter in her spotted breast, to act her pretty little falsehood before you.

MRS. LYNN LINTON—MRS. HENRY WOOD.

Mrs Eliza Linton, a popular novelist, is a native of the picturesque Lake country. She was born at Keswick in 1822, daughter of the Rev. J. Lynn, vicar of Crosthwaite in Cumberland. In 1858 she

was married to Mr. W. J. Linton, engraver. Mrs. Linton appeared as an authoress in 1844, when she published 'Azeth the Egyptian,' which was followed by 'Amymone, a Romance of the Days of Pericles,' 1848; 'Realities,' 1851; 'Witch Stories,' 1861; 'Lizzie Lorton,' 1866; 'Patricia Kemball;' and other works of fiction, with various piquant essays and critical contributions to the periodical press. Mrs. Linton has also published an account of 'The Lake Country,' with illustrations by Mr. Linton. The novels of this lady represent, in clear and vigorous English, the world of to-day. All the little frivolities, the varieties, the *finesse* of women, all the empty pretence and conscious self-deception of men, she paints with real power and with a peculiar tinge of cynicism, which is so regularly recurrent as to make the reader a little doubtful of its genuineness. In 'Patricia Kemball' she lays bare the hollow hearts and secret vices of society; the real heroine, Dora, is insincere, and instigates to crime, yet is represented as 'a girl of the period.' Mrs. Linton has real constructive faculty, with descriptive and satirical power. Her earlier novels are healthier in tone and feeling than her later ones. She appears to be passing into sensationalism and love-stories based on intrigue; and though professedly she would by these teach a high moral, we doubt if the bulk of her readers will draw the lesson she intends. The 'History of Joshua Davidson,' sufficiently shews that Mrs. Lynn Linton has latterly been exercised in seeking a solution of the great social problems of the day—the 'enigmas of life.' Her book cannot be regarded otherwise than as a rejection of Christianity as a creed impossible of application to our complex modern society, or as applicable only in the form of an undisguised communism.

Mrs. Henry Wood (*nee* Price), born in Worcestershire in 1820, has written a great number of novels (twenty are enumerated in Bentley's catalogue), beginning with 'Danebury House,' 1860; 'East Lynne,' which was published in 1861, and met with great success; 'The Channings' (1862); 'Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles,' 'Verner's Pride,' 'Bessy Rane,' 'Roland Yorke,' 'Lady Adelaide's Oath,' &c. Mrs. Wood has edited a monthly magazine, 'The Argosy,' and has contributed, during an active literary life, to various other periodicals. In her novels she contrives to unite plot and melodrama with healthy moral teaching. She has shewn talent in dealing with character alone, as seen in her anonymous 'Johnny Ludlow Papers,' which were highly praised by critics who had spoken contemptuously of the novels published under her own name.

MISS ANNE MANNING—MISS RHODA BROUGHTON, &C.

A series of novels, most of them cast in an antique autobiographical form, commenced in 1850 with 'The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell, afterwards Mrs. Milton,' an ideal representation of Milton's first wife, written and printed in the style of the period. This has been followed by 'The Household of Sir Thomas More,'

1851; 'Edward Osborne,' 1852; 'The Provocations of Madame Palissy,' 1853; 'Chronicles of Merrie England,' 1854; 'Caliph Haroun Alraschid,' 1855; 'Good Old Times,' 1856; a 'Cottage History of England,' 'Masque of Ludlow,' &c., 1866. These works are stated to be written by a lady, Miss Anne Manning.

Miss Rhoda Broughton has constructive talent, combined with no ordinary knowledge of society, with little sentiment and some defiance—at least disregard—of conventionalism. Her novels are—'Nancy;' 'Good-bye, Sweetheart;' 'Red as a Rose is She;' 'Cometh up as a Flower,' &c. Not unlike Miss Broughton is Mrs. Edwards, who has written 'Steven Lawrence, Yeoman,' 'Archie Lovell,' &c. Mrs. Edwards's heroes are of the masculine sort, and in her 'Archie Lovell' (which was very popular) she has delineated some of the features of the fashionable Bohemianism of the day. Holme Lee (whose real name is Harriet Parr) is of the purest and brightest of the domestic school of novelists, and also a writer of some excellent essays. She has but slight skill in plot, but has a firm hold of certain ranges of character, and superior analytical faculty. The unwearying industry of 'Holme Lee' has enabled her to reside on a small property of her own in the Isle of Wight. Her novels are—'Against Wind and Tide,' 'Sylvan Holt's Daughter,' 'Kathie Brande,' 'Warp and Woof,' 'Maude Talbot,' 'The Beautiful Miss Barrington,' &c. Mrs. Riddell made a reputation among the novel-readers by her novel 'George Geith,' a really powerful fiction. In her later works she has gone too far in the direction of plot and sensation merely. In 1875 an anonymous novel, 'Coming through the Rye,' became at once popular, and various authors are named. At length it was found that it was written by Miss Mather, a lady known as the author of some poems.

CHARLES READE.

The novels of Mr. Charles Reade have been among the most popular and most powerful of our recent works of fiction. In 1853 appeared his 'Peg Woffington,' a lively, sparkling story of town-life and the theatres a century ago, when Garrick, Quin, and Colley Cibber were their great names. The heroine, Peg Woffington, was an actress, remarkable for beauty and for her personation of certain characters in comedy. Walpole thought her an 'impudent Irish-faced girl,' but he admitted that 'all the town was in love with her.' Mr. Reade's second heroine was of a very different stamp. His 'Christie Johnstone,' 1853, is a tale of fisher-life in Scotland, the scene being laid at Newhaven on the Forth. A young lord, Viscount Ipsden, is advised by his physician, as a cure for *ennui* and dyspepsia, to make acquaintance with people of low estate, and to learn their ways, their minds, and their troubles. He sails in his yacht to the Forth, accompanied by his valet

Newhaven Fishwomen.

'Saunders! do you know what Dr. Aberford means by the lower classes?' 'Perfectly, my lord.' 'Are there any about here?' 'I am sorry to say they are everywhere, my lord.' 'Get me some'—(*cigarette*). Out went Saunders, with his usual graceful *empressement*, but an internal shrug of his shoulders. He was absent an hour and a half; he then returned with a double expression on his face—pride at his success in diving to the very bottom of society, and contempt of what he had fished up thence. He approached his lord mysteriously, and said, *sotto voce*, but impressively: 'This is low enough, my lord.' Then glided back, and ushered in, with polite disdain, two lovelier women than he had ever opened a door to in the whole course of his perfumed existence.

On their heads they wore caps of Dutch or Flemish origin, with a broad lace border, stiffened and arched, over the forehead, about three inches high, leaving the brow and cheeks unincumbered. They had cotton jackets, bright red and yellow, mixed in patterns, confined at the waist by the apron strings, but bobtailed below the waist; short woollen petticoats, with broad vertical stripes, red and white most vivid in colour; white worsted stockings, and neat though high-quartered shoes. Under their jackets they wore a thick spotted cotton handkerchief, about one inch of which was visible round the lower part of the throat. Of their petticoats, the outer one was kilted, or gathered up towards the front; and the second, of the same colour, hung in the usual way.

Of these young women, one had an olive complexion, with the red blood mantling under it, and black hair, and glorious black eyebrows. The other was fair, with a massive but shapely throat, as white as milk; glossy brown hair, the loose threads of which glittered like gold; and a blue eye, which, being contrasted with dark eyebrows and lashes, took the luminous effect peculiar to that rare beauty.

Their short petticoats revealed a neat ankle and a leg with a noble swell; for nature, when she is in earnest, builds beauty on the ideas of ancient sculptors and poets, not of modern poetasters, who, with their airy-like sylphs, and their smoke-like verses, fight for want of flesh in woman and want of fact in poetry as parallel beauties. *They are*, my lads. *Continuez!* These women had a grand corporeal trait; they had never known a corset! so they were straight as javelins; they could lift their hands above their heads—actually! Their supple persons moved as nature intended; every gesture was ease, grace, and freedom. What with their own radiance, and the snowy cleanliness and brightness of their costume, they came like meteors into the apartment.

Lord Ipsden, rising gently from his seat, with the same quiet politeness with which he would have received two princes of the blood, said, 'How do you do?' and smiled a welcome. 'Fine, hoow 's yoursel?' answered the dark lass, whose name was Jean Carnie, and whose voice was not so sweet as her face. 'What'n lord are ye?' continued she. 'Are ye a juke? I wad like fine to hae a crack wi' a juke.' Saunders, who knew himself the cause of this question, replied, *sotto voce*, 'His lordship is a viscount.' 'I dinna ken't,' was Jean's remark; 'but it has a bonny soond.' 'What mair would ye hae?' said the fair beauty, whose name was Christie Johnstone. Then appealing to his lordship as the likeliest to know, she added: 'Noebelity is just a soond itsel, I'm tauld.' The viscount finding himself expected to say something on a topic he had not attended much to, answered drily: 'We must ask the republicans; they are the people that give their minds to such subjects.' 'And yon man,' asked Jean Carnie, 'is he a lord, too?' 'I am his lordship's servant,' replied Saunders gravely, not without a secret misgiving whether fate had been just. 'Na!' replied she, not to be imposed upon. 'Ye are statelier and prooder than this ane.' 'I will explain,' said his master. 'Saunders knows his value; a servant like Saunders is rarer than an idle viscount.'

Mr. Reade is not very happy with his Scotch dialogue. His novel, however, is lively and interesting, and Christie, like Peg Woffington, is ably drawn. This type of energetic impassioned women is characteristic of all Mr. Reade's novels. In 1856 appeared 'It is Never Too Late to Mend,' the scene of which is partly laid in Australia,

and which introduces us to life in the bush, and to a series of surprising adventures. This was followed by 'White Lies,' 1857. 'The Course of True Love Never did Run Smooth,' 1857; 'Jack of all Trades,' 1858; 'Love me Little, Love me Long,' 1859; and 'The Cloister and the Hearth, a Tale of the Middle Ages,' 1861. The last is a powerful romance—the author's noblest work. It was followed by 'Hard Cash,' 1863; and by 'Griffith Gaunt, or Jealousy,' 1868—both remarkable fictions, though deformed by coarse, overdrawn scenes, and painful disclosures of immorality, crime, and suffering. The other novels of Mr. Reade are 'Foul Play,' 1868; 'Put Yourself in his Place,' 1870; and 'A Terrible Temptation,' 1871.

Before his successful career as a novelist, Mr. Reade had produced some dramatic pieces—'Gold,' 1850; and, in association with Mr. Tom Taylor, a drama entitled 'Two Loves and a Life,' 1854; 'The King's Rivals,' 1854; 'Masks and Faces,' 1854; on the last of these was founded the story of Peg Woffington. Mr. Reade is an Oxfordshire man, a D.C.L. of the university, youngest son of a squire of the same name; born in 1814, graduated at Magdalen Hall, elected to one of the Vinerian Fellowships in 1842, and called to the bar in 1843.

G. R. GLEIG—W. H. MAXWELL—JAMES GRANT.

Various military narratives, in which imaginary scenes and characters are mixed up with real events and descriptions of continental scenery, have been written by the above gentlemen. The Rev. George Robert Gleig (son of Bishop Gleig of Brechin, and born in 1796) in the early part of his life served in the army, but afterwards entered the church, and is now Chaplain-General to the Forces. A portion of his military experience is given in his work, 'The Subaltern,' 1825, which gives an accurate and lively account of some of the scenes in the Peninsular war. He has since proved one of our most voluminous writers. Among his works are—'The Chelsea Pensioners,' 1829; 'The Country Curate,' 1834; 'The Chronicles of Waltham,' 1835; 'The Hussar,' 1837; 'Traditions of Chelsea College,' 1838; 'The Only Daughter,' 1839; 'The Veterans of Chelsea Hospital,' 1841; 'The Light Dragoon,' 1844; 'Story of the Battle of Waterloo;' &c. Mr. Gleig has also written 'Lives of British Military Commanders,' a 'History of British India,' a 'Familiar History of England,' a 'Life of Sir Thomas Munro,' 'Memoirs of Warren Hastings,' a 'Military History of Great Britain,' an account of 'Sale's Brigade in Afghanistan,' 'Campaigns of the British Army in Washington,' a 'Life of Lord Clive,' three volumes of travels in Germany, Bohemia and Hungary; two volumes of 'Essays' contributed to the 'Edinburgh' and 'Quarterly Reviews,' several volumes of sermons and educational treatises, &c. Many of these works of Mr. Gleig bear traces of haste and mere book-making; the 'Memoirs of Hastings,' though poor, had the merit of producing one

of Macaulay's best essays. The latest of Mr. Gleig's works is a 'Life of Sir Walter Scott,' 1871, reprinted from the 'Quarterly Review.'

William Hamilton Maxwell (1795–1861) is said to have been the first who suggested the military novel, afterwards so popular with Charles Lever. Mr. Maxwell travelled for some time with the British army in the Peninsula, but took orders in the church, and became rector of Baliagh in Connaught. He was a voluminous writer, author, among other works, of 'Stories of Waterloo,' 1829; 'Wild Sports of the West,' 1833; 'The Dark Lady of Doona,' 1836; 'The Bivouac, or Stories of the Peninsular War,' 1837; 'Life of the Duke of Wellington,' 3 vols., 1839–41; 'Rambling Recollections of a Soldier of Fortune,' 1842; 'Hector O'Halloran,' 1844; 'History of the Irish Rebellion of 1798' (illustrated by Cruikshank), 1845; 'Adventures of Captain O'Sullivan,' 1846; 'Hillside and Border Sketches,' 1847; Bryan O'Lynn,' 1848; &c.

A number of military novels and memoirs of eminent commanders have been written by Mr. James Grant (born in Edinburgh in 1822), who served for a short time in the 62d Regiment. Among these are—'The Romance of War,' 1846, to which a sequel was added the following year; 'Adventures of an Aide-de-Camp,' 1848; 'Walter Fenton, or the Scottish Cavalier,' 1850; 'Bothwell,' 1851; 'Jane Seton,' 1853; 'Philip Rollo,' 1854; 'The Yellow Frigate,' 1855; 'The Phantom Regiment,' 1856; and every succeeding year a military novel, the latest being 'Under the Red Dragon,' 1872. Besides these, Mr. Grant has written 'Memoirs of Kirkaldy of Grange,' 1849; 'Memorials of Edinburgh Castle,' 1850; 'Memoirs of Sir John Hepburn,' 1851. Familiar with military affairs and with Scottish history, some of Mr. Grant's novels present animated pictures of the times, though often rambling and ill constructed.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

One of the most original novelists of the day, especially in describing humble Scottish life and feeling, whose genius 'loves to dwell on the border-land between poetry and prose, between this world and romance,' is Mr. George MacDonald. Born at Huntly, county of Aberdeen, December 10, 1824, Mr. MacDonald went to college at Aberdeen in his sixteenth year, and pursued his studies with a view to devoting his life to science, particularly chemistry. He afterwards attended the Theological College at Highbury, and became the minister of a Congregational church at Arundel in Sussex. He remained three years in Arundel, and then removed to Manchester. He was compelled, however, to give up preaching on account of the state of his health, which has always been delicate and precarious. A short residence in Algiers restored Mr. MacDonald to comparative vigour, and returning to London, he took to literature as a profession. In 1856, his first work, 'Within and Without,' a poem, appeared. This was followed by 'Phantastes, a Faerie Romance,' as wild as Hogg's 'Kil-

meny,' but also, like it, full of poetic beauty and power. A long series of novels and imaginative works succeeded. 'David Elginbrod,' 1862; 'The Portent, a Story of Second Sight,' 1864; 'Adela Cathcart,' 1864; 'Alec Forbes of Howglen,' 1865; 'Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood;' 'Robert Falconer;' 'Seaboard Parish;' 'Wow o' Riven, or the Idiot's Home;' 'At the Back of the North Wind;' 'The Princess and the Goblin;' 'Wilfrid Cumbermede;' 'Malcolm;' 'St. Michael and the Dragon,' 1875; &c. Besides his numerous novels, Mr. MacDonald has published a volume of poems and some theological works, as, 'Unspoken Sermons,' 1869; 'The Miracles of Our Lord,' 1870. In depicting certain phases of religious belief and development, and in exposing the harsher features of Calvinism, Mr. MacDonald is original and striking, and scenes of that nature in his novels are profound as well as touching and suggestive. The following extract is from 'Robert Falconer:'

Death of the Drinking; Fiddling Soutar (Shoemaker).

Silence endured for a short minute; then he called his wife. 'Come here, Bell. Gie me a kiss, my bonny lass. I hae been an ill man to you.'

'Na, na, Sandy. Ye hae aye been gude to me—better nor I deserved. Ye hae been nae ody's enemy but yer ain.'

'Haud yer tongue. Ye 're speykin' waur blethers nor the minister, honest man! And, eh! ye war a bonny lass when I merried ye. I hae blandit (spoiled) ye a'thegither. But gin I war up, see gin I wadna gie ye a new goon, an' that wad be something to make ye like yersel' again. I 'm affrontet wi' mysel' at I had been sic a brute o' a man to ye. But ye maun forgie me noo, for I do believe i' my hert 'at the Lord's forgien me. Gie me anither kiss, lass. God be praised, and mony thanks to *you*. Ye micht hae run awa' frae me lang or noo, an' a'body wad hae said ye did richt—Robert, play a spring.'

Absorbed in his own thoughts, Robert began to play 'The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn.

'Hoots! hoots!' cried Sandy angrily. 'What are ye aboot? Nae mair o' that. I hae dune wi' that. What 's i' the heid o' ye, man?'

'What 'll I play then Sandy?' asked Robert meekly.

'Play the 'The Lan' o' the Leal,' or 'My Nannie's Awa',' or something o' that kin'. I 'll be leal to ye noo, Bell. An' we winna prec o' the whusky nae mair, lass.'

'I canna bide the smell o't,' cried Bell sobbing.

Robert struck in with 'The Land o' the Leal.' When he had played it over two or three times, he laid the fiddle in its place, and departed—able just to see, by the light of the neglected candle, that Bell sat on the bedside stroking the *rosiny* hand of her husband the rhinoceros-hide of which was yet delicate enough to let the love through to his heart. After this the soutar never called his fiddle his *auld wife*.

Robert walked home with his head sunk on his breast. Dooble Sanny [Double Sandy], the drinking, ranting, swearing soutar, was inside the wicket-gate. . . . Henceforth Robert had more to do in reading the New Testament than in playing the fiddle to the soutar, though th y never parted without an air or two. Sandy continued hopeful and generally cheerful, with alternations which the reading generally fixed on the right side fo' the nicht. Robert never attempted any comments, but left him to take from the Word what nourishment he could. There was no re urn of strength, and the constitution was gradually yielding.

The rumour got abroad that he was a 'changed character'—how, it is not far to seek, for Mr. Macleary fancied himself the honoured instrument of his conversion, whereas paralysis and the New Testament were the chief agents, and even the violin had more share in it than the minister. For the spirit of God lies all about the spirit of man like a mighty sea, ready to rush in at the smallest chink in the walls that shut him out from his own—walls which even the tone of a violin afloat on the wind of that spirit is sometimes enough to rend from battlement to base, as the blast of the

ram's horns rent the walls of Jericho. And now, to the day of his death, the shoemaker had need of nothing. Food, wine, and delicacies were sent him by many who, while they considered him outside of the kingdom, would have troubled themselves in no way about him. What with visits of condolence and flattery, inquiries into his experience, and long prayers by his bedside, they now did their best to send him back among the swine. The soutar's humour, however, aided by his violin, was a strong antidote against these evil influences.

'I doobt I 'm gaein' to dee, Robert,' he said at length one evening, as the lad sat by his bedside.

'Weel, that winna do ye nae ill,' answered Robert; adding with just a touch of bitterness: 'ye needna care aboot that.'

'I do *not* care aboot the deein' o't. But I jist want to live lang eneuch to let the Lord ken 'at I 'm doon-richt earnest aboot it. I hae nae chance o' drinkin' as lang as I 'm lyin' here.'

'Never ye fash yer heid aboot that. Ye can lippen (trust) that to him, for it 's his ain business. He 'll see 'at ye 're a' richt. Dinna ye think at' he 'll let ye off.'

'The Lord forbid,' responded the soutar earnestly. 'It maun be a' pitten richt. It wad be dreifu' to be latten off. I wadna hae him contest wi' cobbler's wark. I hae 't,' he resumed, after a few minutes' pause: 'the Lord 's easy pleased, but ill to satisfee. I 'm sair pleased wi' your playin', Robert, but it 's naething like the richt thing yet. It does me gude to hear ye, though, for a' that.'

The very next night he found him evidently sinking fast. Robert took the violin, and was about to play, but the soutar stretched out his left hand, and took it from him, laid it across his chest and his arm over it, for a few moments, as if he were bidding it farewell, then held it out to Robert, saying: 'Hae, Robert, she 's yours. Death 's a sair divorce. Maybe they 'll hae an orra fiddle whaur I' m gaein', though. Think o' a Rothieden soutar playing afore his Grace!'

Robert saw that his mind was wandering, and mingled the paltry honours of earth with the grand simplicities of heaven. He began to play the 'Land o' the Leal.' For a little while Sandy seemed to follow and comprehend the tones, but by slow degrees the light departed from his face. At length his jaw fell, and with a sigh the body parted from Dooble Sanny, and he went to God. His wife closed mouth and eyes without a word, laid the two arms straight by his sides, then seating herself on the edge of the bed, said: 'Dinna bide, Robert. It 's a' ower noo. He 's gane home. Gin I war only wi' him, wharever he is!' She burst into tears, but dried her eyes a moment after.

Bible Class in the Fisher Village.—From 'Malcolm.'

He now called up the Bible class, and Malcolm sat beside and listened. That morning they had read one of the chapters in the history of Jacob.

'Was Jacob a good man?' he asked, as soon as the reading, each of the scholars in turn taking a verse, was over. An apparently universal expression of assent followed; halting in its wake, however, came the voice of a boy near the bottom of the class: 'Wasna he some double, sir?' 'You are right, Sheltie,' said the master; 'he *was* double. I must, I find, put the question in another shape: was Jacob a bad man?'

Again came such a burst of 'yeses' that it might have been taken for a general hiss. But limping in the rear came again the half dissentient voice of Sheltie: 'Pairtly, sir.' 'You think then, Sheltie, that a man may be both bad and good?' 'I dinna ken, sir; I think he may be whiles ane and whiles the other, and whiles maybe it wad be ill to say which. Our colly's whiles in twa minds whether he 'll do what he 's telled or no.'

'That's the battle of Armageddon, Sheltie, my man. It 's aye raging, as gun roared or bayonet clashed. Ye maun up and do your best in 't, my man. Gien ye die fechting like a man, ye 'll flee up with a quiet face and wide open een; and there's a great One that will say to ye, "Weel done, laddie!" But gien ye gie in to the enemy, he 'll turn ye into a creeping thing that eats dirt: and there 'll no be a hole in a' the crystal wa' of the New Jerusalem near enough to let ye creep through.'

'I reckon, sir,' said Sheltie, 'Jacob hadna foughten out his battle.'

'That's just it, my boy. And because he would not get up and fight manfully, God had to take him in hand. Ye 've heard tell of generals, when their troops were

rinnin' awa', having to cut this man down, shoot that ane, and lick another, till he turned them a' right face about, and drave them on to the foe like a spate (flood). And the trouble God took wi' Jacob was not lost upon him at last.'

'An' what came o' Esau, sir?' asked a pale-faced maiden with blue eyes. 'He wasna an ill kind o' a chield, was he, sir?'

'No, Mappy,' answered the master; 'he was a fine chield as you say, but he needed mair time and gentler treatment to make onything o' him. Ye see he had a guid heart, but was a duller kind o' creature a'thegither, and cared for neathing he couldna see or handle. He never thought muckle about God at a'. Jacob was another sort—a poet kind o' a man, but a sneck-drawing creature for a' that. It was easier, however, to get the slyness out o' Jacob than the dullness out o' Esau. Punishment telled upon Jacob like upon a thin-skinned horse, whereas Esau was mait like the minister's powny, that can hardly be made to understand that ye want him to gang on.'

The Old Churchyard—From 'Malcolm.'

The next day, the day of the Resurrection, rose glorious from its sepulchre of sea-fog and drizzle. It had poured all night long, but at sunrise the clouds had broken and scattered, and the air was the purer for the cleansing rain, while the earth shone with that peculiar lustre which follows the weeping which has endured its appointed night. The larks were at it again, singing as if their hearts would break for joy as they hovered in brooding exultation over the song of the future; for their nests beneath hoarded a wealth of larks for summers to come. Especially about the old church—half buried in the ancient trees of Lossie House, the birds that day were jubilant; their throats seemed too narrow to let out the joyful air that filled all their hollow bones and quills; they sang as if they must sing or choke with too much gladness. Beyond the short spire and its shining cock, rose the balls and stars and arrowy vanes of the house, glittering in gold and sunshine. The inward hush of the Resurrection, broken only by the prophetic birds, the poets of the groaning and travailing creation, held time and space as in a trance; and the centre from which radiated both the hush and the carolling expectation seemed to Alexander Graham to be the churchyard in which he was now walking in the cool of the morning. It was more carefully kept than most Scottish churchyards, and yet was not too trim; Nature had a word in the affair—was allowed her part of mourning in long grass and moss and the crumbling away of stone. The wholesomeness of decay, which both in nature and humanity is but the miry road back to life, was not unrecognised here; there was nothing of the hideous attempt to hide death in the garments of life. The master walked about gently, now stopping to read some well-known inscription, and ponder for a moment over the words; and now wandering across the stoneless mounds, content to be forgotten by all but those who loved the departed. At length he seated himself on a slab by the side of the mound that rose but yesterday; it was sculptured with symbols of decay—needless, surely, where the originals lay about the mouth of every newly-opened grave, as surely ill befitting the precincts of a church whose indwelling gospel is of life victorious over death! 'What are these stones,' he said to himself, 'but monuments to oblivion.' They are not memorials of the dead, but memorials of the forgetfulness of the living. How vain it is to send a poor forsaken name, like the title-page of a lost book, down the careless stream of time! Let me serve my generation, and may God remember me!

Mr. MacDonald is a master of thought and sentiment, with fine fancy and descriptive power, but with little or no constructive tact. His ideas are apt to run away with him, and to cause one part of his story to move in a wholly different atmosphere from that of the other. The quaint realism of the first volume of 'David Elginbrod' but indifferently reconciles itself with the spiritualistic effusiveness of the latter. The 'Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood' errs in the same way, and also 'Malcolm;' yet what fine things are in those works! Mr. MacDonald's peculiar reaction against Calvinism is seen in most of his novels, particularly in 'Robert Falconer,' which is perhaps the

ablest of his tales. His Scotch is the dialect of the east of Scotland, Moray and Aberdeen—not the classic Scotch of Burns and Scott. His latest novel, 'St. George and St. Michael,' is English, and is a story of the time of the Commonwealth, the plot turning on the progress of the war. Lord Herbert, the inventor, is well drawn, and the novel has occasional touches of humour. Mr. MacDonald has been very successful in fairy stories, after the model of the German 'Marchen,' and his 'Phantastes' is in its way quite inimitable. As in all his tales Mr. MacDonald shews poetic feeling, we might expect to find him versifying, and accordingly he has written two or three volumes of poetry marked by penetration, sympathy, and subtle beauty of expression. In such lines as the following we see a fine lyrical power:

Come to us; above the storm
Ever shines the blue.
Come to us; beyond its form
Ever lies the True.

There is sunshine everywhere
For thy heart and mine:
God for every sin and care
Is the cure divine.

Mother, darling, do not weep—
All I cannot tell:
By and by, you'll go to sleep,
And you'll wake so well.

We're so happy all the day
Waiting for another;
All the flowers and sunshine stay
Waiting for you, mother.

Most of Mr. MacDonald's novels contain snatches of verse. In a longer poem, 'Hidden Life,' in blank verse, is the following Wordsworthian passage:

Love-dreams of a Peasant Youth.

He found the earth was beautiful. The sky
Shone with the expectation of the sun.
He grieved him for the daisies, for they fell
Caught in the furrow, with their innocent heads
Just out imploring. A gray hedgehog ran
With tangled mesh of bristling spikes, and face
Helplessly innocent, across the field:
He let it run, and blessed it as it ran.
Returned at noon-tide, something drew his feet
Into the barn: entering, he gazed and stood.
For, through the rent roof lighting, one sunbeam
Blazed on the yellow straw one golden spot,
Dulled all the amber heap, and sinking far,
Like flame inverted, through the loose-piled mound,
Crossed the keen splendour with dark shadow-straws,
In lines innumerable. 'Twas so bright.
His eye was cheated with a spectral smoke
That rose as from a fire. He had not known
How beautiful the sunlight was, not even
Upon the windy fields of morning grass,
Nor on the river, nor the ripening corn.
As if to catch a wild live thing, he crept
On tiptoe silent, laid him on the heap,
And gazing down into the glory-gulf,
Dreamed as a boy half-sleeping by the fire;
And dreaming rose, and got his horses out.
God, and not woman, is the heart of all.

But she, as priestess of the visible earth,
Holding the key, herself most beautiful,
Had come to him, and flung the portals wide.
He entered in: each beauty was a glass
That gleamed the woman back upon his view.
Shall I not rather say, each beauty gave
Its own soul up to him who worshipped her,
For that his eyes were opened thus to see?
Already in these hours his quickened soul
Put forth the white tip of a floral bud,
Ere long to be a crown-like aureole flower,
His songs unbidden, his joy in ancient tales,
Had hitherto alone betrayed the seed
That lay in his heart, close hidden even from him,
Yet not the less mellowing all his spring:
Like summer sunshine came the maiden's face,
And in the youth's glad heart, the seed awoke.
It grew and spread, and put forth many flowers,
And every flower a living open eye,
Until his soul was full of eyes within.
Each morning now was a fresh boon to him;
Each wind a spiritual power upon his life;
Each individual animal did share
A common being with him; every kind
Of flower from every other was distinct,
Uttering that from which alone it was—
Its something human, wrapt in other veil.
And when the winter came, when thick the snow
Armed the sad fields from gnawing of the frost,
When the low sun but skirted his far realms,
And sank in early night, he drew his chair
Beside the fire: and by the feeble lamp
Read book on book; and wandered other climes,
And lived in other lives and other needs,
And grew a larger self.

Mr. MacDonald has occasionally lectured on the poets—Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, &c.—to large intellectual audiences, in London and the provinces.

EDMUND YATES.

EDMUND HODGSON YATES, a miscellaneous writer and journalist (born in 1831), is author of several novels, including 'Kissing the Rod,' and 'Land at Last,' 1866; 'Wrecked in Port,' 1869; 'Dr. Wainwright's Patient,' and 'Nobody's Fortune,' 1871; 'The Castaway,' 1872; 'Two by Tricks,' 1874; &c. Mr. Yates was a contributor to Dickens's periodical 'All the Year Round,' in which appeared his novel of 'Black Sheep' and other works of fiction. As a dramatic writer and critic he is also well known. Indeed, for the drama Mr. Yates may be said to have a hereditary predeliction, as his father was a popular and accomplished actor and theatrical manager.

MISS BRADDON—LOUISE DE LA RAME.

MARY ELIZABETH BRADDON has produced about thirty novels, all of them shewing remarkable artistic skill in weaving the plot and arranging the incidents so as to enchain the reader's attention. This

is the distinguishing feature of the authoress rather than delineation of character. Some of her tales have a strong fascinating interest, and abound in dramatic scenes and powerful description. Her novels are full of surprises—literally packed with incidents of the most striking character—winding out interminably, and threatening to collapse in conflicting lines of interest, but just at the right moment they reunite themselves again with ingenious consistency. 'Lady Audley's Secret' and 'Aurora Floyd' may be considered as representative works, skilful in plot, but dealing with repellent phases of life and character. The following are among the best known of Miss Braddon's works: 'Lady Audley's Secret' (which had an amazing popularity, six editions being disposed of in as many weeks), 'Henry Dunbar,' 'Only a Clod,' 'Dead-Sea Fruit,' 'John Marchmont's Legacy,' 'The Lady's Mile,' 'Captain of the Vulture,' 'Birds of Prey,' 'Aurora Floyd,' the Doctor's Wife,' 'Eleanor's Victory,' 'Sir Jasper's Tenant,' 'Trail of the Serpent,' 'Charlotte's Inheritance,' 'Rupert Godwin,' 'Ralph the Bailiff,' 'The Lovels of Arden,' 'To the Bitter End,' &c. Miss Braddon has also produced some dramatic pieces and a volume of 'Poems' (1861), and she conducts a monthly magazine entitled 'Belgravia.' The prolific authoress is a native of London, daughter of Mr. Henry Braddon, a solicitor, and born in 1837.

A lady assuming the name of 'Ouida' (said to be LOUISE DE LA RAME, of French extraction) is author of a number of novels, characterised by gentle and poetic feeling and sentiment. Among these are: 'Folle-Farine;' 'Idalia, a Romance;' 'Chandos, a Novel;' 'Under Two Flags;' 'Cecil Castlemaine's Gage;' 'Tricotrin, the Story of a Waif and Stray,' 'Pascarèl, only a Story;' 'Held in Bondage, or Granville de Vigne;' 'A Dog of Flanders, and other Stories;' 'Puck, his Vicissitudes, Adventures,' &c.; 'Strathmore, or Wrought by his Own Hand,' &c.; 'Two Little Wooden Shoes.'

GEORGE ELIOT.

Under the name of 'George Eliot,' as author, a series of novels by a lady (said to be a native of the fair and classic county of Warwick) has appeared, dating from 1857, which are remarkable for fresh original power and faithful delineation of English country life. The first of these, entitled 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and attracted much attention. It was followed in 1859 by 'Adam Bede,' of which five editions were sold within as many months. The story of this novel is of the real school, as humble in most of its characters and as faithful in its portraiture as 'Jane Eyre.' The opening sentences disclose the worldly condition of the hero, and form a fine piece of English painting. The scene is the workshop of a carpenter in a village, and the date of the story 1799:

The afternoon sun was warm on the five workmen there, busy upon doors and window-frames and wainscoting. A scent of pine-wood from a tent-like pile of planks outside the open door mingled itself with the scent of the elder-bushes,

which were spreading their summer snow close to the open window opposite; the slanting sunbeams shone through the transparent shavings that flew before the steady plane, and lit up the fine grain of the oak panelling which stood propped against the wall. On a heap of those soft shavings a rough gray shepherd-dog had made himself a pleasant bed, and was lying with his nose between his fore-paws, occasionally wrinkling his brows to cast a glance at the tallest of the five workmen, who was carving a shield in the centre of a wooden mantel-piece. It was to this workman that the stronge barytone belonged which was heard above the sound of plane and hammer, singing:

'Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth'——

Here some measurement was to be taken which required more concentrated attention, and the sonorous voice subsided into a low whistle; but it presently broke out again with renewed vigour:

'Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear.'

Such a voice could only come from a broad chest, and the broad chest belonged to a large-boned muscular man, nearly six feet high, with a back so flat and a head so well poised, that when he drew himself up to take a more distant survey of his work, he had the air of a soldier standing at ease. The sleeve rolled up above the elbow shewed an arm that was likely to win the prize for feats of strength; yet the long supple hand, with its bony finger-tips, looked ready for works of skill. In his tall stalwartness, Adam Bede was a Saxon, and justified his name; but the jet-black hair, made the more noticeable by its contrast with the light paper-cap, and the keen glance of the dark eyes that shone from under strongly-marked, prominent, and mobile eyebrows, indicated a mixture of Celtic blood.

The real heroine of the tale is Dinah Morris, the Methodist preacher; but Adam Bede's love is fixed on a rustic coquette and beauty, thus finely described as standing in the dairy of the Hall Farm:

Hetty Sorrel.

It is of little use for me to tell you that Hetty's cheek was like a rose-petal, that dimples played about her pouting lips, that her large dark eyes had a soft roguishness under their long lashes, and that her curly hair, though all pushed back under her round cap while she was at work, stole back in dark delicate rings on her forehead and about her white shell-like ears; it is of little use for me to say how lovely was the contour of her pink and white neckerchief, tucked into her low plum-coloured stuff bodice; or how the linen butter-making apron, with its bib, seemed a thing to be imitated in silk by duchesses, since it fell in such charming lines; or how her brown stockings and thick-soled buckled shoes, lost all that clumsiness which they must certainly have had when empty of her foot and ankle; of little use, unless you have seen a woman who affected you as Hetty affected her beholders, for otherwise, though you might conjure up the image of a lovely woman, she would not in the least resemble that distracted kitten-like maiden. Hetty's was a spring-tide beauty; it was the beauty of young frisking things, round-limbed, gamboling, circumventing you by a false air of innocence—the innocence of a young star-browed calf, for example, that, being inclined for a promenade out of bounds, leads you a severe steeplechase over hedge and ditch, and only comes to a stand in the middle of a bog.

Poor Hetty's vanity and beauty led her to ruin. She agrees to marry Adam Bede, but at length goes away to seek her former lover, Arthur Donnithorne, the gentleman, and to hide her shame. The account of her wanderings and her meditated suicide is related with affecting minuteness and true pathos. Hetty is comforted by the gentle Methodist enthusiast, Dinah Morris, who at last becomes the wife of Adam Bede. The other characters in the novel are all dis-

tinct, well-defined individuals. The vicar of the parish, Mr. Irvine; the old bachelor schoolmaster, Bartle Massey; and Mr. and Mrs. Poyser of the Hall Farm, are striking, lifelike portraits. Mrs. Poyser is an original, rich in proverbial philosophy, good sense, and amusing volubility. The following is a discussion on matrimony, the interlocutors being the schoolmaster, the gardener, and Mr. and Mrs. Poyser.

Dialogue on Matrimony.

'What!' said Bartle, with an air of disgust. 'Was there a woman concerned? Then I give you up, Adam.'

'But it 's a woman you'n spoke well on, Bartle,' said Mr. Poyser. 'Come, now, you canna draw back; you said once as women wouldna ha' been a bad invention if they 'd all been like Dinah.'

'I meant her voice, man—I meant her voice, that was all,' said Bartle. 'I can bear to hear her speak without wanting to put wool in my ears. As for other things, I dare say she 's like the rest o' the women—thinks two and two 'll come to five, if she cries and bothers enough about it.'

'Ay, ay!' said Mrs. Poyser; 'one 'ud think, an' hear some folk talk, as the men war 'cute enough to count the corns in a bag o' wheat wi' only smelling at it. They can see through a barn-door, *they* can. Perhaps that 's the reason they can see so little o' this side on 't.'

Martin Poyser shook with delighted laughter, and winked at Adam, as much as to say the schoolmaster was in for it now.

'Ah;' said Bartle sneeringly, 'the women are quick enough—they 're quick enough. They know the rights of a story before they hear it, and can tell a man what his thoughts are before he knows 'em himself.'

'Like enough,' said Mrs. Poyser; 'for the men are mostly so s'ow, their thoughts overrun 'em, an' they can only catch 'em by the tail. I can count a stocking-top while a man 's getting 's tongue ready; an' when he out wi' his speech at last, there 's little broth to be made on 't. It 's your dead chicks take the longest hatchin'. Howiver, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men.'

'Match!' said Bartle; 'ay, as vinegar matches one's teeth. If a man says a word, his wife 'll match it with a contradiction; if he 's a mind for hot meat, his wife 'll match it with cold bacon; if he laughs, she 'll match him with whimpering. She 's such a match as the horsefly is to th' horse: she 's got the right venom to sting him with—the right venom to sting him with.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Poyser, 'I know what the men like—a poor soft, as 'ud simper at 'em like the pictur o' the sun, whether they did right or wrong, an' say thank you for a kick, an' pretend she didna know which end she stood uppermost, till her husband told her. That 's what a man wants in a wife, mostly: he wants to make sure o' one fool as 'll tell him he 's wise. But there 's some men can do wi'out that—they think so much o' themselves a'ready—an' that 's how it is there 's old bachelors.'

'Come, Craig,' said Mr. Poyser jocosely, 'you mun get married pretty quick, else you 'll be set down for an old bachelor; an' you see what the women 'ull think on you.'

'Well,' said Mr. Craig, willing to conciliate Mrs. Poyser, and setting a high value on his own compliments, 'I like a cleverish woman o' sperrit—a managing woman.'

'You 're out there, Craig,' said Bartle dryly; 'you 're out there. You judge o' your garden-stuff on a better plan than that: you pick the things for what they can excel in—for what they can excel in. You don't value your peas for their roots, or your carrots for their flowers. Now that 's the way you should choose women; their cleverness 'll never come to much—never come to much; but they make excellent simpletons, ripe and strong flavoured.'

'What dost say to that?' said Mr. Poyser, throwing himself back and looking merrily at his wife.

'Say!' answered Mrs. Poyser, with dangerous fire kindling in her eye; 'why, I say as some folk's tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' the day, but because there 's summat wrong i' their own inside.'

Of similar style with 'Adam Bede,' and with no diminution of power or reality, appeared in 1859 'The Mill on the Floss,' and in 1861 'Silas Marner,' not inferior to any of its predecessors. Silas is a weaver, a Dissenter, wronged and injured, a solitary unhappy man. 'You were hard done by once, Mr. Marner, and it seems as if you'll never know the rights of it; but that doesn't hinder there *being* a rights, Master Marner, for all its dark to you and me.' And this moral is evolved out of a painful but most interesting and powerful story. The fourth novel of the author was of a more ambitious cast: in 1863 was published 'Romola,' an historical novel of Italian life in the days of Savonarola, a highly-finished, eloquent, artistic work, and by a select class considered the greatest intellectual effort of the author. It was, however, not so popular as its predecessors, and the author returned to the familiar English scenes. 'Felix Holt, the Radical,' appeared in 1866. The title, and what by courtesy could be regarded as the main plot, have reference to politics, but most of the incidents and illustrations of character relate to religious and social peculiarities rather than to the party feelings of Tories, Whigs or Radicals. Though inferior in sustained interest to the other English tales of the author, 'Felix Holt' has passages of great vigour, and some exquisitely drawn characters—we may instance that of Rufus Lyon, a Dissenting minister—and also some fine, pure and natural description. The next novel of this brilliant series was 'Middlemarch, a Study of English Provincial Life,' 1871–2. In 1876 appeared 'Daniel Deronda,' a story of modern English life. The heroine of this story, a haughty capricious beauty, and some sketches in it of Jewish life and character, are as striking and original and powerfully drawn as anything in modern romance. Besides these prose fictions, George Eliot has sent forth an elaborate dramatic poem, 'The Gypsy Queen,' 1868, which abounds in subtle philosophical thought, and in scenes and lines of great beauty, yet has no strong prevailing interest. A second poetical work, 'Agatha, a Poem,' appeared in 1869.

George Eliot, we may add, is rich in reflective power and in the delineation of character. She also infuses into her writing a deep personal teaching which has laid hold of the most thoughtful, while hardly militating against the taste of careless or popular readers. This is distinctly seen in her 'Mill on the Floss,' 'Middlemarch,' and 'Daniel Deronda.' In these we have a strong belief in the past as a great determining element in character and possibility. The same feature occurs in 'The Spanish Gypsy,' in which the heroine fails to detach herself from a past that is, in certain respects, opposed to her highest aspirations. George Eliot has skilfully balanced depth of thought with ripe humour and invention. In her latest works she seems fond of drawing into her descriptions scientific and philosophical phrases, which occasionally seem out of place; there is also at times a slight touch of masculine coarseness in her metaphors and illustrations. The exquisite singer falls into a false note! But

what are these to the fascination of her style and her characters, and her features of English scenery and life? And we may also instance the learning and imagination so prominent and so finely blended in 'Romola,' which revives Italian life of the time of Savonarola.

Spring—Bright February Days.

"Bright February days have a stronger charm of hope about them than any other days in the year. One likes to pause in the mild rays of the sun, and look over the gates at the patient plough horses turning at the end of the furrow, and think that the beautiful year is all before one. The birds seem to feel just the same: their notes are as clear as the clear air. There are no leaves on the trees and hedgerows, but how green all the grassy fields are! and the dark purplish brown of the ploughed earth and of the bare branches is beautiful too. What a glad world this looks like, as one drives or rides along the valleys and over the hills! I have often thought so when in foreign countries, where the fields and woods have looked to me like our English Loamshire—the rich land tilled with just as much care, the woods rolling down the gentle slopes to the green meadows. I have come on something by the roadside which has reminded me that I am not in Loamshire: an image of a great agony—the agony of the cross. It has stood perhaps by the clustering apple blossoms, or on the broad sunshine by the corn-field, or at a turning by the wood where a clear brook was gurgling below: and surely, if there came a traveller to this world who knew nothing of the story of man's life upon it, this image of agony would seem to him strangely out of place in the midst of this joyous nature. He would not know that hidden behind the apple-blossoms, or among the golden corn, or under the shrouding boughs of the wood, there might be a human heart beating heavily with anguish; perhaps a young blooming girl, not knowing where to turn for refuge from swift-advancing shame; understanding no more of this life of ours than a foolish lost lamb wandering farther and farther in the nightfall on the lonely heath; yet tasting the bitterest of life's bitterness.

Such things are sometimes hidden among the sunny fields and behind the blossoming orchards; and the sound of the gurgling brook, if you come close to one spot behind a small bush, would be mingled for your ear with a despairing human sob. No wonder man's religion has much sorrow in it: no wonder he needs a suffering God.—*Adam Bede.*

It was in the prime
Of the sweet spring-time.
In the linnet's throat
Trembled the love-note,
And the love-stirred air
Thrilled the blossoms there.
Little shadows danced,
Each a tiny elf,
Happy in large light,
And the thinnest self.

It was but a minute
In a far-off spring,
But each gentle thing,
Sweetly wooing linnet,
Soft-thrilled hawthorn tree
Happy shadowy elf
With the thinnest self,
Love still on in me;
O the sweet, sweet prime
Of the past spring-time.

Spanish Gypsy.

Ruined Castles on the Rhine.—From 'The Mill on The Floss.'

Those ruins on the castled Rhine have crumbled and mellowed into such harmony with the green and rocky steeps, that they seem to have a natural fitness, like the mountain pine; nay, even in the day when they were built, they must have had this fitness, as if they had been raised by an earth-born race, who had inherited from their mighty parent a sublime instinct of form. And that was a day of romance! If those robber-barons were somewhat grim and drunken ogres, they had a certain grandeur of the wild beast in them—they were forest boars with tusks, tearing and rending, not the ordinary domestic grunter; they represented the demon forces for ever in collision with beauty, virtue, and the gentle uses of Life; they made a fine contrast in the picture with the wandering minstrel, the soft-lipped princess, the pious recluse, and the timid Israelite. That was a time of colour, when the sunlight fell on glancing steel and floating banners: a time of adventure and fierce struggle—

nay, of living religious art and religious enthusiasm: for were not cathedrals built in those days, and did not great emperors leave their western palaces to die before the infidel strongholds in the East! Therefore it is that these Rhine castles thrill me with a sense of poetry; they belong to the grand historic life of humanity, and raise up for me the vision of an epoch. But these dead-tinted, hollow-eyed angular skeletons of villages on the Rhine oppress me with the feeling that human life—very much of it—is a narrow, ugly, grovelling existence which even calamity does not elevate, but rather tends to exhibit in all its bare vulgarity of conception; and I have a cruel conviction that the lives these ruins are the traces of, were part of a gross sum of obscure vitality, that will be swept into the same oblivion with the generations of ants and beavers.

Saint Theresa.—Unfulfilled Aspirations.—From 'Middlemarch.'

Who that cares much to know the history of man, and how the mysterious mixture behave under the varying experiments of time, has not dwelt, at least briefly, on the life of Saint Theresa, has not smiled with some gentleness at the thought of the little girl walking forth one morning hand-in-hand with her still smaller brother, to go and seek martyrdom in the country of the Moors? Out they toddled from rugged Avila, wide-eyed and helpless-looking as two fawns, but with human hearts, already beating to a national idea; until domestic reality met them in the shape of uncles, and turned them back from their great resolve. That child-pilgrimage was a fit beginning. Theresa's passionate, ideal nature demanded an epic life: what were many-volumned romances of chivalry and the social conquests of a brilliant girl to her? Her flame quickly burned up that light fuel; and, fed from within, soared after some illimitable satisfaction, some object which would never justify weariness, which would reconcile self-despair with the rapturous consciousness of life beyond self. She found her epos in the reform of a religious order.

That Spanish woman who lived three hundred years ago, was certainly not the last of her kind. Many Theresas have been born who found for themselves no epic life wherein there was a constant unfolding of far-resonant action; perhaps only a life of mistakes, the offspring of a certain spiritual grandeur ill-matched with the meanness of opportunity; perhaps a tragic failure which found no sacred poet, and sank unwept into oblivion. With dim lights and tangled circumstance they tried to shape their thought and deed in noble agreement; but after all, to common eyes their struggles seemed mere inconsistency and formlessness; for these later-born Theresas were helped by no coherent social faith and order which could perform the function of knowledge for the ardently willing soul. Their ardour alternated between a vague ideal and the common yearning of womanhood; so that the one was disapproved as extravagance, and the other condemned as a lapse.

Some have felt that these blundering lives are due to the inconvenient indefiniteness with which the Supreme Power has fashioned the natures of women; if there were one level of feminine incompetence as strict as the ability to count three and no more, the social lot of women might be treated with scientific certitude. Meanwhile, the indefiniteness remains, and the limits of variation are really much wider than any one would imagine from the sameness of women's coiffure and the favourite love stories in prose and verse. Here and there a cygnet is reared uneasily among the ducklings in the brown pond, and never finds the living stream in fellowship with his own oary-footed kind. Here and there is born a Saint Theresa, foundress of nothing, whose loving heart beats and sobs after an unattained goodness, tremble off, and are dispersed among hindrances, instead of centering in some long-recognisable deed.

Detached Thoughts.

Comprehensive talkers are apt to be tiresome when we are not athirst for information, but, to be quite fair, we must admit that superior reticence is a good deal due to the lack of matter. Speech is often barren; but silence also does not necessarily brood over a full nest. Your still fowl, blinking at you without remark, may all the while be sitting on one addled nest-egg; and when it takes to cackling, will have nothing to announce but that addled delusion.

All knowledge which alters our lives, penetrates us more when it comes in the early morning: the day that has to be travelled with something new, and perhaps for ever sad in its light, is an image of the life that spreads beyond. But at night the time of rest is near.

We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it—if it were not the earth where the same flowers come up again every spring, that we used to gather with our tiny fingers as we sat lisping to ourselves on the grass—the same redbreasts that we used to call God's birds, because they do no harm to the precious crops. What novelty is worth that sweet monotony where everything is known, and *loved* because it is known?

O the anguish of that thought, that we can never atone to our dead for the stinted affection we gave them, for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings, for the little reverence we shewed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God has given us to know!

No story is the same to us after a lapse of time; or rather, we who read it are no longer the same interpreters. Melodies die out like the pipe of Pan, with the ears that love them and listen for them.

The finest language, I believe, is chiefly made up of unimposing words, such as 'light,' 'sound,' 'stars,' 'music'—words really not worth looking at, or hearing in themselves, any more than 'chips' or 'sawdust:' it is only that they happen to be the signs of something unspeakably great and beautiful.

MRS. CRAIK (MISS MULOCK).

In 1849 appeared 'The Ogilvies'—'a first novel,' as the authoress timidly announced, but without giving her name. It was instantly successful, and appreciated as a work of genius, 'written with deep earnestness, and pervaded by a deep and noble philosophy.' The accomplished lady who had thus delighted and benefited society by her 'first novel' was DINAH MARIA MULOCK, born at Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire. The success of her story soon led to others, and we subjoin a list of the works of this authoress—a list which gives a picture of a wonderfully active literary career and prolific genius: NOVELS: 'The Ogilvies,' 1849; 'Olive,' 1850; 'The Head of the Family,' 1851; 'Agatha's Husband,' 1853; 'John Halifax' 1857; 'A Life for a Life,' 1859; 'Mistress and Maid,' 1863; 'Christian's Mistake,' 1865; 'A Noble Life,' 1866; 'Two Marriages,' 1867; 'The Woman's Kingdom,' 1869; 'A Brave Lady,' 1870; 'Hannah,' 1871. MISCELLANEOUS WORKS: 'Avillion and other Tales,' 1853; 'Nothing New,' 1857; 'A Woman's Thoughts about Woman,' 1858; 'Studies from Life,' 1861; 'The Unkind Word and other Stories,' 1870; 'Fair France,' 1871; 'Sermons Out of Church.' CHILDREN'S BOOKS: 'Alice Learmont, a Fairy Tale;' 'Rhoda's Lessons,' 'Cola Monti,' 'A Hero,' 'Bread upon the Waters,' 'The Little Lychetts,' 'Michael the Miner,' 'Our Year,' 'Little Sunshine's Holiday,' 'Adventures of a Brownie.' Besides the above, this authoress has written a number of poetical pieces, and translated several works.

In 1865 Miss Mulock was married to Mr. George Lillie Craik, publisher, son of the Rev. Dr. Craik, Glasgow, and nephew of Professor Craik. As a moral teacher, none of the novelists of the present day excels Mrs. Craik. She is not formally didactic—she insinuates in-

struction. A too prolonged feminine softness and occasional sentimentalism constitute the defects of her novels, though less prominent in her later works than in her first two novels. Her mission, it has justly been remarked, is to shew 'how the trials, perplexities, joys, sorrows, labours, and successes of life deepen or wither the character according to its inward bent—how continued insincerity gradually darkens and corrupts the life-springs of the mind—and how every event, adverse or fortunate, tends to strengthen and expand a high mind, and to break the springs of a selfish or even merely weak and self-indulgent nature.'* In carrying out this moral purpose, Mrs. Craik displays eloquence, pathos, a subdued but genial humour, and happy delineation of character. Of all her works, 'John Halifax' (of which the eighteenth edition is now before us) is the greatest favourite, and is indeed a noble story of English domestic life.

Death of Muriel, the Blind Child.—From 'John Halifax.'

John opened the large Book—the Book he had taught all his children to long for and to love—and read out of it their favourite history of Joseph and his brethren. The mother sat by him at the fireside, rocking Maud softly on her knees. Edwin and Walter settled themselves on the hearth-rug, with great eyes intently fixed on their father. From behind him the candle-light fell softly down on the motionless figure in the bed, whose hand he held, and whose face he ever now and then turned to look at—then, satisfied, continued to read. In the reading his voice had a fatherly, flowing calm—as Jacob's might have had, when 'the children were tender,' and he gathered them all round him under the palm-trees of Succoth—years before he cried unto the Lord that bitter cry (which John hurried over as he read): '*If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.*'

For an hour, nearly, we all sat thus, with the wind coming up the valley, howling in the beech-wood, and shaking the casement as it passed outside. Within the only sound was the father's voice. This ceased at last; he shut the Bible, and put it aside. The group—that last perfect household picture—was broken up. It melted away into things of the past, and became only a picture for evermore.

'Now, boys, it is full time to say good-night. There, go and kiss your sister.' 'Which?' said Edwin, in his funny way. 'We've got two now; and I don't know which is the biggest baby.' 'I'll thrash you if you say that again.' cried Guy. 'Which, indeed! Maud is but the baby. Muriel will be always sister.' 'Sister,' faintly laughed as she answered his fond kiss—Guy was often thought to be her favourite brother. 'Now, off with you, boys; and go down-stairs quietly—mind, I say quietly.'

They obeyed—that is, as literally as boy-nature can obey such an admonition. But an hour after, I heard Guy and Edwin arguing vociferously in the dark, on the respective merits and future treatment of their two sisters, Muriel and Maud.

John and I sat up late together that night. He could not rest, even though he told me he had left the mother and her two daughters as cosy as a nest of wood-pigeons. We listened to the wild night, till it had almost howled itself away; then our fire went out, and we came and sat over the last faget in Mrs. Tod's kitchen, the old Debateable Land. We began talking of the long-ago time, and not of this time at all. The vivid present—never out of either mind for an instant—we in our conversation did not touch upon, by at least ten years. Nor did we give expression to a thought which strongly oppressed me, and which I once or twice fancied I could detect in John likewise: how very like this night seemed to the night when Mr. March died; the same silentness in the house, the same windy whirl without, the same blaze of the wood-fire on the same kitchen ceiling. More than once I could almost have deluded myself that I heard the faint moans and footsteps overhead;

* *North British Review*, November 1853.

that the staircase door would open and we should see there Miss March, in her white gown, and her pale, steadfast look.

'I think the mother seemed very well and calm to-night,' I said, hesitatingly, as we were retiring. 'She is, God help her—and us all!' 'He will.' That was all we said.

He went up stairs the last thing, and brought down word that mother and children were sound asleep.

'I think I may leave them until daylight to-morrow. And now, Uncle Phineas, go you to bed, for you look as tired as tired can be.'

I went to bed; but all night long I had disturbed dreams, in which I pictured over and over again, first the night when Mr. March died, then the night at Longfield, when the little white ghost had crossed by my bed's foot, into the room where Mary Baines' dead boy lay. And continually, towards morning, I fancied I heard through my window, which faced the church, the faint, distant sound of the organ, as when Muriel used to play it.

Long before it was daylight I rose. As I passed the boys' room, Guy called out to me: 'Halloa! Uncle Phineas, is it a fine morning? for I want to go down into the wood and get a lot of beech-nuts and fir-cones for sister. It's her birthday to-day, you know.' It *was* for her. But for us—O Muriel, our darling, darling child!

Let me hasten over the story of that morning, for my old heart quails before it still. John went early to the room up-stairs. It was very still. Ursula lay calmly asleep, with baby Maud in her bosom; on her other side, with eyes wide open to the daylight, lay—that which for more than ten years we had been used to call 'blind Muriel.' She saw now. . . .

Just the same homely room—half bed-chamber, half a nursery—the same little curtainless bed where, for a week past, we had been accustomed to see the wasted figure and small pale face lying in smiling quietude, all day long.

It lay there still. In it, and in the room, was hardly any change. One of Walter's playthings was in a corner of the window-sill, and on the chest of drawers stood the nosegay of Christmas roses which Guy had brought for his sister yesterday morning. Nay, her shawl—a white, soft, furry shawl, that she was fond of wearing—remained still hanging up behind the door. One could almost fancy the little maid had just been said 'good night' to, and left to dream the childish dreams on her nursery pillow, where the small head rested so peacefully, with that pretty babyish nightcap tied over the pretty curls. There she was, the child who had gone out of the number of our children—our earthly children—for ever.

The Chateau of La Garaye.—From 'Fair France.'

Mrs. Norton's poem has made well known that touching story of a devoted husband and his beautiful loving wife, whom a sudden accident changed into a crippled invalid for life; how they turned their house into a hospital, and both gave themselves to the end of their days to the duty of succouring the afflicted, with not only their personal fortune, but personal care. They quitted entirely the gay world in which they were born, and hid themselves in this far-away nook among their sick, whom they personally tended. For this end they both studied medicine and surgery; and the comtesse is reported to have been a famous oculist. They died—happily almost a quarter of a century before the brutalities of the Revolution destroyed the fruit of their labours, and made the Château of La Garaye the ruin it is now. . . .

It is that most touching form of ruin—no castle, not even a baronial mansion, only a house. The gates of the garden, where the lady of La Garaye may have cultivated her medicinal plants, are broken and lichen-covered; the gnarled apple-trees still bear fruit in their old age, and that day were a picture of rosy plenty; but over everything is thrown the shade of desolation. Round the shattered windows, from which many a sick face may have looked out, gazing its last on this beautiful world, and many another brightened into health as it caught its first hopeful peep at the half-forgotten world outside; round these blank eyeless windows, climb gigantic brambles, trailing along heavy with fruit as large and sweet as mulberries. Once more we gathered and ate, almost with solemnity. It was a subject too tender for much speaking about—that of a life, which, darkened for ever, took comfort in giving light and blessing to other lives sadder than its own—a subject that Dickens

might have written about—Dickens, whom, as I set down his name here, I start to remember, has been these twenty-four hours—*only* twenty-four hours—one of us mortals no more, but a disembodied soul:

Oh, the solemn and strange
Surprise of the change!

Yet how soon shall we all become shadows—those who are written about, and those who write—shadows as evanescent as the gentle ghosts which seem to haunt this ruined house, this deserted, weed-covered garden, which scarcely more than a century ago was full of life—life with all its burdens and all its blessedness, its work and suffering, pleasure and pain, now swept away together into eternal rest!

The Last Look of England.—From 'Hannah.'

There is a picture familiar to many, for it was in the Great Exhibition of 1851, and few stopped to look at it without tears—'The Last Look of Home,' by Ford Madox Browne. Merely a bit of a ship's side—one of those emigrant ships such as are constantly seen at Liverpool, or other ports whence they sail—with its long row of dangling cabbages, and its utter confusion of cargo and passengers. There, indifferent to all, and intently gazing on the receding shore, sit two persons, undoubtedly a man and his wife, emigrants bidding adieu to home for ever. The man is quite broken-down, but the woman, sad as she looks, has hope and courage in her face. Why not? In one hand she firmly grasps her husband's; the other supports her sleeping babe. *She* is not disconsolate, for she carries her 'home' with her.

In the picture the man is not at all like Bernard certainly; but the woman is exceedingly like Hannah in expression at least, as she sat on the deck of the French steamer, taking her last look of dear old England, with its white cliffs glimmering in the moonlight, fainter and fainter every minute, across the long reach of Southampton Water.

Bernard sat beside her, but he too was very silent. He meant to go back again as soon as he had seen her and Rosie and Grace safely landed at Havre; but he knew that to Hannah this farewell of her native land was, in all human probability, a farewell 'for good.' Ay, for good, in the fullest sense; and she believed it; believed that they were both doing right, and that God's blessing would follow them wherever they went; yet she could not choose but be a little sad, until she felt the touch of the small, soft hand which, now as ever, was continuously creeping into Tannie's. Then she was content. If it had been God's will to give her no future of her own at all, she could have rested happily in that of the child and the child's father.

It happened to be a most beautiful night for crossing—the sea calm as glass, and the air mild as summer, though it was in the beginning of November. Hannah could not bear to go below, but with Rosie and Grace occupied one of those pleasant cabins upon deck, sheltered on three sides, open on the fourth. There, wrapt in countless rugs and shawls, Rosie being in an ecstacy at the idea of going to bed in her clothes, 'all under the tars' (*s* was still an impossible first consonant to the baby tongue), she settled down for the night, with her child in her arms, and her faithful servant at her feet. . . .

When she woke it was no longer moonlight, but daylight, at least daybreak; for she could discern the dark outline of the man at the wheel, the only person she saw on deck. The boat seemed to be passing swiftly and silently as a phantom ship through a phantom ocean; she hardly knew whether she was awake or asleep, dead or alive, till she felt the soft breathing of the child in her arms, and with a passion of joy remembered all.

A few minutes after, Hannah, raising her head as high as she could without disturbing Rosie, saw a sight which she had never seen before, and never in all her life may see again, but will remember to the end of her days.

Just where sea and sky met, was a long, broad line of most brilliant amber, gradually widening and widening as the sun lifted himself out of the water and shot his rays, in the form of a crown, right up into the still dark zenith. Then, as he climbed higher, every floating cloud—and the horizon seemed full of them—became of a brilliant rose hue, until the whole heaven blazed with colour and light. In the midst of

it all, dim as a dream, but with all these lovely tints flitting over it, Hannah saw, far in the distance, the line of the French shore.

MRS. OLIPHANT.

The tales illustrative of Scottish life by MRS. OLIPHANT (*nee* Margaret O. Wilson), have been distinguished by a graceful simplicity and truth. One of the first is in the form of an autobiography, 'Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside,' 1849. The quiet pathos and domestic incidents of this story are not unworthy of Galt, whose 'Annals of the Parish' probably suggested to Mrs. Oliphant the outline of her tale. In 1851, 'Merkland, a Story of Scottish Life,' appeared, and sustained the reputation of the authoress. There is here a plot of stirring interest and greater variety of characters, though the female portraits are still the best drawn. 'Adam Græme of Mossgray,' 1852, presents another series of home pictures, but is inferior to its predecessors. 'Harry Muir,' 1853, aims at inculcating temperance, and is a powerful pathetic tale. The hero is one of those characters common in life, but difficult to render interesting in fiction—a good-natured, pleasant youth, easily led into evil as well as good courses. 'Magdalen Hepburn, a Story of the Scottish Reformation,' 1854, may be considered a historical romance, as Knox and other characters of his age are introduced, and the most striking scenes relate to the progress of the Reformation. The interior pictures of the authoress are still, however, the most winning portion of her works. 'Lilliesleaf,' 1855, is a concluding series of 'Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland,' and the authoress has had the rare felicity of making the second equal to the first portion. 'Zaidee, a Romance,' 1856, is in a style new to Mrs. Oliphant. The scene is laid partly in Cheshire and partly abroad, and the heroine, like Jane Eyre, is an orphan, who passes through various trying scenes and adventures—nearly all interesting, though in many instances highly improbable. Two shorter tales, 'Katie Stewart' and 'The Quiet Heart,' have been published by Mrs. Oliphant in 'Blackwood's Magazine.' Almost every year has borne testimony to the talents and perseverance of this accomplished lady. Among her recent works of fiction are—'Agnes,' 1867; 'The Brownlows,' 1868; 'The Minister's Wife,' 1869; 'Chronicles of Carlingford;' 'Salem Chapel,' 1869; 'John, a Love Story;' 'Three Brothers;' 'Son of the Soil,' 1870; 'Squire Arden,' 1871; 'Ombra,' 1872; 'At His Gates,' 1872; 'Innocent,' 1873; 'May,' 1873; 'For Love and Life,' 1874; 'A Rose in June,' 1874; 'The Story of Valentine and his Brothers,' 1875; 'Whiteladies,' 1875; 'The Curate in Charge,' 1876, &c.

Mrs. Oliphant has been more versatile than any other of our living female novelists. She has tried the pure character story, with which, indeed, she may be said to have started in 'Kate Stewart,' a tale of Fifeshire (to which county she belongs), and since then she has been

sensational, domestic, and psychological by turns. Her critical and historical papers in 'Blackwood' are ably and finely written. In her novels, Mrs. Oliphant has great powers of construction, knowledge of human nature, and penetration, added to extensive knowledge of society, and the modes and manners of foreign countries. Her 'Salem Chapel,' which first raised its author to wide popularity, is an excellent specimen of the story of character, full of shrewd observation; and the same remark applies to 'The Chronicles of Carlingford.' In 'The Squire of Arden' and in 'Madonna Mary' we have the novel of society and plot: whilst in such tales as 'At His Gates' we find plot and sensation most prominent, and in 'Agnes,' 'The Minister's Wife,' 'Innocent,' and 'Valentine and his Brother,' we have what are really psychological stories, in which the morbid or exceptional type of character is a main element. Mrs. Oliphant, however, takes care to accompany all such effects with enough of relief and variety of other characters and situations to maintain general interest. For example, the Italian child 'Innocent'—half idiot—is thrown into such situations as introduce us to many characters in whom we are deeply interested, though they never overshadow the chief figure; and in the father of 'Valentine and his brother,' we are introduced to various Scotch characters and to sketches of fine society abroad. In pathos, we think this accomplished novelist deficient—that is inferior to herself in other respects—and occasionally careless as to style. She rambles into long-winded sentences and paragraphs in which repetition is frequent. But for this defect, her tale of 'Whiteladies' would have been a most powerful story of motive and conscience, worthy of Hawthorne. 'The Curate in Charge' is one of the happiest of her long file of creations. It may be considered an exposé of the evils of patronage in the church; and, though cynical, possesses scenes of true pathos—such as the death of the old curate, and the efforts of his daughters afterwards to support themselves. Mrs. Oliphant's latest novel, 'Phœbe, Junior,' is no less interesting and life-like.

An English Rector and Rectory.

'Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things. Let the child alone—she will never be young again if she should live a hundred years!'

These words were spoken in the garden of Dinglefield Rectory on a very fine summer day a few years ago. The speaker was Mr. D. Lamerel, the rector, a middle-aged man, with very fine, somewhat worn features, a soft benignant smile, and, as everybody said who knew him, the most charming manners in the world. He was a man of very elegant mind as well as manners. He did not preach often, but when he did preach all the educated persons of his congregation felt that they had very choice fare indeed set before them. I am afraid the poor folk liked the curate best, but then the curate liked them best, and it mattered very little to any man or woman of refinement what sentiment existed between the cottages and the curate. Mr. Damerel was perfectly kind and courteous to everybody, gentle and simple, who came in his way, but he was not fond of poor people in the abstract. He disliked everything that was unlovely, and alas! there are a great many unlovely things in poverty.

The rectory garden at Dinglefield is a delightful place. The house is on the summit of a little hill or rather tableland, for in the front, towards the green, all is level and soft, as becomes an English village; but on the other side the descent begins towards the lower country, and from the drawing-room windows and the lawn, the

view extended over a great plain, lighted up with links of the river, and fading into unspeakable hazes of distance, such as were the despair of every artist, and the delight of the fortunate people who lived there, and were entertained day by day with the sight of all the sunsets, the mid-day splendours, the flying shadows, and soft prolonged twilights. Mr. Damerel was fond of saying that no place he knew so lent itself to idleness as this. 'Idleness! I speak as the foolish ones speak,' he would say, 'for what occupation could be more ennobling than to watch those gleams and shadows—all nature spread out before you, and demanding attention, though so softly that only they who have ears hear? I allow, my gentle Nature here does not shout at you, and compel your regard, like her who dwells among the Alps, for instance, My dear, you are always practical—but so long as you leave me my landscape I want little more.'

Thus the rector would discourse. It was very little more he wanted—only to have his garden and lawn in perfect order, swept and trimmed every morning like a lady's boudoir, and refreshed with every variety of flower: to have his table not heavily loaded with vulgar English joints, but daintily covered, and oh! so daintily served; the linen always fresh, the crystal always fine, the ladies dressed as ladies should be: to have his wine, of which he took very little, always fine, of choice vintage, and with a bouquet that rejoiced the heart; to have plenty of new books: to have quiet undisturbed by the noise of the children, or any other troublesome noise such as broke the harmony of nature: and especially undisturbed by bills and cares, such as, he declared, at once shorten the life and take all pleasure out of it. This was all he required: and surely never man had tastes more moderate, more innocent, more virtuous and refined.

The little scene to which I have thus abruptly introduced the reader took place in the most delicious part of the garden. The deep stillness of noon was over the sunshiny world; part of the lawn was brilliant in light; the very insects were subdued out of their buzz of activity by the spell of the sunshine; but here, under the lime-tree, there was grateful shade, where everything took breath. Mr. Damerel was seated in a chair which had been made expressly for him, and which combined the comfort of soft cushions with such a rustic appearance as became its habitation out of doors; under his feet was a soft Persian rug in colours blended with all the harmony which belongs to the Eastern loom; at his side a pretty carved table, with a raised rim, with books upon it, and a thin Venice glass containing a rose.

Another rose, the Rose of my story, was half-sitting, half-reclining on the grass at his feet—a pretty, light figure in a soft muslin dress, almost white, with bits of soft rose-coloured ribbon here and there. She was the eldest child of the house. Her features I do not think were at all remarkable, but she had a bloom so soft, so delicate, so sweet, that her father's fond title for her, 'a Rose in June,' was everywhere acknowledged as appropriate. A rose of the very season of roses was this Rose. Her very smile, which came and went like breath, never away for two minutes together, yet never lasting beyond the time you look to look at her, was flowery too. I can scarcely tell why. For my own part, she always reminded me not so much of a garden rose in its glory, as of a branch of wild roses all blooming and smiling from the bough, here pink, here white, here with a dozen ineffable tints. . . In all her life she had never had occasion to ask herself was she happy? Of course she was happy! Did not she live, and was not that enough?

Fiction and Biography—From 'Agnes.'

It has always been my opinion that, as the great value of fiction lies in its power of delineating life, there may be cases in which it may assume to a certain extent the form of biography; I do not mean of autobiography, which is sufficiently common in novels; but that the writer of fiction may occasionally be permitted to supplement the work of the serious biographer—to depict scenes which never could be depicted as happening to any actual individual, and to reveal sentiments which may be in many minds, but which none would care in their own person to give expression to. I do not believe that there ever was, or could be, in this world a *wholly* true, candid, and unreserved biography, revealing all the dispositions, or even, without exception, all the facts of any existence. Indeed, the thing is next to impossible; since in that case, the subject of the biography must be a man or woman without reserve, without delicacy, and without those secrets which are inevitable even to the most

stainless spirit. Even fiction itself, which is less responsible, can in many instances only skim the surface of the real. Most people must be aware, in their own experience, that of those passages of their lives which have affected them most they could give only the baldest description to their friends; and that their saddest and supremest moments are hidden in their own hearts, and never find any expression. It is only in the region of pure invention that the artist can find a model who has no secrets from him, but lies all open and disclosed to his investigation.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

The most prolific novelist of the present times—far exceeding Scott and Dickens in the number of his works—is MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE, second son of the late Mr. T. A. Trollope, barrister, and of Mrs. Trollope, noticed in a previous page as a distinguished authoress. Anthony was born April 24, 1815, and was educated at Winchester and Harrow. Having obtained an appointment in the General Post-office, he rose high in the service, and was despatched to Egypt, America, and other countries, in order to arrange postal conventions. He retired from the service in 1867, having made a handsome competency by his literary labours, which he was enabled to carry on during the busiest portions of his life by means of the invaluable habit of early rising. It was while stationed in Ireland, in the surveyor's department of the Post-office, that Mr. Trollope commenced his career as an author. In 1847 he published the first of his long file of novels—an Irish story entitled 'The Macdermotts of Ballycloran.' This was followed, a twelvemonth afterwards, by another Irish tale, 'The Kellys and the O'Kellys, or Landlords and Tenants.' Conscious of his powers, and sure of readers, Mr. Trollope continued to pour forth works of fiction, among which are the following: 'La Vendée,' 1850; 'The Warden,' 1855; 'Barchester Towers,' 1857; 'The Three Clerks,' 1858; 'Doctor Thorne,' 1858; 'The Bertrams,' 1859; 'Castle Richmond,' 1860; 'Framley Parsonage,' 1861; 'Orley Farm,' 1861; 'Tales of All Countries,' 1861; 'Rachel Ray,' 1863; 'Can You Forgive Her?' 1864; 'The Small House at Allington,' 1864; 'Miss Mackenzie,' 1865; 'The Belton Estate,' 1866; 'The Last Chronicle of Barset,' 1867; 'The Claverings,' 1867; 'Lotta Schmidt and other Stories,' 1867; 'He Knew he was Right,' 1869; 'Phineas Finn,' 1899; 'An Editor's Tales,' 1870; 'The Vicar of Bullhampton,' 1870; 'Ralph the Heir,' 1871; 'Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite,' 1871; 'The Struggles of Brown, Jones, and Robinson;' 'The Eustace Diamonds,' 1872–3; 'The Golden Lion of Grandpere,' 1872–3; 'Harry Heathcote of Gangoil,' 'Lady Anna,' 'Phineas Redux,' 1874; 'The Way We Live Now,' and 'Diamond Cut Diamond,' 1875; 'The Prime Minister,' 1876; &c. Besides the above works of fiction, Mr. Trollope has written 'The West Indies and the Spanish Main,' a pleasing volume of travels and description, published in 1859; 'North America,' 2 vols., 1862; 'Hunting Sketches,' 1865; 'Travelling Sketches,' 1866; 'Clergymen of the Church of England,' 1866 (these last three works were reprints from the 'Pall Mall Gazette);' 'British Sports and Pastimes,' 1868; 'Australia and

New Zealand,' 2 vols., 1873. Mr. Trollope was for about three years editor of 'Saint Paul's Magazine,' and he has contributed largely to other periodicals.

Mr. Trollope is emphatically a 'man of the time,' the very antipodes of imaginative writers like George MacDonald. He is a realist, a painter of men and manners of the present day, a satirist within a certain range, ready to make use of any type that may present itself, and seem characteristic as a product of the special conditions of the present century. He is rather conservative and High Church, his best portraitures being those of the clergy. Who can ever forget Mr. Slope, Dr. Grantly, Bishop Prowdie or Mrs. Prowdie? Ladies of rank, aspiring members of parliament (Irish and English), habitues of the clubs, Australian stockmen, female adventurers—all of these, and many more, he has taken up, and so set them in midst of their surroundings, that his pictures look like photographs, and they seem to be produced as easily as the photographer throws off his scenes and portraits.* Mr. Trollope is eminently practical and also public-minded, for his characters frequently refer to great public questions, and suggest political changes. His humour is peculiar to himself, dry, direct, and with no infusion of sentiment. In his excellent story, 'The Small Houses of Allington,' he will not allow sentiment to suggest even the slightest poetical justice in reference to his beautiful and brave, but unfortunate heroine, Lily Dale. The reality of his subsidiary characters, and his manner of seizing on peculiar traits without dwelling on them, so as to suggest *oddity*, separate him entirely from the school of Dickens, whilst his dislike of moralising, and his trick of satire, separate him as distinctly from the school of Thackeray, in whom tenderness always lies alongside the cynical touches and bitterness. Mr. Trollope's style is clear, natural, sometimes eloquent, and without any trace of artifice.

The Archdeacon's Sanctum and the Old Church.

No room could have been more becoming for a dignitary of the church. Each wall was loaded with theology; over each separate book-case was printed in small gold letters the names of those great divines whose works were ranged beneath; beginning from the early fathers in due chronological order, there were to be found the precious labours of the chosen servants of the church down to the last pamphlet written in opposition to the consecration of Dr. Hampden; and raised above this were to be seen the busts of the greatest among the great—Chrysostom, St. Augustine, Thomas à Becket, Cardinal Wolsey, Archbishop Laud and Dr. Philpotts.

* In a lecture delivered in Natal by the Hon. Mr. Broome, secretary to the colony, and republished in the literary journal *Evening Hours*, is the following:

"'Don't you ever,'' said a friend of mine to Mr. Trollope, "find a difficulty in beginning?'' "Not at all—why should I? I sit down to write and what difficulty is there? I do just four hundred words in a quarter of an hour." Nothing seems to disturb the even tenor of Mr. Trollope's pen. The other day, going out to Australia round the Cape, he had a cabin fitted with a desk, and wrote novels at sea just as usual for a certain time and a certain number of pages every morning. He published about one every two months for some time after he returned to England. But Mr. Trollope's ruling passion is not novel-writing, but the hunting-field, and the last time I met him, in the vestibule of the Garrick Club, his arm was in a sling from a bad fall with the Berkshire hounds.'

Every application that could make study pleasant and give ease to the over-toiled brain was there; chairs made to relieve each limb and muscle; reading-desks and writing-desks to suit every attitude; lamps and candles mechanically contrived to throw their light on any favoured spot, as the student might desire; a shoal of newspapers to amuse the few leisure moments which might be stolen from the labours of the day; and then from the window a view right through a bosky vista, along which ran a broad green path from the rectory to the church, at the end of which the tawny-tinted fine old tower was seen with all its variegated pinnacles and parapets. Few parish churches in England are in better repair, or better worth keeping so, than that at Plumstead Episcopi; and yet it is built in a faulty style; the body of the church is low—so low that the nearly flat leaden roof would be visible from the churchyard, were it not for the carved parapet with which it is surrounded. It is cruciform, though the transepts are irregular, one being larger than the other; and the tower is much too high in proportion to the church; but the color of the building is perfect; it is that rich yellow gray which one finds nowhere but in the south and west of England, and which is so strong a characteristic of most of our old houses of Tudor architecture. The stone-work is also beautiful; the mullions of the windows and the rich tracery of the Gothic workmanship are as rich as fancy can desire; and though in gazing on such a structure, one knows by rule that the old priests who built it, built it wrong, one cannot bring one's self to wish that they should have made it other than it is.

A Low-church Chaplain.—From 'Barchester Towers.'

Mr. Slope soon comforted himself with the reflection, that as he had been selected as chaplain to the bishop, it would probably be in his power to get the good things in the bishop's gift, without troubling himself with the bishop's daughter; and he found himself able to endure the pangs of rejected love. As he sat himself down in the railway carriage, confronting the bishop and Mrs. Proudie, as they started on their first journey to Barchester, he began to form in his own mind a plan of his future life. He knew well his patron's strong points, but he knew the weak ones as well. He understood correctly enough to what attempts the new bishop's high spirit would soar, and he rightly guessed that the public life would better suit the great man's taste, than the small details of diocesan duty.

He, therefore—he, Mr. Slope—would in effect be bishop of Barchester. Such was his resolve; and to give Mr. Slope his due, he had both courage and spirit to bear him out in his resolution. He knew that he should have a hard battle to fight, for the power and patronage of the see would be equally coveted by another great mind—Mrs. Proudie would also choose to be bishop of Barchester. Slope, however, flattered himself that he could out-manœuvre the lady. She must live much in London, while he would always be on the spot. She would necessarily remain ignorant of much, while he would know everything belonging to the diocese. At first, doubtless, he must flatter and cajole, perhaps yield in some things; but he did not doubt of ultimate triumph. If all other means failed, he could join the bishop against his wife, inspire courage into the unhappy man, lay an axe to the root of the woman's power, and emancipate the husband.

Such were his thoughts as he sat looking at the sleeping pair in the railway-carriage, and Mr. Slope is not the man to trouble himself with such thoughts for nothing. He is possessed of more than average abilities, and is of good courage. Though he can stoop to fawn, and stoop low indeed, if need be, he has still within him the power to assume the tyrant; and with the power he has certainly the wish. His acquirements are not of the highest order; but such as they are, they are completely under control, and he knows the use of them. He is gifted with a certain kind of pulpit eloquence, not likely indeed to be persuasive with men, but powerful with the softer sex. In his sermons he deals greatly in denunciations, excites the minds of his weaker hearers with a not unpleasant terror, and leaves the impression on their minds that all mankind are in a perilous state, and all womankind too, except those who attend regularly to the evening lectures in Baker street. His looks and tones are extremely severe, so much so that one cannot but fancy that he regards the greater part of the world as being infinitely too bad for his care. As he walks through the streets, his very face denotes his horror of the world's wickedness; and there is always an anathema lurking in the corner of his eye.

In doctrine, he, like his patron, is tolerent of dissent, if so strict a mind can be

called tolerant of anything. With Wesleyan Methodists he has something in common, but his soul trembles in agony at the iniquities of the Puseyites. His aversion is carried to things outward as well as inward. His gall rises at a new church with a high-pitched roof; a full-breasted black-silk waistcoat is with him a symbol of Satan; and a profane jest-book would not, in his view, more foully desecrate the church seat of a Christian, than a book of prayer printed with red letters, and ornamented with a cross on the back. Most active clergymen have their hobby, and Sunday observances are his. Sunday, however, is a word which never pollutes his mouth—it is always 'the Sabbath.' The 'desecration of the Sabbath,' as he delights to call it, is to him meat and drink—he thrives upon that as policemen do on the general evil habits of the community. It is the loved subject of all his evening discourses, the source of all his eloquence, the secret of all his power over the female heart. To him the revelation of God appears only in that one law given for Jewish observance. To him the mercies of our Saviour speak in vain. To him in vain has been preached that sermon which fell from divine lips on the mountain: 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth'—'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' To him the New Testament is comparatively of little moment, for from it can he draw no fresh authority for that dominion which he loves to exercise over at least a seventh part of man's allotted time here below.

Mr. Slope is tall, and not ill made. His feet and hands are large, as has ever been the case with all his family, but he has a broad chest and wide shoulders to carry off these excrescences, and on the whole his figure is good. His countenance, however, is not specially prepossessing. His hair is lank, and of a dull, pale reddish hue. It is always formed into three straight lumpy masses, each brushed with admirable precision, and cemented with much grease; two of them adhere closely to the sides of his face, and the other lies at right angles above them. He wears no whiskers, and is always punctiliously shaven. His face is nearly of the same colour as his hair, though perhaps a little redder: it is not unlike beef—beef, however, one would say, of a bad quality. Her forehead is capacious and high, but square and heavy, and unpleasantly shining. His mouth is large, though his lips are thin and bloodless; and his big, prominent, pale brown eyes inspire anything but confidence. His nose, however, is his redeeming feature: it is pronounced, straight and well formed; though I myself should have liked it better did it not possess a somewhat spongy, porous appearance, as though it had been cleverly formed out of a red-coloured cork.

I never could endure to shake hands with Mr. Slope. A cold, clammy perspiration always exudes from him, the small drops are ever to be seen standing on his brow, and his friendly grasp is unpleasant.

Such is Mr. Slope—such is the man who has suddenly fallen into the midst of Barchester Close, and is destined there to assume the station which has heretofore been filled by the son of the late bishop.

The Humanity of the Age.

'This is undoubtedly the age of humanity—as far, at least, as England is concerned. A man who beats his wife is shocking to us, and a colonel who cannot manage his soldiers without having them beaten is nearly equally so. We are not very fond of hanging; and some of us go so far as to recoil under any circumstances from taking the blood of life. We perform our operations under chloroform; and it has even been suggested that those schoolmasters who insist on adhering in some sort to the doctrines of Solomon should perform the operations in the same guarded manner. If the disgrace be absolutely necessary, let it be inflicted; but not the bodily pain.

So far as regards the low externals of humanity, this is doubtless a humane age. Let men, women, and children have bread; let them have, if possible, no blows, or, at least, as few as may be; let them also be decently clothed; and let the pestilence be kept out of their way. In venturing to call these low, I have done so in no contemptuous spirit; they are comparatively low if the body be lower than the mind. The humanity of the age is doubtless suited to its material wants, and such wants are those which demand the promptest remedy. But in the inner feelings of men to men, and of one man's mind to another man's mind, is it not an age of extremest cruelty?

There is sympathy for the hungry man, but there is no sympathy for the unsuc-

cessful man who is not hungry. If a fellow-mortal be ragged, humanify will subscribe to mend his clothes; but humanity will subscribe nothing to mend his ragged hopes, so long as his outside coat shall be whole and decent.

To him that hath shall be given; and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath. This is the special text that we delight to follow, and success is the god that we delight to worship. 'Ah, pity me! I have struggled and fallen—struggled so manfully, yet fallen so utterly—help me up this time that I may yet push forward again!' Who listens to such a plea as this? 'Fallen! do you want bread?' 'Not bread, but a kind heart and a kind hand.' 'My friend, I cannot stay by you; I myself am in a hurry; there is that fiend of a rival there even now gaining a step on me. I beg your pardon, but I will put my foot on your shoulder—only for one moment.' *Occupet extremus scabies.*

Yes. Let the devil take the hindmost; the three or four hindmost if you will; nay, all but those strong-running horses who can force themselves into noticeable places under the judge's eye. This is the noble shibboleth with which the English youth are now spurred on to deeds of—what shall we say?—money-making activity. Let every place in which a man can hold up his head be the reward of some antagonistic struggle, of some grand competitive examination. Let us get rid of the fault of past ages. With us, let the race be ever to the swift; the victory always to the strong. And let us always be racing, so that the swift and the strong shall ever be known among us. But what, then, for those who are not swift, not strong? *Væ victis!* Let them go to to the wall. They can hew wood probably; or, at any rate, draw water.

Letter-writing.

This at least should be a rule through the letter-writing world—that no angry letter be posted till four-and-twenty hours shall have elapsed since it was written. We all know how absurd is that other rule, that of saying the alphabet when you are angry. Trash! Sit down and write your letter; write it with all the venom in your power; spit out your spleen at the fullest; 'twill do you good. You think you have been injured; say all that you can say with all your poisoned eloquence, and gratify yourself by reading it while your temper is still hot. Then put it in your desk; and as a matter of course, burn it before breakfast the following morning. Believe me that you will then have a double gratification.

A pleasant letter I hold to be the pleasantest thing that this world has to give. It should be good-humoured; witty it may be, but with a gentle diluted wit. Concocted brilliancy will spoil it altogether. Not long, so that it be not tedious in the reading; nor brief, so that the delight suffice not to make itself felt. It should be written specially for the reader, and should apply altogether to him, and not altogether to any other. It should never flatter—flattery is always odious. But underneath the visible stream of pungent water there may be the slightest under-current of eulogy, so that it be not seen, but only understood. Censure it may contain freely, but censure which, in arraigning the conduct, implies no doubt as to the intellect. It should be legibly written, so that it may be read with comfort; but no more than that. Caligraphy betokens caution, and if it be not light in hand, it is nothing. That it be fairly grammatical and not ill spelt, the writer owes to his schoolmaster, but this should come of habit, not of care. Then let its page be soiled by no business; one touch of utility will destroy it all. If you ask for examples, let it be as unlike Walpole as may be. If you can so write it that Lord Byron might have written it, you will not be very far from high excellence.

Early Days—Lovers' Walks.

Ah! those lovers' walks, those loving lovers' rambles. Tom Moore is usually somewhat sugary and mawkish; but in so much he was right. If there be an Elysium on earth, it is this. They are done and over for us, O my compatriots! Never again—unless we are destined to rejoin our houris in heaven, and to saunter over fields of asphodel in another and a greener youth—never again shall those joys be ours! And what can ever equal them? 'Twas then, between sweet hedgerows, under green oaks, with our feet rustling on the crisp leaves, that the world's cold reserve was first thrown off, and we found that those we loved were not goddesses,

made of buckram and brocade, but human beings like ourselves, with blood in their veins and hearts in their bosoms—veritable children of Adam like ourselves.

'Gin a body meet a body comin' through the rye.' Ah, how delicious were those meetings! How convinced we were that there was no necessity for loud alarm! How fervently we agreed with the poet! My friends, born together with me in the consulship of Lord Liverpool, all that is done and over for us! There is a melancholy in this that will tinge our thoughts, let us draw ever so strongly on our philosophy. We can still walk with our wives, and that is pleasant too, very—of course. But there was more animation in it when we walked with the same ladies under other names. Nay, sweet spouse, mother of dear bairns, who hast so well done thy duty; but this was so, let thy brows be knit ever so angrily. That lord of thine has been indifferently good to thee, and thou to him hast been more than good. Uphill together have we walked peaceably labouring; and now arm in arm ye shall go down the gradual slope which ends below there in the green churchyard. 'Tis good and salutary to walk thus. But for the full cup of joy, for the brimming springtide of human bliss, oh give me back——! Well, well, well; it is nonsense; I know it, but may not a man dream now and again in his evening nap, and yet do no harm?

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi.

How well Horace knew all about it, but that hanging up of the gittern;* one would fain have put it off, bad falling hairs, and marriage vows, and obesity have permitted it.

THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

The elder brother of Mr. Anthony Trollope, born in 1810, has also been a voluminous writer. Residing chiefly in Florence, many of his works are connected with Italian life and literature. His first two works were edited by his mother, and were books of travel—'A Summer in Brittany,' 1800; and 'A Summer in Western France,' 1841. He afterwards added a volume descriptive of wanderings in Italy, Switzerland, France, and Spain. In 1856 he produced an interesting scholarly illustration of Italian history, 'The Girlhood of Catherine de Medici,' in which he traces the influences that helped to form the monstrous character of the heiress of the Medici. In 1859 Mr. Trollope added to his reputation by a biographical work, 'A Decade of Italian Women,' which was followed in 1860 by 'Filippo Strozzi,' a history of the last days of the old Italian liberty. Several novels were then successfully produced: 'Marietta,' 1862; 'Giulio Malatesta,' 1863; 'Beppo,' 1864, 'Lindisfarn Chace,' 1864; 'Gemma,' 1866; 'Artingale Castle,' 1867; 'The Dream Numbers,' 1868; 'Leonora Cassoloni,') 1868; 'The Garstangs of Garstang Grange,' &c. Mr. Trollope is author also of an elaborate historical work, 'A History of the Commonwealth of Florence,' 4 vols., 1865.

THOMAS HARDY.

Mr. Thomas Hardy has produced a series of novels of a fresh original character, especially illustrative of English peasant life and character: 'Under the Greenwood Tree,' 'Desperate Remedies,' 'A

* I lately was fit to be called upon duty.
And gallantly fought in the service of beauty;
But now crowned with conquest, I hang up my arms—
My harp that campaigned it in midnight alarms.
Hor., Ode 26, Book iii.

Pair of Blue Eyes,' 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' and 'The Hand of Ethelberta.' The dialogues of his clowns and rustics remind one of the Elizabethan times, and in some of the rural nooks of England much of this primitive style of ideas and expression may yet linger. So far as modern novels are concerned, the style of Mr. Hardy's fiction is quite unique. The following extracts are from 'The Madding Crowd:'

The Great Barn and the Sheep-shearers.

Men thin away to insignificance and oblivion quite as often by not making the most of good spirits when they have them as by lacking good spirits when they are indispensable. Gabriel lately, for the first time since his prostration by misfortune, had been independent in thought and vigorous in action to a marked extent—conditions which, powerless without an opportunity, as an opportunity without them is barren, would have given him a sure and certain lift upwards when the favourable conjunction should have occurred. But this incurable loitering beside Bathsheba Everdene stole his time ruinously. The spring tides were going by without floating him off, and the neap might soon come which could not.

It was the first day of June, and the sheep-shearing season culminated, the landscape, even to the leanest pasture, being all health and colour. Every green was young, every pore was open, and every stalk was swollen with racing currents of juice. God was palpably present in the country, and the devil had gone with the world to town. Flossy catkins of the later kinds, fern-fronds like bishops' crosiers, the square-headed moschatel, the odd cuckoo-pint—like an apoplectic saint in a niche of malachite—clean white lady's-smocks, the toothwort approximating to human flesh, the enchanter's nightshade, and the black-petaled doleful-bells were among the quainter objects of the vegetable world in and about Weatherbury at this teeming time; and of the animal, the metamorphosed figures of Mr. Jan Coggan, the master-shearer; the second and third shearers, who travelled in the exercise of their calling, and do not require definition by name; Henry Fray, the fourth shearer; Susan Tall's husband, the fifth; Joseph Poorgrass, the sixth; young Cain Ball as assistant shearer, and Gabriel Oak as general supervisor. None of these were clothed to any extent worth mentioning, each appearing to have hit in the matter of raiment the decent mean between a high and low caste Hindu. An angularity of lineament and a fixity of facial machinery in general proclaimed that serious work was the order of the day.

They sheared in the great barn, called for the nonce the Shearing-barn, which on ground plan resembled a church with transepts. It not only emulated the form of the neighbouring church of the parish, but vied with it in antiquity. Whether the barn had ever formed one of a group of conventual buildings nobody seemed to be aware; no trace of such surroundings remained. The vast porches at the sides, lofty enough to admit a wagon laden to its highest with corn in the sheaf, were spanned by heavy pointed arches of stone, broadly and boldly cut, whose very simplicity was the origin of a grandeur not apparent in erections where more ornament has been attempted. The dusky, filmed, chestnut roof, braced and tied in by huge collars, curves, and diagonals, was far nobler in design, because more wealthy in material, than nine-tenths of those in our modern churches. Along each side-wall was a range of striding buttresses, throwing deep shadows on the spaces between them, which were perforated by lancet openings, combining in their proportions the precise requirements both of beauty and ventilation.

One could say about this barn, what could hardly be said of either the church or the castle, its kindred in age and style, that the purpose which had dictated its original erection was the same with that to which it was still applied. Unlike and superior to either of those two typical remnants of mediævalism, the old barn embodied practices which had suffered no mutilation at the hands of time. Here at least the spirit of the builders then was at one with the spirit of the beholder now. Standing before this abraded pile, the eye regarded its present usage; the mind dwelt upon its past history with a satisfied sense of functional continuity throughout—a feeling almost of gratitude, and quite of pride, at the permanence of the idea which

had heaped it up. The fact that four centuries had neither proved it to be founded on a mistake, inspired any hatred of its purpose, nor given rise to any reaction that had battered it down, invested this simple gray effort of old minds with a repose, if not a grandeur, which a too curious reflection was apt to disturb in its ecclesiastical and military compeers. For once mediævalism and modernism had a common stand-point. The lanceolate windows, the time-eaten arch-stones and chamfers, the orientation of the axis, the misty chestnut work of the rafters, referred to no exploded fortifying art or worn-out religious creed. The defence and salvation of the body by daily bread is still a study, a religion, and a desire.

To-day the large side-doors were thrown open towards the sun to admit a bountiful light to the immediate spot of the shearers' operations, which was the wood threshing-floor in the centre, formed of thick oak, black with age, and polished by the beating of flails for many generations, till it had grown as slippery and as rich in hue as the state-room floors of an Elizabethan mansion. Here the shearers knelt, the sun slanting in upon their bleached shirts, tanned arms, and the polished shears they flourished, causing them to bristle with a thousand rays strong enough to blind a weak-eyed man. Beneath them a captive sheep lay panting, increasing the rapidity of its pants as misgiving merged in terror, till it quivered like the hot landscape outside.

This picture of to-day in its frame of four hundred years ago did not produce that marked contrast between ancient and modern which is implied by the contrast of date. In comparison with cities, Weatherbury was immutable. The citizen's *Then* is the rustic's *Now*. In London, twenty or thirty years ago are old times; in Paris, ten years, or five; in Weatherbury, three or four score years were included in the mere present, and nothing less than a century set a mark on its face or tone. Five decades hardly modified the cut of a gaiter, the embroidery of a smock-frock, by the breadth of a hair. Ten generations failed to alter the turn of a single phrase. In these nooks the busy outsider's ancient times are only old; his old times are still new; his present is futurity.

So the barn was natural to the shearers, and the shearers were in harmony with the barn.

The spacious ends of the building answering ecclesiastically to nave and chancel extremities, were fenced off with hurdles, the sheep being all collected in a crowd within these two enclosures; and in one angle a catching pen was formed, in which three or four sheep were continuously kept ready for the shearers to seize without loss of time. In the background, mellowed by tawny shade, were the three women, Maryann Money, and Temperance and Soberness Miller, gathering up the fleeces, and twisting ropes of wool with a wimble for tying them round. They were indifferently well assisted by the old maltster, who, when the malting season from October to April had passed, made himself useful upon any of the bordering farmsteads. Behind all was Bathsheba, carefully watching the men, to see that there was no cutting or wounding through carelessness, and that the animals were shorn close.

A Thunder-storm.

Bathsheba's property in wheat was safe for at anyrate a week or two, provided always that there was not much wind. Next came the barley. This it was only possible to protect by systematic thatching. Time went on, and the moon vanished, not to reappear. It was the farewell of the ambassador previous to war. The night had a haggard look, like a sick thing; and there came finally an utter expiration of air from the whole heaven in the form of a slow breeze, which might have been likened to a death. And now nothing was heard in the yard but the dull thuds of the beetle which drove in the spars, and the rustle of the thatch in the intervals.

A light flapped over the scene, as if reflected from phosphorescent wings crossing the sky, and a rumble filled the air. It was the first arrow from the approaching storm, and it fell wide.

The second peal was noisy, with comparatively little visible lightning. Gabriel saw a candle shining in Bathsheba's bedroom, and soon a shadow moved to and fro upon the blind.

Then there came a third flash. Manœuvres of a most extraordinary kind were going on in the vast firmamental hollows overhead. The lightning now was the colour of silver, and gleamed in the heavens like a mailed army. Rumbles became

rattles. Gabriel from his elevated position could see over the landscape for at least half-a-dozen miles in front. Every hedge, bush, and tree was distinct as in a line engraving. In a paddock in the same direction was a herd of heifers, and the forms of these were visible at this moment in the act of galloping about in the wildest and maddest confusion, flinging their heels and tails high into the air, their heads to earth. A poplar in the immediate foreground was like an ink stroke on burnished tin. Then the picture vanished, leaving a darkness so intense that Gabriel worked entirely by feeling with his hands.

He had stuck his ricking-rod, groom, or poignard, as it was indifferently called—a long iron lance, sharp at the extremity and polished by handling—into the stack to support the sheaves. A blue light appeared in the zenith, and in some indescribable manner flickered down near the top of the rod. It was the fourth of the larger flashes. A moment later and there was a smack—smart, clear, and short. Gabriel felt his position to be anything but a safe one, and he resolved to descend.

Not a drop of rain had fallen as yet. He wiped his weary brow, and looked again at the black forms of the unprotected stacks. Was his life so valuable to him, after all? What were his prospects that he should be so chary of running risk, when important and urgent labour could not be carried on without such risk? He resolved to stick to the stack. However, he took a precaution. Under the staddles was a long tethering-chain, used to prevent the escape of errant horses. This he carried up the ladder, and sticking his rod through the clog at one end, allowed the other end of the chain to trail upon the ground. The spike attached to it he drove in. Under the shadow of this extemporised lightning-conductor he felt himself comparatively safe.

Before Oak had laid his hands upon his tools again, out leapt the fifth flash, with the spring of a serpent and the shout of a fiend. It was green as an emerald, and the reverberation was stunning. What was this the light revealed to him? In the open ground before him, as he looked over the ridge of the rick, was a dark and apparently female form. Could it be that of the only venturesome woman in the parish —Bathsheba? The form moved on a step; then he could see no more.

'Is that you, ma'am?' said Gabriel to the darkness.

'Who is there?' said the voice of Bathsheba.

'Gabriel. I am on the rick, thatching.'

'O Gabriel! and are you? I have come about them. The weather awoke me, and I thought of the corn. I am so distressed about it; can we save it anyhow? I cannot find my husband. Is he with you?'

'He is not here.'

'Do you know where he is?'

'Asleep in the barn.'

'He promised that the stacks should be seen to, and now they are all neglected! Can I do anything to help? Liddy is afraid to come out. Fancy finding you here at such an hour! Surely I can do something?'

'You can bring up some reed-sheaves to me, one by one, ma'am; if you are not afraid to come up the ladder in the dark,' said Gabriel. 'Every moment is precious now, and that would save a good deal of time. It is not very dark when the lightning has been gone a bit.'

'I'll do anything!' she said, resolutely. She instantly took a sheaf upon her shoulder, clambered up close to his heels, placed it behind the rod, and descended for another. At her third ascent the rick suddenly brightened with the brazen glare of shining majolica; every knot in every straw was visible. On the slope in front of him appeared two human shapes, black as jet. The rick lost its sheen—the shapes vanished. Gabriel turned his head. It had been the sixth flash which had come from the east behind him, and the two dark forms on the slope had been the shadows of himself and Bathsheba.

Then came the peal. It hardly was credible that such a heavenly light could be the parent of such a diabolical sound.

'How terrible!' she exclaimed, and clutched him by the sleeve. Gabriel turned, and steadied her on her aërial perch by holding her arm. At the same moment, while he was still reversed in his attitude, there was more light, and he saw as it were a copy of the tall poplar tree on the hill drawn in black on the wall of the barn. It was the shadow of that tree, thrown across by a secondary flash in the west.

The next flare came. Bathsheba was on the ground now, shouldering another sheaf, and she bore its dazzle without flinching—thunder and all—and again ascended with the load. There was then a silence everywhere for four or five minutes, and the crunch of the spars, as Gabriel hastily drove them in, could again be distinctly heard. He thought the crisis of the storm had passed. But there came a burst of light.

'Hold on!' said Gabriel, taking the sheaf from her shoulder, and grasping her arm again.

Heaven opened then, indeed. The flash was almost too novel for its inexpressibly dangerous nature to be at once realised, and Gabriel could only comprehend the magnificence of its beauty. It sprang from east, west, north, south. It was a perfect dance of death. The forms of skeletons appeared in the air, shaped with blue fire for bones—dancing, leaping, striding, racing around, and mingling altogether in unparalleled confusion. With these were intertwined undulating snakes of green. Behind these was a broad mass of lesser light. Simultaneously came from every part of the tumbling sky what may be called a shout; since, though no shout ever came near it, it was more of the nature of a shout than of anything else earthly. In the meantime one of the grisly forms had alighted upon the point of Gabriel's rod, to run invisibly down it, down the chain, and into the earth. Gabriel was almost blinded, and he could feel Bathsheba's warm arm tremble in his hand—a sensation novel and thrilling enough; but love, life, everything human, seemed small and trifling in such close juxtaposition with an infuriated universe.

Oak had hardly time to gather up these impressions into a thought, and to see how strangely the red feather of her hat shone in this light, when the tall tree on the hill before mentioned seemed on fire to a white heat, and a new one among these terrible voices mingled with the last crash of those preceding. It was a stupefying blast, harsh and pitiless, and it fell upon their ears in a dead flat blow, without that reverberation which lends the tones of a drum to more distant thunder. By the lustre reflected from every part of the earth, and from the wide domical scoop above it, he saw that the tree was sliced down the whole length of its tall straight stem, a huge riband of bark being apparently flung off. The other portion remained erect, and revealed the bared surface as a strip of white down the front. The lightning had struck the tree. A sulphurous smell filled the air: then all was silent and black as a cave in Hinnom. 'We had a narrow escape!' said Gabriel.

BRET HARTE.

The American humorist and painter of wild life in the West (see *ante*), has recently produced a novel—his first complete novel—in the regular three-volume shape, entitled 'Gabriel Conroy' (1876). It is not skilfully constructed either as to plot or dialogue, and has less originality than the earlier sketches. It opens with the following description:

A Snow-storm in the California Sierras.

Snow everywhere. As far as the eye could reach—fifty miles, looking southward from the highest white peak—filling ravines and gulches, and dropping from the walls of canons in white shroud-like drifts, fashioning the dividing ridge into the likeness of a monstrous grave, hiding the bases of giant pines, and completely covering young trees and larches, rimming with porcelain the bowl-like edges of still, cold lakes, and undulating in motionless white billows to the edge of the distant horizon. Snow lying everywhere over the California Sierras on the 15th day of March 1848, and still falling.

It had been snowing for ten days, snowing in finely granulated powder, in damp spongy flakes, in thin feathery plumes; snowing from a leaden sky steadily, snowing fiercely, shaken out of purple black clouds in white flocculent masses, or dropping in long level lines, like white lances from the tumbled and broken heavens. But always silently! The woods were so choked with it, the branches were so laden with it—it had so permeated, filled, and possessed earth and sky; it had so cushioned and muffled the ringing rocks and echoing hills, that all sound was deadened.

The strongest gust, the fiercest blast, awoke no sigh or complaint from the snow-packed rigid files of forest. There was no cracking of bough nor crackle of underbush; the overladen branches of pine and fir yielded and gave way without a sound. The silence was vast, measureless, complete.

Perhaps the best of all Bret Harte's productions is his 'Luck of Roaring Camp'—so vivid, so original. The camp is one of California gold-diggers—a rough, wild crew, but not devoid of tenderness. One wretched woman is among them, and she dies after giving birth to a child. The child is brought up by the men, and becomes the 'Luck' and favourite of the camp.

Strange to say, the child thrived. Perhaps the invigorating climate of the mountain camp was compensation for material deficiences. Nature took the foundling to her broader breast. In that rare atmosphere of the Sierra foot-hills—that air pungent with balsamic odour, that etherial cordial at once bracing and exhilerating—he may have found food and nourishment, or a subtle chemistry that transmuted asses' milk to lime and phosphorus. Stumpy inclined to the belief that it was the latter and good nursing. 'Me and that ass,' he would say, has been father and mother to him! Don't you,' he would add, apostrophising the helpless bundle before him, 'never go back on us.'

All went on prosperously till winter came with its floods, and then the 'luck' and light of the Roaring Camp perished:

Death and Destruction at the Diggings.

The winter of 1851 will long be remembered in the foot-hills. The snow lay deep on the Sierras, and every mountain-creek became a river, and every river a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous water-course that descended the hill-sides, tearing down giant trees, and scattering its drift and débris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned.' 'Water put the gold into them gulches,' said Stumpy. 'It's been here once, and will be here again!' And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks, and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp.

In the confusion of rushing water, crushing trees, and crackling timber, and the darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done to collect the scattered camp. When the morning broke, the cabin of Stumpy nearest the river-bank was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body of its unlucky owner; but the pride, the hope, the joy, the Luck of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts, when a shout from the bank recalled them.

It was a relief-boat from down the river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and did they belong here?

It needed but a glance to shew them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding the Luck of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely assorted pair, they saw that the child was cold and pulseless. 'He is dead,' said one. Kentuck opened his eyes. 'Dead?' he repeated feebly. 'Yes, my man, and you are dying too.' A smile lit the eyes of the expiring Kentuck. 'Dying,' he repeated; 'he 's a-taking me with him—tell the boys I've got the Luck with me now;' and the strong man, clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.

The Chinese emigrants now form a large element in Californian society; and Bret Harte presents us with a type of the colony:

John Chinaman.

The expression of the Chinese face in the aggregate is neither cheerful nor happy. In an acquaintance of half a dozen years, I can only recall one or two exceptions to this rule. There is an abiding consciousness of degradation, a secret pain or self-humiliation visible in the lines of the mouth and eye. Whether it is only a modification of Turkish gravity, or whether it is the dread Valley of the Shadow of the Drug through which they are continually straying, I cannot say. They seldom smile, and their laughter is of such an extraordinary and sardonic nature—so purely a mechanical spasm, quite independent of any mirthful attribute—that to this day I am doubtful whether I ever saw a Chinaman laugh. A theatrical representation by natives, one might think, would have set my mind at ease on this point; but it did not. Indeed, a new difficulty presented itself—the impossibility of determining whether the performance was a tragedy or farce. I thought I detected the low comedian in an active youth who turned two somersaults, and knocked everybody down on entering the stage. But, unfortunately, even this classic resemblance to the legitimate farce of our civilisation was deceptive. Another brocaded actor, who represented the hero of the play, turned three somersaults, and not only upset my theory and his fellow-actors at the same time, but apparently ran amuck behind the scenes for some time afterward. I looked around at the glinting white teeth to observe the effects of these two palpable hits They were received with equal acclamation, and apparently equal facial spasms. One or two beheadings which enlivened the play produced the same sardonic effect, and left upon my mind a painful anxiety to know what was the serious business of life in China. It was noticeable, however, that my unrestrained laughter had a discordant effect, and that triangular eyes sometimes turned ominously toward the 'Fanqui devil;' but as I retired discreetly before the play was finished, there were no serious results. I have only given the above as an instance of the impossibility of deciding upon the outward and superficial expression of Chinese mirth. Of its inner and deeper existence I have some private doubts. An audience that will view with a serious aspect the hero, after a frightful and agonising death, get up and quietly walk off the stage, cannot be said to have remarkable perceptions of the ludicrous.

I have often been struck with the delicate pliability of the Chinese expression and taste, that might suggest a broader and deeper criticism than is becoming these pages. A Chinaman will adopt the American costume, and wear it with a taste of colour and detail that will surpass those 'native, and to the manner born.' To look at a Chinese slipper, one might imagine it impossible to shape the original foot to anything less cumbrous and roomy, yet a neater-fitting boot than that belonging to the Americanised Chinaman is rarely seen on this side of the Continent. When the loose sack or paletot takes the place of his brocade blouse, it is worn with a refinement and grace that might bring a jealous pang to the exquisite of our more refined civilisation. Pantaloons fall easily and naturally over legs that have known unlimited freedom and bagginess, and even garrote collars meet correctly around sun-tanned throats. The new expression seldom overflows in gaudy cravats. I will back my Americanised Chinaman against any neophyte of European birth in the choice of that article. While in our own state the Greaser resists one by one the garments of the northern invader, and even wears the livery of his conqueror with a wild and buttonless freedom, the Chinaman, abused and degraded as he is, changes by correctly graded transition to the garments of Christian civilisation. There is but one article of European wear that he avoids. These Bohemian eyes have never yet been pained by the spectacle of a tall hat on the head of an intelligent Chinaman.

My acquaintance with John has been made up of weekly interviews, involving the adjustment of the washing accounts, so that I have not been able to study his character from a social view-point or observe him in the privacy of the domestic circle. I have gathered enough to justify me in believing him to be generally honest, faithful, simple and painstaking. Of his simplicity let me record an instance where a sad and civil young Chinaman brought me certain shirts with most of the buttons missing, and others hanging on delusively by a single thread. In a moment of unguarded irony I informed him that unity would at least have been preserved if the buttons were removed altogether. He smiled sadly and went away. I thought I had hurt his feelings, until the next week when he brought me my shirts with a look of intelli-

gence, and the buttons carefully and totally erased. At another time, to guard against his general disposition to carry off anything as soiled clothes that he thought could hold water, I requested him to always wait until he saw me. Coming home late one evening, I found the household in great consternation, over an immovable celestial who had remained seated on the front door-step during the day, sad and submissive, firm but also patient, and only betraying any animation or token of his mission when he saw me coming. This same Chinaman evinced some evidences of regard for a little girl in the family, who in her turn reposed such faith in his intellectual qualities as to present him with a preternaturally uninteresting Sunday-school book, her own property. This book John made a point of carrying ostentatiously with him in his weekly visits. It appeared usually on the top of the clean clothes, and was sometimes painfully clasped outside of the big bundle of soiled linen. Whether John believed he unconsciously imbibed some spiritual life through its pasteboard cover, as the prince in the 'Arabian Nights' imbibed the medicine through the handle of the mallet, or whether he wished to exhibit a due sense of gratitude, or whether he hadn't any pockets, I have never been able to ascertain. In his turn he would sometimes cut marvellous imitation roses from carrots for his little friend. I am inclined to think that the few roses strewn in John's path were such scentless imitations. The thorns only were real. From the persecutions of the young and old of a certain class, his life was a torment. I don't know what was the exact philosophy that Confucius taught, but it is to be hoped that poor John in his persecution is still able to detect the conscious hate and fear with which inferiority always regards the possibility of even-handed justice, and which is the key-note to the vulgar clamour about servile and degraded races.

WILLIAM BLACK

William Black, a native of Glasgow, born in 1841, has produced several original and highly successful novels. In 1868 appeared 'In Silk Attire;' in 1871, 'A Daughter of Heth;' in 1872, 'The Strange Adventures of a Phæton;' in 1873, 'Kilmeny' and 'Princess of Thule;' in 1875, 'The Maid of Killeena' and 'Three Feathers;' in 1876, 'Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart, and other Stories;' 'Madcap Violet,' &c.

Scene in the Hebrides.—From 'Princess of Thule.'

On a small headland of the distant island of Lewis, an old man stood looking out on a desolate waste of rain-beaten sea. It was a wild and a wet day. From out of the louring south-west, fierce gusts of wind were driving up volumes and flying rags of cloud, and sweeping onward at the same time the gathering waves that fell hissing and thundering on the shore. Far as the eye could reach, the sea and the air and the sky seemed to be one indistinguishable mass of whirling and hurrying vapour—as if beyond this point there were no more land, but only wind and water, and the confused and awful voices of their strife.

The short, thick-set powerfully built man who stood on this solitary point, paid little attention to the rain that ran off the peak of his sailor's cap, or to the gusts of wind that blew about his bushy gray beard. He was still following, with an eye accustomed to pick out objects far at sea, one speck of purple that was now fading into the gray mist of the rain; and the longer he looked the less it became, until the mingled sea and sky shewed only the smoke that the great steamer left in its wake. As he stood there, motionless and regardless of everything around him, did he cling to the fancy that he could still trace out the path of the vanished ship? A little while before, it had passed almost close to him. He had watched it steam out of Stornoway harbour. As the sound of the engines came nearer, and the big boat went by, so that he could have almost called to it, there was no sign of emotion on the hard and stern face—except, perhaps, that the lips were held firm, and a sort of frown appeared over the eyes. He saw a tiny white handkerchief being waved to him from the deck of the vessel; and he said, almost as though he were addressing some one there: 'My good little girl!'

But in the midst of that roaring of the sea and the wind, how could any such

message be delivered? And already the steamer was away from the land, standing out to the lonely plain of waters, and the sound of the engines had ceased, and the figures on the deck had grown faint and visionary. But still there was that one speck of white visible; and the man knew that a pair of eyes that had many a time looked into his own—as if with a faith that such intercommunion could never be broken—were now trying through overflowing and blinding tears, to send him a last look of farewell.

The gray mists of the rain gathered within their folds the big vessel, and all the beating hearts it contained; and the fluttering of that little token disappeared with it. All that remained was the sea whitened by the rushing of the wind, and the thunder of waves on the beach. The man who had been gazing so long down into the south-east, turned his face landward, and set out to walk over a tract of wet grass and sand towards a road that ran near by. There was a large wagonette of varnished oak, and a pair of small powerful horses waiting for him there; and having dismissed the boy who had been in charge, he took the reins and got up. But even yet the fascination of the sea and of that sad farewell was upon him; and he turned once more as if, now that sight could yield him no further tidings, he would send her one more word of good-bye. 'My poor little Sheila!' that was all he said; and then he turned to the horses, and sent them on, with his head down to escape the rain, and a look on his face like that of a dead man.

As he drove through the town of Stornoway, the children playing within the shelter of the cottage doors, called to each other in a whisper, and said: 'That is the King of Borva.' But the elderly people said to each other, with a shake of the head: 'It is a bad day, this day, for Mr. Mackenzie, that he will be going home to an empty house. And it will be a ferry bad thing for the poor folk of Borva, and they will know a great difference, now that Miss Sheila is gone away, and there is nobody—not anybody at all—left in the island to tek the side of the poor folk.'

He looked neither to the right nor to the left, though he was known to many of the people—as he drove away from the town into the heart of the lonely and desolate land. The wind had so far died down, and the rain had considerably lessened; but the gloom of the sky was deepened by the drawing on of the afternoon, and lay heavily over the dreary wastes of moor and hill. What a wild and dismal country was that which lay before and all around him, now that the last traces of human occupation were passed! There was not a cottage, not a stone wall, not a fence to break the monotony of the long undulations of moorland which, in the distance, rose into a series of hills that were black under the darkened sky. Down from these mountains, ages ago, glaciers had slowly crept to eat out hollows in the plains below; and now in those hollows were lonely lakes, with not a tree to break the line of their melancholy shores. Everywhere around were the traces of the glacier drift—great gray boulders of gneiss fixed fast into the black peat-moss, or set amid the browns and greens of the heather. The only sound to be heard in this wilderness of rock and morass, was the rushing of various streams, rain-swollen and turbid, that plunged down their narrow channels to the sea.

The rain now ceased altogether; but the mountains in the far south had grown still darker; and to the fisherman passing by the coast, it must have seemed as though the black peaks were holding converse with the louring clouds, and that the silent moorland beneath was waiting for the first roll of the thunder. The man who was driving along the lonely route sometimes cast a glance down towards this threatening of a storm: but he paid little heed to it. The reins lay loose on the backs of the horses; and at their own pace they followed, hour after hour, the rising and falling road that led through the moorland and past the gloomy lakes. He may have recalled mechanically the names of those stretches of water—the Lake of the Sheiling, the Lake of the Oars, the Lake of the Fine Sand, and so forth—to measure the distance he had traversed; but he seemed to pay little attention to the objects around him, and it was with a glance of surprise that he suddenly found himself overlooking that great sea-loch on the western side of the island in which was his home.

He drove down the hill to the solitary little inn of Garra-na-hina. At the door, muffled up in a warm woollen plaid, stood a young girl, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and diffident in look.

'Mr. Mackenzie,' she said, with that peculiar and pleasant intonation that marks the speech of the Hebridean who has been taught English in the schools; 'it was

Miss Sheila wrote to me to Suainabost, and she said I might come down from Suainabost and see if I can be of any help to you in the house.'

'Ay, my good lass,' he said, putting his hand gently on her head, 'and it was Sheila wrote to you?' 'Yes, sir, and I het come down from Suainabost. 'It is a lonely house you will be going to,' he said absently. 'But Miss Sheila said I wass—I wass to'—— But here the young girl failed in her effort to explain that Miss Sheila had asked her to go down to make the house less lonely.

Edinburgh on a Summer Night.—From 'Strange Adventures of a Phæton.'

In the gathering darkness we approach Edinburgh. How long the way seemed on this last night of our driving! The clear twilight faded away, and the skies overhead began to shew faint throbbings of the stars. A pale yellow glow on the horizon told us where the lights of Edinburgh were afire. The road grew almost indistinguishable; but overhead the great worlds became more visible in the deep vault of blue. In a perfect silence we drove along the still highway, between the dark hedges; and clearer and more clear became the white constellations trembling in the dark. There lay King Charles's wain as we had often regarded it from a boat at sea, as we lay idly on the lapping waves. The jewels on Cassiopeia's chair glimmered faint and pale; and all the brilliant stars of the Dragon's hide trembled in the dark. The one bright star of the Swan recalled many an evening in the olden times; and here, nearer at hand, Capella shone, and there Cepheus looked over the polar-star as from the distance of another universe. Somehow it seemed to us that, under the great and throbbing vault, the sea ought to be lying clear and dark; but there were other masses we saw before us, where the crags of Arthur's Seat rose sharp and black into the sky. We ran in almost under the shadow of that silent mass of hill. We drew nearer to the town; and then we saw before us long and waving lines of red fire—the gas-lamps of a mighty street. We left the majesty of the night outside, and were soon in the heart of the great city. Our journey was at an end.

We sat down at the window of a Princes Street hotel. What in all the journey was there to equal the magic sight that lay before us? Beyond a gulf of blackness the old town of Edinburgh rose with a thousand points of fire into the clear sky of a summer night. The tall houses with their eight or nine stories, had their innumerable windows ablaze; and the points of orange light shone in the still blue shadow until they seemed to form part of some splendid and enchanted palace built on the slopes of a lofty hill. And then beyond that we could see the great crags of the castle looming dark in the starlight, and we knew, rather than saw, that there were walls and turrets up there, cold and distant, looking down on the yellow glare of the city beneath. What was Cologne, and the coloured lamps of its steamers—as you see them cross the yellow waters of the Rhine when a full moon shines over the houses of Deutz—or what was Prague with its countless spires piercing the starlight, and its great bridge crossing over to the wooded heights of the Hradschin—compared to this magnificent spectacle in the noblest city of the world? The lights of the distant houses went out one by one. The streets became silent. Even the stars grew paler, but why was that? A faint light, golden and soft, began to steal along the Castle-hill; and the slow mild radiance touched the sharp slopes, the trees, and the great gray walls above, which were under the stars.

'Oh, my dear,' says Tita, quite gently to Bell, 'we have seen nothing like that, not even in your own country of the Lakes!'

ANNE ISABELLA THACKERAY.

Miss Thackeray, eldest and only surviving daughter of the great novelist, has distinguished herself in the same department of literature. Her principal works are—'The Story of Elizabeth,' 'The Village on the Cliff,' 'Old Kensington,' 'Miss Angel;' 'To Esther, and other Sketches;' 'Toilers and Spinsters,' 'Five Old Friends,' 'Bluebeard's Keys,' &c. Miss Thackeray is a consummate artist. She makes no pretension to deep plot or sensation. Her novels are

studies of character within rather confined limits, and with a certain kind of teaching and moralising which may have been derived from her gifted father, but is modified in passing through a truly womanly temperament. She is a student; you see the influence of books, and can follow her methods and see them repeated so exactly that you can predict the results. This was apparent in 'The Village on the Cliff,' notwithstanding that Reine was original in conception; and it characterises her novel, 'Old Kensington,' which is a resetting of the story of Angelica Kauffmann, the unfortunate painter, the friend of Reynolds and the rest of the distinguished people of that day, to many of whom we are here introduced. Miss Thackeray has succeeded remarkably in serious yet half-playful restorations of the old nursery tales, bringing out their purpose and moral by means of present-day characters skilfully chosen. Some of these have been collected into a volume under the title of 'Five Old Friends with a New Face.' As her first work, 'The Story of Elizabeth,' had appeared in the 'Cornhill Magazine,' and was republished in book form in 1863—the year of her father's death—she may be said to have just made her advent in literature as he passed away from among us. The careful and exquisite finish of her works—even the slightest of them—is likely to render them lasting as well as popular.

An English Country Sunday.

The ideal Sunday should be spent at a country-house not many miles from London. We will call it Pleasance. You should come to it through fresh country lanes and commons and across broad fields where the cows are browsing. Pleasance should have a great hall through which the garden might shew, and from which the doors should lead into a library, a dining-room, a drawing-room, all with windows looking across the lawns and fields and green distant slopes and acres far away, gently rising and falling. There should be scattered here and there flocks and herds to give life and animation to the green pastures and the still waters, and close at hand a few great trees under which one or two people are strolling and enjoying the early spring. All the mists and shadows of London life are left behind, and lie in wait for them when they cross the river; here is only a bright winter's morning, the song of birds piping among the bare branches and bushes, with sudden notes and cadences of exceeding sweetness. In the ideal country-house there should be a farm-yard, with live toys for grown-up children: cocks that crow, hens sitting with their little bead-eyed yellow brood nestling round them. There should be cows that moo and shake their heads, and crop the grass with a pleasant crunch as you watch them in the meadow; or stand meekly in their stalls when milking-time has come, with their names, such as Cowslip, Daisy, Bluebell, painted over each pair of horns.

In the morning, instead of hurrying through the streets and past the closed shops and gin-palaces, to a crowded church with high square pews and dingy windows and dust, and a fierce-looking pew-opener in a front, you wend your way quietly across the fields, where the air is sweet with coming spring, and you pass by narrow swinging gates and under the elm-trees to the church door. As you enter, though it seems dim at first, and the stained glass windows temper the light, yet you have a sense of the pleasant sights and sounds beyond the walls of the great arch of the sky overhead, of the birds joining in the chant, of the preacher without, telling in silent language of new hope, new life; of courage and endurance, of peace and beneficence and wisdom. There are still Sir Roger de Coverleys, thanks be to Heaven! nowadays, though perhaps they do not stand up and publicly rebuke the sleepy and inattentive; and as soon as Lady de Coverley sees you (for our Sir Roger is a married man), she finds room for you in her big pew, with a welcoming look, and makes you

quite comfortable with bassocks and hymn-books, and psalters. Coming out of church, Lady de Coverley greets her acquaintance, and nods to the village children. There is a certain Amelia I know of, in little hobnailed shoes, who turns her back upon the congregation, and stands stock-still, tied up in a little flannel cape. There is also a delightful little fat ploughboy in a smock, who smiles so pleasantly that we all begin to laugh in return.

You cross the fields again on your way back to Pleasance. The cows have scarcely moved. A huge pig that was grazing under a tree has shifted a little, and instead of a side-view now presents its tail. The farm-yard, as you pass on your way to the house, is all alive in the mid-day sunshine. The Cochin-china cocks and hens, looking like enchanted princes and princesses, come ambling up to meet you, shaking out their soft golden plumage. The Spanish population, and the crève-cœurs, black robed, with crimson crests, are all in their respective countries, with beautiful sunset tints, purple, violet, green, and golden shewing among their feathers in the sunshine. There is great discussion going on among the Poles. Gallant generals, with spurs and cocked-hat and feathers, impatiently pace their confines; fiery young captains and aides-de-camp seem to be laying down the law; while the ladies, who also look very important, and are dressed in a semi-military costume, evidently join in the proceedings with the keenest interest. As for the white ducks, what do they care for anything that is going on? Their Sunday is spent squatting on the grass in the field with the young Alderney calves. They see both sides of the world at once with their bright eyes, and do not trouble themselves for anybody.

Some people like to go to church a second time; some go for a long walk in the afternoon; they have only to choose. Park, and lawn, and common, hills, and dales, lie before them; and though the distance begins to fade into the soft gray mist of an English March, yet even the mist is gentle and beautiful, and the air is moist and refreshing, and the brown turf yields under foot with a delightful spring.

Old Kensington.

A quarter of a century ago the shabby tide of progress had not spread to the quiet old suburb where Lady Sarah Francis's brown house was standing, with its many windows dazzling as the sun travelled across the old-fashioned house-tops to set into a distant sea of tenements and echoing life. The roar did not reach the old house. The children could listen to the cawing of the rooks, to the echo of the hours, as they struck on from one day to another, vibrating from the old brown tower of the church. At night the strokes seemed to ring more slowly than in the day. The church clock is silent now, but the rooks caw on undisturbed from one spring to another in the old Kensington suburb. There are tranquil corners still, and sunny silent nooks, and ivy wreaths growing in the western sun; and jessamines and vine-trees, planted by a former generation, spreading along the old garden walls. But every year the shabby stream of progress rises and engulfs one relic or another, carrying off many and many a landmark and memory. Last year only the old church was standing in its iron cage at the junction of the thoroughfares. There was the old painting of the lion and the unicorn hanging from the gallery; the light streaming through the brown saints over the communion-table. In after-life, the children may have seen other saints more glorious in crimson and in purple, nobler piles and arches, but none of them have ever seemed so near to heaven as the old Queen Anne building; and the wooden pew with its high stools, through which elbows of straw were protruding, where they used to kneel on either side of their aunt, watching with awe-stricken faces the tears as they came falling from the widow's sad eyes. . . . The sing-song of the hymn would flood the old church with its homely cadence:

> Prepare your glad voices;
> Let Hisrael rejoice,

sang the little charity children; poor little Israelites, with blue stockings and funny woollen knobs to their fustian caps, rejoicing though their pastures were not green as yet, nor was their land overflowing with milk and honey. However, they sang praises for others, as all people do at times, thanks be to the merciful dispensation that allows us to weep, to work, to be comforted, and to rejoice with one another's hearts, consciously or unconsciously, as long as life exists.

Fishing Village in Normandy.

We have all of us, in the course of life's journeys, sometimes lived for a little while in places which were wearisome and monotonous to us at the time; which had little to attract or to interest; we may have left them without regret, never even wishing to return. But yet, as we have travelled away, we may have found that, through some subtle and unconscious attraction, sights, sounds, and peculiarities which we thought we had scarcely noticed, seem to be haunting us, as though unwilling to let us escape. And this peculiar distinctiveness and vividness does not appear to wear out with time and distance. The pictures are like those of a magic lantern, and come suddenly out of the dimness and darkness, starting into life when the lamp is lighted by some chance association; so clearly and sharply defined and coloured, that we can scarcely believe that they are only reflections from old slides which have been lying in our store for years past.

Petiport in Normandy, a dull little fishing-town upon the coast, stands almost opposite to Ryde in the Isle of Wight. The place is quite uninteresting, the district is not beautiful, but broad and fertile, and sad and pleasant together. The country-folks are high-spirited and sometimes gay, but usually grave, as people are who live by the sea. They are a well-grown stately race, good-mannered, ready and shrewd in their talk and their dealings; they are willing to make friends, but they are at the same time reserved and careful of what they say. English people are little known at Petiport—one or two had stayed at the Château de Tracy 'dans le temps,' they told me. But the strangers who come to lodge in the place for the sake of the sea-bathing and the fine sands, were from Caen and Bayeux for the most part, and only remained during a week or two.

Except just on fête-days and while the bathing time lasted, everything was very still at Petiport. Sometimes all the men would go away together in their boats, leaving the women and children alone in the village. I was there after the bathing season was over, and before the first fishing fleet left. The fishermen's wives were all busy preparing provisions, making ready, sewing at war clothes, and helping to mend the nets before their husbands' departure. I could see them hard at work through the open doors, as I walked up the steep little village street.

Five o'clock on a fine Sunday—western light streaming along the shore, low cliffs stretching away on either side, with tufted grasses and thin straggling flowers growing from the loose arid soil, far-away promontories, flashing and distant shores, which the tides have not yet overlapped, all shining in the sun. The waves swell steadily inwards, the foam sparkles when the ripples meet the sands. The horizon is solemn dark blue, but a great streak of light crosses the sea; three white sails gleam, so do the white caps of the peasant women and the wings of the sea-gulls as they go swimming through the air. Holiday people are out in their Sunday clothes. They go strolling along the shore, or bathing and screaming to each other in the waters. The countrymen wear their blue smocks of a darker blue than the sea, and they walk by their wives and sweethearts in their gay-coloured Sunday petticoats. A priest goes by; a grand lady in frills, yellow shoes, red jacket, fly-away hat, and a cane. Her husband is also in scarlet and yellow. Then come more women and Normandy caps flapping, gossipping together, and baskets, and babies, and huge umbrellas.

MRS. MACQUOID—HESBA STRETTON.

Mrs. Katharine S. Macquoid has written many novels, but never surpassed her first, 'Hester Kirton,' a story containing fine sketches of character. Her other works are—'Diane,' 'The Evil Eye,' 'Petty,' 'My Story,' 'Lost Rose,' &c., also a pleasant volume, 'Through Normandy' (1874).—Hesba Stretton is author of several tales—'The Doctor's Dilemma,' 'Hester Morley's Promise,' &c., and some excellent stories for children.

FLORENCE MARRYAT—ELIZABETH WETHERELL—SARAH TYTLER—C. C. FRASER-TYTLER—MISS CRAIK—MRS. CHETWYND, &c.

FLORENCE MARRYAT, daughter of the nautical novelist, has a copious list; 'Mad Dumaresq,' 'No Intentions,' 'Love's Conflict,' 'Woman against Woman,' 'Gerald Estcourt,' 'Too Good for Him,' 'Petronel,' 'Nelly Brooke,' 'Veronique,' 'Her Lord and Master,' 'Prey of the Gods,' 'The Girls of Feversham,' &c. ELIZABETH WETHERELL has written a number of popular works of fiction—'Daisy,' 'Willow Brook,' 'Sceptres and Crowns,' 'Queechy,' 'Wide Wide World,' &c. A vivid and striking picture of the state of France in the time of the great Revolution is drawn in the novel entitled 'Citoyene Jacqueline,' by SARAH TYTLER. The violence and strife of that reign of terror is contrasted with the grace and delicacy of the inmates of a château, from which the heroine is taken to unite at last the higher and lower sections of the *dramatis personæ*. Another semi-historical novel by the same author is entitled 'Lady Bell.' Various other productions from her pen have enjoyed considerable popularity. Miss C. C. FRASER-TYTLER is author of 'Mistress Judith,' 'Jonathan,' &c.; and MISS GEORGIANA CRAIK, 'Sylvia's Choice,' 'Teresa,' &c. A novel evincing minute acquaintance with French domestic life, 'The Hôtel du Petit St. Jean,' is by the HON. MRS. CHETWYND, who is author of another tale, 'Vera.' A younger aspirant, MARIA M. GRANT, has three novels—'Artiste,' 'Bright Morning,' 'Victor Lescar.'

R. D. BLACKMORE—L. W. M. LOCKHART—JOHN SAUNDERS—JAMES PAYN—R. FRANCILLON.

Among the most successful portrayers of actual life is Mr. RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE, author of 'The Maid of Sker,' 'Lorna Doone,' 'Alice Lorraine,' 'Cripps the Carrier,' &c. LAWRENCE W. M. LOCKHART, late captain 92d Highlanders, has written two popular novels—'Doubles and Quits' and 'Fair to See.' JOHN SAUNDERS is author of 'Guy Waterman,' 'One Against the World,' and 'Israel Mort, Overman.' The last has a rough strength and force which fixes the attention of the reader: Israel Mort is a miner, who raises himself to be successively overman, manager, and owner of a mine. MR. JAMES PAYN has written several excellent works of fiction—'Lost Sir Massingberd,' 'At Her Mercy,' 'The Best of Husbands,' 'Walter's Word,' 'Fallen Fortunes,' 'By Proxy,' &c. Mr. R. FRANCILLON is author of 'Olympia,' 'Pearl and Emerald,' 'A Dog and his Shadow.'

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA—EDWARD JENKINS—WALTER THORNBURY.

One of the best imitators of Dickens was GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA (born in London in 1828), whose contributions to 'Household Words' were highly amusing, and scarcely distinguishable from those of his model. As special correspondent for the 'Daily Telegraph,' Mr. Sala

has thrown off innumerable sketches of life and public events in foreign countries—in France, Italy, Spain, Russia, and America. A series of papers in the 'Cornhill Magazine' (since published in one volume) on Hogarth, display familiarity with art as well as with history and general literature, and constitute perhaps the most finished of Mr. Sala's works. He is emphatically a ready writer and traveller, at home in most countries and most phases of life.

Two stories by MR. EDWARD JENKINS were written with a moral purpose—'Ginx's Baby,' 1870; and 'The Devil's Chain,' 1875. The former exposes some of the defects in our social and charitable institutions, while the latter assails the demon of intemperance, but is overcharged with horrors and painful incidents. Mr. Jenkins is the son of a clergyman who came to London from Canada about fifteen years ago. He is now one of the members of parliament for Dundee—an active and liberal public man.

One of the most versatile and indefatigable littérateurs—poet, novelist, art-critic, traveller, biographer, &c.—between 1845 and 1876, was MR. WALTER THORNBURY (1828–1876), son of a London solicitor. His poetical works were—'Lays and Legends of the New World,' 1851; 'Songs of Cavaliers and Roundheads,' 1857; and 'Legendary and Historic Ballads,' 1875. His novels form a longer list: 'Every Man his own Trumpeter,' 1858; 'True as Steel,' 1863; 'Wildfire,' 1864; 'Haunted London,' 1865; 'Tales for the Marines,' 1865; 'Greatheart,' 1866; 'The Vicar's Courtship,' 1869; and tales and sketches contributed to 'Chambers's Journal,' 'Household Words,' and 'All the Year Round.' For some years Mr. Thornbury was art-critic to the 'Athenæum,' and he produced two volumes of sketches of 'British Artists from Hogarth to Turner,' besides a 'Life of Turner,' in two volumes, written under the supervision of Mr. Ruskin. His productions as a tourist and a traveller consist of two volumes entitled 'Art and Nature at Home and Abroad,' 'Life in Turkey,' 'Life in Spain,' and 'Experiences in the United States.' In general literature, besides innumerable light articles, he wrote 'Monarchs of the Main,' three volumes, being a history of the Buccaneers; 'Shakspere's England during the Reign of Elizabeth,' &c. He worked on till within a few days of his death, which came suddenly; 'the result,' adds the 'Athenæum,' 'of over-brainwork.'

Another victim to excessive literary labour and anxiety was MR. MORTIMER COLLINS, who died in 1876 at the early age of forty-nine. He was the author of several novels—'Sweet Anne Page,' 1868; 'The Ivory Gate,' 1869; 'Vivian Romance,' 1870; 'Marquis and Merchant,' 1871; &c. He published also a volume of 'Poems,' and latterly was a regular and popular contributor to 'Punch.'

HISTORIANS AND BIOGRAPHERS.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON.

At the close of the French revolutionary war, countless multitudes were drawn from every part of Europe to Paris to witness the meeting of the allied sovereigns in 1814. Among them was 'one young man who had watched with intense interest the progress of the war from his earliest years, and who, having hurried from his paternal roof in Edinburgh on the first cessation of hostilities, then conceived the first idea of narrating its events, and amidst its wonders inhaled that ardent spirit, that deep enthusiasm which, sustaining him through fifteen subsequent years of travel and study, and fifteen more of composition, has at length realised itself in the present history.' The work thus characteristically referred to by its author, MR. (afterwards SIR) ARCHIBALD ALISON, is 'The History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons,' ten volumes, 1839–42, and which has since, in various forms, gone through nine editions. It has been translated into all European languages, and even into Arabic and Hindustani. A work so popular must have substantial merits, or must supply a want universally felt. Having visited most of the localities described, many interesting minute touches and graphic illustrations have been added by the historian from personal observation, or the statements of eye-witnesses on the spot; and he appears to have been diligent and conscientious in consulting written authorities. The defects of the work are, however, considerable. The style is often careless, turgid, and obscure; and the high Tory prejudices of the author, with certain opinions on the currency question—the influence of which he greatly exaggerates—render him often a tedious as well as unsafe guide. His moral reflections and deductions are mostly superfluous, and quite unworthy of the author of the narrative portions of the history.* In a few instances he has been accused by his own Conservative friends of extracting military details from questionable sources, and forming rash judgments on questions of strategy. Thus he maintains that, in the great campaign of 1815, Napoleon 'surprised, out-manœuvred, and out-generaled' both Wellington and Blucher—

* Mr. Disraeli touches scarcastically on these defects: 'Finally, Mr. Rigby impressed on Coningsby to read the *Quarterly Review* with great attention; and to make himself master of Mr. Wordy's *History of the Late War* in twenty volumes, a capital work, which proves that Providence was on the side of the Tories.'—*Coningsby*, Book III. c. 2.

a position which does not seem well supported, but which at least evinces the historian's determination to think for himself, and not to sacrifice his convictions to party. In describing the causes which led to the French Revolution, he also enumerates fairly the enormous wrongs and oppressions under which the people laboured; but with singular inconsistency he adds, that the immediate source of the convulsion was the spirit of innovation which overspread France. Carlyle more correctly assigns *famine* as the 'immediate' cause—the unprecedented scarcity and dearness of provisions; but, of course, a variety of other elements entered into the formation of that great convulsion. Some of the features of the Revolution are well drawn by Alison. The small number of persons who perpetrated the atrocities in Paris, and the apathy of the great body of the citizens, he thus describes:

The French Revolutionary Assassins.

The small number of those who perpetrated these murders in the French capital under the eyes of the legislature, is one of the most instructive facts in the history of revolutions. Marat had long before said, that with two hundred assassins at a louis a day, he would govern France, and cause three hundred thousand heads to fall; and the events of the 2d September seemed to justify the opinion. The number of those actually engaged in the massacres did not exceed three hundred: and twice as many more witnessed and encouraged their proceedings; yet this handful of men governed Paris and France, with a despotism which three hundred thousand armed warriors afterwards strove in vain to effect. The immense majority of the well-disposed citizens, divided in opinion, irresolute in conduct, and dispersed in different quarters, were incapable of arresting a band of assassins, engaged in the most atrocious cruelties of which modern Europe has yet afforded an example—an important warning to the strenuous and the good in every succeeding age, to combine for defence the moment that the aspiring and the desperate have begun to agitate the public mind, and never to trust that mere smallness of numbers can be relied on for preventing reckless ambition from destroying irresolute virtue. It is not less worthy of observation, that these atrocious massacres took place in the heart of a city where above fifty thousand men were enrolled in the National Guard, and had arms in their hands; a force specifically destined to prevent insurrectionary movements, and support, under all changes, the majesty of the law. They were so divided in opinion, and the revolutionists composed so large a part of their number, that nothing whatever was done by them, either on the 10th August, when the king was dethroned, or the 2d September, when the prisoners were massacred. This puts in a forcible point of view the weakness of such a force, which, being composed of citizens, is distracted by their feelings, and actuated by their passions. In ordinary times, it may exhibit an imposing array, and be adequate to the repression of the smaller disorders: but it is paralysed by the events which throw society into convulsions, and generally fails at the decisive moment when its aid is most required.

Another specimen of the author's style of summary and reflection may be given:

The Reign of Terror.

Thus terminated the Reign of Terror, a period fraught with greater political instruction than any of equal duration which has existed since the beginning of the world. In no former period had the efforts of the people so completely triumphed, or the higher orders been so thoroughly crushed by the lower. The throne had been overturned, the altar destroyed, the aristocracy levelled with the dust: the nobles were in exile, the clergy in captivity, the gentry in affliction. A merciless sword had waved over the state, destroying alike the dignity of rank, the splendour of talent, and the graces of beauty. All that excelled the labouring classes in situation, for-

tune or acquirement, had been removed; they had triumphed over their oppressors, seized their possessions, and risen into their stations. And what was the consequence? The establishment of a more cruel and revolting tyranny than any which mankind had yet witnessed; the destruction of all the charities and enjoyments of life; the dreadful spectacle of streams of blood flowing through every part of France. The earliest friends, the warmest advocates, the firmest supporters of the people, were swept off indiscriminately with their bitterest enemies; in the unequal struggle virtue and philanthropy sunk under ambition and violence, and society returned to a state of chaos, when all the elements of private or public happiness were scattered to the winds. Such are the results of unchaining the passions of the multitude; such the peril of suddenly admitting the light upon a benighted people. The extent to which blood was shed in France during this melancholy period, will hardly be credited by future ages. The Republican Prudhomme, whose prepossessions led him to anything rather than an exaggeration of the horrors of the popular party, has given the following appalling account of the victims of the Revolution:

Nobles,	1,278	
Noble women,	750	
Wives of labourers and artisans,	1,467	
Religieuses,	350	
Priests,	1,135	
Common Persons, not noble,	13,623	
Guillotined by sentence of the Revolutionary Tribunal,	18,603	18,603
Women died of premature childbirth,		3,400
In childbirth from grief,		348
Women killed in La Vendée,		15,000
Children killed in La Vendée,		22,000
Men slain in La Vendée,		900,000
Victims under Carrier at Nantes,		32,000
Of whom: Children shot,	500	
Of whom: Children drowned,	1,500	
Of whom: Women shot,	264	
Of whom: Women drowned,	500	
Of whom: Priests shot,	300	
Of whom: Priests drowned,	460	
Of whom: Nobles drowned,	1,400	
Of whom: Artisans drowned,	5,300	
Victims at Lyon,		31,000
Total,		1,022,351

In this enumeration are not comprehended the massacres at Versailles, at the Abbey, the Carmes, or other prisons on September 2, the victims of the Glacière of Avignon, those shot at Toulon and Marseille, or the persons slain in the little town of Bedoin, of which the whole population perished. It is in an especial manner remarkable in this dismal catalogue, how large a proportion of the victims of the Revolution were persons in the middling and lower ranks of life. The priests and nobles guillotined are only 2413, while the persons of plebeian origin exceed 13,000! The nobles and priests put to death at Nantes were only 2160; while the infants drowned and shot are 2000, the women 764, and the artisans 5300! So rapidly in revolutionary convulsions does the career of cruelty reach the lower orders, and so widespread is the carnage dealt out to them, compared with that which they have sought to inflict on their superiors. The facility with which a faction, composed of a few of the most audacious and reckless of the nation, triumphed over the immense majority of their fellow-citizens, and led them forth like victims to the sacrifice, is not the least extraordinary or memorable part of that eventful period. The bloody faction at Paris never exceeded a few hundred men; their talents were by no means of the highest order, nor their weight in society considerable; yet they trampled under foot all the influential classes, ruled mighty armies with absolute sway, kept 200,000 of their fellow-citizens in captivity, and daily led out several hundred persons, of the best blood in France, to execution. Such is the effect of the unity of action

which atrocious wickedness produces; such the ascendancy which in periods of anarchy is acquired by the most savage and lawless of the people. The peaceable and inoffensive citizens lived and wept in silence; terror crushed every attempt at combination; the extremity of grief subdued even the firmest hearts. In despair at effecting any change in the general sufferings, apathy universally prevailed, the people sought to bury their sorrows in the delirium of present enjoyments, and the theatres were never fuller than during the whole duration of the Reign of Terror. Ignorance of human nature can alone lead us to ascribe this to any peculiarity in the French character; the same effects have been observed in all parts and ages of the world, as invariably attending a state of extreme and long-continued distress. The death of Hebert and the anarchists was that of guilty depravity; that of Robespierre and the Decemvirs, of sanguinary fanaticism; that of Danton and his confederates, of stoical infidelity; that of Madame Roland and the Girondists, of deluded virtue; that of Louis and his family, of religious forgiveness. The moralist will contrast the different effects of virtue and wickedness in the last moments of life; the Christian will mark with thankfulness the superiority in the supreme hour to the sublimest efforts of human virtue, which was evinced by the believers in his own faith.

A continuation has been made to this work—'The History of Europe from the fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852,' eight volumes, 1852–59. The author, however, had not exercised much care in this compilation. It is hastily and inaccurately written, and is disfigured by blunders, omissions, and inconsistencies. Some of the author's opinions or crotchets are pushed to a ridiculous extreme, as his delusion that most of the political changes of the previous thirty years—the abolition of the corn-laws, Catholic emancipation, and parliamentary reform—may all be traced to the act of 1826 which interdicted the further issue of the £1 and £2 bank-notes! The diffuse style of narrative which was felt as a drawback on the earlier history, is still more conspicuous in this continuation—no doubt from want of time and care in the laborious work of condensation. The other writings of our author—exclusive of pamphlets on Free-trade and the Currency—are a 'Life of Marlborough,' 1847 (afterwards greatly enlarged in the second edition, 1852), and 'Essays, Political, Historical, and Miscellaneous,' three volumes, 1850. These essays were originally published in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' to which their author was a frequent contributor. The other works of Sir Archibald are—'Principles of Population,' 1840; 'Free Trade and Protection,' 1844 'England in 1815 and in 1845,' &c.

Sir Archibald Alison was the eldest son of the Rev. Archibald Alison, author of the 'Essay on Taste,' &c. His mother was Dorothea, daughter of Dr. John Gregory of Edinburgh. He was born at Kenley in Shropshire in 1792. His father having in 1800 removed to Edinburgh to officiate in the Episcopal Chapel in the Cowgate, Archibald studied at Edinburgh University, was admitted to the bar in 1814, and in 1834 was appointed sheriff of Lanarkshire. He had distinguished himself professionally by his 'Principles of the Criminal Law of Scotland,' 1832, and his 'Practice of the 'Criminal Law,' 1833. He was successively Lord Rector of Marischal College, Aberdeen, and Glasgow University, and subsequently the title of

D.C.L. was conferred upon him by the university of Oxford. In 1853 he was created a baronet by Lord Derby's administration. He died on the 23d of May 1867.

W. H. PRESCOTT.

The celebrated American historian, William Hickling Prescott, was born at Salem, Massachusetts, May 4, 1796. His father was an eminent judge and lawyer. While a student in Harvard College, a slight accident threatened to deprive the future historian of sight, and in the result proved a severe interruption to his studies. One of his fellow-collegians threw a crust of bread at him, which struck one of his eyes, and deprived it almost wholly of sight, while the other was sympathetically affected. He travelled partly for medical advice, and visited England, France, and Italy, remaining absent about two years. On his return to the United States, he married and settled in Boston. His first literary production was an essay on 'Italian Narrative Poetry,' contributed in 1824 to the 'North American Review,' in which work many valuable papers from his pen afterwards appeared. Devoting himself to the literature and history of Spain, he fixed upon the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, and commenced his history of that period. He had only, however, commenced his task when his eye gave way, and he enjoyed no use of it again for reading for several years. His literary enthusiasm, however, was too strong to be subdued even by this calamity; he engaged a reader, dictated copious notes, and from these notes constructed his composition, making in his mind those corrections which are usually made in the manuscript. Instead of dictating the work thus composed, he used a writing-case made for the blind, which he thus describes: 'It consists of a frame of the size of a piece of paper, traversed by brass wires as many as lines are wanted on the page, and with a sheet of carbonated paper, such as is used for getting duplicates, pasted on the reverse side. With an ivory or agate stylus the writer traces his characters between the wires on the carbonated sheet, making indelible marks which he cannot see on the white page below.' In this way the historian proceeded with his task, finding, he says, his writing-case his best friend in his lonely hours. The sight of his eye partially returned, but never sufficiently to enable him to use it by candle-light.

In 1837 appeared his history of 'Ferdinand and Isabella,' in three volumes, and the work was eminently successful on both sides of the Atlantic. In 1843, 'The Conquest of Mexico,' three volumes, and in 1847, 'The Conquest of Peru,' two volumes, still further extended Mr. Prescott's reputation, and it is calculated that latterly he received from £4000 to £5000 a year from the sale of his writings. The successful historian now made a visit to England, and was received with the utmost distinction and favour, the university of Oxford conferring upon him the honorary degree of LL.D. In

1854 his 'History of Philip II.' was ready for the press, and he was to receive £1000 for each volume of the work, which, it was supposed, would extend to six volumes. A decision of the House of Lords, however, annulled this bargain. It was found that no American, not domiciled in England at the time of the publication of his book, could claim the benefit of our copyright laws. 'If Mr. Prescott had thought proper to have resided in England during, and for a certain time before and after the publication of the book, he might have reaped the full benefit of its great success on both sides of the Atlantic. But he would not take this course. At a great pecuniary sacrifice, he preferred to present to the world one signal example more of the injustice to which the writers of England and America are exposed by the want of a reasonable system of international copyright—a want for which the American legislature appears to be wholly responsible.'* Two volumes of 'Philip II.' appeared in 1855, and the third volume in 1858. In the interval the author had experienced a shock of paralysis, and another shock on the 28th of January 1859 proved fatal. When sitting alone in his library, the historian was struck down by this sudden and terrible agent of death, and in less than two hours he expired. His remains were followed to the grave by a vast concourse of citizens and mourners.

As an historian, Prescott may rank with Robertson as a master of the art of narrative, while he excels him in the variety and extent of his illustrative researches. He was happy in the choice of his subjects. The very names of Castile and Arragon, Mexico and Peru, possess a romantic charm, and the characters and scenes he depicts have the interest and splendour of the most gorgeous fiction. To some extent the American historian fell into the error of Robertson in palliating the enormous cruelties that marked the career of the Spanish conquerors; but he is more careful in citing his authorities, in order, as he says, 'to put the reader in a position for judging for himself, and thus for revising, and, if need be, for reversing the judgments of the historian.'

View of Mexico from the Summit of Ahualco.

Their progress was now comparatively easy, and they marched forward with a buoyant step, as they felt they were treading the soil of Montezuma.

They had not advanced far when, turning an angle of the sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated the toils of the preceding day. It was that of the valley of Mexico, or Tenochtitlan, as more commonly called by the natives; which, with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland and cultivated plains, its shining cities and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them. In the highly rarefied atmosphere of these upper regions even remote objects have a brilliancy of colouring and a distinctness of outline which seem to annihilate distance. Stretching far away at their feet were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore and cedar, and beyond yellow fields of maize, and the

* *Memoir of Prescott*, by Sir William Stirling Maxwell, in *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

towering maguey, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens; for flowers, in such demand for their religious festivals, were even more abundant in this populous valley than in other parts of Anahuac. In the centre of the great basin were beheld the lakes, occupying then a much larger portion of its surface than at present, their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets; and in the midst—like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls—the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters—the far-famed 'Venus of the Aztecs.' High over all rose the royal hill of Chapoltepec, the residence of the Mexican monarchs, crowned with the same grove of gigantic cypresses which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land. In the distance, beyond the blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened by intervening foliage, was seen a shining speck, the rival capital of Tezcuco; and still further on, the dark belt of porphyry, girdling the valley around, like a rich setting which nature had devised for the fairest of her jewels. Such was the beautiful vision which broke on the eyes of the conquerors. And even now, when so sad a change has come over the scene; when the stately forests have been laid low, and the soil, unsheltered from the fierce radiance of a tropical sun, is in many places abandoned to sterility; when the waters have retired, leaving a broad and ghastly margin white with the incrustation of salts, while the cities and hamlets on their borders have mouldered into ruins, even now that desolation broods over the landscape, so indestructible are the lines of beauty which nature has traced on its features, that no traveller, however cold, can gaze on them with any other emotions than those of astonishment and rapture.

What, then, must have been the emotions of the Spaniards, when, after working their toilsome way into the upper air, the cloudy tabernacle parted before their eyes, and they beheld these fair scenes in all their pristine magnificence and beauty! It was like the spectacle which greeted the eyes of Moses from the summit of Pisgah, and in the warm glow of their feelings they cried out: 'It is the promised land!'

Storming the Temple of Mexico.

Cortés, having cleared a way for the assault, sprung up the lower stairway, followed by Alvarado, Sandoval, Ordaz, and the other gallant cavaliers of his little band, leaving a file of arquebusiers and a strong corps of Indian allies to hold the enemy in check at the foot of the monument. On the first landing, as well as on the several galleries above, and on the summit, the Aztec warriors were drawn up to dispute his passage. From their elevated position they showered down volleys of lighter missiles, together with heavy stones, beams and burning rafters, which, thundering along the stairway, overturned the ascending Spaniards, and carried desolation through their ranks. The more fortunate, eluding or springing over these obstacles, succeeded in gaining the first terrace, where, throwing themselves on their enemies, they compelled them, after a short resistance, to fall back. The assailants pressed on, effectually supported by a brisk fire of the musketeers from below, which so much galled the Mexicans in their exposed situation, that they were glad to take shelter on the broad summit of the *teocalli*.

Cortés and his comrades were close upon their rear, and the two parties soon found themselves face to face on this aërial battle-field, engaged in mortal combat in presence of the whole city, as well as of the troops in the courtyard, who paused, as if by mutual consent, from their own hostilities, gazing in silent expectation on the issue of those above. The area, though somewhat smaller than the base of the teocalli, was large enough to afford a fair field of fight for a thousand combatants. It was paved with broad flat stones. No impediment occurred over its surface, except the huge sacrificial block, and the temples of stone which rose to the height of forty feet, at the further extremity of the arena. One of these had been consecrated to the cross; the other was still occupied by the Mexican war-god. The Christian and the Aztec contended for their religions under the very shadow of their respective shrines; while the Indian priests, running to and fro, with their hair wildly streaming over their sable mantles, seemed hovering in mid-air, like so many demons of darkness urging on the work of slaughter.

The parties closed with the desperate fury of men who had no hope but in victory. Quarter was neither asked nor given; and to fly was impossible. The edge of the area was unprotected by parapet or battlement. The least slip would be fatal; and the combatants, as they struggled in mortal agony, were sometimes seen to roll over

the sheer sides of the precipice together. Cortés himself is said to have had a narrow escape from this dreadful fate. Two warriors, of strong muscular frames, seized on him, and were dragging him violently towards the brink of the pyramid. Aware of their intention, he struggled with all his force, and, before they could accomplish their purpose, succeeded in tearing himself from their grasp, and hurling one of them over the walls with his own arm. The story is not improbable in itself, for Cortés was a man of uncommon agility and strength. It has been often repeated, but not by contemporary history.

The battle lasted with unintermitting fury for three hours. The number of the enemy was double that of the Christians; and it seemed as if it were a contest which must be determined by numbers and brute force, rather than superior science. But it was not so. The invulnerable armour of the Spaniard, his sword of matchless temper, and his skill in the use of it, gave him advantages which far outweighed the odds of physical strength and numbers. After doing all that the courage of despair could enable men to do, resistance grew fainter and fainter on the side of the Aztecs. One after another they had fallen. Two or three priests only survived to be led away in triumph by the victors. Every other combatant was stretched a corpse on the bloody arena, or had been hurled from the giddy heights. Yet the loss of the Spaniards was not inconsiderable: it amounted to forty-five of their best men; and nearly all the remainder were more or less injured in the desperate conflict.

The victorious cavaliers now rushed towards the sanctuaries. The lower story was of stone, the two upper were of wood. Penetrating into their recesses, they had the mortification to find the image of the Virgin and Cross removed. But in the other edifice they still beheld the grim figure of Huitzilopotchli, with his censer of smoking hearts, and the walls of his oratory reeking with gore—not improbably of their own countrymen. With shouts of triumph the Christians tore the uncouth monster from his niche, and tumbled him, in the presence of the horror-struck Aztecs, down the steps of the teocalli. They then set fire to the accursed building. The flame speedily ran up the slender towers, sending forth an ominous light over city, lake, and valley, to the remotest hut among the mountains. It was the funeral pyre of paganism, and proclaimed the fall of that sanguinary religion which had so long hung like a dark cloud over the fair regions of Anahuac.

Fatal Visit of the Inca to Pizarro and his Followers in the City of Caxamalca.

It was not long before sunset when the van of the royal procession entered the gates of the city. First came some hundreds of the menials, employed to clear the path from every obstacle, and singing songs of triumph as they came, 'which in our ears,' says one of the conquerors, 'sounded like the songs of hell!' Then followed other bodies of different ranks, and dressed in different liveries. Some wore a showy stuff; checkered white and red, like the squares of a chess-board; others were clad in pure white, bearing hammers or maces of silver or copper; and the guards, together with those in immediate attendance on the prince, were distinguished by a rich azure livery and a profusion of gay ornaments, while the large pendants attached to the ears indicated the Peruvian noble.

Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahuallpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly coloured plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. Round his neck was suspended a collar of emeralds, of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command.

As the leading files of the procession entered the great square, larger says an old chronicler, than any square in Spain, they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Everything was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the *plaza* in silence, and not a Spaniard was to be seen. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered the place, Atahuallpa halted, and turning round with an inquiring look, demanded, 'Where are the strangers?'

At this moment Fray Vicente de Valverde, a Dominican friar, Pizarro's chaplain,

and afterwards bishop of Cuzco, came forward with his breviary, or, as other accounts say, a Bible, in one hand, and a crucifix in the other, and approaching the Inca, told him that he came by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of his true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country. The friar then explained, as clearly as he could, the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity, and, ascending high in his account, began with the creation of man, thence passed to his fall, to his subsequent redemption by Jesus Christ, to the crucifixion, and the ascension, when the Saviour left the apostle Peter as his vicegerent upon earth. This power had been transmitted to the successors of the apostle good and wise men, who, under the title of popes, held authority over all powers and potentates on earth. One of the last of these popes had commissioned the Spanish emperor, the most mighty monarch in the world, to conquer and convert the natives in this western hemisphere: and his general, Francisco Pizarro, had now come to execute this important mission. The friar concluded with beseeching the Peruvian monarch to receive him kindly; to abjure the errors of his own faith, and embrace that of the Christians now proffered to him, the only one by which he could hope for salvation; and, furthermore, to acknowledge himself a tributary of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who, in that event, would aid and protect him as his loyal vassal.

Whether Atahuallpa possessed himself of every link in the curious chain of argument by which the monk connected Pizarro with St. Peter, may be doubted. It is certain, however, that he must have had very incorrect notions of the Trinity, if, as Garcilasso states, the interpreter Felipillo explained it by saying, that the Christians believed in three Gods and one God, and that made four.' But there is no doubt he perfectly comprehended that the drift of the discourse was to persuade him to resign his sceptre and acknowledge the supremacy of another.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker, as he replied: 'I will be no man's tributary! I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your emperor may be a great prince; I do not doubt it, when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters; and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the pope of whom you speak, he must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith,' he continued, 'I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom he created. But mine,' he concluded, pointing to his deity—then, alas! sinking in glory behind the mountains—'my god still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children.'

He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had said these things. The friar pointed to the book which he held as his authority. Atahuallpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment, then, as the insult he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence, and exclaimed: 'Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed.'

The friar, greatly scandalised by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, stayed only to pick it up, and hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done, exclaiming at the same time: 'Do you not see that while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on at once; I absolve you.' Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of 'St. Jago and at them!' It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as, rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the plaza, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphureous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners—all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left, without sparing; while their swords flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now, for the first time, saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. They made no re-

sistance—as, indeed, they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the plaza! It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

Meanwhile the fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or, at least, by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said by some authorities that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay. That they did not so in the present instance, is proof that they had no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their horses with dying grasp, and as one was cut down, another taking the place of his fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him without hardly comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty press swayed backwards and forwards; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin, like some forlorn mariner, who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash, and hears the thunder bursting around him, with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude them; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate attempt to end the affray at once by taking Atahuellpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with stentorian voice: 'Let no one, who values his life, strike at the Inca;' and, stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on the hand from one of his own men—the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length, several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some other of the cavaliers, who caught him in their arms. The imperial *borla* was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete, and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighbouring building, where he was carefully guarded.

All attempt at resistance now ceased. The fate of the Inca soon spread over town and country. The charm which might have held the Peruvians together was dissolved. Every man thought only of his own safety. Even the soldiery encamped on the adjacent fields took the alarm, and, learning the fatal tidings, were seen flying in every direction before their pursuers, who in the heat of triumph shewed no touch of mercy. At length night, more pitiful than man, threw her friendly mantle over the fugitives, and the scattered troops of Pizarro rallied once more at the sound of the trumpet in the bloody square of Caxamalca.

DR. ARNOLD.

Early Roman history has of late formed the subject of investigation and discussion. The celebrated works of Niebuhr, the Prussian historian (1796–1831), was published in 1811, and again, much modified and enlarged, in 1827. For some time it attracted little attention in this country, but gradually followers and disciples sprung up. The leading theory of Niebuhr (derived from James Perizonius, an antiquary of the seventeenth century) was, that the commonly received history of the early centuries of Rome was in great part

fabulous, founded on popular songs or lays chanted at the Roman banquets. Greece had her rhapsodists, the Teutonic nations their bards, and Rome, he concluded, had also her poetical chroniclers. To eliminate whatever portion of truth was contained in the stories of the mythic period—and Niebuhr believed that they did contain many authentic facts—was the chosen task of the learned Prussian, and of all those who adopted his 'ballad theory' as a sound historical hypothesis. One of the most enthusiastic of his admirers was DR. THOMAS ARNOLD (1795–1842), the well-known and popular master of Rugby School. Arnold was a native of East Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, where his father resided as collector of customs. He was educated at Winchester, and afterwards at Oxford, being elected a fellow of Oriel College in 1815. He remained at Oxford four more years, employed in instructing pupils; and in his twenty-fifth year he settled at Laleham, near Staines, in Middlesex. At Laleham he took pupils as before, married, and spent nine years of happiness and study. He took priest's orders in 1828, and in that year occurred the great turning-point of his life—he was appointed to Rugby School. He longed to 'try whether our public school system has not in it some noble elements which may produce fruit even to life eternal,' and his exertions not only raised Rugby School to the highest popularity, but introduced a great change and improvement into all the public schools in England. He trusted much to the 'sixth form,' or elder boys, who exercise a recognised authority over the junior pupils, and these he inspired with love, reverence, and confidence. His interest in his pupils was that of a parent, and it was unceasing. On Sunday he preached to them; 'he was still the instructor and the schoolmaster, only teaching and educating with increased solemnity and energy.' All 'unpromising subjects,' or pupils likely to taint others, he removed from the school. 'It is *not* necessary,' he said, 'that this should be a school of three hundred, or one hundred, or of fifty boys; but it *is* necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen.' His firmness, his sympathy, his fine manly character, and devotion to duty, in time bound all good hearts to him.

Out-of-doors, Arnold had also his battles to fight. He was a Liberal in politics, though not a partisan, and a keen church reformer. To the High Church party he was strenuously opposed. The Church, he said, meant not the priesthood, but the body of believers. Christianity recognized no priesthood—the whole body of believers were equally brethren. Nothing, he conceived, could save the Church but a union with the Dissenters; and the civil power was more able than the clergy, not only to govern, but to fix the doctrines of the Church. These Erastian views, propounded with his usual zeal and earnestness, offended and alarmed many of Arnold's own friends, especially those of the clergy, and he also failed to conciliate the Dissenters. The Whig government, in 1835, appointed him a Fellow in the Senate of the new university of London. Arnold, convinced that

Christianity should be the basis and principle of all education in a Christian country, proposed that every candidate for a degree in the university should be examined on the Scriptures. This was resisted—at least to the extent that the examination should not be compulsory, but voluntary—and Arnold afterwards resigned his appointment. In 1841, he obtained one more congenial to his tastes and pursuits—he was nominated Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. His inaugural lecture was attended by a vast concourse of students and friends, for the popular tide had now turned in his favour, and his robust health promised a long succession of professional triumphs, as well as of general usefulness. He had purchased a small property in Westmoreland—Fox How, situated in one of the most beautiful portions of the Lake country, with the now classic river Rotha, 'purior electro,' winding round his fields. At Fox How he spent his vacations; and he was preparing to return thither in the summer of 1842, when one night he was seized with spasms of the heart, and died ere eight o'clock next morning, June 12, 1842. The works of Dr. Arnold give but a faint idea of what he accomplished. He was emphatically a man of action. His writings, however, are characteristic of the man—earnest, clear in conception and style, and independent in thought. His 'History of Rome,' which he intended to carry down to the fall of the Western Empire, was completed only to the end of the Second Punic War, and is contained in three volumes: he edited 'Thucydides,' and his 'Introductory Lectures on Modern History'—eight in number—were published after his death, in one volume, 1843. Six volumes of his 'Sermons,' chiefly delivered to the Rugby boys, have also been published, with a volume of tracts on social and political topics, collected and republished by his pupil and biographer, the Rev. A. P. Stanley, now dean of Westminster. His 'Roman History'—in which he closely follows Niebuhr—is striking and picturesque, rather than philosophical. His strong moral feeling and hatred of tyranny in all its shapes occasionally break forth, and he gave animation to his narrative by contrasting ancient with modern events—a mode of illustration in which he has been followed by Macaulay and Grote.

Character of Scipio.

A mind like Scipio's, working its way under the peculiar influences of his time and country, cannot but move irregularly—it cannot but be full of contradictions. Two hundred years later, the mind of the dictator, Cæsar, acquiesced contentedly in epicureanism; he retained no more of enthusiasm than was inseparable from the intensity of his intellectual power, and the fervour of his courage, even amidst his utter moral degradation. But Scipio could not be like Cæsar. His mind rose above the state of things around him; his spirit was solitary and kingly; he was cramped by living among those as his equals whom he felt fitted to guide as from some higher sphere; and he retired at last to Liternum, to breathe freely, to enjoy the simplicity of his childhood, since he could not fulfil his natural calling to be a heroking. So far he stood apart from his countrymen—admired, reverenced, but not loved. But he could not shake off all the influences of his time; the virtue, public and private, which still existed at Rome—the reverence paid by the wisest and best

men to the religion of their fathers—were elements too congenial to his nature not to retain their hold on it: they cherished that nobleness of soul in him, and that faith in the invisible and divine, which two centuries of growing unbelief rendered almost impossible in the days of Cæsar. Yet how strange must the conflict be when faith is combined with the highest intellectual power, and its appointed object is no better than paganism! Longing to believe, yet repelled by palpable falsehood—crossed inevitably with snatches of unbelief, in which hypocrisy is ever close at the door—it breaks out desperately, as it may seem, into the region of dreams and visions, and mysterious communings with the invisible, as if longing to find that food in its own creations which no outward objective truth offers to it. The proportions of belief and unbelief in the human mind in such cases, no human judgment can determine—they are the wonders of history; characters inevitably misrepresented by the vulgar, and viewed even by those who, in some sense, have the key to them as a mystery not fully to be comprehended, and still less explained to others. The genius which conceived the incomprehensible character of Hamlet would alone be able to describe with intuitive truth the character of Scipio or of Cromwell. With all his greatness there was a waywardness in him which seems often to accompany genius; a self-idolatry, natural enough where there is so keen a consciousness of power and of lofty designs; a self-dependence, which feels even the most sacred external relations to be unessential to its own perfection. Such is the Achilles of Homer—the highest conception of the individual hero relying on himself, and sufficient to himself. But the same poet who conceived the character of Achilles has also drawn that of Hector; of the truly noble, because unselfish hero—who subdues his genius to make it minister to the good of others—who lives for his relations, his friends, and his country. And as Scipio lived in himself and for himself like Achilles, so the virtue of Hector was worthily represented in the life of his great rival Hannibal, who, from his childhood to his latest hour, in war and in peace, through glory and through obloquy, amid victories and amid disappointments, ever remembered to what purpose his father had devoted him, and withdrew no thought, or desire, or deed from their pledged service to his country.

Character of Hannibal.

Hannibal's genius may be likened to the Homeric god, who, in his hatred of the Trojans, rises from the deep to rally the fainting Greeks, and to lead them against the enemy; so the calm courage with which Hector met his more than human adversary in his country's cause, is no unworthy image of the unyielding magnanimity displayed by the aristocracy of Rome. As Hannibal utterly eclipses Carthage, so, on the contrary, Fabius, Marcellus, Claudius, Nero, even Scipio himself, are as nothing when compared to the spirit and wisdom and power of Rome. The senate, which voted its thanks to its political enemy, Varro, after his disastrous defeat, because he had not despaired of the commonwealth, and which threatened either to solicit, or to reprove, or to threaten, or in any way to notice the twelve colonies which had refused their accustomed supplies of men for the army, is far more to be honoured than the conquerer of Zama. This we should the more carefully bear in mind, because our tendency is to admire individual greatness far more than national; and as no single Roman will bear comparison with Hannibal, we are apt to murmur at the event of the contest, and to think that the victory was awarded to the least worthy of the combatants. On the contrary, never was the wisdom of God's providence more manifest than in the issue of the struggle between Rome and Carthage. It was clearly for the good of mankind that Hannibal should be conquered; his triumph would have stopped the progress of the world. For great men can only act permanently by forming great nations; and no one man, even though it were Hannibal himself, can in one generation effect such a work. But where the nation has been merely enkindled for a while by a great man's spirit, the light passes away with him who communicated it; and the nation, when he is gone, is like a dead body, to which magic power had for a moment given an unnatural life; when the charm has ceased, the body is cold and stiff as before. He who grieves over the battle of Zama should carry on his thoughts to a period thirty years later, when Hannibal must in the course of nature, have been dead, and consider how the isolated Phœnician city of Carthage was fitted to receive and to consolidate the civilisation of Greece, or by its laws and institutions to bind together barbarians of every race and language into an organized empire, and prepare

them for becoming, when that empire was dissolved, the free members of the commonwealth of Christian Europe.

Sufferings during the Siege of Genoa.

In the autumn of 1799, the Austrians had driven the French out of Lombardy and Piedmont; their last victory of Fossano or Genola had won the fortress of Coni or Cuneo, close under the Alps, and at the very extremity of the plain of the Po; the French clung to Italy only by their hold of the Riviera of Genoa, the narrow strip of coast between the Apennines and the sea, which extends from the frontiers of France almost to the mouth of the Arno. Hither the remains of the French force were collected, commanded by General Massena, and the point of chief importance to his defence was the city of Genoa. Napoleon had just returned from Egypt, and was become First Consul; but he could not be expected to take the field till the following spring, and till then, Massena was hopeless of relief from without—everything was to depend on his own pertinacity. The strength of his army made it impossible to force it in such a position as Genoa; but its very numbers, added to the population of a great city, held out to the enemy the hope of reducing it by famine; and as Genoa derives most of its supplies by sea, Lord Keith, the British naval commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, lent the assistance of his naval force to the Austrians, and by the vigilance of his cruisers, the whole coasting-trade right and left along the Riviera was effectually cut off. It is not at once that the inhabitants of a great city, accustomed to the daily sight of well-stored shops and an abundant market, begin to realise the idea of scarcity; or that the wealthy classes of society, who have never known any other state than one of abundance and luxury, begin seriously to conceive of famine. But the shops were emptied, and the store-houses began to be drawn upon, and no fresh supply or hope of supply appeared. Winter passed away, and spring returned, so early and so beautiful on that garden-like coast, sheltered as it is from the north winds by its belt of mountains, and open to the full range of the southern sun. Spring returned, and clothed the hill-sides with its fresh verdure. But that verdure was no longer the mere delight of the careless eye of luxury, refreshing the citizens with its liveliness and softness when they rode or walked up thither from the city to enjoy the surpassing beauty of the prospect. The green hill-sides were now visited for a very different object: ladies of the highest rank might be seen cutting up every plant which it was possible to turn to food, and bearing home the common weeds of our road-sides as a most precious treasure. The French general pitied the distress of the people, but the lives and strength of his garrison seemed to him more important than the lives of the Genoese; and such provisions as remained were reserved, in the first place, for the French army. Scarcity became utter want, and want became famine. In the most gorgeous palaces of that gorgeous city, no less than in the humblest tenements of its humblest poor, death was busy; not the momentary death of battle or massacre, nor the speedy death of pestilence, but the lingering death of famine. Infants died before their parents' eyes; husbands and wives lay down to expire together. A man whom I saw at Genoa in 1825, told me that his father and two of his brothers had been starved to death in this fatal siege. So it went on till, in the month of June, when Napoleon had already descended from the Alps into the plains of Lombardy, the misery became unendurable, and Massena surrendered. But before he did so, twenty thousand innocent persons, old and young, women and children, had died by the most horrible of deaths which humanity can endure!

SIR JOHN GARDINER WILKINSON.

In the study of Egyptian antiquities, now cultivated with ardour, Sir John Gardiner Wilkinson (1797-1875) took a prominent part. Early in life he made surveys of the topography of Thebes and the Pyramids, and collections of the hieroglyphics. In 1828, he published at Malta 'Materia Hieroglyphica,' four parts. But his great work is his 'Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians,' six volumes, 1837–41. About nine hundred wood-cuts illustrate this history, taken chiefly from the paintings in the Egyptian tombs, the

earliest descriptive illustrations of the manners and customs of any nation. Of this work, an abridgment was published by the author, a 'Popular Account of the Ancient Egyptians,' two volumes, 1854. Sir John truly remarks, that 'the influence which Egypt had in early times on Greece gives to every inquiry respecting it an additional interest; and the frequent mention of the Egyptians in the Bible connects them with the Hebrew records, of which many satisfactory illustrations occur in the sculptures of Pharaonic times.' Sir John was a son of the Rev. John Wilkinson of Haxendale, Westmoreland, and studied at Exeter College, Oxford. Amongst the latest of his literary labours was assisting Sir Henry Rawlinson in his edition of 'Herodotus.'

Moral Superiority of the Ancient Egyptians.

The early part of Egyptian monumental history is coeval with the arrivals of Abraham and of Joseph, and the exodus of the Israelites; and we know from the Bible what was the state of the world at that time. But then, and apparently long before, the habits of social life in Egypt were already what we find them to have been during the most glorious period of their career; and as the people had already laid aside their arms, and military men only carried them when on service, some notion may be had of the very remote date of Egyptian civilization. In the treatment of women they seem to have been very far advanced beyond other wealthy communities of the same era, having usages very similar to those of modern Europe; and such was the respect shown to women, that precedence was given to them over men, and the wives and daughters of kings succeeded to the throne like the male branches of the royal family. Nor was this privilege rescinded, even though it had more than once entailed upon them the troubles of a contested succession; foreign kings often having claimed a right to the throne through marriage with an Egyptian princess. It was not a mere influence that they possessed, which women often acquire in the most arbitrary eastern communities; nor a political importance accorded to a particular individual, like that of the Sultana Valideh, the queen-mother at Constantinople; it was a right acknowledged by law, both in public and private life. They knew that unless women were treated with respect, and made to exercise an influence over society, the public standard would soon be lowered, and the manners and morals of men would suffer; and in acknowledging this they pointed out to women the very responsible duties they had to perform to the community. It has been said that the Egyptian priests were only allowed to have one wife, while the rest of the community had as many as they chose; but, besides the improbability of such a license, the testimony of the monuments accords with Herodotus in disproving the statement, and each individual is represented in his tomb with a single consort. Their mutual affection is also indicated by the fond manner in which they are seated together, and by the expressions of endearment they use to each other, as well as to their children. And if further proof were wanting to show their respect for social ties, we may mention the conduct of Pharaoah, in the case of the supposed sister of Abraham, standing in remarkable contrast to the habits of most princes of those and many subsequent ages.

Ancient Egyptian Repast.

While the guests were entertained with music and the dance, dinner was prepared; but as it consisted of a considerable number of dishes, and the meat was killed for the occasion, as at the present day in eastern and tropical climates, some time elapsed before it was put upon the table. An ox, kid, wild goat, gazelle, or an oryx, and a quantity of geese, ducks, teal, quails, and other birds, were generally selected; but mutton was excluded from a Theban table. Sheep were not killed for the altar or the table, but they abounded in Egypt, and even at Thebes; and large flocks were kept for their wool, particularly in the neighbourhood of Memphis. Sometimes a flock consisted of more than two thousand; and in a tomb below the Pyramids, dating upwards of four thousand years ago, nine hundred and seventy-

four rams are brought to be registered by his scribes, as part of the stock of the deceased; implying an equal number of ewes, independent of lambs.

Beef and goose constituted the principal part of the animal food throughout Egypt; and by a prudent foresight in a country possessing neither extensive pasture lands nor great abundance of cattle, the cow was held sacred, and consequently forbidden to be eaten. Thus the risk of exhausting the stock was prevented, and a constant supply of oxen was kept for the table and for agricultural purposes. A similar fear of diminishing the number of sheep, so valuable for their wool, led to a preference for such meats as beef and goose; though they were much less light and wholesome than mutton.

A considerable quantity of meat was served up at those repasts, to which strangers were invited, as among people of the East at the present day. An endless succession of vegetables was also required on all occasions, and when dining in private, dishes composed chiefly of them were in greater request than joints even at the tables of the rich; and consequently the Israelites, who, by their long residence there, had acquired similar habits, regretted them equally with the meat and fish of Egypt. (Numbers, xi, 4, 5).

Their mode of dining was very similar to that now adopted in Cairo, and throughout the East; each person sitting round a table, and dipping his bread into a dish placed in the centre, removed on a sign made by the host, and succeeded by others, whose rotation depends on established rule, and whose number is predetermined according to the size of the party, or the quality of the guests.

As is the custom in Egypt and other hot climates at the present day, they cooked the meat as soon as killed; with the same view of having it tender, which makes northern people keep it until decomposition is beginning; and this explains the order of Joseph to 'slay and make ready' for his brethren to dine with him the same day at noon. As soon, therefore, as this had been done and the joints were all ready, the kitchen presented an animated scene, and the cooks were busy in their different departments. Other servants took charge of the pastry which the bakers or confectioners had made for the dinner-table; and this department appears even more varied than that of the cook.

That dinner was served up at mid-day, may be inferred from the invitation given by Joseph to his brethren; but it is probable that, like the Romans, they also ate supper in the evening, as is still the custom in the East. The table was much the same as that of the present day in Egypt—a small stool supporting a round tray, on which the dishes are placed; but it differed from this in having its circular summit fixed on a pillar, or leg, which was often in the form of a man, generally a captive, who supported the slab upon his head, the whole being of stone, or some hard wood. On this the dishes were placed, together with loaves of bread. It was not generally covered with any linen, but, like the Greek table, was washed with a sponge or napkin after the dishes were removed. One or two guests generally sat at a table, though from the mention of persons seated in rows according to rank, it has been supposed the tables were occasionally of a long shape, as may have been the case when the brethren of Joseph 'sat before him, the first-born according to his youth.' Joseph eating alone at another table where 'they set on for him by himself.' But even if round, they might still sit according to rank, one place being always the post of honour, even at the present day, at the round table of Egypt.

The guests sat on the ground, or on stools and chairs, and, having neither knives and forks nor any substitute for them answering to the chopsticks of the Chinese, they ate with their fingers, like the modern Asiatics, and invariably with the right hand; nor did the Jews (1 Sam. ii, 14) and Etruscans, though they had forks for other purposes, use any at table. Spoons were introduced when required for soup or other liquids. The Egyptian spoons were of various forms and sizes. They were principally of ivory, bone, wood, or bronze, and other metals—many were ornamented with the lotus flower.

The Egyptians washed after as well as before dinner, an invariable custom throughout the East, as among the Greeks, Romans, Hebrews, and others. It was also a custom of the Egyptians, during or after their repasts, to introduce a wooden image of Osiris, from one foot and a half to three feet in height, in the form of a human mummy, standing erect, or lying on a bier, and to shew it to each of the guests, warning him of his mortality, and the transitory nature of human pleasures. He was reminded that some day he would be like that figure; that men ought to 'love one

another, and avoid those evils which tend to make them consider life long, when in reality it was too short;' and while enjoying the blessings of this world, to bear in mind that their existence was precarious, and that death, which all ought to be prepared to meet, must eventually close their earthly career. Thus, while the guests were permitted, and even encouraged, to indulge in conviviality, the pleasures of the table, and the mirth so congenial to their lively disposition, they were exhorted to put a certain degree of restraint upon their conduct: and though this sentiment was perverted by other people, and used as an incentive to present excesses, it was perfectly consistent with the ideas of the Egyptians to be reminded that this life was only a lodging or inn on their way, and that their existence here was the preparation for a future state.

After dinner, music and singing were resumed; hired men and women displayed feats of agility. The most usual games within-doors were odd and even, *mora*, and draughts. The game of mora was common in ancient as well as modern times, and was played by two persons, who each simultaneously threw out the fingers of one hand, while one party guessed the sum of both. They were said in Latin, *micare digitis*, and this game, still so common among the lower order of Italians, existed about four thousand years ago in the reigns of the Osirtasens.

CHEVALIER BUNSEN—S. SHARPE.

The learned CHEVALIER BUNSEN—lately Prussian ambassador in London, and a native of Corbach, Germany, where he was born in 1790—commenced, in 1848, the publication of his historical investigation, 'Egypt's Place in Universal History.' A second volume was published in 1854, and the third in 1859. The work was translated from the German, under the author's superintendence, by Mr. C. H. Cottrell. The object of M. Bunsen was to establish, by means of the language and chronology of Egypt, as recently investigated, the position of the Egyptians as a nation in primeval history, or before the period of historical records. He gives them a vastly remote antiquity, assigning the date of the first king of Egypt to an era four thousand years before the Christian era. The Egyptians, he says, were an Asiatic race, who emigrated from Chaldea, and settled in the valley of the Nile about the eleventh millennium B.C.; the historical Deluge, which took place in a considerable part of Central Asia, cannot have occurred at a more recent period than the tenth millennium B.C.; and man existed on the earth about 20,000 years B.C., or even earlier. These antediluvian and prehistoric conclusions of the chevalier have been generally disputed. We have not yet sufficient materials to enable us to fix positively the dates of the earlier period of the Egyptian monarchy. In 1852, M. Bunsen published another historical investigation, 'Hippolytus and his Age, or the Doctrine and Practice of the Church of Rome under Commodus and Alexander Severus;' and 'Ancient and Modern Christianity and Divinity Compared,' four volumes, 1852. This work of Hippolytus is certainly a literary curiosity. In 1842, a Greek manuscript was discovered at Mount Athos. It was printed at Oxford in 1851, and ascribed to the celebrated Origen. Chevalier Bunsen, however, clearly established that it was the composition of Hippolytus, and written about the year 225. The document thus remarkably preserved for above sixteen centuries, is highly valuable, as shewing what was the real Christian creed and liturgical practice exactly one hundred years before the Council of

Nice. It gives no countenance to 'the prerogative of right claimed by the Church of Rome over others, nor to any sacred language in preference to the vernacular, nor to any indelible character or celibacy of the priesthood, nor to infant baptism, nor to any propitiatory sacrifice in the Eucharist, which Hippolytus considered to be an offering purely of a spiritual nature, a sacrifice of praise and thanks.' ('Athenæum,' 1852). Chevalier Bunsen, who indulged in some mystical hopes and visions of the 'Church of the Future,' eloquently exclaimed:

Take away ignorance, misunderstandings, and forgeries, and the naked truth remains—not a spectre, thank God! carefully to be veiled, but an image of divine beauty, radiant with eternal truth. Break down the bars which separate us from the communion of the primitive church—I mean, free yourselves from the letter of later canons, and conventional abstractions—and you move unshackled in the open ocean of faith. You hold fellowship with the spirits of the heroes of Christian antiquity, and you trace the stream of unity as it rolls uninterruptedly through eighteen centuries, in spite of rocks and quicksands.

A great work by Bunsen, 'God in History,' appeared in an English version, 1868–69. Its distinguished author had died previously in Germany, November 28, 1860. In 1868 was published 'A Memoir of Baron Bunsen,' drawn chiefly from family papers by his widow.

Mr. Samuel Sharpe—a nephew of the late Mr. Samuel Rogers—has written a 'History of Egypt,' from the earliest times till the conquest by the Arabs in 640 A.D. This is a clear, succinct history in two volumes, the third edition, 1857. Mr. Sharpe has also written 'Historic Notes on the Books of the Old and New Testaments,' and an 'Historical Account of the Monuments of Egypt,' in one of the Crystal Palace Hand-books. Various other historical treatises have proceeded from his pen.

SIR FRANCIS PALGRAVE.

This distinguished archæologist, formerly deputy-keeper of the Public Records, was an indefatigable student of our early history. He was born in London in 1788. His father, Meyer Cohen, was a Jew; and the son, on the occasion of his marriage in 1823, changed his name to Palgrave, that being the maiden name of his wife's mother. The year preceding this he was employed on the Record Commission, and all his tastes were historical and antiquarian. In 1831 he published a 'History of the Anglo-Saxons'—a popular work contributed to Murray's 'Family Library.' In the following year appeared his 'Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth'—the term 'commonwealth' being employed by the historian, as by Locke, to signify an independent community, not a democracy. This work contains a mass of information regarding the most obscure part of our annals, with original records, and details concerning the political institutions of ancient Europe. Sir Francis afterwards projected a more elaborate history, tracing the Normans from the first establishment of the 'Terra Normannorum' as a settle-

ment on the coast of Gaul under the Danish chieftains, till their union with England by William the Conqueror. Of this work, entitled 'The History of Normandy and of England,' two volumes appeared—one in 1851 and the other in 1857. Some fanciful positions and generalisations have been adopted by Sir Francis Palgrave, but few have dug so deep in the dark mines of our early history, and the nation owes him gratitude for the light he has thrown on the origin of the British people and institutions. He thinks that the great truth on which the whole history of European society and civilisation depends, is the influence of Rome, even when she had fallen, and was 'tattered, sordid, and faded as was her imperial robe.' The chieftains of the barbarian dynasties each assumed the semblance of the Cæsars, and employed their titles and symbols. To Charlemagne this infusion of the imperial principle into the Teutonism of the West is chiefly due. Sir Francis wrote several less important works—'Calendars of the Treasury,' 'Documents illustrative of the History of Scotland, 'Hand-book for Travellers in Northern Italy,' &c. He was also a contributor to the 'Edinburgh' and 'Quarterly Reviews.' Sir Francis died in 1861.

The Battle of Hastings, October 14, 1066.

William had been most actively employed. As a preliminary to further proceedings, he had caused all the vessels to be drawn on shore and rendered unserviceable. He told his men that they must prepare to conquer or to die—flight was impossible. He had occupied the Roman castle of Pevensey, whose walls are yet existing, flanked by Anglo-Norman towers, and he had personally surveyed all the adjoining country, for he never trusted this part of a general's duty to any eyes but his own. One Robert, a Norman thane, who was settled in the neighbourhood, advised him to cast up intrenchments for the purpose of resisting Harold. William replied, that his best defence was in the valour of his army, and the goodness of his cause.

In compliance with the opinions of the age, William had an astrologer in his train. An oriental monarch, at the present time, never engages in battle without a previous horoscope; and this superstition was universally adopted in Europe during the middle ages. But William's 'clerk' was not merely a star-gazer. He had graduated in all the occult sciences—he was a necromancer, or, as the word was often spelled, in order to accommodate it to the supposed etymology, a *nigro*-mancer—a 'sortilegus'—and a soothsayer. These accomplishments in the sixteenth century would have assuredly brought the clerk to the stake; but in the eleventh, although they were highly illegal according to the strict letter of the ecclesiastical law, yet they were studied as eagerly as any other branch of metaphysics, of which they were supposed to form a part. The *sorcerer* or sortilegus, by casting *sortes* or lots, had ascertained that the duke would succeed, and that Harold would surrender without a battle, upon which assurance the Normans entirely relied. After the landing, William inquired for his conjurer. A pilot came forward, and told him that the unlucky wight had been drowned in the passage. William then immediately pointed out the folly of trusting to the predictions of one who was utterly unable to tell what would happen unto himself. When William first set foot on shore, he had shewn the same spirit. He stumbled, and fell forward on the palms of his hands. '*Mal signe est ci!*' exclaimed his troops, affrighted at the omen. 'No,' answered William, as he rose: 'I have taken seizin of the country,' shewing the clod of earth which he had grasped. One of his soldiers, with the quickness of a modern Frenchman, instantly followed up the idea; he ran to a cottage, and pulled out a bundle of reeds from the thatch, telling him to receive that symbol also, as the seizin of the realm with which he was invested. These little anecdotes display the turn and temper of the Normans, and the alacrity by which the army was pervaded.

Some fruitless attempts are said to have been made at negotiation. Harold despatched a monk to the enemies' camp, who was to exhort William to abandon his enterprise. The duke insisted on his right; but, as some historians relate, he offered to submit his claim to a legal decision, to be pronounced by the pope, either according to the law of Normandy, or according to the law of England; or if this mode of adjustment did not please Harold, that the question should be decided by single combat, the crown becoming the meed of the victor. The propositions of William are stated, by other authorities, to have contained a proposition for a compromise—namely, that Harold should take Northumbria, and William the rest of the Anglo-Saxon dominions. All or any of these proposals are such as may very probably have been made; but they were not minuted down in formal protocols, or couched in diplomatic notes; they were verbal messages, sent to and fro on the eve of a bloody battle.

Fear prevailed in both camps. The English, in addition to the apprehensions which even the most stout-hearted feel on the eve of a morrow whose close they may never see, dreaded the papal excommunicat on, the curse encountered in support of the unlawful authority of a usurper. When they were informed that battle had been decided upon, they stormed and swore; and now the cowardice of conscience spurred them on to riot and revelry. The whole night was passed in debauch. *Wæs-heal* and *Drink-heal* resounded from the tents; the wine-cups passed gaily round and round by the smoky blaze of the red watch-fires, while the ballad of ribald mirth was loudly sung by the carousers.

In the Norman League, far otherwise had the dread of the approaching morn affected the hearts of William's soldiery. No voice was heard excepting the solemn response of the Litany and the chant of the psalm. The penitents confessed their sins, the masses were said, and the sense of the imminent peril of the morrow was tranquillised by penance and prayer. Each of the nations, as we are told by one of our most trustworthy English historians, acted according to their 'national custom;' and severe is the censure which the English thus receive.

The English were strongly fortified in their position by lines of trenches and palisades; and within these defences they were marshalled according to the Danish fashion—shield against shield, presenting an impenetrable front to the enemy. The men of Kent formed the vanguard, for it was their privilege to be the first in the strife. The burgesses of London, in like manner, claimed and obtained the honour of being the royal body-guard, and they were drawn up around the standard. At the foot of this banner stood Harold, with his brothers, Leofwin and Gurth, and a chosen body of the bravest thanes.

Before the Normans began their march, and very early in the morning of the feast of St. Calixtus, William had assembled his barons around him, and exhorted them to maintain his righteous cause. As the invaders drew nigh, Harold saw a division advancing, composed of the volunteers from the county of Boulogne and from the Amiennois, under the command of William Fitz-Osbern and Roger Montgomery. 'It is the duke,' exclaimed Harold, 'and little shall I fear him. By *my* forces will *his* be four times outnumbered!' Gurth shook his head, and expatiated on the strength of the Norman cavalry, as opposed to the foot-soldiers of England; but their discourse was stopped by the appearance of the combined cohorts under Aimeric, Viscount of Thouars, and Alan Fergant of Brittany. Harold's heart sunk at the sight, and he broke out into passionate exclamations of fear and dismay. But now the third and last division of the Norman army was drawing nigh. The consecrated Gonfanon floats amidst the forest of spears, and Harold is now too well aware that he beholds the ranks which are commanded in person by the Duke of Normandy.

Immediately before the duke rode Taillefer, the minstrel, singing, with a loud and clear voice, the lay of Charlemange and Roland, and the emprises of the Paladins who had fallen in the dolorous pass of Roncevaux. Taillefer, as his guerdon, had craved permission to strike the first blow, for he was a valiant warrior emulating the deeds which he sung; his appellation, *Taille-fer*, is probably to be considered not as his real name, but as an epithet derived from his strength and prowess; and he fully justified his demand, by transfixing the first Englishman whom he attacked, and by felling the second to the ground. The battle now became general, and raged with the greatest fury. The Normans advanced beyond the English lines, but they were

driven back, and forced into a trench, where horses and riders fell upon each other in fearful confusion. More Normans were slain here than in any other part of the field. The alarm spread; the light troops left in charge of the baggage and the stores thought that all was lost, and were about to take flight; but the fierce Odo, bishop of Bayeux, the duke's half-brother, and who was better fitted for the shield than for the mitre, succeeded in reassuring them, and then, returning to the field, and rushing into that part where the battle was hottest, he fought as the stoutest of the warriors engaged in the conflict.

From nine in the morning till three in the afternoon, the successes on either side were nearly balanced. The charges of the Norman cavalry gave them great advantage, but the English phalanx repelled their enemies; and the soldiers were so well protected by their targets, that the artillery of the Normans was long discharged in vain. The bowmen, seeing that they had failed to make any impression, altered the direction of their shafts, and instead of shooting point-blank, the flights of arrows were directed upwards, so that the points came down upon the heads of the men of England, and the iron shower fell with murderous effect. The English ranks were exceedingly distressed by the volleys, yet they still stood firm; and the Normans now employed a stratagem to decoy their opponents out of their intrenchments. A feigned retreat on their part induced the English to pursue them with great heat. The Normans suddenly wheeled about, and a new and fiercer battle was urged. The field was covered with separate bands of foemen, each engaged with one another. Here, the English yielded—there, they conquered. One English thane, armed with a battle-axe, spread dismay amongst the Frenchmen. He was cut down by Roger de Montgomery. The Normans have preserved the name of the Norman baron, but that of the Englishman is lost in oblivion. Some other English thanes are also praised as having singly and by their personal prowess, delayed the ruin of their countrymen and country.

At one period of the battle, the Normans were nearly routed. The cry was raised that the duke was slain, and they began to fly in every direction. William threw off his helmet, and galloping through the squadrons, rallied his barons, though not without great difficulty. Harold, on his part, used every possible exertion, and was distinguished as the most active and bravest among the soldiers in the host which he led on to destruction. A Norman arrow wounded him in the left eye; he dropped from his steed in agony, and was borne to the foot of the standard. The English began to give way, or rather to retreat to the standard as their rallying-point. The Normans encircled them, and fought desperately to reach this goal. Robert Fitz-Ernest had almost seized the banner, but he was killed in the attempt. William led his troops on with the intention, it is said, of measuring his sword with Harold. He did encounter an English horseman, from whom he received such a stroke upon his helmet, that he was nearly brought to the ground. The Normans flew to the aid of their sovereign, and the bold Englishman was pierced by their lances. About the same time the tide of battle took a momentary turn. The Kentish men and East Saxons rallied, and repelled the Norman barons: but Harold was not amongst them; and William led on his troops with desperate intrepidity. In the thick crowd of the assailants and the assailed, the hoofs of the horses were plunged deep into the gore of the dead and the dying. Gurth was at the foot of the standard, without hope, but without fear; he fell by the falchion of William. The English banner was cast down, and the Gonfanon planted in its place announced that William of Normandy was the conqueror. It was now late in the evening. The English troops were entirely broken, yet no Englishman would surrender. The conflict continued in many parts of the bloody field long after dark.

By William's orders, a spot close to the Gonfanon was cleared, and he caused his pavilion to be pitched among the corpses which were heaped around. He there supped with his barons; and they feasted among the dead; but when he contemplated the fearful slaughter, a natural feeling of pity, perhaps allied to repentance, arose in his stern mind; and the Abbey of Battle, in which the prayer was to be offered up perpetually for the repose of the souls of all who had fallen in the conflict, was at once the monument of his triumph and the token of his piety. The abbey was most richly endowed, and all the land for one league round about was annexed to the Battle franchise. The abbot was freed from the authority of the Metropolitan of Canterbury, and invested with archiepiscopal jurisdiction. The high-altar was erected on the very spot where Harold's standard had waved; and the roll, deposited in the archives of

the monastery, recorded the names of those who had fought with the Conqueror, and amongst whom the lands of broad England were divided. But all this pomp and solemnity has passed away like a dream. The 'perpetual prayer' has ceased for ever—the roll of Battle is rent. The shields of the Norman lineages are trodden in the dust—the abbey is levelled with the ground—and a dank and reedy pool fills the spot where the foundations of the choir have been uncovered, merely for the gaze of the idle visitor, or the instruction of the moping antiquary.

GEORGE TICKNOR.

America has been desirous, as was remarked by Lockhart, to discharge the debt due to Spain, her first discoverer: 'the names of Irving and Prescott are already associated with Columbus and Isabella; nor will Ticknor henceforward be forgotten when Cervantes and his compeers are held in remembrance.' 'The History of Spanish Literature,' three volumes, 1849, by GEORGE TICKNOR (1791–1862), is a work of great merit, full, minute, and accurate, the result of thirty years' labour. 'The Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor' were published in 1876, in two volumes. He was a native of Boston, born in 1791, son of a wealthy citizen who is described as of the true New England type of character, energetic and cultivated, and who was one of the first importers of Merino sheep into the United States. The son was educated at Dartmouth College, and studied for the bar, but having practised for a twelvemonth, he satisfied himself that the life of a lawyer would not suit his simple ideas of usefulness or happiness. He therefore turned his thoughts to plans of study and travel. He started for Europe in 1815, and for five years travelled over various countries, residing successively in London, Göttingen, Paris, Geneva, Rome, Venice, Madrid, and Lisbon. In all those capitals he seems to have been in the best society, and his journal is full of the best sort of 'interviewing.' Mr. Ticknor afterwards became Professor of the French and Spanish languages, and of the 'Belles Lettres' in Harvard University. He died January 26, 1871, in his eightieth year. Besides his 'History of Spanish Literature,' Mr. Ticknor wrote a 'Life of Lafayette,' and a memoir of his friend and countryman, Prescott, the historian. He also contributed various articles to reviews and literary journals. The following are extracts from his letters and journals:

Gœthe at Weimar in 1816.

He is something above the middle size, large but not gross, with gray hair, a dark, ruddy complexion, and full rich black eyes which, though dimmed by age, are still very expressive. In manners he is simple. He received us without ceremony, but with care and elegance, and made no German compliments. The conversation, of course, rested in his hands, and was various. Of Lord Byron he spoke with interest and discrimination—said that his poetry shewed great knowledge of human nature, and great talent in description. Once his genius kindled, and he grew almost fervent as he deplored the want of extemporary eloquence in Germany, and said, what I never heard before, but which is eminently true, that the English is kept a much more living language by its influence. 'Here,' he said, 'we have no eloquence, our preaching is a monotonous, middling declamation—public debate we have not at all, and if a little inspiration comes to us in our lecture-rooms, it is out of place, for eloquence does not teach.' We remained with him nearly an hour, and when we came

away he accompanied us as far as the parlour door with the same simplicity with which he received us.

Sir Walter Scott.

He is the lord of the ascendant now (1819) in Edinburgh, and well deserves to be, for I look upon him to be quite as remarkable in intercourse and conversation as he is in any of his writings, even in his novels. His countenance, when at rest, is dull and almost heavy, and even when in common conversation expresses only a high degree of good-nature; but when he is excited, and especially when he is reciting poetry that he likes, his whole expression is changed, and his features kindle into a brightness of which there were no traces before. . . . One evening, after dinner, he told his daughter, Sophia Scott, to take her harp and play five or six ballads he mentioned to her, as a specimen of the different ages of Scottish music. I hardly ever heard anything of the kind that moved me so much. And yet, I imagine, many sing better; but I never saw such an air and manner, such spirit and feeling, such decision and power. I was so much excited that I turned round to Mr. Scott and said to him, probably with great emphasis: 'I never heard anything so fine;' and he, seeing how involuntarily I had said it, caught me by the hand, and replied very earnestly: 'Everybody says so, sir;' but added in an instant, blushing a little, 'but I must not be too vain of her.' I was struck, too, with another little trait in her character and his that exhibited itself the same evening. Lady Hume asked her to play 'Rob Roy,' an old ballad. A good many persons were present, and she felt a little embarrassed by the recollection of how much her father's name had been mentioned in connection with this strange Highlander's. (The authorship of the novels was not yet acknowledged, though generally believed.) She ran across the room to her father, and, blushing pretty deeply, whispered to him. 'Yes, my dear,' he said, loud enough to be heard, 'play, to be sure, if you are asked, and "Waverly," and "The Antiquary" too, if there be any such ballads.' One afternoon, after I had become more acquainted with them, he asked me to come and dine, and afterwards go to the theatre and hear 'Rob Roy'—a very good piece made out of his novel, and then playing in Edinburgh with remarkable success. It was a great treat. He did not attempt to conceal his delight during the whole performance, and when it was over said to me: 'That's fine, sir; I think that is very fine;' and then looked up at me with one of his most comical expressions of face, half-way between cunning and humor, and added: 'All I wish is that Jedediah Cleishbotham could be here to enjoy it!'

Sunday Dinner in Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

The afternoon's service at King's College Chapel was very fine, especially the music; and everything produced its full effect in that magnificent and solemn hall, the finest of its sort, no doubt, in the world. Afterwards I went with Whewell and Sedgwick to dine in the Hall of Trinity, a grand old place, vast, and a little gloomy and rude with its ancient rafters; but imposing, and worthy of the first college in the world, for the number of great men it has produced. It is the fashion for a nobleman, when he comes here, to be furnished with a silver cover, forks, and spoons, &c., and to leave them when he goes away. It chanced to-day that I had poor Lord Milton's cover, with his name and arms on it. At our table there were several strangers, among whom were Sir Francis Forbes, just from India, and the famous Joseph Hume of radical notoriety. After dinner, according to ancient custom, a huge silver cup or pitcher was passed round, containing what is called Audit Ale, or very fine old ale, which is given to the tenants of the College when they come to audit their accounts and pay their rents. We all drank from it standing up, each, as his turn came, wishing prosperity to the college. When this was over, an enormous silver ewer and basin, given by James I.'s Duke of Buckingham, were passed down, filled with rose-water, into which each one dipped his napkin. Finally, a small choir of selected singers came into the hall and sang the Latin chants appropriate to the day, with great richness and power, attracting a crowd in at the doors, among whom were several ladies, who looked sadly out of place in such a monastic refectory. It was a fine finale to the grave and ceremonious entertainment. We now adjourned to the combination-room, where, in great luxury and comfort, a dessert and wines were arranged for the members of the table of dais. We had done pretty well, I thought, in the way of wine at the hall, where there was an extraordi-

nary amount of health-drinking, but here we had it on a more serious and regular footing. At last the bell rang for evening prayers. The chapel was brilliantly lighted, and the Master and Fellows, in their robes of ceremony, made a striking appearance.

JOHN L. MOTLEY.

An excellent history of the 'Rise of the Dutch Republic,' three volumes, 1856, has been written by JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1814, graduated at Harvard University in 1831, and sometime secretary to the United States Legation at St. Petersburg. Returning to America he devoted himself to literary pursuits. He had early in life written two novels, which proved failures, and he afterwards applied himself to historical researches, residing for some years in Germany and the Netherlands for the better prosecution of his labours. His history embraces the period from the abdication of Charles V. in 1555 to the death of William the Silent, Prince of Orange in 1584. A continuation appeared in 1860, and a further portion in 1865, entitled 'The History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort. In 1874 Mr. Motley added 'The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advócate of Holland, with a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of the Thirty Years' War,' 2 vols. The greater part of Barneveld's life had been previously told by Mr. Motley in his 'History of the United Netherlands,' but this later work describes the nine closing years of Barneveld's career. These historical labours of Mr. Motley not only supply a desideratum in our historical literature, but constitute a narrative of deep interest, clear, vivid and eloquent in style and diction. Their author has been rewarded with the honorary titles of D.C.L, from the university of Oxford, and LL.D. from the universities of Cambridge and New York. He was six years (1861–1867) minister from the United States at the Court of Vienna, and one year (1869-70) at the Court of St. James's, London.

The Image-breaking of Antwerp.—From 'The Rise of the Dutch Republic.'

A very paltry old woman excited the image-breaking of Antwerp (1566). She had for years been accustomed to sit before the door of the cathedral with wax tapers and wafers, earning a scanty subsistence from the profits of her meagre trade, and by the small coins which she sometimes received in charity. Some of the rabble began to chaffer with this ancient huckstress. They scoffed at her consecrated wares; they bandied with her ribald jests, of which her public position had furnished her with a supply; they assured her that the hour had come when her idolatrous traffic was to be for ever terminated, when she and her patroness Mary were to be given over to destruction together. The old woman, enraged, answered threat with threat, and gibe with gibe. Passing from words to deeds, she began to catch from the ground every offensive missile or weapon which she could find, and to lay about her in all directions. Her tormentors defended themselves as they could. Having destroyed her whole stock-in-trade, they provoked others to appear in her defence. The passers-by thronged to the scene; the cathedral was soon filled to overflowing; a furious tumult was already in progress.

Many persons fled in alarm to the Town House, carrying information of this outbreak to the magistrates. John van Immerzeel, Margrave of Antwerp, was then holding communication with the senate, and awaiting the arrival of the wardmasters, whom it had at last been thought expedient to summon. Upon intelligence of this

riot, which the militia, if previously mustered, might have prevented, the senate determined to proceed to the cathedral in a body, with the hope of quelling the mob by the dignity of their presence. The margrave, who was the high executive officer of the little commonwealth, marched down to the cathedral accordingly, attended by the two burgomasters and all the senators. At first their authority, solicitations, and personal influence produced a good effect. Some of those outside consented to retire and the tumult partially subsided within. As night, however, was fast approaching, many of the mob insisted upon remaining for evening service. They were informed that there would be none that night, and that for once the people could certainly dispense with their vespers.

Several persons now manifesting an intention of leaving the cathedral, it was suggested to the senators that if they should lead the way, the population would follow in their train, and so disperse to their homes. The excellent magistrates took the advice, not caring perhaps to fulfil any longer the dangerous but not dignified functions of police-officers. Before departing, they adopted the precaution of closing all the doors of the church, leaving a single one open, that the rabble still remaining might have an opportunity to depart. It seemed not to occur to the senators that the same gate would as conveniently afford an entrance for those without as an egress for those within. That unlooked-for event happened, however. No sooner had the magistrates retired than the rabble burst through the single door which had been left open, overpowered the margrave, who, with a few attendants, had remained behind, vainly endeavouring by threats and exhortations to appease the tumult, drove him ignominiously from the church, and threw all the other portals wide open. Then the populace flowed in like an angry sea. The whole of the cathedral was at the mercy of the rioters, who were evidently bent on mischief. The wardens and treasurers of the church, after a vain attempt to secure a few of its most precious possessions, retired. They carried the news to the senators, who, accompanied by a few halberdmen, again ventured to approach the spot. It was but for a moment, however, for, appalled by the furious sounds which came from within the church, as if invisible forces were preparing a catastrophe which no human power could withstand, the magistrates fled precipitately from the scene. Fearing that the next attack would be upon the Town House, they hastened to concentrate at that point their available strength, and left the stately cathedral to its fate.

And now, as the shadows of night were deepening the perpetual twilight of the church, the work of destruction commenced. Instead of vespers rose the fierce music of a psalm yelled by a thousand angry voices. It seemed the preconcerted signal for a general attack. A band of marauders flew upon the image of the Virgin, dragged it forth from its receptacle, plunged daggers into its inanimate body, tore off its jewelled and embroidered garments, broke the whole figure into a thousand pieces, and scattered the fragments along the floor. A wild shout succeeded, and then the work, which seemed delegated to a comparatively small number of the assembled crowd, went on with incredible celerity. Some were armed with axes, some with bludgeons, some with sledge-hammers; others brought ladders, pulleys, ropes, and levers. Every statue was hurled from its niche, every picture torn from the wall, every painted window shivered to atoms, every ancient monument shattered, every sculptured decoration, however inaccessible in appearance, hurled to the ground. Indefatigably, audaciously endowed, as it seemed, with preternatural strength and nimbleness, these furious iconoclasts clambered up the dizzy heights, shrieking and chattering like malignant apes, as they tore off in triumph the slowly-matured fruit of centuries. In a space of time wonderfully brief they had accomplished their task.

A colossal and magnificent group of the Saviour crucified between two thieves adorned the principal altar. The statue of Christ was wrenched from its place with ropes and pulleys, while the malefactors, with bitter and blasphemous irony, were left on high, the only representatives of the marble crowd which had been destroyed. A very beautiful piece of architecture decorated the choir—the 'repository,' as it was called, in which the body of Christ was figuratively enshrined. This much-admired work rested upon a single column, but rose, arch upon arch, pillar upon pillar, to the height of three hundred feet, till quite lost in the vault above. It was now shattered into a million pieces. The statues, images, pictures, ornaments, as they lay upon the

ground, were broken with sledge-hammers, hewn with axes, trampled, torn, and beaten into shreds. A troop of harlots, snatching waxen tapers from the altars, stood around the destroyers and lighted them at their work. Nothing escaped their omniverous rage. They desecrated seventy chapels, forced open all the chests of treasure, covered their own squalid attire with the gorgeous robes of the ecclesiastics, broke the sacred bread, poured out the sacramental wine into golden chalices, quaffing huge draughts to the Beggars' health; burned all the splendid missals and manuscripts, and smeared their shoes with the sacred oil, with which kings and prelates had been anointed. It seemed that each of these malicious creatures must have been endowed with the strength of a hundred giants. How else in the few brief hours of a midsummer night, could such a monstrous desecration have been accomplished by a troop, which, according to all accounts, was not more than one hundred in number! There was a multitude of spectators, as upon all such occasions, but the actual spoilers were very few.

The noblest and richest temple of the Netherlands was a wreck, but the fury of the spoilers was excited not appeased. Each seizing a burning torch, the whole herd rushed from the cathedral, and swept howling through the streets. 'Long live the Beggars!' resounded through the sultry midnight air, as the ravenous pack flew to and fro, smiting every image of the Virgin, every crucifix, every sculptured saint, every Catholic symbol which they met with upon their path. All night long they roamed from one sacred edifice to another, thoroughly destroying as they went. Before morning they had sacked thirty churches within the city walls. They entered the monasteries, burned their invaluable libraries, destroyed their altars, statues, pictures, and, descending into the cellars, broached every cask which they found there, pouring out in one great flood all the ancient wine and ale with which those holy men had been wont to solace their retirement from generation to generation. They invaded the nunneries, whence the occupants, panic-stricken, fled for refuge to the houses of their friends and kindred. The streets were filled with monks and nuns, running this way and that, shrieking and fluttering, to escape the claws of these fiendish Calvinists. The terror was imaginary, for not the least remarkable feature in these transactions was, that neither insult nor injury was offered to man or woman, and that not a farthing's value of the immense amount of property destroyed was appropriated. It was a war, not against the living but against graven images, nor was the sentiment which prompted the onslaught in the least commingled with a desire of plunder. The principal citizens of Antwerp, expecting every instant that the storm would be diverted from the ecclesiastical edifices to private dwellings, and that robbery, rape, and murder would follow sacrilege, remained all night expecting the attack, and prepared to defend their hearths, even if the altars were profaned. The precaution was needless. It was asserted by the Catholics that the Confederates, and other opulent Protestants, had organised this company of profligates for the meagre pittance of ten stivers a day. On the other hand it was believed by many that the Catholics had themselves plotted the whole outrage in order to bring odium upon the Reformers. Both statements were equally unfounded. The task was most thoroughly performed, but it was prompted by a furious fanaticism, not by baser motives.

Two days and nights longer the havoc raged unchecked through all the churches of Antwerp and the neighbouring villages. Hardly a statue or picture escaped destruction. Yet the rage was directed exclusively against stocks and stones. Not a man was wounded nor a woman outraged. Prisoners, indeed, who had been languishing hopelessly in dungeons were liberated. A monk who had been in the prison of the barefoot monastery for twelve years, recovered his freedom. Art was trampled in the dust, but humanity deplored no victims.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

The history of the United States has been ably and copiously related by a native historian, Mr. George Bancroft. This gentleman was born in 1800, at Worcester, in Massachusetts. His father, Dr. A. Bancroft, a Congregational or Unitarian minister, had written a 'Life of Washington,' 1807, and the paternal tastes and example

had probably some effect in directing the literary labours of the son. Having graduated with distinction at Harvard College, he afterwards studied in Germany, and on his return entered the Church. A love of literature, however, prevailed, and Mr. Bancroft commenced author by publishing a volume of 'Poems.' Some translations from German, chiefly the historical manuals of Professor Heeren, next engaged Mr. Bancroft, and he added to these precarious literary gains by opening a school at Northampton. He seems next to have tried public employment, and was successively collector at the port of Boston and secretary of the navy. In 1846, he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to England. The latter appointment may be considered as due to the literary reputation of Mr. Bancroft, who had then entered on his great historical work. In 1834 appeared his 'History of the Colonisation of the United States,' volume I. A second volume was published in 1837, and a third in 1840. The success of this work induced the author to continue his researches, and he commenced the 'History of the American Revolution.' From 1852 to 1858, four volumes were published, making seven in all, devoted to the history of the United States. There was much new information in these volumes, for manuscript and unpublished sources were thrown open to their author; his style was lively and energetic, and his democratic prejudices, though sometimes unnecessarily brought forward, gave a warmth and individuality to the narrative. The historian was in earnest—a hearty lover of his country, and of the founders of its independence. At the same time, his narrative must be pronounced fair and candid, and free from any attempt to awaken old animosities.

Massacre of English Colonists by Indians.

Between the Indians and the English there had been quarrels, but no wars. From the first landing of colonists in Virginia, the power of the natives was despised; their strongest weapons were such arrows as they could shape without the use of iron, such hatchets as could be made from stone; and an English mastiff seemed to them a terrible adversary. Nor were their numbers considerable. Within sixty miles of Jamestown, it is computed, there were no more than five thousand souls, or about fifteen hundred warriors. The whole territory of the clans, which listened to Powhatan as their leader or their conqueror, comprehended about eight thousand square miles, thirty tribes, and twenty-four hundred warriors; so that the Indian population amounted to about one inhabitant to a square mile. The natives, naked and feeble compared with the Europeans, were nowhere concentrated in considerable villages, but dwelt dispersed in hamlets, with from forty to sixty in each company. Few places had more than two hundred; and many had less. It was also unusual for any large portion of these tribes to be assembled together. An idle tale of an ambuscade of three or four thousand is perhaps an error for three or four hundred; otherwise it is an extravagant fiction, wholly unworthy of belief. Smith once met a party that seemed to amount to seven hundred; and so complete was the superiority conferred by the use of firearms, that with fifteen men he was enabled to withstand them all. The savages were therefore regarded with contempt or compassion. No uniform care had been taken to conciliate their good will; although their condition had been improved by some of the arts of civilised life. The degree of their advancement may be judged by the intelligence of their chieftain. A house having been built for Opechancanough after the English fashion, he took such delight in the lock

and key, that he would lock and unlock the door a hundred times a day, and thought the device incomparable. When Wyatt arrived, the natives expressed a fear lest his intentions should be hostile; he assured them of his wish to preserve inviolable peace; and the emigrants had no use for firearms except against a deer or a fowl. Confidence so far increased, that the old law, which made death the penalty for teaching the Indians to use a musket, was forgotten; and they were now employed as fowlers and huntsmen. The plantations of the English were widely extended in unsuspecting confidence, along the James River and towards the Potomac, wherever rich grounds invited to the culture of tobacco; nor were solitary places, remote from neighbours, avoided, since there would be less competition for the ownership of the soil.

Powhatan, the father of Pocahontas, remained, after the marriage of his daughter, the firm friend of the English. He died in 1618; and his younger brother was now the heir to his influence. Should the native occupants of the soil consent to be driven from their ancient patrimony? Should their feebleness submit patiently to contempt, injury, and the loss of their lands? The desire of self-preservation, the necessity of self-defence, seemed to demand an active resistance; to preserve their dwelling-places, the English must be exterminated; in open battle the Indians would be powerless; conscious of their weakness, they could not hope to accomplish their end except by a preconcerted surprise. The crime was one of savage ferocity; but it was suggested by their situation. They were timorous and quick of apprehension, and consequently treacherous; for treachery and falsehood are the vices of cowardice. The attack was prepared with impenetrable secrecy. To the very last hour the Indians preserved the language of friendship; they borrowed the boats of the English to attend their own assemblies; on the very morning of the massacre, they were in the houses and at the tables of those whose death they were plotting. 'Sooner,' said they, 'shall the sky fall, than peace be violated on our part.' At length, on the twenty-second of March (1622), at midday, at one and the same instant of time, the Indians fell upon an unsuspecting population, which was scattered through distant villages, extending one hundred and forty miles on both sides of the river. The onset was so sudden, that the blow was not discerned till it fell. None were spared; children and women, as well as men; the missionary, who had cherished the natives with untiring gentleness; the liberal benefactors, from whom they had received daily benefits, all were murdered with indiscriminate barbarity, and every aggravation of cruelty. The savages fell upon the dead bodies, as if it had been possible to commit on them a fresh murder.

In one hour three hundred and forty-seven persons were cut off. Yet the carnage was not universal; and Virginia was saved from so disastrous a grave. The night before the execution of the conspiracy, it was revealed by a converted Indian to an Englishman, whom he wished to rescue; Jamestown and the nearest settlements were well prepared against an attack; and the savages, as timid as they were ferocious, fled with precipitation from the appearance of wakeful resistance. In this manner, the most considerable part of the colony was saved.

The Town of Boston in the Last Century.

The king set himself, and his ministry, and parliament, and all Great Britain, to subdue to his will one stubborn little town on the sterile coast of the Massachusetts Bay. The odds against it were fearful; but it shewed a life inextinguishable, and had been chosen to keep guard over the liberties of mankind.

The Old World had not its parallel. It counted about sixteen thousand inhabitants of European origin, all of whom learned to read and write. Good public schools were the foundation of its political system; and Benjamin Franklin, one of their grateful pupils, in his youth apprenticed to the art which makes knowledge the common property of mankind, had gone forth from them to stand before the nations as the representative of the modern plebeian class.

As its schools were for all its children, so the great body of its male inhabitants of twenty-one years of age, when assembled in a hall which Faneuil, of Huguenot ancestry, had built for them, was the source of all municipal authority. In the meeting of the town, its taxes were voted, its affairs discussed and settled; its agents and public servants annually elected by ballot; and abstract political principles freely debated. A small property qualification was attached to the right of

suffrage, but did not exclude enough to change the character of the institution. There had never existed a considerable municipality approaching so nearly to a pure democracy; and, for so populous a place, it was undoubtedly the most orderly and best governed in the world.

Its ecclesiastical polity was in like manner republican. The great mass were Congregationalists: each church was an assembly formed by voluntary agreement; self-constituted, self-supported, and independent. They were clear that no person or church had power over another church. There was not a Roman Catholic altar in the place; the usages of 'papists' were looked upon as worn-out superstitions, fit only for the ignorant. But the people were not merely the fiercest enemies of 'popery and slavery;' they were Protestants even against Protestantism; and though the English Church was tolerated, Boston kept up its exasperation against prelacy. Its ministers were still its prophets and its guides; its pulpit, in which, now that Mayhew was no more, Cooper was admired above all others for eloquence and patriotism, by weekly appeals inflamed alike the fervour of piety and of liberty. In the 'Boston Gazette,' it enjoyed a free press, which gave currency to its conclusions on the natural right of man to self-government.

Its citizens were inquisitive; seeking to know the causes of things, and to search for the reason of existing institutions in the laws of nature. Yet they controlled their speculative turn by practical judgment, exhibiting the seeming contradiction of susceptibility to enthusiasm, and calculating shrewdness. They were fond of gain, and adventurous, penetrating, and keen in their pursuit of it; yet their avidity was tempered by a well-considered and continuing liberality. Nearly every man was struggling to make his own way in the world and his own fortune; and yet individually, and as a body, they were public-spirited.

'A Popular History of the United States,' by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, the poet, and SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, was commenced in 1876, to be completed in four volumes. This will be a very splendid work, finely illustrated and printed, and written in a pleasing style.

Three Periods in American History.

The history of the United States (says Mr. Bryant) naturally divides itself into three periods, upon the third of which we lately, at the close of our civil war, entered as a people with congruous institutions in every part of our vast territory. The first was the colonial period; the second includes the years which elapsed from the Declaration of Independence to the struggle which closed with the extinction of slavery. The colonial period was a time of tutelage, of struggle and dependence, the childhood of the future nation. But our real growth, as a distinct member of the community of nations, belongs to the second period, and began when we were strong enough to assert and maintain our independence. To this second period a large space has been allotted in the present work. Not that the mere military annals of our Revolutionary War would seem to require a large proportion of this space, but the various attendant circumstances, the previous controversies with the mother-country, in which all the colonies were more or less interested, and which grew into a common cause; the consultations which followed; the defiance of the mother-country in which they all joined; the service in an army which made all the colonists fellow-soldiers; the common danger, the common privations, sufferings, and expedients, the common sorrow at reverses and rejoicing at victories, require to be fully set forth, that it may be seen by how natural a transition these widely-scattered communities became united in a federal republic, which has rapidly risen to take its place among the foremost nations of the world, with a population which has increased tenfold, and a sisterhood of States enlarged from thirteen to thirty-seven.

So crowded with events and controversies is this second part of our history, and the few years which have elapsed of the third; so rapid has been the accumulation of wealth and the growth of trade; so great have been the achievements of inventive art and the applied sciences; with such celerity has our population spread itself over new regions, and so vehement have been the struggles maintained against its abuses, moral and political, that it has not been easy to give due attention to all of them, without exceeding the limits prescribed for this work. . . .

We are not without the hope that those who read what we have written, will see in the past, with all its vicissitudes, the promise of a prosperous and honourable future, of concord at home, and peace and respect abroad; and that the same cheerful piety, which leads the good man to put his personal trust in a kind Providence, will prompt the good citizen to cherish an equal confidence in regard to the destiny reserved for our beloved country.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

As we have noticed the popular forensic oratory of Erskine and Brougham, the great American orator, DANIEL WEBSTER (1782–1852), should not be overlooked. He was the Chatham of the New World, and Chatham could not have pronounced a more glowing eulogium on England than fell from the lips of this Western Republican..

Eloquent Apostrophe to England.

Our fathers raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared—a power which has dotted the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun in his course and keeping pace with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

The remarkable fact of the simultaneous death of Adams and Jefferson—the second and third presidents of the United States—happening on the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence (July 4, 1826), could not but powerfully affect the mind of Webster, as it did that of the whole nation. Jefferson had written the Declaration, and Adams had proclaimed it in congress. Daniel Webster, speaking at Boston on the 2d of August following, thus characterized the departed statesmen:

Adams and Jefferson.

Adams and Jefferson are no more; and we are assembled, fellow-citizens, the aged, the middle-aged, and the young, by the spontaneous impulse of all, under the authority of the municipal government, with the presence of the chief magistrate of the Commonwealth, and others its official representatives, the University, and the learned societies, to bear our part in those manifestations of respect and gratitude which pervade the whole land. Adams and Jefferson are no more. On our fiftieth anniversary, the great day of national jubilee, in the very hour of public rejoicing, in the midst of echoing and re-echoing voices of thanksgiving, while their own names were on all tongues, they took their flight together to the world of spirits. If it be true that no one can safely be pronounced happy while he lives, if that event which terminates life can alone crown its honours and its glory, what felicity is here! The great epic of their lives, now happily concluded! Poetry itself has hardly terminated illustrious lives, and finished the career of earthly renown, by such a consummation. If we had the power, we could not wish to reverse this dispensation of the Divine Providence. The great objects of life were accomplished, the drama was ready to be closed. It has closed; our patriots have fallen; but so fallen, at such age, with such coincidence, on such a day, that we cannot rationally lament that the end has come, which we knew could not be long deferred. Neither of these great men, fellow-citizens, could have died, at any time, without leaving an immense void in our American society. They have been so intimately, and for so long a time, blended with the history of the country, and especially so united, in our thoughts and recollections, with the events of the Revolution, that the death of either would have touched the chords of public sympathy. We should have felt that one great link, connecting us with former times, was broken; that we had lost something more, as it were, of the presence of the Revolution itself, and of the Act

of Independence, and were driven on, by another great remove from the days of our country's early distinction, to meet posterity, and to mix with the future. Like the mariner, whom the currents of the ocean and the winds carry along, till he sees the stars which have directed his course and lighted his pathless way descend, one by one, beneath the rising horizon, we should have felt that the stream of time had borne us onward till another great luminary, whose light had cheered us, and whose guidance we had followed, had sunk away from our sight. But the concurrence of their death on the anniversary of independence has naturally awakened stronger emotions. Both had been presidents, both had lived to great age, both were early patriots, and both were distinguished and ever honoured by their immediate agency in the Act of Independence. It cannot but seem striking and extraordinary, that these two should live to see the fiftieth year from the date of that act; that they should complete that year; and that then, on the day which had fast linked for ever their own fame with their country's glory, the heavens should open to receive them both at once. As their lives themselves were the gifts of Providence, who is not willing to recognise in their happy termination, as well as in their long continuance, proofs that our country and its benefactors are objects of His care? Adams and Jefferson, I have said, are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence; no more, as at subsequent periods, the head of the government; no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead. But how little is there of the great and good which can die! To their country they yet live, and live for ever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth; in the recorded proofs of their own actions, in the offspring of their intellect, in the deep-engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example; and they live, emphatically, and will live, in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilised world. A superior and commanding human intellect, a truly great man, when Heaven vouchsafes so rare a gift, is not a temporary flame, burning brightly for a while, and then giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a spark of fervent heat, as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind; so that when it glimmers in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows, but it leaves the world all light, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit. Bacon died; but the human understanding, roused by the touch of his miraculous wand to a perception of the true philosophy and the just mode of inquiring after the truth, has kept on its course successfully and gloriously. Newton died; yet the courses of the spheres are still known, and they yet move on by the laws which he discovered, and in the orbits which he saw, and described for them, in the infinity of space. No two men now live, fellow-citizens, perhaps it may be doubted whether any two men have ever lived in one age, who more than those we now commemorate, have impressed on mankind their own sentiments in regard to politics and government, infused their own opinions more deeply into the opinions of others, or given a more lasting direction to the current of human thought. Their work doth not perish with them. The tree which they assisted to plant will flourish, although they water it and protect it no longer; for it has struck its roots deep, it has sent them to the very centre; no storm, not of force to burst the orb, can overturn it; its branches spread wide; they stretch their protecting arms broader and broader, and its top is destined to reach the heavens. We are not deceived. There is no delusion here. No age will come in which the American Revolution will appear less than it is, one of the greatest events in human history. No age will come in which it shall cease to be seen and felt, on either continent, that a mighty step, a great advance, not only in American affairs, but in human affairs, was made on the 4th of July 1776. And no age will come, we trust, so ignorant or so unjust as not to see and acknowledge the efficient agency of those we now honour in producing that momentous event.

Another memorable day in the history of the United States was the centenary celebration of the birth of Washington.

Washington.

That name (said Webster) was of power to rally a nation, in the hour of thick-throbbing public disasters and calamities; that name shone, amid the storm of war, a beacon light, to cheer and guide the country's friends; its flame, too, like a meteor, to repel her foes. That name, in the days of peace, was a loadstone, attracting to itself a whole people's confidence, a whole people's love, and the whole world's respect; that name, descending with all time, spread over the whole earth, and uttered in all the languages belonging to the tribes and races of men, will for ever be pronounced with affectionate gratitude by every one in whose breast there shall arise an aspiration for human rights and human liberty.

We perform this grateful duty, gentlemen, at the expiration of a hundred years from his birth, near the place so cherished and beloved by him, where his dust now reposes, and in the capital which bears his own immortal name.

All experience evinces that human sentiments are strongly affected by associations. The recurrence of anniversaries, or of longer periods of time, naturally freshens the recollection, and deepens the impression of events with which they are historically connected. Renowned places, also, have a power to awaken feeling, which all acknowledge. No American can pass by the fields of Bunker Hill, Monmouth, or Camden, as if they were ordinary spots on the earth's surface. Whoever visits them feels the sentiment of love of country kindling anew, as if the spirit that belonged to the transactions which have rendered these places distinguished still hovered around, with power to move and excite all who in future time may approach them.

But neither of these sources of emotion equals the power with which great moral examples affect the mind. When sublime virtues cease to be abstractions, when they become embodied in human character and exemplified in human conduct, we should be false to our own nature, if we did not indulge in the spontaneous effusions of our gratitude and our admiration. A true lover of the virtue of patriotism delights to contemplate its purest models; and that love of country may be well suspected which affects to soar so high into the regions of sentiment as to be lost and absorbed in the abstract feeling, and becomes too elevated, or too refined, to glow either with power in the commendation or the love of individual benefactors. All this is immaterial. It is as if one should be so enthusiastic a lover of poetry as to care nothing for Homer or Milton; so passionately attached to eloquence as to be indifferent to Tully and Chatham; or such a devotee to the arts, in such an ecstasy with the elements of beauty, proportion, and expression, as to regard the masterpieces of Raphael and Michael Angelo with coldness or contempt. We may be assured, gentlemen, that he who really loves the thing itself, loves its finest exhibitions. A true friend of his country loves her friends and benefactors, and thinks it no degradation to commend and commemorate them. . . .

Gentlemen, we are at the point of a century from the birth of Washington; and what a century it has been! During its course the human mind has seemed to proceed with a sort of geometric velocity, accomplishing more than had been done in fives or tens of centuries preceding. Washington stands at the commencement of a new era, as well as at the head of the new world. A century from the birth of Washington has changed the world. The country of Washington has been the theatre on which a great part of that change has been wrought; and Washington himself a principal agent by which it has been accomplished. His age and his country are equally full of wonders, and of both he is the chief.

Washington had attained his manhood when that spark of liberty was struck out in his own country, which has since kindled into a flame, and shot its beams over the earth. In the flow of a century from his birth, the world has changed in science, in arts, in the extent of commerce, in the improvement of navigation, and in all that relates to the civilisation of man. But it is the spirit of human freedom, the new elevation of individual man in his moral, social, and political character, leading the whole long train of other improvements, which has most remarkably distinguished the era. Society, in this century, has not made its progress like Chinese skill, by a greater acuteness of ingenuity in trifles; it has not merely lashed itself to an increased speed round the old circles of thought and action, but it has assumed a new character, it has raised itself from *beneath* governments, to a participation *in* governments; it has mixed moral and political objects with the daily pursuits of in-

dividual men, and, with a freedom and strength before altogether unknown, it has applied to these objects the whole power of the human understanding. It has been the era, in short, when the social principle has triumphed over the feudal principle; when society has maintained its right against military power and established, on foundations never hereafter to be shaken, its competency to govern itself.

A work on the 'Southern States of North America,' by EDWARD KING, who, with a body of artists, spent most of the years 1873 and 1874 on a tour of observation, will be found interesting and valuable. The party travelled more than twenty-five thousand miles, visiting nearly every city and town of importance in the southern and south-western States. The artist-in-chief, Mr. Champney, furnished more than four hundred of the sketches which illustrate the work, all of which are well executed and constitute a gallery of pictures of American life, character, and scenery.

Condition of the Southern States since the War.

There is (says Mr. King) much that is discouraging in the present condition of the south, but no one is more loth than the Southerner to admit the impossibility of its thorough redemption. The growth of manufactures in the southern states, while insignificant as compared with the gigantic development in the north and west, is highly encouraging, and it is actually true that manufactured articles formerly sent south from the north, are now made in the south to be shipped to northern buyers.

There is at least good reason to hope that in a few years immigration will pour into the fertile fields and noble valleys along the grand streams of the south, assuring a mighty growth. The southern people, however, will have to make more vigorous efforts in soliciting immigration than they have thus far shewn themselves capable of, if they intend to compete with the robust assurance of western agents in Europe. Texas and Virginia do not need to exert themselves, for currents of immigration are now flowing steadily to them; and as has been seen in the north-west, one immigrant always brings, sooner or later, ten in his wake. But the cotton states need able and efficient agents in Europe to explain thoroughly the nature and extent of their resources, and to counteract the effect of the political misrepresentation which is so conspicuous during every heated campaign, and which never fails to do these states incalculable harm. The mischief which the grinding of the outrage mill by cheap politicians, in the vain hope that it might serve their party ends at the elections of 1874, did such noble commonwealths as Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, can hardly be estimated.

Mr. King's work, it appears, was undertaken at the instance of the publishers of 'Scribner's Monthly Magazine,' and the British publishers (Blackie and Son) have brought it out in an attractive form.

LORD MACAULAY.

In 1842, as already stated, LORD MACAULAY produced his 'Lays of Ancient Rome.' In the following year, he published a selection of 'Critical and Historical Essays, contributed to the Edinburgh Review,' which are still unrivalled among productions of this kind. In questions of classical learning and criticism—in English philosophy and history—in all the minutiæ of biography and literary anecdote—in the principles and details of government—in the revolutions of parties and opinions—in all these he seems equally versant. He enriched every subject with illustrations drawn from a vast

range of reading. He is most able and striking in his historical articles, which presents pictures of the times of which he treats, with portraits of the principal actors, and comparisons and contrasts drawn from contemporary events and characters in other countries. His reviews of Hallam's 'Constitutional History,' Ranke's 'History of the Popes,' and the Memoirs of Burleigh, Hampden, Sir Robert Walpole, Chatham, Sir William Temple, Clive, and Warren Hastings, form a series of brilliant and complete historical retrospects or summaries unsurpassed in our literature. His eloquent papers on Bunyan, Horace Walpole, Boswell's 'Johnson,' Addison, Southey's 'Colloquies,' Byron, &c., have equal literary value; and to these must be added his later works, the biographies in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' which exhibit his style as sobered and chastened, though not enfeebled.

In 1848 appeared the first two volumes of his 'History of England from the Accession of James II.,' of which it was said 18,000 copies were sold in six months. In his opening chapter he explains the nature and scope of his work.

Exordium to History of England.

I purpose to write the history of England from the accession of King James II. down to a time which is within the memory of men still living. I shall recount the errors which, in a few months, alienated a loyal gentry and priesthood from the House of Stuart. I shall trace the course of that revolution which terminated the long struggle between our sovereigns and their parliaments, and bound up together the rights of the people and the title of the reigning dynasty. I shall relate how the new settlement was, during many troubled years, successfully defended against foreign and domestic enemies; how, under that settlement, the authority of law and the security of property were found to be compatible with a liberty of discussion and of individual action never before known; how, from the auspicious union of order and freedom, sprang a prosperity of which the annals of human affairs had furnished no example; how our country, from a state of ignominious vassalage, rapidly rose to the place of umpire among European powers; how her opulence and her martial glory grew together; how, by wise and resolute good faith, was gradually established a public credit fruitful of marvels, which, to the statesman of any former age would have seemed incredible; how a gigantic commerce gave birth to a maritime power compared with which every other maritime power, ancient or modern, sinks into insignificance; how Scotland, after ages of enmity, was at length united to England, not merely by legal bonds, but by indissoluble ties of interest and affection; how in America, the British colonies rapidly became far mightier and wealthier than the realms which Cortes and Pizarro had added to the dominions of Charles V.; how in Asia, British adventurers founded an empire not less splendid and more durable than that of Alexander.

Nor will it be less my duty faithfully to record disasters mingled with triumphs, with great national crimes and follies far more humiliating than any disaster. It will be seen that what we justly account our chief blessings were not without alloy. It will be seen that the system which effectually secured our liberties against the encroachments of kingly power, gave birth to a new class of abuses from which absolute monarchies are exempt. It will be seen that in consequence partly of unwise interference, and partly of unwise neglect the increase of wealth and the extension of trade produced, together with immense good, some evils from which poor and rude societies are free. It will be seen how, in two important dependencies of the crown, wrong was followed by just retribution; how imprudence and obstinacy broke the ties which bound the North American colonies to the parent state; how Ireland, cursed by the domination of race over race, and of religion over religion, remained indeed a member of the empire, but a withered and distorted member, adding no

strength to the body politic, and reproachfully pointed at by all who feared or envied the greatness of England.

Yet, unless I greatly deceive myself, the general effect of this checkered narrative will be to excite thankfulness in all religious minds, and hope in the breasts of all patriots. For the history of our country during the last hundred and sixty years is eminently the history of physical, of moral, and of intellectual improvement. Those who compare the age on which their lot has fallen with a golden age which exists only in imagination, may talk of degeneracy and decay; but no man who is correctly informed as to the past, will be disposed to take a morose or desponding view of the present.

I should very imperfectly execute the task which I have undertaken, if I were merely to treat of battles and sieges, of the rise and fall of administrations, of intrigues in the palace, and of debates in the parliament. It will be my endeavour to relate the history of the people as well as the history of the government, to trace the progress of useful and ornamental arts, to describe the rise of religious sects and the changes of literary taste, to portray the manners of successive generations, and not to pass by with neglect even the revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture, repasts, and public entertainments. I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history, if I can succeed in placing before the English of the nineteenth century a true picture of the life of their ancestors.

Volumes III. and IV. appeared in 1855, and it soon became manifest that it was hopeless to expect that the historian would live to realise his intention of bringing down his History to 'a time within the memory of men still living, or living in 1848. The anticipated period we may assume to be the close of the last century; and between 1685—the date of the accession of James II.—and 1800, we have one hundred and fifteen years, of which Lord Macaulay had then only travelled over *twelve*. His fourth volume concludes with the Peace of Ryswick in 1697. Part of a fifth volume was written, bringing down the History to the general election in 1701, but not published until after the death of the author. No historical work in modern times has excited the same amount of interest and anxiety, or, we may add, of admiration, as Lord Macaulay's History. Robertson and Gibbon were astonished at their own success; it greatly exceeded their most daring and sanguine hopes; but the number of readers was then limited, and quarto volumes travelled slowly. Compared with Macaulay, it was as the old mail-coach drawn up with the railway express. Before the second portion of Macaulay's History was ready, eleven large editions of the first had been disposed of. It had been read with the eagerness and avidity of a romance. The colouring might at times appear too high, almost coarse, but there were no obscure or misty passages. Highly embellished as was the style, it was as clear and intelligible as that of Swift or Defoe. It was the pre-Raphaelite painting without its littleness. Whether drawing a landscape or portrait, evolving the nice distinctions and subtle traits of character or motives, stating a legal argument, or disentangling a complicated party question, this virtue of perspicacity never forsakes the historian. It is no doubt a homely virtue, but here it is united to vivid imagination and rhetorical brilliance. So much ornament with so much strong sense, logical clearness, and easy

adaptation of style to every purpose of the historian, was never before seen in combination.

In producing his distinct and striking impressions, the historian is charged with painting too strongly and exaggerating his portraits. He has his likes and dislikes—his moral sympathies and antipathies. His sympathies were all with the Whigs, and his History has been called an epic poem with King William for its hero. Marlborough is portrayed in too dark colours, and William Penn also suffers injustice. The outline of each case is correct. Marlborough was treacherous and avaricious, and Penn was too much of a courtier in a bad court.* But the historian magnifies their defects. He does not make allowance for the character and habits of the times in which they lived, and he seizes upon doubtful and obscure incidents or statements by unscrupulous adversaries as pregnant and infallible proofs of guilt. In his pictures of social life and manners there is also a tendency to caricature; exceptional and accidental cases are made general; and the vivid fancy of the historian sports among startling contrasts and moral incongruities. Blemishes of this kind have been pointed out by laborious critics and political opponents; the 'critical telescope' has been incessantly levelled at the great luminary, yet nearly all will subscribe to the opinion that 'a writer of more passionless and judicial mind would not have produced a work of half so intense and deep an interest; that if Macaulay had been more minutely scrupulous, he would not have been nearly as picturesque; and that, if he had been less picturesque, we should not have retained nearly so much of his delineations, and should, therefore, have been losers of so much knowledge which is substantially, if not always circumstantially correct.'† His History is altogether one of the glories of our country and literature.

The Battle of Sedgemoor, July 6, 1685.

The night was not ill suited for such an enterprise. The moon was indeed at the full, and the northern streamers were shining brilliantly. But the marsh fog lay so thick on Sedgemoor that no object could be discerned there at the distance of fifty paces. The clock struck eleven; and the Duke (of Monmouth) with his body-guard rode out of the castle. He was not in the frame of mind which befits one who is about to strike a decisive blow. The very children who pressed to see him pass observed, and long remembered, that his look was sad and full of evil augury. His army marched by a circuitous path, near six miles in length, towards the royal encampment on Sedgemoor. Part of the route is to this day called War Lane. The foot were led by Monmouth himself. The horse were confided to Grey, in spite of the remonstrances of some who remembered the mishap at Bridport. Orders were

* 'I wrote the History of four years during which he (Penn) was exposed to great temptations—during which he was the favourite of a bad king, and an active solicitor in a most corrupt court. His character was injured by his associations. Ten years before or ten years later he would have made a much better figure. But was I to begin my book ten years earlier or ten years later for William Penn's sake?'—*Life of Macaulay*, ii. 252. It is clear, however, that, misled by Sir James Mackintosh's notes, he imputed to William Penn corrupt practices chargeable against a worthless contemporary, George Penne.

† *North British Review*, No. 49.

given that strict silence should be preserved, that no drum should be beaten, and no shot fired. The word by which the insurgents were to recognise one another in the darkness was Soho. It had doubtless been selected in allusion to Soho Fields in London, where their leader's palace stood.

At about one in the morning of Monday the sixth of July, the rebels were on the open moor. But between them and the enemy lay three broad rhines filled with water and soft mud. Two of these, called the Black Ditch and the Langmoor Rhine, Monmouth knew that he must pass. But, strange to say, the existence of a trench, called the Bussex Rhine, which immediately covered the royal encampment, had not been mentioned to him by any of his scouts.

The wains which carried the ammunition remained at the entrance of the moor. The horse and foot, in a long narrow column, passed the Black Ditch by a causeway. There was a similar causeway across the Langmoor Rhine; but the guide, in the fog, missed his way. There was some delay and some tumult before the error could be rectified. At length the passage was effected; but, in the confusion, a pistol went off. Some men of the Horse Guards, who were on watch, heard the report, and perceived that a great multitude was advancing through the mist. They fired their carbines, and galloped off in different directions to give the alarm. Some hastened to Weston Zoyland, where the cavalry lay. One trooper spurred to the encampment of the infantry, and cried out vehemently that the enemy was at hand. The drums of Dumbarton's regiment beat to arms; and the men got fast into their ranks. It was time; for Monmouth was already drawing up his army for action. He ordered Grey to lead the way with the cavalry, and followed himself at the head of the infantry. Grey pushed on till his progress was unexpectedly arrested by the Bussex Rhine. On the opposite side of the ditch the king's foot were hastily forming in order of battle.

'For whom are you?' called out an officer of the Foot Guards. 'For the king,' replied a voice from the ranks of the rebel cavalry. 'For which king?' was then demanded. The answer was a shout of 'King Monmouth,' mingled with the war cry, which forty years before had been inscribed on the colours of the parliamentary regiments, 'God with us.' The royal troops instantly fired such a volley of musketry as sent the rebel horse flying in all directions. The world agreed to ascribe this ignominious rout to Grey's pusillanimity. Yet it is by no means clear that Churchill would have succeeded better at the head of men who had never before handled arms on horseback, and whose horses were unused, not only to stand fire, but to obey the rein.

A few minutes after the duke's horse had dispersed themselves over the moor, his infantry came up running fast, and guided through the gloom by the lighted matches of Dumbarton's regiment.

Monmouth was startled by finding that a broad and profound trench lay between him and the camp which he had hoped to surprise. The insurgents halted on the edge of the rhine, and fired. Part of the royal infantry on the opposite bank returned the fire. During three-quarters of an hour the roar of the musketry was incessant. The Somersetshire peasants behaved themselves as if they had been veteran soldiers, save only that they levelled their pieces too high.

But now the other divisions of the royal army were in motion. The Life Guards and Blues came pricking fast from Weston Zoyland, and scattered in an instant some of Grey's horse, who had attempted to rally. The fugitives spread a panic among their comrades in the rear, who had charge of the ammunition. The wagoners drove off at full speed, and never stopped till they were many miles from the field of battle. Monmouth had hitherto done his part like a stout and able warrior. He had been seen on foot, pike in hand, encouraging his infantry by voice and by example. But he was too well acquainted with military affairs not to know that all was over. His men had lost the advantage which surprise and darkness had given them. They were deserted by the horse and by the ammunition wagons. The king's forces were now united and in good order. Feversham had been awakened by the firing, had got out of bed, had adjusted his cravat, had looked at himself well in the glass, and had come to see what his men were doing. Meanwhile, what was of much more importance, Churchill had rapidly made an entirely new disposition of the royal infantry. The day was about to break. The effect of a conflict on an open plain, by broad sunlight, could not be doubtful. Yet Monmouth should have felt that it was not for him to fly, while thousands whom affection for him had hurried to destruction were still fighting manfully in his cause. But vain hopes and the in-

tense love of life prevailed. He saw that if he tarried the royal cavalry would soon intercept his retreat. He mounted and rode from the field.

Yet his foot, though deserted, made a gallant stand. The Life Guards attacked them on the right, the Blues on the left; but the Somersetshire clowns, with their scythes and the butt-ends of their muskets, faced the royal horse like old soldiers. Oglethorpe made a vigorous attempt to break them, and was manfully repulsed. Sarsfield, a brave Irish officer, whose name afterwards obtained a melancholy celebrity, charged on the other flank. His men were beaten back. He was himself struck to the ground, and lay for a time as one dead. But the struggle of the hardy rustics could not last. Their powder and ball were spent. Cries were heard of 'Ammunition! for God's sake, ammunition!' But no ammunition was at hand. And now the king's artillery came up. It had been posted half a mile off, on the high road from Weston Zoyland to Bridgewater. So defective were then the appointments of an English army that there would have been much difficulty in dragging the great guns to the place where the battle was raging, had not the Bishop of Winchester offered his coach horses and traces for the purpose. This interference of a Christian prelate in a matter of blood has, with strange inconsistency, been condemned by some Whig writers who can see nothing criminal in the conduct of the numerous Puritan ministers then in arms against the government. Even when the guns had arrived, there was such a want of gunners that a sergeant of Dumbarton's regiment was forced to take on himself the management of several pieces. The cannon, however, though ill served, brought the engagement to a speedy close. The pikes of the rebel battalions began to shake; the ranks broke; the king's cavalry charged again, and bore down everything before them; the king's infantry came pouring across the ditch. Even in that extremity the Mendip miners stood bravely to their arms, and sold their lives dearly. But the rout was in a few minutes complete. Three hundred of the soldiers had been killed or wounded. Of the rebels more than a thousand lay dead on the moor. So ended the last fight, deserving the name of battle, that has been fought on English ground.

Execution of Monmouth.

It was ten o'clock. The coach of the Lieutenant of the Tower was ready. Monmouth requested his spiritual advisers to accompany him to the place of execution; and they consented: but they told him that, in their judgment, he was about to die in a perilous state of mind, and that, if they attended him, it would be their duty to exhort him to the last. As he passed along the ranks of the guards he saluted them with a smile, and he mounted the scaffold with a firm tread. Tower Hill was covered up to the chimney tops with an innumerable multitude of gazers, who, in awful silence, broken only by sighs and the noise of weeping, listened for the last accents of the darling of the people. 'I shall say little,' he began. 'I come here, not to speak, but to die. I die a Protestant of the Church of England.' The bishops interrupted him, and told him that, unless he acknowledged resistance to be sinful, he was no member of their church. He went on to speak of his Henrietta. She was, he said, a young lady of virtue and honour. He loved her to the last, and he could not die without giving utterance to his feelings. The bishops again interfered, and begged him not to use such language. Some altercation followed. The divines have been accused of dealing harshly with the dying man. But they appear to have only discharged what, in their view, was a sacred duty. Monmouth knew their principles, and, if he wished to avoid their importunity, should have dispensed with their attendance. Their general arguments against resistance had no effect on him. But when they reminded him of the ruin which he had brought on his brave and loving followers, of the blood which had been shed, of the souls which had been sent unprepared to the great account, he was touched, and said, in a softened voice: 'I do own that. I am sorry that it ever happened.' They prayed with him long and fervently; and he joined in their petitions till they invoked a blessing on the king. He remained silent. 'Sir,' said one of the bishops, 'do you not pray for the king with us?' Monmouth paused some time, and, after an internal struggle, exclaimed 'Amen.' But it was in vain that the prelates implored him to address to the soldiers and to the people a few words on the duty of obedience to the government. 'I will make no speeches,' he exclaimed. 'Only ten words, my lord.' He turned away, called his servant, and put into the man's hand a toothpick case, the last token of ill-starred love. 'Give it,' he

said, 'to that person.' He then accosted John Ketch the executioner, a wretch who had butchered many brave and noble victims, and whose name has, during a century and a half, been vulgarly given to all who have succeeded him in his odious office. 'Here,' said the duke, 'are six guineas for you. Do not hack me as you did my Lord Russell. I have heard that you struck him three or four times. My servant will give you some more gold if you do the work well.' He then undressed, felt the edge of the axe, expressed some fear that it was not sharp enough, and laid his head on the block. The divines in the meantime continued to ejaculate with great energy: 'God accept your repentance! God accept your imperfect repentance!'

The hangman addressed himself to his office. But he had been disconcerted by what the duke had said. The first blow only inflicted a slight wound. The duke struggled, rose from the block, and looked reproachfully at the executioner. The head sank down once more. The stroke was repeated again and again; but still the neck was not severed, and the body continued to move. Yells of rage and horror rose from the crowd. Ketch flung down the axe with a curse. 'I cannot do it,' he said; 'my heart fails me.' 'Take up the axe, man,' cried the sheriff. 'Fling him over the rails,' roared the mob. At length the axe was taken up. Two more blows extinguished the last remains of life; but a knife was used to separate the head from the shoulders. The crowd was wrought up to such an ecstasy of rage that the executioner was in danger of being torn in pieces, and was conveyed away under a strong guard.

In the meantime many handkerchiefs were dipped in the duke's blood; for by a large part of the multitude he was regarded as a martyr who had died for the Protestant religion. The head and body were placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and were laid privately under the communion table of St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower. Within four years the pavement of the chancel was again disturbed, and hard by the remains of Monmouth were laid the remains of Jeffreys. In truth there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities; but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts. Thither was borne, before the window where Jane Grey was praying, the mangled corpse of Guildford Dudley. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, and Protector of the realm, reposes there by the brother whom he murdered. There has moulded away the headless trunk of John Fisher, bishop of Rochester and cardinal of St. Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age, and to have died in a better cause. There are laid John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer. There, too, is another Essex, on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valour, grace, genius, royal favour, popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard —Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel. Here and there, among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen, lie more delicate sufferers—Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair queens who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled.

Yet a few months, and the quiet village of Toddington, in Bedfordshire, witnessed a still sadder funeral. Near that village stood an ancient and stately hall, the seat of the Wentworths. The transept of the parish church had long been their burial-place. To that burial-place, in the spring which followed the death of Monmouth, was borne the coffin of the young Baroness of Nettlestede. Her family reared a sumptuous mausoleum over her remains; but a less costly memorial of her was long contemplated with far deeper interest. Her name, carved by the hand of him whom she loved too well, was, a few years ago, still discernible on a tree in the adjoining park.

The Revolution of 1688–9.

On the morning of Wednesday the 13th of February [1689], the court of Whitehall and all the neighbouring streets were filled with gazers. The magnificent Banqueting House, the masterpiece of Inigo, embellished by masterpieces of Rubens, had been prepared for a great ceremony. The walls were lined by the yeomen of the guard. Near the northern door, on the right hand, a large number of peers had assembled. On the left were the Commons with their Speaker, attended by the mace. The southern door opened; and the Prince and Princess of Orange, side by side, entered, and took their place under the canopy of state.

Both Houses approached, bowing low. William and Mary advanced a few steps. Halifax on the right, and Powle on the left, stood forth, and Halifax spoke. The Convention, he said, had agreed to a resolution which he prayed their highnesses to hear. They signified their assent; and the clerk of the House of Lords read, in a loud voice, the Declaration of Right. When he had concluded, Halifax, in the name of all the estates of the realm, requested the prince and princess to accept the crown.

William, in his own name, and in that of his wife, answered that the crown was, in their estimation, the more valuable because it was presented to them as a token of the confidence of the nation. 'We thankfully accept,' he said, 'what you have offered us.' Then, for himself, he assured them that the laws of England, which he had once already vindicated, should be the rules of his conduct; that it should be his study to promote the welfare of the kingdom; and that, as to the means of doing so, he should constantly recur to the advice of the Houses, and should be disposed to trust their judgment rather than his own. These words were received with a shout of joy which was heard in the streets below, and was instantly answered by huzzas from many thousands of voices. The Lords and Commons then reverently retired from the Banqueting House, and went in procession to the great gate of Whitehall, where the heralds and pursuivants were waiting in their gorgeous tabards. All the space as far as Charing Cross was one sea of heads. The kettle-drums struck up, the trumpets pealed, and Garter King at Arms, in a loud voice, proclaimed the Prince and Princess of Orange king and queen of England; charged all Englishmen to pay, from that moment, faith and true allegiance to the new sovereigns; and besought God, who had already wrought so signal a deliverance for our church and nation, to bless William and Mary with a long and happy reign.

Thus was consummated the English Revolution. When we compare it with those revolutions which have during the last sixty years overthrown so many ancient governments, we cannot but be struck by its peculiar character. The continental revolutions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries took place in countries where all trace of the limited monarchy of the middle ages had long been effaced. The right of the prince to make laws and to levy money, had during many generations been undisputed. His throne was guarded by a great regular army. His administration could not, without extreme peril, be blamed even in the mildest terms. His subjects held their personal liberty by no other tenure than his pleasure. Not a single institution was left which had, within the memory of the oldest man, afforded efficient protection to the subject against the utmost excess of tyranny. Those great councils which had once curbed the regal power had sunk into oblivion. Their composition and their privileges were known only to antiquaries. We cannot wonder, therefore, that, when men who had been thus ruled succeeded in wresting supreme power from a government which they had long in secret hated, they should have been impatient to demolish and unable to construct; that they should have been fascinated by every specious novelty; that they should have proscribed every title, ceremony, and phrase associated with the old system; and that, turning away with disgust from their own national precedents and traditions, they should have sought for principles of government in the writings of theorists, or aped, with ignorant and ungraceful affectation, the patriots of Athens and Rome. As little can we wonder that the violent action of the revolutionary spirit should have been followed by reaction equally violent, and that confusion should speedily have engendered despotism sterner than that from which it had sprung.

Had we been in the same situation; had Strafford succeeded in his favourite scheme of Thorough; had he formed an army as numerous and as well disciplined as that which, a few years later, was formed by Cromwell; had a series of judicial decisions similar to that which, a few years later, was pronounced by the Exchequer

Chamber in the case of ship-money, transferred to the crown the right of taxing the people; had the Star Chamber and the High Commission continued to fine, mutilate, and imprison every man who dared to raise his voice against the government; had the press been as completely enslaved here as at Vienna or Naples; had our kings gradually drawn to themselves the whole legislative power; had six generations of Englishmen passed away without a single session of parliament; and had we then at length risen up in some moment of wild excitement against our masters, what an outbreak would that have been! With what a crash, heard and felt to the furthest ends of the world, would the whole vast fabric of society have fallen! How many thousands of exiles, once the most prosperous and the most refined members of this great community, would have begged their bread in continental cities, or have sheltered their heads under huts of bark in the uncleared forests of America! How often should we have seen the pavement of London piled up in barricades, the houses dinted with bullets, the gutters foaming with blood! How many times should we have rushed wildly from extreme to extreme, sought refuge from anarchy in despotism, and been again driven by despotism into anarchy!

The Valley of Glencoe.

Mac Ian dwelt in the mouth of a ravine situated not far from the southern shore of Lochleven, an arm of the sea which deeply indents the western coast of Scotland, and separates Argyleshire from Inverness-shire. Near his house were two or three small hamlets inhabited by his tribe. The whole population which he governed was not supposed to exceed two hundred souls. In the neighbourhood of the little cluster of villages was some copsewood and some pasture-land; but a little further up the defile, no sign of population or of fruitfulness was to be seen. In the Gaelic tongue, Glencoe signifies the Glen of Weeping; and in truth that pass is the most dreary and melancholy of all the Scottish passes—the very Valley of the Shadow of Death. Mists and storms brood over it through the greater part of the finest summer; and even on those rare days when the sun is bright, and when there is no cloud in the sky, the impression made by the landscape is sad and awful. The path lies along a stream which issues from the most sullen and gloomy of mountain-pools. Huge precipices of naked stone frown on both sides. Even in July the streaks of snow may often be discerned in the rifts near the summits. All down the sides of the crags heaps of ruin mark the headlong paths of the torrents. Mile after mile the traveller looks in vain for the smoke of one hut, or for one human form wrapped in a plaid, and listens in vain for the bark of a shepherd's dog, or the bleat of a lamb. Mile after mile the only sound that indicates life is the faint cry of a bird of prey from some storm-beaten pinnacle of rock. The progress of civilisation, which has turned so many wastes into fields yellow with harvests, or gay with apple-blossoms, has only made Glencoe more desolate. All the science and industry of a peaceful age can extract nothing valuable from that wilderness; but in an age of violence and rapine, the wilderness itself was valued on account of the shelter it afforded to the plunderer and his plunder.

The English Country Gentleman of 1688.

A country gentleman who witnessed the Revolution was probably in the receipt of about the fourth part of the rent which his acres now yield to his posterity; he was, therefore, as compared with his posterity, a poor man, and was generally under the necessity of residing, with little interruption, on his estate. To travel on the continent, to maintain an establishment in London, or even to visit London frequently, were pleasures in which only the great proprietors could indulge. It may be confidently affirmed that of the squires whose names were in King Charles's commissions of peace and lieutenancy, not one in twenty went to town once in five years, or had ever in his life wandered so far as Paris. Many lords of manors had received an education differing little from that of their menial servants. The heir of an estate often passed his boyhood and youth at the seat of his family with no better tutors than groome and gamekeepers, and scarce attained learning enough to sign his name to a mittimus. If he went to school and to college, he generally returned before he was twenty to the seclusion of the old hall; and there, unless his mind were very happily constituted by nature, soon forgot his academical pursuits in rural business and pleasures. His chief serious employment was the care of his property.

He examined samples of grain, handled pigs, and on market-days made bargains over a tankard with drovers and hop-merchants. His chief pleasures were commonly derived from field-sports and from an unrefined sensuality. His language and pronunciation were such as we should now expect to hear only from the most ignorant clowns. His oaths, coarse jests, and scurrilous terms of abuse, were uttered with the broadest accent of his province. It was easy to discern, from the first words which he spoke, whether he came from Somersetshire or Yorkshire. He troubled himself little about decorating his abode, and if he attempted decoration, seldom produced anything but deformity. The litter of a farmyard gathered under the windows of his bedchamber, and the cabbages and gooseberry bushes grew close to his hall door. His table was loaded with coarse plenty, and guests were cordially welcome to it; but as the habit of drinking to excess was general in the class to which he belonged, and as his fortune did not enable him to intoxicate large assemblies daily with claret or canary, strong beer was the ordinary beverage. The quantity of beer consumed in those days was indeed enormous; for beer then was to the middle and lower classes not only all that beer now is, but all that wine, tea, and ardent spirits now are; it was only at great houses, or on great occasions, that foreign drink was placed on the board. The ladies of the house, whose business it had commonly been to cook the repast, retired as soon as the dishes had been devoured, and left the gentlemen to their ale and tobacco. The coarse jollity of the afternoon was often prolonged till the revellers were laid under the table.

From this description it might be supposed that the English esquire of the Seventeenth century did not materially differ from a rustic miller or ale-house keeper of our time. There are, however, some important parts of his character still to be noted, which will greatly modify this estimate. Unlettered as he was and unpolished, he was still in some important points a gentleman. He was a member of a proud and powerful aristocracy, and was distinguished by many both of the good and of the bad qualities which belong to aristocrats. His family pride was beyond that of a Talbot or a Howard. He knew the genealogies and coats-of-arms of all his neighbours, and could tell which of them had assumed supporters without any right, and which of them were so unfortunate as to be great-grandsons of aldermen. He was a magistrate, and as such administered gratuitously to those who dwelt around him a rude patriarchal justice, which, in spite of innumerable blunders and of occasional acts of tyranny, was yet better than no justice at all. He was an officer of the train-bands; and his military dignity, though it might move the mirth of gallants who had served a campaign in Flanders, raised his character in his own eyes and in the eyes of his neighbors. Nor, indeed, was his soldiership justly a subject of derision. In every county there were elderly gentlemen who had seen service which was no child's play. One had been knighted by Charles I. after the battle of Edgehill; another still wore a patch over the scar which he had received at Naseby; a third had defended his old house till Fairfax had blown in the door with a petard. The presence of these old Cavaliers, with their old swords and holsters, and with their old stories about Goring and Lunsford, gave to the musters of militia an earnest and warlike aspect which would otherwise have been wanting. Even those country gentlemen who were too young to have themselves exchanged blows with the cuirassiers of the Parliament, had, from childhood, been surrounded by the traces of recent war, and fed with stories of the martial exploits of their fathers and uncles. Thus the character of the English esquire of the seventeenth century was compounded of two elements which we are not accustomed to find united. His ignorance and uncouthness, his low tastes and gross phrases, would, in our time, be considered as indicating a nature and a breeding thoroughly plebeian. Yet he was essentially a patrician, and had, in large measure, both the virtues and the vices which flourish among men set from their birth in high places, and accustomed to authority, to observance, and to self-respect. It is not easy for a generation which is accustomed to find chivalrous sentiments only in company with liberal studies and polished manners to image to itself a man with the deportment, the vocabulary, and the accent of a carter, yet punctilious on matters of genealogy and precedence, and yet ready to risk his life rather than see a stain cast on the honour of his house. It is only, however, by thus joining together things seldom or never found together in our own experience, that we can form a just idea of that rustic aristocracy which constituted the main strength of the armies of Charles I., and which long supported with strange fidelity the interest of his descendants.

When the lord of Lincolnshire or Shropshire manor appeared in Fleet Street, he was as easily distinguished from the resident population as a Turk or a Lascar. His dress, his gait, his accent, the manner in which he stared at the shops, stumbled into the gutters, ran against the porters, and stood under the water-spouts, marked him out as an excellent subject for the operations of swindlers and banterers. Bullies jostled him into the kennel. Hackney-coachmen splashed him from head to foot. Thieves explored, with perfect security, the huge pockets of his horseman's coat, while he stood entranced by the splendour of the lord-mayor's show. Money-droppers, sore from the cart's tail, introduced themselves to him, and appeared to him the most friendly gentlemen he had ever seen. Painted women, the refuse of Lewkner Lane and Whitstone Park, passed themselves on him for countesses and maids of honour. If he asked his way to St. James's, his informant sent him to Mile End. If he went into a shop, he was instantly discerned to be a purchaser of everything that nobody else would buy—of second-hand embroidery, copper rings, and watches that would not go. If he rambled into any fashionable coffee-house, he became a mark for the insolent derision of fops and the grave waggery of Templars. Enraged and mortified, he soon returned to his mansion; and there, in the homage of his tenants, and the conversation of his boon companions, found consolation for the vexations and humiliations he had undergone. There he once more found himself a great man; and he saw nothing above him, except when at the assizes he took his seat on the bench near the judge, or when at the muster of the militia he saluted the lord-lieutenant.

The Roman Catholic Church.—From the review of Ranke's 'History of the Popes.'

There is not, and there never was on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilisation. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavinian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series, from the pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century, to the pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigour. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendency extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn, countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to shew that all other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.*

* This poetical figure has become almost familiar as a household word. It is not original, as has often been pointed out. Horace Walpole, in a letter to Sir H. Mann, says: 'At last some curious native of Lima will visit London, and give a sketch of the ruins

On the success of the History and other works of Lord Macauley, information will be found in the life of the historian by his nephew, Mr. Trevelyan. 'Within a generation of its first appearance, upwards of 140,000 copies of the History will have been printed and sold in the United Kingdom alone. It has been translated into nearly all European languages, and been unprecedentedly popular.' In a journal kept by the historian we read, under date of March 7, 1856:

'Longman came, with a very pleasant announcement. He and his partners find that they are overflowing with money, and think that they cannot invest it better than by advancing to me, on the usual terms of course, part of what will be due to me in December. We agreed that they shall pay twenty thousand pounds into Williams's Bank next week. What a sum to be gained by one edition of a book! I may say, gained in one day. But that was harvest day. The work had been near seven years in hand.' The cheque is still preserved as a curiosity among the archives of Messrs. Longman's firm. 'The transaction,' says Macaulay, 'is quite unparalleled in the history of the book-trade.' *

We have referred to Macaulay's wonderful memory and stores of knowledge (see *ante*). On this subject we may quote a passage from a journal kept by his sister, Margaret Macaulay:

'I said that I was surprised at the great accuracy of his information, considering how desultory his reading had been. "My accuracy

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of Westminster and St. Paul's.' Volney, in his *Ruins of Empires*, had written: 'Reflecting that if the places before me had once exhibited this animated picture, who, said I to myself, can assure me that their present desolation will not one day be the lot of our own country? Who knows but that hereafter some traveller like myself will sit down upon the banks of the Seine the Thames, or the Zuyder Zee, where now, in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and the eyes are too slow to take in the multitude of sensations—who knows but that he will sit down solitary amid silent ruins, and weep a people inurned, and their greatness changed into an empty name?'

See also Henry Kirke White, *ante*.

Mrs. Barbauld had shadowed forth the same idea:

> 'With duteous zeal their pilgrimage shall take,
> From the blue mountains on Ontario's lake,
> With fond adoring steps to press the sod,
> By statesmen, sages, poets, heroes trod.
> Pensive and thoughtful shall the wanderers greet
> Each splendid square and still, untrodden street;
> Or of some crumbling turret, mined by time,
> The broken stairs with perilous step may climb.
> And when 'midst fallen London, they survey
> The stone where Alexander's ashes lay,
> Shall own with humble pride the lesson just,
> By time's slow finger written in the dust.'

Shelley, in the preface to *Peter Bell the Third* addressed to Moore, has a similar illustration: 'In the firm expectation, that when London shall be a habitation of bitterns, when St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand shapeless and nameless ruins, in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of Westminster Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream; some transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism the respective merits of the Bells, and the Fudges, and their historians.'

* *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, by his nephew, George Otto Trevelyan, M. P. (1867), vol. ii, page 410.

as to facts," he said, "I owe to a cause which many men would not confess. It is due to my love of castle-building. The past is in my mind soon constructed into a romance. With a person of my turn, the minute touches are of as great interest, and perhaps greater than the most important events. Spending so much time as I do in solitude, my mind would have rusted by gazing vacantly at the shop windows. As it is, I am no sooner in the streets than I am in Greece, in Rome, in the midst of the French Revolution. Precision in dates, the day or hour in which a man was born or died, becomes absolutely necessary. A slight fact, a sentence, a word, are of importance in my romance. Pepys's Diary formed almost inexhaustible food for my fancy. I seem to know every inch of Whitehall. I go in at Hans Holbein's Gate, and come out through the matted gallery. The conversations which I compose between great people of the time are long, and sufficiently animated; in the style, if not with the merits, of Sir Walter Scott's. The old parts of London, which you are sometimes surprised at my knowing so well, those old gates and houses down by the river, have all played their part in my stories." He spoke, too, of the manner in which he used to wander about Paris, weaving tales of the Revolution, and he thought that he owed his command of language greatly to this habit.'

His biographer, Mr. Trevelyan, notices another help to memory—the 'extraordinary faculty of assimilating printed matter at first sight. To the end of his life, Macaulay read books faster than other people skimmed them, and skimmed them as fast as anyone else could turn the leaves.' His vast erudition, his painstaking care as a literary workman, and his hatred of all cant, affectation, and injustice, have been depicted by his biographer. His journals and letters disclose his true nobility of soul, his affection for his sisters, his support of his parents, and his generous self-sacrificing character and independence of spirit, equally conspicuous in adversity and prosperity.

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.

The 'History of Civilisation,' by HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE (1822–1862), was a portion of a great work designed by its author to extend to fourteen volumes! Four were published between 1857 and 1864. They were the result of twenty years' study—the fruit of a speculative genius of no common order, but containing many rash generalisations and doctrinaire views. The public opinion concerning them seems to have subsided into Macaulay's estimate: 'Buckle, a man of talent and of a great deal of reading, but paradoxical and incoherent. He is eminently an anticipator, as Bacon would have said. He wants to make a system before he has got the materials, and he has not the excuse which Aristotle had of having an eminently systematising mind.' The book reminded Macaulay of the 'Divine Legation' of Warburton (see *ante*)—that huge structure of pa-

radox and learning. Mr. Buckle was the son of a London merchant, and was born at Lee in Kent. He was an amiable enthusiastic student.

Proximate Causes of the French Revolution.

Looking at the state of France immediately after the death of Louis XIV., we have seen that his policy having reduced the country to the brink of ruin, and having destroyed every vestige of free inquiry, a reaction became necessary; but that the materials for the reaction could not be found among a nation which for fifty years had been exposed to so debilitating a system. This deficiency at home caused the most eminent Frenchmen to turn their attention abroad, and gave rise to a sudden admiration for the English literature, and for those habits of thought which were then peculiar to the English people. New life being thus breathed into the wasted frame of French society, an eager and inquisitive spirit was generated, such as had not been seen since the time of Descartes. The upper classes, taking offence at this unexpected movement, attempted to stifle it, and made strenuous efforts to destroy that love of inquiry which was daily gaining ground. To effect their object, they persecuted literary men with such bitterness as to have made it evident that the intellect of France must either relapse into its former servility, or else boldly assume the defensive. Happily for the interests of civilisation, the latter alternative was adopted; and in or about 1750, a deadly struggle began, in which those principles of liberty which France borrowed from England, and which had hitherto been supposed only applicable to the church, were for the first time applied to the state. Coinciding with this movement, and indeed forming part of it, other circumstances occurred of the same character. Now it was that the political economists succeeded in proving that the interference of the governing classes had inflicted great mischief even upon the material interests of the country; and had by their protective measures injured what they were believed to be benefiting. This remarkable discovery in favour of general freedom put a fresh weapon into the hands of the democratic party; whose strength was still further increased by the unrivalled eloquence with which Rousseau assailed the existing fabric. Precisely the same tendency was exhibited in the extraordinary impulse given to every branch of physical science, which familiarised men with ideas of progress, and brought them into collision with the stationary and conservative ideas natural to government. The discoveries made respecting the external world, encouraged a restlessness and excitement of mind hostile to the spirit of routine, and therefore full of danger for the institutions only recommended by their antiquity. This eagerness for physical knowledge also effected a change in education: and the ancient languages being neglected, another link was severed which connected the present with the past. The church, the legitimate protector of old opinions, was unable to resist the passion for novelty, because she was weakened by treason in her own camp. For, by this time, Calvinism had spread so much among the French clergy, as to break them into two hostile parties, and render it impossible to rally them against their common foe. The growth of this heresy was also important, because Calvinism being essentially democratic, a revolutionary spirit appeared even in the ecclesiastical profession, so that the feud in the church was accompanied by another feud between the government and the church. These were the leading symptoms of that vast movement which culminated in the French Revolution; and all of them indicated a state of society so anarchical and so thoroughly disorganised, as to make it certain that some great catastrophe was impending. At length, and when everything was ready for explosion, the news of the American Rebellion fell like a spark on the inflammatory mass, and ignited a flame which never ceased its ravages until it had destroyed all that Frenchmen once held dear, and had left for the instruction of mankind an awful lesson of the crimes into which long-continued oppression may hurry a generous and long-suffering people.

The Three Great Movers of Society.

In a great and comprehensive view, the changes in every civilised people are, in their aggregate, dependent on three things: first on the amount of knowledge

possessed by their ablest men; secondly, on the direction which that knowledge takes—that is to say, the sort of subjects to which it refers; thirdly, and above all, on the extent to which the knowledge is diffused, and the freedom with which it pervades all classes of society.

These are the three great movers of every civilised country; and although their operation is frequently disturbed by the vices or the virtues of powerful individuals, such moral feelings correct each other, and the average of long periods remains unaffected. Owing to causes of which we are ignorant, the moral qualities do, no doubt, constantly vary, so that in one man, or perhaps even in one generation, there will be an excess of good intentions, in another an excess of bad ones. But we have no reason to think that any permanent change has been effected in the proportion which those who naturally possess good intentions bear to those in whom bad ones seem to be inherent. In what may be called the innate and original morals of mankind there is, so far as we are aware, no progress.

The desolation of countries and the slaughter of men are losses which never fail to be repaired, and at the distance of a few centuries every vestige of them is effaced. The gigantic crimes of Alexander or Napoleon become after a time void of effect, and the affairs of the world return to their former level. This is the ebb and flow of history—the perpetual flux to which the laws of our nature are subject. Above all this there is a far higher movement; and as the tide rolls on, now advancing, now receding, there is amidst its endless fluctuations one thing, and one alone, which endures for ever. The actions of bad men produce only temporary evil, the actions of good men only temporary good; and eventually the good and the evil altogether subside, are neutralised by subsequent generations, absolved by the incessant movement of future ages. But the discoveries of great men never leave us; they are immortal, they contain those eternal truths which survive the shock of empires, outlive the struggles of rival creeds, and witness the decay of successive religions. All these have their different measures and different standards; one set of opinions for one age, another set for another. They pass away like a dream; they are as the fabric of a vision which leaves not a rack behind. The discoveries of genius alone remain; it is to them we owe all that we now have; they are for all ages and all times; never young and never old, they bear the seeds of their own life; they flow on in a perennial and undying stream; they are essentially cumulative, and giving birth to the additions which they subsequently receive, they thus influence the most distant posterity, and after the lapse of centuries produce more effect than they were able to do even at the moment of their promulgation.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

The writings of Mr. Carlyle are so various, that he may be characterised as historian, biographer, translator, moralist, or satirist. His greatest and most splendid successes, however, have been won in the departments of biography and history. The chief interest and charm of his works consist in the individual portraits they contain and the strong personal sympathies or antipathies they describe. He has a clear and penetrating insight into human nature; he notes every fact and circumstance that can elucidate character, and having selected his subject, he works with passionate earnestness till he reproduces the individual or scene before the reader, exact in outline according to his preconceived notion, and with marvellous force and vividness of colouring. Even as a landscape-painter—a character he by no means affects—Mr. Carlyle has rarely been surpassed. A Scotch shipping town, an English fen, a wild mountain solitude, or a Welsh valley, is depicted by him in a few words with the distinctness and reality of a photograph.

Mr. Carlyle is a native of the south of Scotland—born December 4,

1795, in the village of Ecclefechan, in Annandale—a fine pastoral district, famous in Border story, and rich in ancient castles and Roman remains. His father, a farmer, is spoken of as a man of great moral worth and sagacity; his mother as affectionate, pious, and more than ordinarily intelligent; and thus, accepting his own theory that 'the history of a man's childhood is the description of his parents and environment,' Mr. Carlyle entered upon 'the mystery of life' under happy and enviable circumstances. As a school-boy, he became acquainted with Edward Irving, the once celebrated preacher, whom he has commemorated as a man of the noblest nature.*

From the grammar-school of Annan, Carlyle went to Edinburgh, and studied at the university for the church; but before he had completed his academical course, his views changed. He had excelled in mathematics; and afterwards, for about four years, he was a teacher of mathematics—first in Annan, and afterwards in Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, where Edward Irving also resided as a teacher. In 1818 he proceeded to Edinburgh, where he had the range of the University Library, and where he wrote a number of short biographies and other articles for the 'Edinburgh Encyclopædia,' conducted by Brewster. In 1821 he became tutor to Mr. Charles Buller, whose honourable public career was prematurely terminated by his death, in his forty-second year, in 1848. 'His light airy brilliancy,' said Carlyle, 'has suddenly become solemn, fixed in the earnest stillness of eternity.'

Mr. Carlyle in 1823 contributed to the 'London Magazine' in monthly portions his 'Life of Schiller,' which he enlarged and published in a separate form in 1825. He was also engaged in translating Legendre's 'Geometry,' to which he prefixed an essay on Proportion; and in the same busy year (1824) he translated the 'Wilhelm Meister' of Goethe. Mr. Carlyle's translation appeared without his name. Its merits were too palpable to be overlooked, though some critics objected to the strong infusion of German phraseology which the translator had imported into his English version. This never left Mr. Carlyle even in his original works; but the 'Life of Schiller' has none of the peculiarity. How finely, for example, does the biographer expatiate on that literary life which he had now fairly adopted:

Men of Genius.

Among these men are to be found the brightest specimens and the chief benefactors of mankind. It is they that keep awake the finer parts of our souls; that give

* 'The first time I saw Irving was six-and-twenty years ago [1809], in his native town Annan. He was fresh from Edinburgh, with college prizes, high character, and promise: he had come to see our schoolmaster, who had also been his. We heard of famed professors, of high matters classical, mathematical—a whole wonderland of knowledge: nothing but joy, health, hopefulness without end looked out from the blooming young man. The last time I saw him was three months ago, in London. Friendliness still beamed in his eyes, but now from amid unquiet fire; his face was flaccid, wasted, unsound: hoary as with extreme age: he was trembling over the brink of the grave. Adieu, thou first friend—adieu while this confused twilight of existence lasts! Might we meet where twilight has become day!'—CARLYLE'S *Miscellanies*.

us better aims than power or pleasure, and withstand the total sovereignty of Mammon in this earth. They are the vanguard in the march of mind; the intellectual backwoodsmen, reclaiming from the idle wilderness new territories for the thought and the activity of their happier brethren. Pity that, from all their conquests, so rich in benefit to others, themselves should reap so little! But it is vain to murmur. They are volunteers in this cause; they weighed the charms of it against the perils; and they must abide the results of their decision, as all must. The hardships of the course they follow are formidable, but not at all inevitable; and to such as pursue it rightly, it is not without its great rewards. If an author's life is more agitated and more painful than that of others, it may also be made more spirit-stirring and exalted; fortune may render him unhappy, it is only himself that can make him despicable. The history of genius has, in fact, its bright side as well as its dark. And if it is distressing to survey the misery, and what is worse, the debasement, of so many gifted men, it is doubly cheering, on the other hand, to reflect on the few who, amid the temptations and sorrows to which life in all its provinces, and most in theirs, is liable, have travelled through it in calm and virtuous majesty, and are now hallowed in our memories not less for their conduct than their writings. Such men are the flower of this lower world: to such alone can the epithet of great be applied with its true emphasis. There is a congruity in their proceedings which one loves to contemplate: he who would write heroic poems, should make his whole life a heroic poem.

In 1825, marriage lessened the anxieties attendant on a literary life, while it added permanently to Mr. Carlyle's happiness. The lady to whom he was united was a lineal descendant of John Knox—Miss Jane Welsh, daughter of Dr. Welsh, Haddington. Mrs. Carlyle had a small property, Craigenputtoch, in Dumfriesshire, to which, after about three years' residence in Edinburgh, the lady and her husband retired. In Edinburgh, Carlyle had published four volumes of 'Specimens of German Romance' (1827), and written for the 'Edinburgh Review' essays on 'Jean Paul' and 'German Literature.' His Dumfriesshire retreat he has described in a letter to Goethe:

Picture of a Retired, Happy Literary Life.

CRAIGENPUTTOCH, 25*th September* 1828.

You inquire with such warm interest respecting our present abode and occupations, that I am obliged to say a few words about both, while there is still room left. Dumfries is a pleasant town, containing about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and to be considered the centre of the trade and judicial system of a district which possesses some importance in the sphere of Scottish activity. Our residence is not in the town itself, but fifteen miles to the north-west of it, among the granite hills and the black morasses which stretch westward through Galloway, almost to the Irish sea. In this wilderness of heath and rock, our estate stands forth a green oasis, a tract of ploughed, partly inclosed and planted ground, where corn ripens, and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-woolled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat, substantial dwelling; here, in the absence of a professional or other office, we live to cultivate literature according to our strength, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the roses and flowers of our garden; we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. The roses, indeed, are still in part to be planted, but they blossom already in anticipation. Two ponies, which carry us everywhere, and the mountain air, are the best medicines for weak nerves. This daily exercise, to which I am much devoted, is my only recreation; for this nook of ours is the loneliest in Britain—six miles removed from any one likely to visit me. Here Rousseau would have been as happy as on his island of St. Pierre. My town friends, indeed, ascribe my sojourn here to a similar disposition, and forebode me no good result. But I came hither solely with the design to simplify my way of life, and to secure the independence through which I could be enabled to remain true to myself. This bit of earth is our own; here we can live, write and think, as best

pleases ourselves, even though Zoilus himself were to be crowned the monarch of literature. Nor is the solitude of such great importance; for a stage-coach takes us speedily to Edinburgh, which we look upon as our British Weimar. And have I not, too, at this moment, piled upon the table of my little library, a whole cart-load of French, German, American and English journals and periodicals—whatever may be their worth? Of Antiquarian studies, too, there is no lack. From some of our heights I can descry, about a day's journey to the west, the hill where Agricola and his Romans left a camp behind them. At the foot of it I was born, and there both father and mother still live to love me. And so one must let time work. But whither am I wandering? Let me confess to you, I am uncertain about my future literary activity, and would gladly learn your opinion respecting it; at least pray write to me again, and speedily, that I may ever feel myself united to you. . . . . The only piece of any importance that I have written since I came here is an 'Essay on Burns.' Perhaps you never heard of him, and yet he is a man of the most decided genius; but born in the lowest rank of peasant life, and through the entanglements of his peculiar position, was at length mournfully wrecked, so that what he effected is comparatively unimportant. He died in the middle of his career, in the year 1796. We English, especially we Scotch, love Burns more than any poet that lived for centuries. I have often been struck by the fact that he was born a few months before Schiller, in the year 1759, and that neither of them ever heard the other's name. They shone like stars in opposite hemispheres, or, if you will, the thick mist of earth intercepted their reciprocal light.

In this country residence Mr. Carlyle wrote papers for the 'Foreign Review,' and his 'Sartor Resartus,' which, after being rejected by several publishers, appeared in 'Fraser's Magazine,' 1833-34. The book might well have puzzled the 'book tasters' who decide for publishers on works submitted to them in manuscript. 'Sartor' professes to be a review of a German treatise on dress, and the hero, Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, is made to illustrate by his life and character the transcendental philosophy of Fichte, adopted by Mr. Carlyle, which is thus explained: 'That all things which we see or work with in this earth, especially we ourselves and all persons, are as a kind of vesture of sensuous appearance: that under all these lies, as the essence of them, what he calls the "Divine Idea of the World;" this is the reality which lies at the bottom of all appearance. To the mass of men no such divine idea is recognisable in the world. They live merely, says Fichte, among the superficialities, practicalities, and shows of the world, not dreaming that there is anything divine under them.'—('Hero Worship.') Mr Carlyle works out this theory—the clothes-philosophy—and finds the world false and hollow, our institutions mere worn-out rags or disguises, and that our only safety lies in flying from falsehood to truth, and becoming in harmony with the 'divine idea.' There is much fanciful, grotesque description in 'Sartor,' but also deep thought and beautiful imagery. The hearty love of truth seems to constitute the germ of Mr. Carlyle's philosophy, as Milton said it was the foundation of eloquence. And with this he unites the 'gospel of work,' duty and obedience. '*Laborare est orare*—work is worship.' In 1834 Mr. Carlyle left the 'ever-silent whinstones of Nithsdale' for a suburb of London—a house in the 'remnant of genuine old Dutch-looking Chelsea'—the now famous No. 5 Cheyne Row, in which he still resides.

In 1837 he delivered lectures on 'German Literature' in Willis's Rooms; and in the following year another course in Edward Street, Portman Square, on the 'History of Literature, or the Successive Periods of European Culture.' Two other courses of Lectures—one on the 'Revolutions of Modern Europe,' 1839, and the other on 'Heroes and Hero Worship,' 1840—added to the popularity of Mr. Carlyle. 'It appeared,' said Leigh Hunt, 'as if some Puritan had come to life again, liberalised by German philosophy and his own intense reflections and experience.' This vein of Puritanism running through the speculations of the lecturer and moral censor, has been claimed as peculiarly northern. 'That earnestness,' says Mr. Hannay, 'that grim humour—that queer, half-sarcastic, half-sympathetic fun—is quite Scotch. It appears in Knox and Buchanan, and it appears in Burns. I was not surprised when a school-fellow of Carlyle's told me that his favourite poem as a boy was 'Death and Dr. Hornbook.' And if I were asked to explain this originality, I should say that he was a Covenanter coming in the wake of the eighteenth century and the transcendental philosophy. He has gone into the hills against "shams," as they did against Prelacy, Erastianism, and so forth. But he lives in a quieter age and in a literary position. So he can give play to the humour which existed in them as well, and he overflows with a range of reading and speculation to which they were necessarily strangers.' But at least one-half the originality here sketched, style as well as sentiment, must be placed to the account of German studies. In 1837 appeared 'The French Revolution, a History, by Thomas Carlyle.' This is the ablest of all the author's works, and is indeed one of the most remarkable books of the age. The first perusal of it forms a sort of era in a man's life, and fixes for ever in his memory the ghastly panorama of the Revolution, its scenes and actors.

In 1828 Mr. Carlyle collected his contributions to the Reviews, and published them under the title of 'Miscellanies,' extending to five volumes. The biographical portion of these volumes—essays on Voltaire, Mirabeau, Johnson and Boswell, Burns, Sir Walter Scott, &c.—is admirably executed. They are compact, complete, and at once highly picturesque and suggestive. The character and history of Burns he has drawn with a degree of insight, true wisdom, and pathos not surpassed in any biographical or critical production of the present century. Mr. Thackeray's essay on Swift resembles it in power, but it is more of a sketch. The next two appearances of Mr. Carlyle were political, and on this ground he seems shorn of his strength. 'Chartism,' 1839, and 'Past and Present,' 1843, contain many weighty truths and shrewd observations, directed against all shams, cant, formulas, speciosities, &c.; but when we look for a remedy for existing evils, and ask how we are to replace the forms and institutions which Mr. Carlyle would have extinguished, we find little to guide us in our author's prelections. The only tangible

measures he proposes are education and emigration, with a strict enforcement of the penal laws. We would earnestly desire to extend still more the benefits of education; but when Mr. Carlyle vituperates the present age in comparison with the past, he should recollect how much has been done of late years to promote the instruction of the people. The next work of our author was a special service to history and to the memory of one of England's historical worthies. His collection of 'Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations,' two volumes, 1845, is a good work well done. 'The authentic utterances of the man Oliver himself,' he says, 'I have gathered them from far and near; fished them up from the foul Lethean quagmires where they lay buried; I have washed or endeavoured to wash them clean from foreign stupidities—such a job of buck-washing as I do not long to repeat—and the world shall now see them in their own shape.' The world was thankful for the service, and the book, though large and expensive, had a rapid sale. The speeches and letters of Cromwell thus presented, the spelling and punctuation rectified, and a few words occasionally added for the sake of perspicuity, were first made intelligible and effective by Mr. Carlyle; while his editorial 'elucidations,' descriptive and historical, are often felicitous. Here is his picture of Oliver in 1653:

Personal Appearance of Cromwell.

'His Highness,' says Whitelocke, 'was in a rich but plain suit—black velvet, with cloak of the same; about his hat a broad band of gold.' Does the reader see him? A rather likely figure, I think. Stands some five feet ten or more; a man of strong, solid stature, and dignified, now partly military carriage: the expression of him valour and devout intelligence—energy and delicacy on a basis of simplicity. Fifty-four years old, gone April last; brown hair and moustache are getting gray. A figure of sufficient impressiveness—not lovely to the man-milliner species, not pretending to be so. Massive stature; big, massive head, of somewhat leonine aspect; wart above the right eyebrow; nose of considerable blunt-aquiline proportions; strict yet copious lips, full of all tremulous sensibilities, and also, if need were, of all fiercenesses and rigours; deep, loving eyes—call them grave, call them stern—looking from under those craggy brows as if in life-long sorrow, and yet not thinking it sorrow, thinking it only labour and endeavour: on the whole, a right noble lion-face and hero-face; and to me royal enough.

Another series of political tracts, entitled 'Latter-day Pamphlets,' 1850, formed Mr. Carlyle's next work. In these the censor appeared in his most irate and uncompromising mood, and with his peculiarities of style and expression in greater growth and deformity. He seemed to be the worshipper of mere brute-force, the advocate of all harsh, coercive measures. Model prisons and schools for the reform of criminals, poor-laws, churches, as at present constituted, the aristocracy, parliament, and other institutions, were assailed and ridiculed in unmeasured terms, and, generally, the English public was set down as composed of sham-heroes and a valet or *flunkey* world. On some political questions and administrative abuses, bold truths and merited satire appear in the Pamphlets; but, on the whole, they must be considered, whether viewed as literary or philosophical productions, as

unworthy of their author. The 'Life of John Sterling,' 1851, was an affectionate tribute by Mr. Carlyle to the memory of a friend. Mr. Sterling, son of Captain Sterling, the 'Thunderer of the "Times,"' had written some few volumes in prose and verse, which cannot be said to have possessed any feature of originality; but he was amiable, accomplished, and brilliant in conversation. His friends were strongly attached to him, and among those friends were Archdeacon Hare and Mr. Carlyle. The former, after Sterling's death in 1844 (in his thirty-eighth year), published a selection of his 'Tales and Essays' with a Life of their author.

Mr. Carlyle was dissatisfied with this Life of Sterling. The archdeacon had considered the deceased too exclusively as a clergyman, whereas Sterling had been a curate for only eight months, and latterly had lapsed into sceptciism, or at least into a belief different from that of the church. 'True,' says Mr. Carlyle, 'he had his religion to seek, and painfully shape together for himself, out of the abysses of conflicting disbelief and sham-belief and bedlam delusion, now filling the world, as all men of reflection have; and in this respect too—more especially as his lot in the battle appointed for us all was, if you can understand it, victory and not defeat—he is an expressive emblem of his time, and an instruction and possession to his contemporaries.' The tone adopted by the biographer in treating of Sterling's religious lapse, exposed him to considerable censure. Even the mild and liberal George Brimley, in reviewing Mr. Carlyle's book, judged it necessary to put in a disclaimer against the tendency it was likely to have: 'Mr. Carlyle has no right, no man has any right, to weaken or destroy a faith which he cannot or will not replace with a loftier. He ought to have said nothing, or said more. Scraps of verse from Goethe, and declamations, however brilliantly they may be phrased, are but a poor compensation for the slightest obscuring of the hope of immortality brought to light by the gospel, and by it conveyed to the hut of the poorest man, to awaken his crushed intelligence and lighten the load of his misery.' As a literary work, the 'Life of Sterling' is a finished, artistic performance. There was little in the hero of the piece to demand skilful portrait-painting; but we have the great Coleridge and the 'Times' Thunderer placed before us with the clearness of a daguerreotype—the former, perhaps, a little caricatured.

Portrait of Coleridge.

Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate Hill, in those years, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult, like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle; attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there. His express contributions to poetry, philosophy, or any specific province of human literature or enlightenment, had been small and sadly intermittent; but he had, especially among young inquiring men, a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic or magician character. He was thought to hold, he alone in England, the key of German and other trancendentalisms; knew the sublime secret of believing by 'the reason' what 'the understanding' had been obliged to fling out as incredible; and could

still, after Hume and Voltaire had done their best and worst with him, profess himself an orthodox Christian, and say and print to the Church of England, with its singular old rubrics and surplices at Allhallowtide, *Esto perpetua.* A sublime man; who, alone in those dark days, had saved his crown of spiritual manhood; escaping from the black materialisms, and revolutionary deluges, with 'God, Freedom, Immortality' still his: a king of men. The practical intellects of the world did not much heed him, or carelessly reckoned him a metaphysical dreamer: but to the rising spirits of the young generation he had this dusky sublime character; and sat there as a kind of *Magus*, girt in mystery and enigma; his Dodona oak-grove—Mr. Gilman's house at Highgate—whispering strange things, uncertain whether oracles or jargon. The Gilmans did not encourage much company, or excitation of any sort, round their sage; nevertheless, access to him, if a youth did reverently wish it, was not difficult. He would stroll about the pleasant garden with you, sit in the pleasant rooms of the place—perhaps take you to his own peculiar room, high up, with a rearward view, which was the chief view of all. A really charming outlook, in fine weather. Close at hand, wide sweep of flowery leafy gardens, their few houses mostly hidden, the very chimney-pots veiled under blossomy umbrage, flowed gloriously down hill; gloriously issuing in wide-tufted undulating plain-country, rich in all charms of field and town. Waving blooming country of the brightest green; dotted all over with handsome villas, handsome groves; crossed by roads and human traffic, here inaudible or heard only as a musical hum; and behind all swam, under olive-tinted haze, the illimitable limitary ocean of London, with its domes and steeples definite in the sun, big Paul's and the many memories attached to it hanging high over all. Nowhere, of its kind, could you see a grander prospect on a bright summer day, with the set of the air going southward—southward, and so draping with the city-smoke not *you* but the city. Here for hours would Coleridge talk concerning all conceivable or inconceivable things; and liked nothing better than to have an intelligent or failing that, even a silent and patient human listener. He distinguished himself to all that ever heard him as at least the most surprising talker extant in this world—and to some small minority, by no means to all, as the most excellent. . . . Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes of a light hazel were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking, he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden-walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and sing-song; he spoke as if preaching—you would have said preaching earnestly and also hopelessly the weightiest things. I still recollect his 'object' and and 'subject,' terms of continual recurrence in the Kantean province: and how he sung and snuffled them into 'om-m-mject' and 'sum-m-mject,' with a kind of solemn shake or quaver, as he rolled along. No talk in his century, or in any other, could be more surprising.

In 1858 appeared the first portion of Mr. Carlyle's long-expected work, the 'History of Friedrich II., called 'Frederick the Great,' volumes i. and ii. The third and fourth volumes were published in 1862, and the fifth and sixth, completing the work, in 1865. A considerable part of the first volume is devoted to 'clearing the way' for the approach of the hero, and tracing the Houses of Brandenburg and Hohenzollern. Frederick, as Mr. Carlyle admits, was rather a questionable hero. But he was a reality, and had 'nothing whatever of the hypocrite or phantasm.' This was the biographer's inducement and encouragement to study his life. 'How this man, officially a king withal, comported himself in the eighteenth century, and managed *not* to be a liar and charlatan as his century was, de-

serves to be seen a little by men and kings, and may silently have didactic meanings in it.' And the eighteenth century is cordially abused as a period of worthlessness and inanity. 'What little it *did*, we must call Friedrich; what little it *thought*, Voltaire.' But as the eighteenth century had also David Hume, Adam Smith, Samuel Johnson, Henry Fielding, and Robert Burns—to say nothing of Chatham and Burke, we must demur to such extravagant and wholesale condemnation. These idiosyncrasies and prejudices of Mr. Carlyle must be taken, like his peculiar style, because they are accompanied by better things—by patient historical research, by 'vivid glances across the mists of history,' by humour, pathos, and eloquence.

Shortly after the completion of this laborious History, Mr. Carlyle was elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, and on April 2, 1866, he delivered his installation address—an extemporaneous effusion, or at least spoken without notes, and quite equal, in literary power, to his published works. His triumph on this occasion was followed by a heavy calamity, the loss of his wife, who died before his return to England. 'For forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him as none else could, in all of worthy that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st April 1866, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life as if gone out.' Such is part of the inscription on the tomb of this excellent woman.

The subsequent publications of Mr. Carlyle have been short addresses on the topics of the day. In 1867 an article in 'Macmillan's Magazine' entitled 'Shooting Niagara,' in the style of the 'Latter-day Pamphlets,' predicted a series of evils and disasters from the Reform Act; another occasional utterance was in favour of emigration; and a third, on the war between France and Germany (1870), expressed the joy of the writer over the defeat of France. The fame of Mr. Carlyle has been gradually extending, and a cheap edition of his works has reached the great sale of 30,000 copies.

A brother of Mr. Carlyle—DR. J. A. CARLYLE, an accomplished physician—has published an admirable prose translation of the 'Inferno' of Dante.

Frederick the Great.

About fourscore years ago, there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans-Souci, for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid business manner, on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potsdam region, a highly interesting lean little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure; whose name among strangers was King 'Friedrich the Second' or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was 'Vater Fritz'—Father Fred—a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a king every inch of him, though without the trappings of a king. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture: no crown but an old military cocked-hat—generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute *softness* if new; no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut

from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse 'between the ears,' say authors); and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings—coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in colour of cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished; Day and Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach. The man is not of god-like physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume; close-shut mouth with thin tips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative gray eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man; nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labour done in this world; and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humour, are written on that old face, which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose, rather flung into the air, under its old cocked-hat, like an old snuffy lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes as no man, or lion, or lynx of that century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. 'Those eyes,' says Mirabeau, 'which at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with terror' (portaient au gré de son âme héroïque, la séduction ou la terreur). Most excellent, potent, brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; gray, we said, of the azure-gray colour; large enough, not of glaring size; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth. Which is an excellent combination; and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy: clear, melodious, and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation; a voice 'the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard,' says witty Dr. Moore. 'He speaks a great deal,' continues the doctor; 'yet those who hear him, regret that he does not speak a good deal more. His observations are always lively, very often just; and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection.' . . . The French Revolution may be said to have, for about half a century, quite submerged Friedrich, abolished him from the memories of men; and now on coming to light again, he is found defaced under strange mud-incrustations, and the eyes of mankind look at him from a singularly changed what we must call oblique and perverse point of vision. This is one of the difficulties in dealing with his history—especially if you happen to believe both in the French Revolution and in him; that is to say, both that Real Kingship is eternally indispensable, and also that the Destruction of Sham Kingship (a frightful process) is occasionally so.

On the breaking out of that formidable Explosion and Suicide of his Century, Friedrich sank into comparative obscurity; eclipsed amid the ruins of that universal earthquake, the very dust of which darkened all the air, and made of day a disastrous midnight. Black midnight, broken only by the blaze of conflagrations; wherein, to our terrified imaginations, were seen, not men, French and other, but ghastly portents, stalking wrathful, and shapes of avenging gods. It must be owned the figure of Napoleon was titanic—especially to the generation that looked on him, and that waited shuddering to be devoured by him. In general, in that French Revolution, all was on a huge scale; if not greater than anything in human experience, at least more grandiose. All was recorded in bulletins, too, addressed to the shilling-gallery; and there were fellows on the stage with such a breadth of sabre, extent of whiskerage, strength of windpipe, and command of men and gunpowder, as had never been seen before. How they bellowed, stalked, and flourished about; counterfeiting Jove's thunder to an amazing degree! Terrific Drawcansir figures, of enormous whiskerage, unlimited command of gunpowder; not without sufficient ferocity, and even a certain heroism, stage-heroism in them; compared with whom, to the shilling-gallery, and frightened excited theatre at large, it seemed as if there had been no generals or sovereigns before; as if Friederich, Gustavus, Cromwell, William Conqueror, and Alexander the Great were not worth speaking of henceforth.

Charlotte Corday—Death of Marat.

Amid the dim ferment of Caen and the world, history specially notices one thing: in the lobby of the Mansion de l'Intendance, where busy deputies are coming and going, a young lady, with an aged valet, taking graceful leave of Deputy Barbaroux. She is of stately Norman figure; in her twenty-fifth year; of beautiful still countenance: her name is Charlotte Corday, heretofore styled D'Armans, while nobility still was. Barbaroux has given her a note to Deputy Duperet—him who once drew his sword in the effervescence. Apparently, she will to Paris on some errand. 'She was a Republican before the Revolution, and never wanted energy.' A completeness, a decision, is in this fair female figure; 'by energy she means the spirit that will prompt one to sacrifice himself for his country.' What if she, this fair young Charlotte, had emerged from her secluded stillness, suddenly like a star; cruel, lovely, with half-angelic, half-demoniac splendour, to gleam for a moment, and in a moment to be extinguished: to be held in memory, so bright complete was she, through long centuries. Quitting cimmerian coalitions without, and the dim-simmering twenty-five millions within, history will look fixedly at this one fair apparition of a Charlotte Corday; will note whither Charlotte moves, how the little life burns forth so radiant, then vanishes, swallowed of the night.

With Barbaroux's note of introduction, and slight stock of luggage, we see Charlotte on Tuesday the 9th of July seated in the Caen diligence, with a place for Paris. None takes farewell of her, wishes her good journey; her father will find a line left, signifying that she has gone to England, that he must pardon her and forget her. The drowsy diligence lumbers along; amid drowsy talk of politics and praise of the Mountain, in which she mingles not; all night all day, and again all night. On Thursday not long before noon we are at the bridge of Neuilly; here is Paris, with her thousand black domes—the goal and purpose of thy journey! Arrived at the Inn de la Providence, in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, Charlotte demands a room; hastens to bed; sleeps all afternoon and night, till the following morning.

On the morrow morning she delivers her note to Duperet. It relates to certain family papers, which are in the Minister of the Interior's hands, which a nun at Caen, an old convent friend of Charlotte's, has need of; which Duperet shall assist her in getting; this, then, was Charlotte's errand to Paris. She has finished this in the course of Friday, yet says nothing of returning. She has seen and silently investigated several things. The Convention in bodily reality she has seen; what the Mountain is like. The living physiognomy of Marat she could not see; he is sick at present and confined at home.

About eight on the Saturday morning she purchased a large sheath-knife in the Palais Royal; then straightway, in the Place des Victoires, takes a hackney-coach. 'To the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, No. 44.' It is the residence of the Citoyen Marat!—The Citoyen Marat is ill, and cannot be seen, which seems to disappoint her much. Her business is with Marat then? Hapless, beautiful Charlotte; hapless, squalid Marat! From Caen in the utmost west, from Neuchâtel in the utmost east, they two are drawing nigh each other; they two have, very strangely, business together. Charlotte, returning to her inn, despatches a short note to Marat, signifying that she is from Caen, the seat of rebellion; that she desires earnestly to see him, and 'will put it in his power to do France a great service.' No answer. Charlotte writes another note still more pressing; sets out with it by coach about seven in the evening, herself. Tired day-labourers have again finished their week; huge Paris is circling and simmering manifold, according to the vague want: this one fair figure has decision in it; drives straight towards a purpose.

It is yellow July evening, we say, the 13th of the month, eve of the Bastille day, when M. Marat, four years ago, in the crowd of the Pont-Neuf, shrewdly required of that Bessenval hussar party, which had such friendly dispositions, 'to dismount and give up their arms then,' and became notable among patriot men. Four years; what a road he has travelled; and sits now, about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper-bath, sore afflicted; ill of Revolution fever—of what other malady this history had rather not name. Excessively sick and worn, poor man, with precisely elevenpence-halfpenny of ready money in paper; with slipper-bath, strong three-footed stool for writing on the while; and a squalid washerwoman, one may call her: that is his civic establishment in Medical School Street; thither and not elsewhither has his road led him—not to the reign of brotherhood and perfect felicity,

yet surely on the way towards that. Hark! a rap again! a musical woman's voice, refusing to be rejected; it is the citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat, recognizing from within, cries: 'Admit her.' Charlotte Corday is admitted.

'Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen, the seat of rebellion, and wished to speak to you.' 'Be seated, *mon enfant*. Now, what are the traitors doing at Caen? What deputies are at Caen?' Charlotte names some deputies. 'Their heads shall fall within a fortnight,' croaks the eager People's Friend, clutching his tablets to write. *Barbaroux*, *Pétion*,' writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath: *Pétion* and *Louvet*, and—Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath; plunges it with one sure stroke into the writer's heart. '*A moi, chere amie*. Help, dear!' No more could the death-choked say or shriek. The helpful washerwoman rushing in, there is no friend of the people or friend of the washerwoman left; but his life with a groan rushes out, indignant, to the shades below. And so, Marat, People's Friend, is ended. . . .

As for Charlotte Corday, her work is accomplished: the recompense of it is clear and sure. The *chere amie* and neighbours of the house flying at her, she 'overturns some movables,' intrenches herself till the gendarmes arrive; then quickly surrenders, goes quietly to the Abbaye prison: she alone quiet, all Paris sounding in wonder, in rage, or admiration, round her. Duperet is put in arrest on account of her; his papers sealed, which may lead to consequences. Fauchet in like manner, though Fauchet had not so much as heard of her. Charlotte, confronted with these two deputies, praises the grave firmness of Duperet, censures the dejection of Fauchet.

On Wednesday morning, the thronged Palais de Justice and Revolutionary Tribunal can see her face; beautiful and calm: she dates it 'fourth day of the Preparation of Peace.' A strange murmur ran through the hall at sight of her—you could not say of what character. Tinville has his indictments and tape-papers: the cutler of the Palais Royal will testify that he sold her the sheath-knife. 'All these details are needless,' interrupted Charlotte; 'it is I that killed Marat.' 'By whose instigation?' 'By no one's.' 'What tempted you, then?' 'His crimes. I killed one man,' added she, raising her voice extremely (*extrémement*) as they went on with their questions—'I killed one man to save a hundred thousand; a villain, to save innocents, a savage wild beast, to give repose to my country. I was a Republican before the Revolution; I never wanted energy.' There is, therefore, nothing to be said. The public gazes astonished: the hasty limners sketch her features, Charlotte not disapproving; the men of law proceed with their formalities. The doom is death as a murderess. To her advocate she gives thanks; in gentle phrase, in high-flown classical spirit. To the priest they send her she gives thanks, but needs not any shriving, and ghostly or other aid from him.

On this same evening, therefore, about half-past seven o'clock, from the gate of the Conciergerie, to a city all on tiptoe, the fatal cart issues; seated on it a fair young creature, sheeted in red smock of murderess; so beautiful, serene, so full of life, journeying towards death—alone amid the world! Many take off their hats, saluting reverently; for what heart but must be touched? Others growl and howl. Adam Lux of Mentz declares that she is greater than Brutus; that it were beautiful to die with her; the head of this young man seems turned. At the Place de Révolution, the countenance of Charlotte wears the same still smile. The executioners proceed to bind her feet; she resists, thinking it meant as an insult; on a word of explanation she submits with cheerful apology. As the last act, all being now ready, they take the neckerchief from her neck; a blush of maidenly shame overspreads that fair face and neck; the cheeks were still tinged with it when the executioner lifted the severed head, to shew it to the people. 'It is most true,' says Forster, 'that he struck the cheek insultingly; for I saw it with my eyes; the police imprisoned him for it.' In this manner the beautifullest and the squalidest come in collision, and extinguished one another. Jean-Paul Marat and Marie-Anne Charlotte Corday both suddenly are no more.

Death of Marie Antoinette.

Is there a man's heart that thinks without pity of those long months and years of slow-wasting ignominy; of thy birth, self-cradled in imperial Schönbrunn, the winds of heaven not to visit thy face too roughly, thy foot to light on softness, thy eye on splendour; and then of thy death, or hundred deaths, to which the guillotine and Fouquier-Tinville's judgment-bar was but the merciful end! Look *there*, O man

born of woman! The bloom of that fair face is wasted, the hair is gray with care; the brightness of those eyes is quenched, their lids hang drooping, the face is stony pale, as of one living in death. Mean weeds, which her own hand has mended, attire the Queen of the World. The death-hurdle, where thou sittest pale, motionless, which only curses environ, has to stop; a people, drunk with vengeance, will drink it again in full draught, looking at thee there. Far as the eye reaches, a multitudinous sea of maniac heads, the air deaf with their triumph-yell! The living-dead must shudder with yet one other pang; her startled blood yet again suffuses with the hue of agony that pale face, which she hides with her hands. There is there *no* heart to say, God pity thee! O think not of these; think of HIM whom thou worshippest, the crucified—who also treading the wine-press *alone*, fronted sorrow still deeper; and triumphed over it and made it holy, and built of it a 'sanctuary of sorrow' for thee and all the wretched! Thy path of thorns is nigh ended, one long last look at the Tuileries, where thy step was once so light—where thy children shall not dwell. The head is on the block; the axe rushes—dumb lies the world; that wild-yelling world, and all its madness, is behind thee.

Await the Issue.

In this God's world, with its wild whirling eddies and mad foam oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew for ever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below: the just thing, the true thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing; and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say: 'In God's name, No!' Thy 'success?' Poor devil, what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from north to south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just things lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing. Success? In few years, thou wilt be dead and dark—all cold, eyeless, deaf; no blaze of bonfires, ding-dong of bells, or leading articles visible or audible to thee again and all for ever. What kind of success is that? It is true all goes by approximation in this world; with any not insupportable approximation we must be patient. There is a noble Conservatism as well as an ignoble. Would to Heaven, for the sake of Conservatism itself, the noble alone were left, and the ignoble, by some kind severe hand, were ruthlessly lopped away, forbidden ever more to shew itself! For it is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle; the rest is wholly an obstruction, a postponement and fearful imperilment of the victory. Towards an eternal centre of right and nobleness, and of that only, is all this confusion tending. We already know whither it is all tending; what will have victory, what will have none! The Heaviest will reach the centre. The Heaviest, sinking through complex fluctuating media and vortices, has its deflections, its obstructions, nay, at times its resiliences, its reboundings; whereupon some blockhead shall be heard jubilating: 'See, your Heaviest ascends!' but at all moments it is moving centreward fast as is convenient for it; sinking, sinking; and, by laws older than the world, old as the Maker's first plan of the world, it has to arrive there.

Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies indeed; but his work lives, very truly lives. A heroic Wallace, quartered on the scaffold, cannot hinder that his Scotland become, one day, a part of England; but he does hinder that it become, on tyrannous unfair terms, a part of it; commands still, as with a god's voice, from his old Valhalla and Temple of the Brave, that there be a just real union as of brother and brother, not a false and merely semblant one as of slave and master. If the union with England be in fact one of Scotland's chief blessings, we thank Wallace withal that it was not the chief curse. Scotland is not Ireland: no, because brave men rose there, and said: 'Behold, ye must not tread us down like

slaves; and ye shall not, and cannot!' Fight on, thou brave true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no further, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be: but the truth of it is part of Nature's own laws, co-operates with the world's eternal tendencies, and cannot be conquered.

SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS.

Sir George Cornewall Lewis (1806–1863), an able scholar and statesman, was the son of Sir Thomas Frankland Lewis, a Radnorshire baronet, who was for several years chairman of the Poor-law Board, and by whose death in 1855 his son succeeded to the baronetcy and estate. Sir George was educated at Eaton and Christ Church, Oxford, and having studied at the Middle Temple, was called to the bar in 1831. Entering into public life, he filled various government offices, and was M.P. for Herefordshire, and afterwards for the Radnor district of boroughs. His highest appointment was that of Chancellor of the Exchequer, which he held under Lord Palmerston for about three years—1855–58. He was also some time Secretary of State for the Home Department, and Secretary for War. He was for about three years ('852–55) editor of the 'Edinburgh Review.' An accomplished classical and German scholar, Sir George examined the early history of Greece and Rome with the views of the German commentators, and he reviewed the theory of Niebuhr in an elaborate work, entitled 'An Inquiry into the Credibility of Early Roman History,' two volumes, 1855. All attempts to reduce the picturesque narratives of the early centuries of Rome to a purely historical form he conceives to be nugatory, and he devotes considerable space to an examination of the primitive history of the nations of Italy. Dionysius, Livy, and the other ancient historians, had no authentic materials for the primitive ethnology and the early national movements of Italy, and, of course, modern inquirers cannot hope to arrive at safe conclusions on the subject. Hence he dismisses the results not only of the uncritical Italian historians, but those of the learned and sagacious Germans, Niebuhr and Müller. 'The legends are mere shifting clouds of mythology, which may at a distance deceive the mariner by the appearance of solid land, but disappear as he approaches and examines them by a close view.' The scepticism of Sir George, however, is considered rather too sweeping; and it has justly been remarked, that 'we may be contented to believe of Roman history at least as much as Cicero believed, without inquiring too curiously the grounds of his belief.' The following notice of Niebuhr's theory also appears to tell against Sir George's own rule with respect to the rationalistic treatment of early history.

Niebuhr's Ballad Theory.

He divides the Roman history into three periods: 1. The purely mythical period, including the foundation of the city and the reigns of the first two kings. 2. The mythico-historical period, including the reigns of the last five kings, and the first

fourteen years of the republic. 3. The historical period, beginning with the first secession. The poems, however, which he supposes to have served as the origin of the received history, are not peculiar to any one of these periods; they equally appear in the reigns of Romulus and Numa, in the time of the Tarquins, and in the narratives of Coriolanus and of the siege of Veii. If the history of periods so widely different was equally drawn from a poetical source, it is clear that the poems must have arisen under wholly dissimilar circumstances, and that they can afford no sure foundation for any historical inference.

For solving the problem of the early Roman history, the great desideratum is to obtain some means of separating the truth from the fiction; and, if any parts be true, of explaining how the records we e preserved with fideli.y, until the time of the earliest historians, by whom they were adopted, and who, through certain intermediate stages, have transmitted them to us.

For example, we may believe that the expulsion of the Tarquins, the creation of a dictator and of tribunes, the adventures of Coriolanus, the Decemvirate, the expedition of the Fabii and the battle of the Cremera, the siege of Veii, the capture of Rome by the Gauls, and the disaster of Caudium, with other portions of the Samnite wars, are events which are indeed to a considerable extent distorted, obscured, and corrupted by fiction, and incrusted with legendary additions; but that they, nevertheless, contain a nucleus of fact, in varying degrees: if so, we should wish to know how far the fact extends, and where the fiction begins—and also what were the means by which a general historical tradition of events, as they really happened, was perpetuated. This is the question to which an answer is desired; and therefore we are not assisted by a theory which explains how that part of the narrative which is not historical originated.

Sir George C. Lewis was a laborious student and voluminous writer. How he found time, in the midst of official and public duties, and within the space of a comparatively short life, for such varied and profound studies, is remarkable. Among his works are treatises on the 'Romance Language,' on the 'Use and Abuse of Political Terms,' on the 'Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion,' on the 'Method of Observation and Reasoning in Politics,' on the 'Irish Church Question,' on the 'Government of Dependencies,' on the 'Astronomy of the Ancients,' a 'Dialogue on the Best Form of Government,' &c. The indefatigable baronet was a frequent contributor to 'Notes and Queries.' His death was lamented by all parties, and was indeed a national loss.

REV. C. MERIVALE.

The 'Roman History' of Dr. Arnold was left, as already mentioned, in an unfinished state, in consequence of the sudden death of the author. No good account of the period between the close of the second Carthaginian war and the death of Sylla existed in our English historical literature, and to supply the void, the REV. CHARLES MERIVALE, B.D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, commenced in 1850 a 'History of the Romans under the Empire,' which he completed in 1862. 'Mr. Merivale's undertaking,' said a critic in the 'Edinburgh Review,' 'is nothing less than to bridge over no small portion of the interval between the interrupted work of Arnold and the commencement of Gibbon. He comes, therefore, between "mighty opposites." It is praise enough that he proves himself no unworthy successor to the two most gifted historians of Rome whom English literature has yet produced.' A cheap edition of Mr. Meri-

vale's History in eight volumes was published in 1865. Its author is son of the late John Herman Merivale, Commissioner of Bankruptcy; he was born in 1808, studied at St. John's College, Cambridge, entered the church, and was successively rector of Lawford, Essex (1848–70), chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons (1863–69), and dean of Ely (December 1869).

Augustus Cæsar (31 B.C.—14 A.D.)

In stature Augustus hardly exceeded the middle height, but his person was lightly and delicately formed, and its proportions were such as to convey a favourable and even a striking impression. His countenance was pale and testified to the weakness of his health, and almost constant bodily suffering; but the hardships of military service had imparted a swarthy tinge to a complexion naturally fair, and his eyebrows meeting over a sharp and aquiline nose gave a serious and stern expression to his countenance. His hair was light, and his eyes blue and piercing; he was well pleased if any one on approaching him looked on the ground and affected to be unable to meet their dazzling brightness. It was said that his dress concealed many imperfections and blemishes on his person; but he could not disguise all the infirmities under which he laboured; the weakness of the forefinger of his right hand and a lameness in the left hip were the results of wounds he incurred in a battle with the Iapydæ in early life; he suffered repeated attacks of fever of the most serious kind, especially in the course of the campaign of Philippi and that against the Cantabrians, and again two years afterwards at Rome, when his recovery was despaired of. From that time, although constantly liable to be affected by cold and heat, and obliged to nurse himself throughout with the care of a valetudinarian, he does not appear to have had any return of illness so serious as the preceding; and dying at the age of seventy-four, the rumour obtained popular currency that he was prematurely cut off by poison, administered by the empress. As the natural consequence of this bodily weakness and sickly constitution, Octavian did not attempt to distinguish himself by active exertions or feats of personal prowess. The splendid examples of his uncle the dictator and of Antonius his rival, might have early discouraged him from attempting to shine as a warrior and hero; he had not the vivacity and animal spirits necessary to carry him through such exploits as theirs; and although he did not shrink from exposing himself to personal danger, he prudently declined to allow a comparison to be instituted between himself and rivals whom he could not hope to equal. Thus necessarily thrown back upon other resources, he trusted to caution and circumspection, first to preserve his own life, and afterwards to obtain the splendid prizes which had hitherto been carried off by daring adventure, and the good fortune which is so often its attendant. His contest therefore with Antonius and Sextus Pompeius was the contest of cunning with bravery; but from his youth upwards he was accustomed to overreach, not the bold and reckless only, but the most considerate and wily of his contemporaries, such as Cicero and Cleopatra; he succeeded in the end in deluding the senate and people of Rome in the establishment of his tyranny; and finally deceived the expectations of the world, and falsified the lessons of the Republican history, in reigning himself forty years in disguise, and leaving a throne to be claimed without a challenge by his successors for fourteen centuries.

But although emperor in name, and in fact absolute master of his people, the manners of the Cæsar, both in public and private life, were still those of a simple citizen. On the most solemn occasions he was distinguished by no other dress than the robes and insignia of the offices which he exercised; he was attended by no other guards than those which his consular dignity rendered customary and decent. In his court there was none of the etiquette of modern monarchies to be recognised, and it was only by slow and gradual encroachment that it came to prevail in that of his successors. Augustus was contented to take up his residence in the house which had belonged to the orator Licinius Calvus, in the neighbourhood of the Forum; which he afterwards abandoned for that of Hortensius on the Palatine, of which Suetonius observes that it was remarkable neither for size nor splendour. Its halls were small, and lined, not with marble, after the luxurious fashion of many patrician palaces, but with the common Alban stone, and the pattern of the pavement was

plain and simple. Nor when he succeeded Lepidus in the pontificate would he relinquish this private dwelling for the regia or public residence assigned that honourable office.

Many anecdotes are recorded of the moderation with which the emperor received the opposition, and often the rebukes, of individuals in public as well as in private. These stories are not without their importance, as shewing how little formality there was in the tone of addressing the master of the Roman world, and how entirely different the ideas of the nation were, with regard to the position occupied by the Cæsar and his family, from those with which modern associations have imbued us. We have already noticed the rude freedom with which Tiberius was attacked, although step-son of the emperor, and participating in the eminent functions of the tribunitian power, by a declaimer in the schools at Rhodes: but Augustus himself seems to have suffered almost as much as any private citizen from the general coarseness of behaviour which characterised the Romans in their public assemblies, and the rebukes to which he patiently submitted were frequently such as would lay the courtier of a constitutional sovereign in modern Europe under perpetual disgrace.

On one occasion, for instance, in the public discharge of his functions as corrector of manners, he had brought a specific charge against a certain knight for having squandered his patrimony. The accused proved that he had, on the contrary, augmented it. 'Well,' answered the emperor, somewhat annoyed by his error, 'but you are at all events living in celibacy, contrary to recent enactments.' The other was able to reply that he was married, and was the father of three legitimate children; and when the emperor signified that he had no further charge to bring, added aloud: 'Another time, Cæsar, when you give ear to informations against honest men, take care that your informants are honest themselves.' Augustus felt the justice of the rebuke thus publicly administered, and submitted to it in silence.

END OF VOLUME VII.

CHAMBERS'S

CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE

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CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

EIGHTH PERIOD.

——(1830–1876.)——

REIGNS OF GEORGE IV. WILLIAM IV. AND QUEEN VICTORIA.

(*Continued.*)

BISHOP THIRLWALL—MR. GROTE—GEO. FINLAY—COLONEL MURE—MR. GLADSTONE, ETC.

Dr. Connop Thirlwall contributed to 'Lardner's Cyclopædia' a 'History of Greece,' which extended to eight volumes, and has been enlarged and reprinted, 1845–52, and again reprinted in 1855 in eight volumes. It is a learned and philosophical work, evincing a thorough knowledge of Greek literature and of the German commentators. Dr. Thirlwall was born in 1797, at Stepney, Middlesex, son of the rector of Bowers-Gifford, Essex. The latter published, in 1809, 'Primitiæ, or Essays and Poems on Various Subjects, Religious, Moral, and Entertaining, by Connop Thirlwall, eleven years of age.' The future historian of Greece must then be considered the most precocious of English authors, eclipsing even Cowley and Pope. But the son, probably, did not thank the father for thrusting his childish crudities before the world. Connop Thirlwall studied at Cambridge, and carried off high academical honours at Trinity College. He intended following the profession of the law, and, after keeping his terms, was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1825. Three years' experience seems to have disgusted him with the legal profession; he entered the church, obtained a rectory in Yorkshire, then became dean of Brecon, and in 1840 was promoted to the see of St. Davids. In 1874 he resigned his bishopric, in consequence of the increasing infirmities of age. He died in 1875. Mr. Grote says that,

had Dr. Thirlwall's 'History of Greece' appeared a few years earlier, he would probably never have conceived the design of writing his more elaborate work.

The 'History of Greece' by MR. GEORGE GROTE was hailed as a truly philosophical history. It commences with the earliest or legendary history of Greece, and closes with the generation contemporary with Alexander the Great. This work extends to twelve volumes. The first two were published in 1846; but it appears from a letter of Niebuhr, addressed to Professor Lieber, that so early as 1827 Mr. Grote was engaged on the work. The primitive period of Grecian history—the expedition of the Argonauts and the wars of Thebes and Troy—he treats as merely poetical inventions. On the subject of the Homeric poems, he holds that the 'Odyssey' is an original unity, 'a premeditated structure and a concentration of interest upon one prime hero under well-defined circumstances.' The 'Iliad,' he says, produces on his mind an impression totally different; it 'presents the appearance of a house built upon a plan comparatively narrow, and subsequently enlarged by successive additions.' He conceives that both poems are about the same age, and that age a very early one, anterior to the First Olympiad. Passing to authentic history, Mr. Grote endeavours to realize the views and feelings of the Greeks, and not to judge of them by an English standard. Our idea of a limited monarchy, for example, was unknown even to the most learned of the Athenians.

Early Greek History not to be Judged by Modern Feeling.

The theory of a constitutional king, especially as it exists in England, would have appeared to Aristotle impracticable: to establish a king who will reign without governing—in whose name all government is carried on, yet whose personal will is in practice of little or no effect—exempt from all responsibility, without making use of the exemption—receiving from every one unmeasured demonstrations of homage, which are never translated into act, except within the bounds of a known law—surrounded with all the paraphernalia of power, yet acting as a passive instrument in the hands of ministers marked out for his choice by indications which he is not at liberty to resist. This remarkable combination of the fiction of superhuman grandeur and license with the reality of an invisible strait-waistcoat, is what an Englishman has in his mind when he speaks of a constitutional king. When the Greeks thought of a man exempt from legal responsibility, they conceived him as really and truly such, in deed as well as in name, with a defenceless community exposed to his oppressions; and their fear and hatred of him was measured by their reverence for a government of equal law and free speech, with the ascendency of which their whole hopes of security were associated, in the democracy of Athens more, perhaps, than in any other portion of Greece. And this feeling, as it was one of the best in the Greek mind, so it was also one of the most widely spread, a point of unanimity highly valuable amidst so many points of dissension. We cannot construe or criticise it by reference to the feelings of modern Europe, still less to the very peculiar feelings of England respecting kingship; and it is the application, sometimes explicit, and sometimes tacit, of this unsuitable standard which renders Mr. Mitford's appreciation of Greek politics so often incorrect and unfair.

The great object of the historian is to penetrate the inner life of the Greeks, and to portray their social, moral, and religious condition. He traces with elaborate minuteness the rise and progress of

the Athenian democracy, of which he is an ardent admirer; and some of the Athenian institutions previously condemned, he warmly defends. The institution of ostracism, or banishment without accusation or trial, he conceives to have been necessary for the purpose of thwarting the efforts of ambitious leaders. With this view it was devised by Clisthenes,* and it was guarded from abuse by various precautions, the most important of which was, that the concurrence of one-fourth of all the citizens was required, and that those citizens voted by ballot. The two classes of demagogues and sophists he also vindicates, comparing the former to our popular leaders of the Opposition in parliament, and the latter to our teachers and professors. Even Cleon, the greatest of the demagogues, he thinks has been unfairly traduced by Thucydides and Aristophanes, particularly the latter, who indulged in all the license of a comic satirist. 'No man,' says Mr. Grote, 'thinks of judging Sir Robert Walpole, or Mr. Fox, or Mirabeau from the numerous lampoons put in circulation against them; no man will take measure of a political Englishman from 'Punch' or of a Frenchman from 'Charivari.' The four stages of Athenian democracy represented by Solon, Clisthenes, Aristides, and Pericles are carefully described and discriminated by Mr. Grote; he gives also an admirable account of the Greek colonies; and his narrative of the Peloponnesian War—which fills two volumes—contains novel and striking views of events, as well as of the characters of Pericles, Alcibiades, Lysander, &c. Even the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, which apparently had been exhausted by Xenophon, is told by Mr. Grote with a spirit and freshness, and so much new illustration as to render it a deeply interesting portion of his History. The following will give an idea of Mr. Grote's style of narrative:

Xenophon's Address to the Army after the betrayed Grecian Generals had been Slain by the Persians.

While their camp thus remained unmolested, every man within it was a prey to the most agonizing apprehensions. Ruin appeared impending and inevitable, though no one could tell in what precise form it would come. The Greeks were in the midst of a hostile country, ten thousand stadia from home, surrounded by enemies, blocked up by impassable mountains and rivers, without guides, without provisions, without cavalry to aid their retreat, without generals to give orders. A stupor of sorrow and conscious helplessness seized upon all; few came to the evening muster; few lighted fires to cook their suppers; every man lay down to rest where he was; yet no man could sleep, for fear, anguish and yearning after relatives whom he was never again to behold.

Amidst the many causes of despondency which weighed down this forlorn army, there was none more serious than the fact, that not a single man among them had now either authority to command, or obligation to take the initiative. Nor was any ambitious candidate likely to volunteer his pretentions, at a moment when the post

* One peculiarity of Mr. Grote was, spelling the Greek names after the German fashion: Clisthenes is 'Kleisthenês; Socrates is 'Sôkratês;' Alcibiades, 'Alkibiadês;' Aristides, 'Aristeidês:' &c. All this appears unnecessary, and is a sort of pedantic trifling unworthy of a great historian.

promised nothing but the maximum of difficulty as well as of hazard. A new, self-kindled light, and self-originated stimulus, was required to vivify the embers of the suspended hope and action in a mass paralysed for the moment, but every way capable of effort; and the inspiration now fell, happily for the army, upon one in whom a full measure of soldierly strength and courage was combined with the education of an Athenian, a democrat, and a philosopher.

Xenophon had equipped himself in his finest military costume at this his first official appearance before the army, when the scales seemed to tremble between life and death. Taxing up the protest of Kleanor against the treachery of the Persians, he insisted that any attempt to enter into convention or trust with such liars would be utter ruin; but that, if energetic resolution were taken to deal with them only at the point of the sword, and punish their misdeeds, there was good hope of the favour of the gods and of ultimate preservation. As he pronounced this last word one of the soldiers near him happened to sneeze; immediately the whole army around shouted with one accord the accustomed invocation to Zeus the Preserver; and Xenophon, taking up the accident, continued: 'Since, gentlemen, this omen from Zeus the Preserver has appeared at the instant when we were talking about preservation, let us here vow to offer the preserving sacrifice to that god, and at the same time to sacrifice to the remaining gods as well as we can, in the first friendly country which we may reach. Let every man who agrees with me hold up his hand.' All held up their hands: all then joined in the vow, and shouted the pæan.

This accident, so dexterously turned to profit by the rhetorical skill of Xenophon, was eminently beneficial in raising the army out of the depression which weighed them down, and in disposing them to listen to his animating appeal. Repeating his assurances that the gods were on their side, and hostile to their perjured enemy, he recalled to their memory the great invasions of Greece by Darius and Xerxes—how the vast hosts of Persia had been disgracefully repelled. The army had shewn themselves on the field of Kunaxa worthy of such forefathers; and they would, for the future, be yet bolder, knowing by that battle, of what stuff the Persians were made. As for Arieus and his troops, alike traitors and cowards, their desertion was rather a gain than a loss. The enemy were superior in horsemen: but men on horseback were, after all, only men, half occupied in the fear of losing their seats, incapable of prevailing against infantry firm on the ground, and only better able to run away. Now that the satrap refused to furnish them with provisions to buy, they on their side were released from their covenant, and would take provisions without buying. Then as to the rivers; those were indeed difficult to be crossed, in the middle of their course; but the army would march up to their sources, and could then pass them without wetting the knee. Or, indeed, the Greeks might renounce the idea of retreat, and establish themselves permanently in the king's own country, defying all his force, like the Mysians and Pisidians. 'If,' said Xenophon, 'we plant ourselves here at our ease in a rich country, with these tall, stately, and beautiful Median and Persian women for our companions, we shall be only too ready, like the Lotophagi, to forget our way home. We ought first to go back to Greece, and tell our countrymen that if they remain poor, it is their own fault, when there are rich settlements in this country awaiting all who choose to come, and who have courage to seize them. Let us burn our baggage-wagons and tents, and carry with us nothing but what is of the strictest necessity. Above all things, let us maintain order, discipline, and obedience to the commanders, upon which our entire hope of safety depends. Let every man promise to lend his hand to the commanders in punishing any disobedient individuals; and let us thus shew the enemy that we have ten thousand persons like Klearchus, instead of that one whom they have so perfidiously seized. Now is the time for action. If any man, however obscure, has anything better to suggest let him come forward and state it; for we have all but one object—the common safety.'

It appears that no one else desired to say a word, and that the speech of Xenophon gave unqualified satisfaction; for when Cheirisophus put the question, that the meeting should sanction his recommendations, and finally elect the new generals proposed—every man held up his hand. Xenophon then moved that the army should break up immediately, and march to some well-stored villages, rather more than two miles distant; that the march should be in a hollow oblong, with the baggage in the centre; that Cheirisophus, as a Lacedæmonian, should lead the van; while Kleanor and the other senior officers would command on each flank; and himself with Timasion, as the two youngest of the generals, would lead the rear-guard.

In the later volumes we have an equally interesting and copious account of the career of Epaminondas—the Washington of Greece; the struggles of Demosthenes against Philip; and the success of Timoleon. The historian's fullness of detail and the ethical interest he imparts to his work, with the associations connected with the heroic events he relates, and the great names that have

Gone glittering through the dream of things that were,

render the whole the most noble and affecting record in the history of humanity. From the epoch of Alexander the Great, Mr. Grote dates 'not only the extinction of Grecian political freedom and self-action, but also the decay of productive genius, and the debasement of that consummate literary and rhetorical excellence which the fourth century before Christ had seen exhibited in Plato and Demosthenes.' There was, however, one branch of intellectual energy which continued to flourish, 'comparatively little impaired under the preponderance of the Macedonian sword'—the spirit of speculation and philosophy, and to this subject Mr. Grote proposed to devote a separate work. His History was completed in 1856, the author being then in his sixty-second year. In 1866 appeared 'Plato and the other Companions of Sokrates,' three volumes, a work which fully sustained the author's fame.

Mr. Grote was of German ancestry. His grandfather, the first of the family that settled in England, established the banking-house that still bears the name of Grote as one of the founders, and the historian was for some time employed in the bank. He sat in parliament as one of the representatives of the city of London from 1832 till 1841, and was known as a Radical Reformer and supporter of vote by ballot. His annual motion in favour of the ballot was always prefaced by a good argumentative speech, and he wrote one or two political pamphlets and essays in the Reviews. Sydney Smith sarcastically said: 'Mr. Grote is a very worthy, honest, and able man; and if the world were a chess-board, would be an important politician.' Mr. Grote died June 18, 1871, aged seventy-seven. A memoir of the historian has been published by his widow.

Character of Dion.

Apart from wealth and high position, the personal character of Dion was in itself marked and prominent. He was of an energetic temper, great bravery and very considerable mental capacities. Though his nature was haughty and disdainful towards individuals, yet as to political communion, his ambition was by no means purely self-seeking and egotistic, like that of the elder Dionysius. Animated with vehement love of power, he was at the same time penetrated with that sense of regulated polity and submission of individual will to fixed laws, which floated in the atmosphere of Grecian talk and literature, and stood so high in Grecian morality. He was, moreover, capable of acting with enthusiasm, and braving every hazard in prosecution of his own convictions.

Born about the year 408 B.C., Dion was twenty-one years of age in 387 B.C., when the elder Dionysius, having dismantled Rhegium and subdued Kroton, attained the maximum of his dominion, as master of the Sicilian and Italian Greeks. Standing

high in the favour of his brother-in-law Dionysius, Dion doubtless took part in the wars whereby this large dominion had been acquired; as well as in the life of indulgence and luxury which prevailed generally among wealthy Greeks in Sicily and Italy, and which to the Athenian Plato appeared alike surprising and repulsive. That great philosopher visited Italy and Sicily about 387 B.C. He was in acquaintance and fellowship with the school of philosophers called Pythagoreans; the remnant of the Pythagorean brotherhood, who had once exercised so powerful a political influence over the cities of those regions, and who still enjoyed considerable reputation, even after complete political downfall, through individual ability and rank of the members, combined with habits of recluse study, mysticism, and attachment among themselves.

With these Pythagoreans Dion also, a young man of open mind and ardent aspirations, was naturally thrown into communication by the proceedings of the elder Dionysius in Italy. Through them he came into intercourse with Plato, whose conversation made an epoch in his life.

The mystic turn of imagination, the sententious brevity, and the mathematical researches of the Pythagoreans, produced doubtless an imposing effect upon Dion; just as Lysis, a member of that brotherhood, had acquired the attachment and influenced the sentiments of Epaminondas at Thebes. But Plato's power of working upon the minds of young men was far more impressive and irresistible. He possessed a large range of practical experience, a mastery of political and social topics, and a charm of eloquence, to which the Pythagoreans were strangers. The stirring effects of the Socratic talk, as well as of the democratical atmosphere in which Plato had been brought up, had developed all the communicative aptitude of his mind; and great as that aptitude appears in his remaining dialogues, there is ground for believing that it was far greater in his conversation. Brought up as Dion had been at the court of Dionysius—accustomed to see around him only slavish deference and luxurious enjoyment—unused to open speech or large philosophical discussion—he found in Plato a new man exhibited, and a new world opened before him.

As the stimulus from the teacher was here put forth with consummate efficacy, so the predisposition of the learner enabled it to take full effect. Dion became an altered man both in public sentiment and in individual behaviour. He recollected that, twenty years before, his country, Syracuse, had been as free as Athens. He learned to abhor the iniquity of the despotism by which her liberty had been overthrown, and by which subsequently the liberties of so many other Greeks in Italy and Sicily had been trodden down also. He was made to remark that Sicily had been half barbarised through the foreign mercenaries imported as the despots' instruments. He conceived the sublime idea or dream of rectifying all this accumulation of wrong and suffering. It was his first wish to cleanse Syracuse from the blot of slavery, and to clothe her anew in the brightness and dignity of freedom, yet not with the view of restoring the popular government as it had stood prior to the usurpation, but of establishing an improved constitutional polity, originated by himself, with laws which should not only secure individual rights, but also educate and moralise the citizens. The function which he imagined to himself, and which the conversation of Plato suggested, was not that of a despot like Dionysius, but that of a despotic legislator like Lycurgus, taking advantage of a momentary omnipotence, conferred upon him by grateful citizens in a state of public confusion, to originate a good system, which when once put in motion, would keep itself alive by fashioning the minds of the citizens to its own intrinsic excellence. After having thus both liberated and reformed Syracuse, Dion promised to himself that he would employ Syracusan force, not in annihilating, but in recreating, other free Hellenic communities throughout the island, expelling from thence all the barbarians—both the imported mercenaries and the Carthaginians.

MR. GEORGE FINLAY, an English merchant at Athens, wrote several works—concise, but philosophical in spirit, and containing original views and information—relative to the history of Greece. His first was 'Greece under the Romans.' (1845); 'History of the Byzantine Empire,' from 716 to 1057 (1853), and continued to 1453 A.D., (1854); 'Mediæval Greece and Trebizond' to 1461; and the 'History

of Greece under the Othoman and Venetian Domination,' from 1453 to 1821 (1856). Mr. Finlay died in 1875, the last survivor of the small band of enthusiasts who went out to Greece to join Lord Byron and the Philhellenes. He acted for some years as correspondent of the 'Times' in Athens.

Vicissitudes of Nations.

The vicissitudes which the great masses of the nations of the earth have undergone in past ages have hitherto received very little attention from historians, who have adorned their pages with the records of kings, and the personal exploits of princes and great men, or attached their narrative to the fortunes of the dominant classes, without noticing the fate of the people. History, however, continually repeats the lesson that power, numbers, and the highest civilisation of an aristocracy, are, even when united, insufficient to insure national prosperity, and establish the powers of the rulers on so firm and permanent a basis as shall guarantee the dominant class from annihilation. On the other hand, it teaches us that conquered tribes, destitute of all these advantages, may continue to perpetuate their existence in misery and contempt. It is that portion only of mankind which eats bread raised from the soil by the sweat of its brow, that can form the basis of a permanent national existence. The history of the Romans and of the Jews illustrates these facts. Yet even the cultivation of the soil cannot always insure a race from destruction, 'for mutability is nature's bane.' The Thracian race has disappeared. The great Celtic race has dwindled away, and seems hastening to complete absorption in the Anglo-Saxon. The Hellenic race, whose colonies extended from Marseille to Bactria, and from the Cimmerian Bosphorus to the coast of Cyrenaica, has become extinct in many countries where it once formed the bulk of the population, as in Magna Græcia and Sicily. On the other hand, mixed races have arisen, and, like the Albanians and Vallachians, have intruded themselves into the ancient seats of the Hellenes. But these revolutions and changes in the population of the globe imply no degradation of mankind, as some writers appear to think, for the Romans and English afford examples that mixed races may attain as high a degree of physical power and mental superiority as has ever been reached by races of the purest blood in ancient or modern times.

A different view of the Homeric question from that entertained by Mr. Grote, and also of some portions of Athenian history, has been taken by WILLIAM MURE, Esq., of Caldwell, (1799–1860), in his able work, 'A Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece,' four volumes, 1850–53. Colonel Mure had travelled in Greece; and in the 'Journal,' of his tour—published in 1842—had entered into the Homeric controversy, especially with regard to the supposed localities of the 'Odyssey,' and had adduced several illustrations of the poems from his observation and studies. A sound scholar, and chiefly occupied on Greek literature and history for a period of twenty years, he brought to his 'Critical History' a degree of knowledge perhaps not excelled by that of Mr. Grote, but tinctured by political opinions directly opposite to those of his brother Hellenist. His examination of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' occupies a considerable portion of his 'History,' and the general conclusion at which he arrives is, that each poem was originally composed, in its substantial integrity, as we now possess it. We give one short specimen of Colonel Mure's analysis.

The Unity of the Homeric Poems.

It is probable that, like most other great painters of human nature, Homer was indebted to previous tradition for the original sketches of his principal heroes. These sketches, however, could have been little more than outlines, which, as worked

up into the finished portraits of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' must rank as his own genuine productions. In every branch of imitative art, this faculty of representing to the life the moral phenomena of our nature, in their varied phases of virtue, vice, weakness, or eccentricity, is the highest and rarest attribute of genius, and rarest of all as exercised by Homer through the medium of dramatic action, where the characters are never formally described, but made to develop themselves by their own language and conduct. It is this, among his many great qualities, which chiefly raises Homer above all other poets of his own class; nor, with the single exception, perhaps, of the great English dramatist, has any poet ever produced so numerous and spirited a variety of original characters, of different ages, ranks, and sexes. Still more peculiar to himself than their variety, is the unity of thought, feeling, and expression, often of minute phraseology, with which they are individually sustained, and yet without an appearance of effort on the part of their author. Each describes himself spontaneously when brought on the scene, just as the automata of Vulcan in the 'Odyssey,' though indebted to the divine artist for the mechanism on which they move, appear to perform their functions by their own unaided powers. That any two or more poets should simultaneously have conceived such a character as Achilles, is next to impossible. Still less credible is it, that the different parts of the 'Iliad,' where the hero successively appears as the same sublime ideal being, under the influence of the same combination of virtues, failings, and passions—thinking, speaking, acting, and suffering, according to the same single type of heroic grandeur—can be the production of more than a single mind. Such evidence is, perhaps, even stronger in the case of the less prominent actors, in so far as it is less possible that different artists should simultaneously agree in their portraits of mere subordinate incidental personages, than of heroes whose renown may have rendered their characters a species of public property. Two poets of the Elizabethan age might, without any concert, have harmonised to a great extent in their portrait of Henry V.; but that the correspondence should have extended to the imaginary companions of his youth—the Falstaffs, Pistols, Bardolphs, Quickleys—were incredible. But the nicest shades of peculiarity in the inferior actors of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' are conceived and maintained in the same spirit of distinction as in Achilles or Hector.

Colonel Mure's work was left incomplete. His fourth volume enters on the attic period of Greek literature—the great era of the drama and the perfection of Greek prose—from the usurpation of Pisistratus at Athens, 560 B.C., to the death of Alexander the Great, 323 B.C. He gives an account of the origin and early history of Greek prose composition, and an elaborate biographical and critical study of Herodotus, reserving for future volumes the later Greek prose authors and Attic poets. A fifth volume was published, and at the time of his death he was engaged on a sixth, devoted to the Attic drama. Colonel Mure derived his title from being commander of the Renfrewshire Militia. His family had long been settled in the counties of Ayr and Renfrew, and he himself was born at the patrimonial property of Caldwell in Ayrshire. He was an excellent country gentleman as well as accomplished scholar and antiquary.

Another and more distinguished votary of Greek literature is the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., who, in 1858, published 'Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age,' three volumes. Mr. Gladstone does not enter into any detailed criticism of the 'Iliad' or 'Odyssey;' he deals with the geography, history, and chronology of the poems, maintaining the credibility of Homer as the delineator of an age, and finding also fragments of revealed religion in his system of mythology. He traces the notion of a Logos in Minerva, the Deliverer in Apollo, the Virgin in Latona, and even the rainbow of the

Old Testament in Iris; while the principle of Evil acting by deceit, he conceives to be represented in the Homeric Atè. This certainly appears to be fanciful, though supported by Mr. Gladstone's remarkable subtlety of intellect and variety of illustration. One volume of the work is devoted to Olympus, and another to establish Homer's right to be considered the father of political science. In supporting his different hypothesis, we need not say that Mr. Gladstone evinces great ingenuity and a refined critical taste. His work is indeed a cyclopædia of Homeric illustration and classic lore.

The World of Homer a World of His Own.

The Greek mind, which became one of the main factors of the civilised life of Christendom, cannot be fully comprehended without the study of Homer, and is nowhere so vividly or so sincerely exhibited as in his works. He has a world of his own, into which, upon his strong wing, he carries us. There we find ourselves amidst a system of ideas, feelings, and actions different from what are to be found anywhere else, and forming a new and distinct standard of humanity. Many among them seem as if they were then shortly about to be buried under a mass of ruins, in order that they might subsequently reappear, bright and fresh for application, among later generations of men. Others of them almost carry us back to the early morning of our race, the hours of its greater simplicity and purity, and more free intercourse with God. In much that this Homeric world exhibits, we see the taint of sin at work, but far, as yet, from its perfect work and its ripeness; it stands between Paradise and the vices of later heathenism, far from both, from the latter as well as the former, and if among all earthly knowledge the knowledge of man be that which we should chiefly court, and if to be genuine it should be founded upon experience, how is it possible to overvalue this primitive representative of the human race in a form complete, distinct, and separate with its own religion, ethics, policy, history, arts, manners, fresh and true to the standard of its nature, like the form of an infant from the hand of the Creator, yet mature, full and finished, in its own sense, after its own laws, like some master-piece of the sculptor's art.

We may notice here a work now completed, 'A History of the Literature of Ancient Greece,' by K. O. MULLER, continued after the author's death by J. W. DONALDSON, D.D., three volumes, 1858. Dr. Donaldson's portion of the work embraces the period from the foundation of the Socratic schools to the taking of Constantinople by the Turks. The work is altogether a valuable one—concise without being dry or meagre. 'A History of Greece, mainly based upon that of Dr. Thirlwall,' by DR. L. SCHMITZ, principal of the International College, London (1851), is well adapted for educational purposes: it comes down to the destruction of Corinth, 146 B.C. Dr. Schmitz is author of a popular 'History of Rome' (1847), and a 'Manual of Ancient History' to the overthrow of the Western Empire, 476 A.D. He has also translated Niebuhr's Lectures. Few foreigners have acquired such a mastery of the English language as Dr. Schmitz.

EARL STANHOPE.

PHILIP HENRY, EARL STANHOPE, when Lord Mahon, commenced a 'History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle (1713–1783). The first volume appeared in 1836, and

the work ultimately extended to seven volumes, of which a second edition has since been published. The period of seventy years thus copiously treated had been included in Smollett's hasty, voluminous History, but the ground was certainly not pre-occupied. Great additional information had also been accumulated in Coxe's Lives of Marlborough and Walpole, Lord Hervey's Memoirs of the Court of George II., the Stuart Papers, the Suffolk and Hardwicke Correspondence, and numerous other sources. In the early portion of his work—the Queen Anne period—there is a strong and abiding interest derived from the great names engaged in the political struggles of the day, and the nearly equal strength of the parties. Lord Mahon thus sketches the contending factions:

Whig and Tory in the Reign of Queen Anne.

At that period the two great contending parties were distinguished, as at present, by the nicknames of Whig and Tory. But it is very remarkable that in Queen Anne's reign the relative meaning of these terms was not only different but opposite to that which they bore at the accession of William IV. In theory, indeed, the main principle of each continues the same. The leading principle of the Tories is the dread of popular licentiousness. The leading principle of the Whigs is the dread of royal encroachment. It may, thence, perhaps, be deduced that good and wise men would attach themselves either to the Whig or to the Tory party, according as there seemed to be the greater danger at that particular period from despotism or from democracy. The same person who would have been a Whig in 1712 would have been a Tory in 1830. For, on examination, it will be found that, in nearly all particulars, a modern Tory resembles a Whig of Queen Anne's reign, and a Tory of Queen Anne's reign a modern Whig.

First as to the Tories. The Tories of Queen Anne's reign pursued a most unceasing opposition to a just and glorious war against France. They treated the great general of the age as their peculiar adversary. To our recent enemies, the French, their policy was supple and crouching. They had an indifference, or even an aversion, to our old allies the Dutch; they had a political leaning towards the Roman Catholics at home; they were supported by the Roman Catholics in their elections; they had a love of triennial parliaments, in preference to septennial; they attempted to abolish the protecting duties and restrictions of commerce; they wished to favour our trade with France at the expense of our trade with Portugal; they were supported by a faction whose war-cry was 'Repeal of the Union,' in a sister-kingdom. To serve a temporary purpose in the House of Lords, they had recourse—for the first time in our annals—to a large and overwhelming creation of peers. Like the Whigs in May 1831, they chose the moment of the highest popular passion and excitement to dissolve the House of Commons, hoping to avail themselves of a short-lived cry for the purpose of permanent delusion. The Whigs of Queen Anne's time, on the other hand, supported that splendid war which led to such victories as Ramillies and Blenheim. They had for a leader the great man who gained those victories; they advocated the old principles of trade; they prolonged the duration of parliaments; they took their stand on the principles of the Revolution of 1688; they raised the cry of 'No Popery;' they loudly inveighed against the subserviency to France, the desertion of our old allies, the outrage wrought upon the peers, the deceptions practised upon the sovereign, and the other measures of the Tory administration. Such were the Tories, and such were the Whigs of Queen Anne.

We give a specimen of the noble historian's character-painting:

Charles Edward Stuart, the Young Pretender.

Charles Edward Stuart is one of those characters that cannot be portrayed at a single sketch, but have so greatly altered, as to require a new delineation at different periods. View him in his later years, and we behold the ruins of intemperance—as

wasted but not as venerable as those of time; we find him in his anticipated age a besotted drunkard, a peevish husband, a tyrannical master—his understanding debased, and his temper soured. But not such was the Charles Stuart of 1745. Not such was the gallant Prince full of youth, of hope, of courage, who, landing with seven men in the wilds of Moidart, could rally a kingdom round his banner, and scatter his foes before him at Preston and at Falkirk. Not such was the gay and courtly host of Holyrood. Not such was he, whose endurance of fatigue and eagerness for battle shone pre-eminent, even amongst Highland chiefs; while fairer critics proclaimed him the most winning in conversation, the most graceful in the dance! Can we think lowly of one who could acquire such unbounded popularity in so few months, and over so noble a nation as the Scots; who could so deeply stamp his image on their hearts that, even thirty or forty years after his departure, his name, as we are told, always awakened the most ardent praises from all who had known him—the most rugged hearts were seen to melt at his remembrance—and tears to steal down the furrowed cheeks of the veteran? Let us, then, without denying the faults of his character, or extenuating the degradation of his age, do justice to the lustre of his manhood.

The person of Charles—I begin with this for the sake of female readers—was tall and well formed; his limbs athletic and active. He excelled in all manly exercises, and was inured to every kind of toil, especially long marches on foot, having applied himself to field-sports in Italy, and become an excellent walker. His face was strikingly handsome, of a perfect oval and a fair complexion; his eyes light-blue; his features high and noble. Contrary to the custom of the time, which prescribed perukes, his own fair hair usually fell in long ringlets on his neck. This goodly person was enhanced by his graceful manners; frequently condescending to the most familiar kindness, yet always shielded by a regal dignity, he had a peculiar talent to please and to persuade, and never failed to adapt his conversation to the taste or to the station of those whom he addressed. Yet he owed nothing to his education: it had been intrusted to Sir Thomas Sheridan, an Irish Roman Catholic, who has not escaped the suspicion of being in the pay of the British government, and at their instigation betraying his duty as a teacher. I am bound to say that, I have found no corroboration of so foul a charge. Sheridan appears to me to have lived and died a man of honour; but history can only acquit him of base perfidy by accusing him of gross neglect. He had certainly left his pupil uninstructed in the most common elements of knowledge. Charles's letters, which I have seen amongst the Stuart Papers, are written in a large, rude, rambling hand like a school-boy's. In spelling, they are still more deficient. With him 'humour,' for example, becomes UMER; the weapon he knew so well how to wield, is a SORD; and even his own father's name appears under the *alias* of GEMS. Nor are these errors confined to a single language: who, to give another instance from his French—would recognize a hunting knife in COOTO DE CHAS? I can, therefore, readily believe that, as Dr. King assures us, he knew very little of the history or constitution of England. But the letters of Charles, while they prove his want of education, no less clearly display his natural powers, great energy of character, and great warmth of heart. Writing confidentially, just before he sailed for Scotland, he says: 'I made my devotions on Pentecost Day, recommending myself particularly to the Almighty on this occasion to guide and direct me, and to continue to me always the same sentiments, which are rather to suffer anything than fail in any of my duties.' His young brother, Henry of York, is mentioned with the utmost tenderness; and, though on his return from Scotland, he conceived that he had reason to complain of Henry's coldness and reserve, the fault is lightly touched upon, and Charles observes that, whatever may be his brother's want of kindness, it shall never diminish his own. To his father his tone is both affectionate and dutiful: he frequently acknowledges his goodness; and when, at the outset of his great enterprise of 1745, he entreats a blessing from the pope, surely the sternest Romanist might forgive him for adding, that he shall think a blessing from his parent more precious and more holy still. As to his friends and partisans, Prince Charles has been often accused of not being sufficiently moved by their sufferings, or grateful for their services. Bred up amidst monks and bigots, who seemed far less afraid of his remaining excluded from power, than that on gaining he should use it liberally, he had been taught the highest notions of prerogative and hereditary right. From thence he might infer that those who served him in Scotland did no more than their duty; were merely fulfilling a plain social

obligation; and were not, therefore, entitled to any very especial praise and admiration. Yet, on the other hand, we must remember how prone are all exiles to exaggerate their own desert, to think no rewards sufficient for it, and to complain of neglect even where none really exists; and moreover that, in point of fact, many passages from Charles's most familiar correspondence might be adduced to shew a watchful and affectionate care for his adherents. As a very young man, he determined that he would sooner submit to personal privation than embarrass his friends by contracting debts. On returning from Scotland, he told the French minister, D'Argenson, that he would never ask anything for himself, but was ready to go down on his knees to obtain favours for his brother-exiles. Once, after lamenting some divisions and misconduct amongst his servants, he declares that, nevertheless, an honest man is so highly to be prized that, 'unless your majesty orders me, I should part with them with a sore heart.' Nay, more, as it appears to me, this warm feeling of Charles for his unfortunate friends survived almost alone, when, in his decline of life, nearly every other noble quality had been dimmed and defaced from his mind. In 1783, Mr. Greathead, a personal friend of Mr. Fox, succeeded in obtaining an interview with him at Rome. Being alone with him for some time, the English traveller studiously led the conversation to his enterprise in Scotland. The Prince shewed some reluctance to enter upon the subject, and seemed to suffer much pain at the remembrance; but Mr. Greathead, with more of curiosity than of discretion, still persevered. At length, then, the Prince appeared to shake off the load which oppressed him; his eye brightened, his face assumed unwonted animation; and he began the narrative of his Scottish campaigns with a vehement energy of manner, recounting his marches, his battles, his victories, and his defeat; his hairbreadth escapes, and the inviolable and devoted attachment to his Highland followers, and at length proceeding to the dreadful penalties which so many of them had subsequently undergone. But the recital of their sufferings appeared to wound him far more deeply than his own; then, and not till then, his fortitude forsook him, his voice faltered, his eye became fixed, and he fell to the floor in convulsions. At the noise, in rushed the Duchess of Albany, his illegitimate daughter, who happened to be in the next apartment. 'Sir,' she exclaimed to Mr. Greathead, 'what is this? You must have been speaking to my father about Scotland and the Highlanders? No one dares to mention these subjects in his presence.'

Once more, however, let me turn from the last gleams of the expiring flame to the hours of its meridian brightness. In estimating the abilities of Prince Charles, I may first observe that they stood in most direct contrast to his father's. Each excelled in what the other wanted. No man could express himself with more clearness and elegance than James; it has been said of him that he wrote better than any of those whom he employed; but, on the other hand, his conduct was always deficient in energy and enterprise. Charles, as we have seen, was no penman; while in action—in doing what deserves to be written, and not in merely writing what deserves to be read—he stood far superior. He had some experience of war—having, when very young, joined the Spanish army at the siege of Gaeta, and distinguished himself on that occasion—and he loved it as the birthright both of a Sobieski and a Stuart. His quick intelligence, his promptness of decision, and his contempt of danger, are recorded on unquestionable testimony. His talents as a leader probably never rose above the common level; yet, in some cases in Scotland, where he and his more practised officers differed in opinion, it will, I think, appear that they were wrong and he was right. No knight of the olden time could have a loftier sense of honour; indeed he pushed it to such wild extremes, that it often led him into error and misfortune. Thus he lost the battle of Culloden in a great measure because he disdained to take advantage of the ground, and deemed it more chivalrous to meet the enemy on equal terms. Thus, also, his wilful and froward conduct at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle proceeded from a false point of honour, which he thought involved in it. At other times, again, this generous spirit may deserve unmingled praise; he could never be persuaded or provoked into adopting any harsh measures of retaliation; his extreme lenity to his prisoners, even to such as had attempted his life, was, it seems, a common matter of complaint among his troops; and even when encouragement had been given to his assassination, and a price put upon his head, he continued most earnestly to urge that in no possible case should 'the Elector,' as he called his rival, suffer any personal injury or insult. This anxiety was always present in his mind. Mr. Forsyth, a gentleman whose description of Italy is far the best that

has appeared, and whose scrupulous accuracy and superior means of information will be acknowledged by all travellers, relates how, only a few years after the Scottish expedition, Charles, relying on the faith of a single adherent, set out for London in an humble disguise, and under the name of Smith. On arriving there, he was introduced at midnight into a room full of conspirators whom he had never previously seen. 'Here,' said his conductor, 'is the person you want,' and left him locked up in the mysterious assembly. These were men who imagined themselves equal, at that time, to treat with him for the throne of England. 'Dispose of me, gentlemen, as you please,' said Charles; 'my life is in your power, and I therefore can stipulate for nothing. Yet give me, I entreat, one solemn promise, that if your design should succeed, the present family shall be sent safely and honourably home.'

Another quality of Charles's mind was great firmness of resolution, which pride and sorrow afterwards hardened into sullen obstinacy. He was likewise at all times prone to gusts and sallies of anger, when his language became the more peremptory, from a haughty consciousness of his adversities. I have found among his papers a note without direction, but no doubt intended for some tardy officer. It contained only these words: 'I order you to execute my orders, or else never to come back.' Such harshness might, probably, turn a wavering adherent to the latter alternative. Thus, also, his public expressions of resentment against the court of France, at different periods, were certainly far more just than politic. There seemed always swelling at his heart a proud determination that no man should dare to use him the worse for his evil fortune, and that he should sacrifice anything or everything sooner than his dignity.

This is a portrait of Charles Edward as he appeared in his prime. In a subsequent volume, Lord Stanhope gives a sketch of him in his latter years, part of which we subjoin:

An English lady who was at Rome in 1770 observes: 'The Pretender is naturally above the middle size, but stoops excessively: he appears bloated and red in the face; his countenance heavy and sleepy, which is attributed to his having given into excess of drinking; but, when a young man, he must have been esteemed handsome. His complexion is of the fair tint, his eyes blue, his hair light-brown, and the contour of his face a long oval; he is by no means thin, has a noble person, and a graceful manner. His dress was scarlet, laced with broad gold-lace; he wears the blue riband outside of his coat, from which depends a cameo antique, as large as the palm of my hand; and he wears the same garter and motto as those of the noble Order of St. George in England. Upon the whole, he has a melancholy, mortified appearance. Two gentlemen constantly attend him; they are of Irish extraction, and Roman Catholics you may be sure. At Princess Palestrina's he asked me if I understood the game of *tarrochi*, which they were about to play at. I answered in the negative: upon which, taking the pack in his hands, he desired to know if I had ever seen such odd cards. I replied that they were very odd indeed. He then, displaying them, said: "Here is everything in the world to be found in these cards—the sun, moon, the stars; and here," says he, throwing me a card, "is the pope; here is the devil; and," added he, "there is but one of the trio wanting, and you know who that should be!" [The Pretender]. I was so amazed, so astonished, though he spoke this last in a laughing, good-humoured manner, that I did not know which way to look; and as to a reply, I made none.'

In his youth, Charles, as we have seen, had formed the resolution of marrying only a Protestant princess: however, he remained single during the greater part of his career; and when, in 1754, he was urged by his father to take a wife, he replied: 'The unworthy behaviour of certain ministers, the 10th of December 1748, has put it out of my power to settle anywhere without honour or interest being at stake; and were it even possible for me to find a place of abode, I think our family have had sufferings enough, which will always hinder me to marry, so long as in mi-fortune, for that would only conduce to increase misery, or subject any of the family that should have the spirit of their father to be tied neck and heel, rather than yield to a vile ministry.' Nevertheless, in 1772, at the age of fifty-two, Charles espoused a Roman Catholic, and a girl of twenty, Princess Louisa of Stolberg. This union proved as unhappy as it was ill assorted. Charles treated his young wife with very little kindness. He appears, in fact, to have contracted a disparaging opinion of her

sex in general; and I have found, in a paper of his writing about that period: 'As for men, I have studied them closely; and were I to live till fourscore, I could scarcely know them better than now; but as for women, I have thought it useless, they being so much more wicked and impenetrable.' Ungenerous and ungrateful words! Surely, as he wrote them, the image of Flora Macdonald should have risen in his heart and restrained his pen!

The History of Lord Stanhope, in style and general merit, may rank with Mr. P. F. Tytler's 'History of Scotland.' The narrative is easy and flowing, and diligence has been exercised in the collection of facts. The noble historian is also author of a 'History of the War of the Succession in Spain,' one volume, 1832; a 'Life of the Great Prince Condé,' 1845; a 'Life of Belisarius,' 1848; a volume of 'Historical Essays,' contributed to the 'Quarterly Review,' and containing sketches of Joan of Arc, Mary, Queen of Scots, the Marquis of Montrose, Frederick II., &c. His lordship has also edited the 'Letters of the Earl of Chesterfield,' four volumes, 1845, and was one of the executors of Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington. In conjunction with Mr. E. Caldwell, M.P., Lord Stanhope published 'Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel,' being chiefly an attempted vindication by that statesman of his public conduct as regards Roman Catholic Emancipation and the Corn Laws. His lordship has also published a 'Life of the Right Hon. William Pitt,' valuable for the correspondence and authentic personal details it contains; and a 'History of the Reign of Queen Anne until the Peace of Utrecht,' (1701–1713), a work in one volume (1870), which, however inferior, may be considered a continuation of Macauley's History.

Earl Stanhope was born at Walmer in 1805, was educated at Oxford, and was a member of the House of Commons, first for Wooton Bassett, and afterwards for Hertford, from 1830 to 1852. He was for a short time Under-secretary for Foreign Affairs, and Secretary to the Board of Control. He succeeded to the peerage in 1855, and died in 1875.

THOMAS KEIGHTLEY.

A volume of 'Outlines of History' having appeared in 1830 in 'Lardner's Cyclopædia,' Dr. Arnold urged its author, Mr. Thomas Keightley, to write a series of histories of moderate size, which might be used in schools, and prove trustworthy manuals in after-life. Mr. Keightley obeyed the call, and produced a number of historical compilations of merit. His 'History of England,' two volumes, and the same enlarged in three volumes, is admitted to be the one most free from party-spirit; and his Histories of India, Greece and Rome, each in one volume, may be said to contain the essence of most of what has been written and discovered regarding those countries. Mr. Keightley also produced a 'History of the War of Independence in Greece,' two volumes, 1830; and 'The Crusaders,' or scenes, events and characters from the times of the Crusades. These works have all been popular. The 'Outlines' are read in schools, colleges, and uni-

versities ; the Duke of Wellington directed them to be read by officers and candidates for commissions in the army. The 'History of Greece' has been translated into modern Greek and published at Athens. In the department of mythology, Mr. Keightley was also a successful student, and author of the 'Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy ;' 'Fairy Mythology,' illustrative of the romance and superstition of various countries ; and 'Tales and Popular Fictions, their Resemblance and Transmission from Country to Country.' From the second of these works we give a brief extract.

Superstitious Beliefs.

According to a well-known law of our nature, effects suggest causes : and another law, perhaps equally general, impels us to ascribe to the actual and efficient cause the attribute of intelligence. The mind of the deepest philosopher is thus acted upon equally with that of the peasant or the savage ; the only difference lies in the nature of the intelligent cause at which they respectively stop. The one pursues the chain of cause and effect, and traces out its various links till he arrives at the great intelligent cause of all, however he may designate him ; the other, when unusual phenomena excite his attention, ascribes their production to the immediate agency of some of the inferior beings recognised by his legendary creed. The action of this latter principle must forcibly strike the minds of those who disdain not to bestow a portion of their attention on the popular legends and traditions of different countries. Every extraordinary appearance is found to have its extraordinary cause assigned ; a cause always connected with the history or religion, ancient or modern, of the country, and not unfrequently varying with a change of faith. The noises and eruptions of Ætna and Stromboli were, in ancient times, ascribed to Typhon or Vulcan, and at this day the popular belief connects them with the infernal regions. The sounds resembling the clanking of chains, hammering of iron, and blowing of bellows, once to be heard in the island of Barrie, were made by the fiends whom Merlin had set to work to frame the wall of brass to surround Caermarthen. The marks which natural causes have impressed on the solid and unyielding granite rock were produced, according to the popular creed, by the contact of the hero, the saint, or the god : masses of stone, resembling domestic implements in form, were the toys, or the corresponding implements of the heroes or giants of old. Grecian imagination ascribed to the galaxy or Milky-way an origin in the teeming breast of the queen of heaven : marks appeared in the petals of flowers on the occasion of a youth's or a hero's untimely death : the rose derived its present hue from the blood of Venus, as she hurried barefooted through the woods and lawns; while the professors of Islam, less fancifully, refer the origin of this flower to the moisture that exuded from the sacred person of their prophet. Under a purer form of religion, the cruciform stripes which mark the back and shoulders of the patient ass first appeared, according to the popular tradition, when the Son of God condescended to enter the Holy City, mounted on that animal ; and a fish, only to be found in the sea, still bears the impress of the finger and thumb of the apostle, who drew him out of the waters of Lake Tiberias to take the tribute-money that lay in his mouth. The repetition of the voice among the hills is, in Norway and Sweden, ascribed to the dwarfs mocking the human speaker ; while the more elegant fancy of Greece gave birth to Echo, a nymph who pined for love, and who still fondly repeats the accents that she hears. The magic scenery occasionally presented on the waters of the Straits of Messina is produced by the power of the fata morgana ; the gossamers that float through the haze of an autumnal morning are woven by the ingenious dwarfs ; the verdant circlets in the mead are traced beneath the light steps of the dancing elves ; and St. Cuthbert forges and fashions the beads that bear his name, and lie scattered along the shore of Lindisfarne. In accordance with these laws, we find in most countries a popular belief in different classes of beings distinct from men, and from the higher orders of divinities. These beings are usually believed to inhabit, in the caverns of earth, or the depths of the waters, a region of their own. They generally excel mankind in power and in knowledge, and, like them, are subject to the inevitable laws of death, though after a more prolonged

period of existence. How these classes were first called into existence it is not easy to say; but if, as some assert, all the ancient systems of heathen religion were devised by philosophers for the instruction of rude tribes by appeals to their senses, we might suppose that the minds which peopled the skies with their thousands and tens of thousands of divinities gave birth also to the inhabitants of the field and flood, and that the numerous tales of their exploits and adventures are the production of poetic fiction or rude invention.

In 1855, Mr. Keightley published a 'Life of Milton,' and afterwards edited Milton's poems. The biography is an original and in many respects able work. The *opinions* of Milton are very clearly and fully elucidated, and the extensive learning of the biographer and historian has enabled him to add some valuable suggestive criticism: for example, in Milton's time the Ptolemaic astronomy was the prevalent one, and Mr. Keightley asks,

Could Milton have written 'Paradise Lost' in the Nineteenth Century?

Now, with the seventeenth century, at least in England, expired the astronomy of Ptolemy. Had Milton, then, lived after that century, he could not for a moment have believed in a solid, globous world, inclosing various revolving spheres, with the earth in the centre, and unlimited, unoccupied, undigested space beyond. His local heaven and local hell would then have become, if not impossibilities, fleeting and uncertain to a degree which would preclude all firm, undoubting faith in their existence; for far as the most powerful telescopes can pierce into space, there is nothing found but a uniformity of stars after stars in endless succession, exalting infinitely our idea of the Deity and his attributes, but enfeebling in proportion that of any portion of space being his peculiar abode. Were Milton in possession of this knowledge, is it possible that he could have written the first three books of *Paradise Lost?* We are decidedly of opinion that he could not, for he would never have written that of the truth of which he could not have persuaded himself by any illusion of the imagination. It may be said that he would have adapted his fictions to the present state of astronomy. But he could not have done it; such is the sublime simplicity of the true system of the universe, that it is quite unsuited to poetry, except in the most transient form.

Mr. Keightley was a native of Ireland, born in 1792. He long resided at Chiswick on the Thames, a retired but busy student, and died in 1782.

DEAN MILMAN.

The prose works of the late Dean of St. Paul's (*ante*) place him in the first rank of historians. His 'History of the Jews' was originally published in Murray's 'Family Library' (1829), but was subsequently revised (fourth edition, 1866). When thus republished, the author considered that 'the circumstances of the day,' or, in other words, the objections which had been made to his plan of treating the Jewish history, rendered some observations necessary.

How ought the History of the Jews to be Written?

What should be the treatment by a Christian writer, a writer to whom truth is the one paramount object, of the only documents on which rests the earlier history of the Jews, the Scriptures of the Old Testament? Are they, like other historical documents, to be submitted to calm but searching criticism as to their age, their authenticity, their authorship: above all, their historical sense and historical interpretation?

Some may object (and by their objection may think it right to cut short all this

momentous question) that Jewish history is a kind of forbidden ground, on which it is profane to enter; the whole history being so peculiar in its relation to theology, resting, as it is asserted, even to the most minute particulars, on divine authority, ought to be sacred from the ordinary laws of investigation. But though the Jewish people are especially called the people of God, though their polity is grounded on their religion, though God be held the author of their theocracy, as well as its conservator and administrator, yet the Jewish nation is one of the families of mankind; their history is part of the world's history; the functions which they have performed in the progress of human development and civilisation are so important, so enduring; the veracity of their history has been made so entirely to depend on the rank which they are entitled to hold in the social scale of mankind; their barbarism has been so fiercely and contemptuously exaggerated, their premature wisdom and humanity so contemptuously depreciated or denied; above all, the barriers which kept them in their holy seclusion have long been so utterly prostrate; friends as well as foes, the most pious Christians as well as the most avowed enemies of Christian faith, have so long expatiated on this open field, that it is as impossible, in my judgment, as it would be unwise, to limit the full freedom of inquiry.

Adopting this course, Dean Milman said he had been able to follow out 'all the marvellous discoveries of science, and all the hardly less marvellous, if less certain, conclusions of historical, ethnological, linguistic criticism, in the serene confidence that they are utterly irrelevant to the truth of Christianity, to the truth of the Old Testament as far as its distinct and perpetual authority, and its indubitable meaning.' This was the view entertained by Paley, and is the view now held by some of the most learned and able divines of the present day. The moral and religious truth of Scripture remains untouched by the discoveries or theories of science. 'If on such subjects some solid ground be not found on which highly educated, reflective, reading, reasoning men may find firm footing, I can foresee nothing but a wide, a widening, I fear an irreparable breach between the thought and the religion of England. A comprehensive, all-embracing, truly Catholic Christianity, which knows what is essential to religion, what is temporary and extraneous to it, may defy the world. Obstinate adherence to things antiquated, and irreconcilable with advancing knowledge and thought, may repel, and for ever, how many, I know not; how far, I know still less. *Avertat omen Deus.*' A much greater work than the 'History of the Jews' was the 'History of Latin Christianity,' including that of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicholas V.,' completed in six volumes, 1856. The first portion of this work was published in 1840, and comprised the history of Christianity from the birth of Christ to the abolition of Paganism in the Roman empire; a further portion was published in 1854, and the conclusion in 1856. No such work,' said the 'Quarterly Review,' 'has appeared in English ecclesiastical literature—none which combines such breadth of view with such depth of research, such high literary and artistic eminence with such patient and elaborate investigation.' This high praise was echoed by Prescott the historian, and by a host of critics. It is really a great work—great in all the essentials of history—subject, style, and research. The poetical imagination of the author had imparted warmth and colour to the conclusions of the philosopher and the sympathies of the lover of truth and humanity. The last work of

Dean Milman was his 'History of St. Paul's Cathedral,' over which he had presided for nearly twenty years, and in which his remains were interred. As a brief specimen of the dean's animated style of narrative, we give an extract from the 'History of the Jews:'

Burning of the Temple, Aug. 10, 70 A.C.

It was the 10th of August, the day already darkened in the Jewish calendar by the destruction of the former temple by the king of Babylon; that day was almost past. Titus withdrew again into the Antonia, intending the next morning to make a general assault. The quiet summer evening came on; the setting sun shone for the last time on the snow-white walls and glistening pinnacles of the Temple roof. Titus had retired to rest, when suddenly a wild and terrible cry was heard, and a man came rushing in, announcing that the Temple was on fire. Some of the besieged, notwithstanding their repulse in the morning, had sallied out to attack the men who were busily employed in extinguishing the fires about the cloisters. The Romans not merely drove them back, but, entering the sacred space with them, forced their way to the door of the Temple. A soldier, without orders, mounting on the shoulders of one of his comrades, threw a blazing brand into a small gilded door on the north side of the chambers, in the outer building or porch. The flames sprang up at once. The Jews uttered one simultaneous shriek, and grasped their swords with a furious determination of revenging and perishing in the ruins of the Temple. Titus rushed down with the utmost speed; he shouted, he made signs to his soldiers to quench the fire; his voice was drowned, and his signs unnoticed, in the blind confusion. The legionaries either could not or would not hear; they rushed on, trampling each other down in their furious haste, or stumbling over the crumbling ruins, perished with the enemy. Each exhorted the other, and each hurled his blazing brand into the inner part of the edifice, and then hurried to his work of carnage. The unarmed and defenceless people were slain in thousands; they lay heaped like sacrifices round the altar; the steps of the Temple ran with streams of blood, which washed down the bodies that lay about.

Titus found it impossible to check the rage of the soldiery; he entered with his officers, and surveyed the interior of the sacred edifice. The splendour filled them with wonder; and as the flames had not yet penetrated to the Holy Place, he made a last effort to save it, and springing forth, again exhorted the soldiers to stay the progress of the conflagration. The centurion Liberalis endeavored to force obedience with his staff of office; but even respect for the emperor gave way to the furious animosity against the Jews, to the fierce excitement of battle, and to the insatiable hope of plunder. The soldiers saw everything around them radiant with gold, which shone dazzlingly in the wild light of the flames; they supposed that incalculable treasures were laid up in the sanctuary. A soldier, unperceived, thrust a lighted torch between the hinges of the door; the whole buildings was in flames in an instant. The blinding smoke and fire forced the officers to retreat, and the noble edifice was left to its fate.

It was an appalling spectacle to the Roman—what was it to the Jew? The whole summit of the hill which commanded the city blazed like a volcano. One after another the buildings fell in, with a tremendous crash, and were swallowed up in the fiery abyss. The roofs of cedar were like sheets of flame; the gilded pinnacles shone like spikes of red light; the gate towers sent up tall columns of flame and smoke. The neighbouring hills were lighted up; and dark groups of people were seen watching in horrible anxiety the progress of the destruction; the walls and heights of the upper city were crowded with faces, some pale with the agony of despair, others scowling unavailing vengeance. The shouts of the Roman soldiery as they ran to and fro, and the howlings of the insurgents who were perishing in the flames, mingled with the roaring of the conflagration and the thundering sound of falling timbers. The echoes of the mountains replied or brought back the shrieks of the people on the heights; all along the walls resounded screams and wailings; men who were expiring with famine, rallied their remaining strength to utter a cry of anguish and desolation.

The slaughter within was even more dreadful than the spectacle from without. Men and women, old and young, insurgents and priests, those who fought and those

who entreated mercy, were hewn down in indiscriminate carnage. The number of the slain exceeded that of the slayers. The legionaries had to clamber over heaps of dead to carry on the work of extermination. John, at the head of some of his troops, cut his way through, first into the outer court of the Temple, afterwards into the upper city. Some of the priests upon the roof wrenched off the gilded spikes, with their sockets of lead, and used them as missiles against the Romans below. Afterwards they fled to a part of the wall, about fourteen feet wide; they were summoned to surrender, but two of them, Mair, son of Belga, and Joseph, son of Dalai, plunged headlong into the flames.

No part escaped the fury of the Romans. The treasuries, with all their wealth of money, jewels, and costly robes—the plunder which the Zealots had laid up—were totally destroyed. Nothing remained but a small part of the outer cloister, in which about six thousand unarmed and defenceless people, with women and children, had taken refuge. These poor wretches, like multitudes of others, had been led up to the Temple by a false prophet, who had proclaimed that God commanded all the Jews to go up to the Temple, where he would display his almighty power to save his people. The soldiers set fire to the building: every soul perished.

The whole Roman army entered the sacred precincts, and pitched their standards among the smoking ruins; they offered sacrifice for the victory, and with loud acclamations saluted Titus as Emperor. Their joy was not a little enhanced by the value of the plunder they obtained, which was so great that gold fell in Syria to half its former value.

WILLIAM F. SKENE.

An eminent Celtic antiquary, versant in both branches of the language, the Cymric and Gaelic, Mr. William F. Skene, has published two important works—'The Four Ancient Books of Wales,' 2 vols., 1868; and 'Celtic Scotland,' vol. i., 'History and Ethnology,' 1876. The former contains the Cymric Poems attributed to the bards of the sixth century—to Aneurin (510–560 A.D.); to Taliessin (520–570); to Llywarch Hen, or the Old (550–640;) and to Myrddden, or Merlin (530–600). These dates are uncertain. The Four Books are much later: (1) the Black Book of Caermarthen, written in the reign of Henry II, (1054-1189); (2) the Book of Aneurin, a manuscript of the latter part of the thirteenth century; (3) the Book of Taliessin, a manuscript of the beginning of the fourteenth century; and (4) the Red Book of Hergest, completed at different times in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It is in these four books or manuscripts that the oldest known texts are to be found, and Mr. Skene has had them translated by two of the most eminent living Welsh scholars—the Rev. D. Silvan Evans of Llanymawddwy, the author of the 'English and Welsh Dictionary,' and other works; and the Rev. Robert Williams of Rhydycroesau, author of the 'Biography of Eminent Welshmen,' and the 'Cornish Dictionary.' Besides the poems in the Red Book of Hergest, the manuscript also contains the text of several prose tales and romances connected with the early history of Wales, published with an English translation by Lady Charlotte Guest, in 1849, under the title of 'The Mabinogion.'

Date of the Welsh Poems.

During the last half-century of the Roman dominion in Britain, the most important military events took place at the northern frontier of the province, where it was chiefly assailed by those whom they called the barbarian races, and their troops were massed at the Roman walls to protect the province. After their departure it was

still the scene of a struggle between the contending races for supremacy. It was here that the provincial Britons had mainly to contend under the Guledig against the invading Picts and Scots, succeeded by the resistance of the native Cymric population of the north to the encroachment of the Angels of Bernicia.

Throughout this clash and jar of contending races, a body of popular poetry appears to have grown up, and the events of this never-ending war, and the dim recollections of social changes and revolutions, seem to have been reflected in national lays attributed to bards supposed to have lived at the time in which the deeds of their warriors were celebrated, and the legends of the country preserved in language, which, if not poetical, was figurative and obscure. It was not till the seventh century that these popular lays floating about among the people were brought into shape, and assumed a consistent form. . . . I do not attempt to take them farther back.

The principal poem in the Four Books, supposed to possess historical value, is entitled 'Gododen,' by Aneurin, in which the bard laments the inglorious defeat of his countrymen by the Saxons. This war ode or battle-piece is in ninety-four stanzas. One of them —the twenty-first—has been paraphrased by Gray, and the reader may be interested by seeing together, the literal translation in Mr. Skene's book, and the version of the English poet:

> The men went to Catraeth; they were renowned;
> Wine and mead from golden cups was their beverage;
> That year was to them of exalted solemnity;
> Three warriors and three score and three hundred, wearing the golden torques,
> Of those who hurried forth after the excess of revelling
> But three escaped by the prowess of the gashing sword,
> The two war-dogs of Aeron and Cenon the dauntless,
> And myself from the spilling of my blood, the reward of my sacred song.

Gray renders the passage thus:

> To Cattraeth's vale in glittering row,
> Thrice two hundred warriors ago:
> Every warrior's manly neck
> Chains of regal honour deck,
> Wreathed in many a golden link;
> From the golden cup they drink
> Nectar that the bees produce,
> Or the grape's ecstatic juice.
> Flushed with mirth and hope they burn:
> But none from Cattraeth's vale return.
> Save Aeron brave and Conan strong
> (Bursting through the bloody throng),
> And I, the meanest of them all,
> That live to weep and sing their fall.*

The 'Celtic Scotland' of Mr. Skene is, like his Welsh work, designed to ascertain what can be really extracted from the early authorities. He adopts the conclusion of Professor Huxley, that eighteen hundred years ago the population of Britain comprised peoples of two types of complexion, the one fair and the other dark—the latter resembling Aquitani and the Iberians; the fair people resembling the Belgic Gauls. An Iberian or Basque people preceded the Celtic race in Britain and Ireland. The victory gained by Agricola, 86 A.D., is said by Tacitus to have been fought at 'Mons Grampius.' The hills now called the Grampians were then known as Drumalban,

* As to the scene of the struggle, Mr. Skene says: 'It is plain from the poem that two districts, called respectively Gododen and Catraeth, met at or near a great rampart; that both were washed by the sea, and that in connection with the latter was a fort called Eyddin. The name of Eyddin takes us to Lothain, where we have Dunedin, or Edinburgh, and Caredin on the shore.

so that we cannot identify the scene of action with that noble mountain range. But it appears that the latest editor of the Life of Agricola has discovered from some Vatican manuscripts that Tacitus really wrote 'Mons Graupius,' and thus the word Grapius is, as Mr. Burton says, 'an editor's or printer's blunder, nearly four hundred years old.'†

The name of the Western Islands, it may be mentioned, originated in a similar blunder. The printer of an edition of Pliny in 1503 converted 'Hebudes' into 'Hebrides,' and Boece having copied the error, it became fixed. Mr. Skene prefers reading 'Granpius' to 'Graupius.' It is hardly possible, he says, to distinguish *u* from *n* in such manuscripts; but the point is certainly of no importance. The old fabulous Scotch narratives Mr. Skene traces to the rivalry and ambition of ecclesiastical establishments and to the great national controversy of old excited by the claim of England to a feudal superiority over Scotland. The attempt made by Lloyd and Stillingfleet in the seventeenth century to cut off King Fergus and twenty-four other Scotch kings chronicled by Hector Boece, filled the Lord Advocate of that day, Sir George Mackenzie, with horror and dismay. 'Precedency,' he said, 'is one of the chief glories of the crown, for which not only kings but subjects fight and debate, and how could I suffer this right and privilege of our crown to be stolen from it by the assertion which did expressly substract about eight hundred and thirty years from its antiquity?' Sir George would as willingly have prosecuted the iconoclasts, had they been citizens north of the Tweed, as he prosecuted the poor Covenanters. But King Fergus and his twenty-four royal successors were doomed. They have been all swept off the stage into the limbo of vanity, and Scotland has lost eight hundred and thirty years of her imaginary but cherished sovereignty.

Battle of Mons Granpius, 86 A.D.

On the peninsula formed by the junction of the Isla with the Tay are the remains of a strong and massive vallum, called Cleaven Dyke, extending from the one river to the other, with a small Roman fort at one end, and inclosing a large triangular space capable of containing Agricola's whole troops, guarded by the rampart in front, and by a river on each side. Before the rampart a plain of some size extends to the foot of the Blair Hill, or the mount of battle, the lowest of a succession of elevations which rise from the plain till they attain the full height of the great mountain range of the so-called Grampians; and on the heights above are the remains of a large native encampment called Buzzard Dykes, capable of containing upwards of thirty thousand men. Certainly no position in Scotland presents features which correspond so remarkably with Tacitus' description as this. . . .

Such was the position of the two armies when the echoes of the wild yells and shouts of the natives, and the glitter of their arms as their divisions were seen in motion and hurrying to the front, announced to Agricola that they were forming the line of battle. The Roman commander immediately drew out his troops on the plain. In the centre he placed the auxiliary infantry, amounting to about eight thousand men, and three thousand horse formed the wings. Behind the main line, and in front of the great vallum or rampart, he stationed the legions, consisting of the veteran Roman soldiers. His object was to fight the battle with the auxiliary

† Burton's *History of Scotland*, 2d edit. i. 3.

troops, among whom were even Britons, and to support them, if necessary, with the Roman troops as a body of reserve.

The native army was ranged upon the rising grounds, and their line as far extended as possible. The first line was stationed on the plains, while the others were ranged in separate lines on the acclivity of the hill behind them. On the plains the chariots and horsemen of the native army rushed about in all directions.

Agricola, fearing from the extended line of the enemy that he might be attacked both in front and flank at the same time, ordered the ranks to form in wider range, at the risk even of weakening his line, and placing himself in front with his colours, this memorable action commenced by the interchange of missiles at a distance. In order to bring the action to close quarters, Agricola ordered three Batavian and two Tungrian cohorts to charge the enemy sword in hand. In close combat they proved to be superior to the natives, whose small targets and large unwieldy swords were no match for the vigorous onslaught of the auxiliaries; and having driven back their first line, they were forcing their way up the ascent, when the whole line of the Roman army advanced and charged with such impetuosity as to carry all before them. The natives endeavoured to turn the fate of the battle by their chariots, and dashed with them upon the Roman cavalry, who were driven back and thrown into confusion; but the chariots becoming mixed with the cavalry, were in their turn thrown into confusion, and were thus rendered ineffectual as well by the roughness of the ground.

The reserve of the natives now descended, and endeavoured to outflank the Roman army and attack them in the rear, when Agricola ordered four squadrons of reserve cavalry to advance to the charge. The native troops were repulsed, and being attacked in the rear by the cavalry from the wings, were completely routed, and this concluded the battle. The defeat became general; the natives drew off in a body to the woods and marshes on the west side of the plain. They attempted to check the pursuit by making a last effort and again forming, but Agricola sent some cohorts to the assistance of the pursuers; and, surrounding the ground, while part of the cavalry scoured the more open woods, and part dismounting entered the closer thickets, the native line again broke, and the flight became general, till night put an end to the pursuit.

Such was the great battle at Mons Granpius, and such the events of the day as they may be gathered from the concise narrative of a Roman writing of a battle in which the victorious general was his own father-in-law. The slaughter on the part of the natives was great, though probably as much overstated, when put at one-third of their whole army, as that of the Romans is underestimated; and the significant silence of the historian as to the death of Calgacus, or any other of sufficient note to be mentioned, and the admission that the great body of the native army at first drew off in good order, shew that it was not the crushing blow which might otherwise be inferred. On the succeeding day there was no appearance of the enemy; silence all around, desolate hills, and the distant smoke of burning dwellings alone met the eye of the victor.

A series of historical memoirs by Lucy Aikin (1781–1864), daughter of Dr. John Aikin,* and sister of Mrs. Barbauld, enjoyed a considerable share of popularity. These are—'Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth,' 1818; 'Memoirs of the Court of Charles I.,' 1833; and 'Memoirs of the Court of James I.' Miss Aikin also wrote a 'Life of Addison,' 1843 (see *ante*), which, besides being the most copious, though often incorrect, memoir of that English classic, had the merit of producing one of the most finished of Macaulay's critical essays.

* Dr. John Aikin (1747–1822) was an industrious editor and compiler. Besides several medical works, he published *Essays on Song Writing*, 1772, and was editor successively of the *Monthly Magazine*, the *Athenæum* (1807–1809), a *General Biographical Dictionary*, Dodsley's *Annual Register* from 1811 to 1815, and *Select Works of the British Poets* (Johnson to Beattie), 1820.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND : PROFESSOR CRAIK—C. MACFARLANE.

The 'Pictorial History of England,' planned by Mr. Charles Knight, in the manner of Dr. Henry's History, is deserving of honourable mention. It was commenced about the year 1840, and was continued for four years, forming eight large volumes, and extending from the earliest period to the Peace of 1815. Professing to be a history of the *people* as well as of the *kingdom*, every period of English history includes chapters on religion, the constitution and laws, national industry, manners, literature, &c. A great number of illustrations was also added; and the work altogether was precisely what was wanted by the general reader. The two principal writers in this work were Mr. Craik and Mr. Macfarlane. GEORGE LILLIE CRAIK was born in Fife in 1798. He was educated for the church, but preferred a literary career, and was one of the ablest and most diligent of the writers engaged in the works issued by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Mr. Craik was editor of the 'Pictorial History of England,' and parts of it he enlarged and published separately—as, 'Sketches of Literature and Learning from the Norman Conquest,' 1844; and 'History of British Commerce,' 1844. His first work was a series of popular biographies, entitled 'The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties,' 1831. He contributed numerous articles to the 'Penny Cyclopædia.'

In 1849 he was appointed to the chair of English History and Literature in Queen's College, Belfast, which he held till his death in 1866. Mr. Craik was author of 'The Romance of the Peerage,' 1849; 'Outlines of the History of the English Language,' 1855; 'The English of Shakspeare,' 1857; 'History of English Literature and the English Language,' two volumes, 1861; &c. MR. CHARLES MACFARLANE was a voluminous writer and collaborateur with Mr. Craik and others in Mr. Charles Knight's serial works. He wrote 'Recollections of the South of Italy,' 1846; and 'A Glance at Revolutionised Italy,' 1849. The elaborate account of the reign of George III., in the 'Pictorial History,' was chiefly written by Mr. Macfarlane. He died in the Charter House in 1858. To render the History still more complete, Mr. Knight added a narrative of the Thirty Years' Peace, 1816–1846. This 'History of the Peace' was written by MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU, whose facile and vigorous pen and general knowledge rendered her peculiarly well adapted for the task. The 'Pictorial History,' and the 'History of the Peace,' have been revised and corrected under the care of Messrs. Chambers, in seven volumes, with sequels in separate volumes, presenting 'Pictorial Histories of the Russian War and Indian Revolt.'

MR. FROUDE.

The research and statistical knowledge evinced by Lord Macaulay in his view of the state of England in the seventeenth century, have

been rivalled by another historian and investigator of an earlier period. 'The History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth,' by JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, twelve volumes, 1856–1869, is a work of sterling merit, though conceived in the spirit of a special pleader, and over-coloured both in light and shadow. Mr. Froude is a son of Dr. Froude, archdeacon of Totness, and rector of Dartington, Devonshire. He was born in 1818, and educated at Westminster and at Oriel College, Oxford. In 1842 he carried off the chancellor's prize for an English essay, his subject being Political Economy, and the same year he became a Fellow of Exeter College. Mr. Froude appeared as an author in 1847, when he published 'Shadows of the Clouds, by Zeta,' consisting of two stories. Next year he produced 'The Nemesis of Faith,' a protest, as it has been called, against the reverence entertained by the church for what Mr. Froude called the Hebrew mythology. Such a work could not fail to offend the university authorities. Mr. Froude was deprived of his Fellowship, and also forfeited a situation to which he had been appointed in Tasmania. He then set to periodical writing, and contributed to the 'Westminster Review' and 'Fraser's Magazine:' of the latter he was sometime editor. His reputation was greatly extended by his History, as the volumes appeared from time to time; and he threw off occasional pamphlets and short historical dissertations. One of these, entitled 'The Influence of the Reformation on the Scottish Character,' being an address delivered before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, in 1865, attracted much attention, especially on account of its eulogy on John Knox, who, according to Mr. Froude, 'saved the kirk which he had founded, and saved with it Scottish and English freedom.' Another of these occasional addresses was one on Calvinism, delivered to the university of St. Andrews in 1869, which was given by Mr. Froude in his capacity of rector of that university.

Previous to this (1867) he had issued two volumes of 'Short Studies on Great Subjects.' The fame of Mr. Froude, however, rests on his 'History of England,' so picturesque and dramatic in detail. The object of the author is to vindicate the character of Henry VIII., and to depict the actual condition, the contentment and loyalty of the people during his reign. For part of the original and curious detail in which the work abounds, Mr. Froude was indebted to Sir Francis Palgrave, but he has himself been indefatigable in collecting information from state-papers and other sources. The result is, not justification of the capricious tyranny and cruelty of Henry—which in essential points is unjustifiable—but the removal of some stains from his memory which have been continued without examination by previous writers; and the accumulation of many interesting facts relative to the great men and the social state of England in that transitionary era. Life was then, according to the historian, unrefined, but 'colored with a broad rosy English health.' Personal freedom,

however, was very limited; and under such a system of statutory restriction or protection as then prevailed, no nation could ever have advanced. In many passages of his history—as the account of the death of Rizzio and the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots—Mr. Froude has sacrificed strict accuracy in order to produce more complete dramatic effects and arrest the attention of the reader. And his work is one of enchaining interest. In 1872 Mr. Froude published 'The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth century,' volume first, the narrative being brought down to the year 1767. Two more volumes were added in 1874, and the work was read with great avidity. It is in some respects a vindication, or at least a palliation, of the conduct of the English government towards Ireland, written in a strong Anglo-Saxon spirit.

Markets and Wages in the Reign of Henry VIII.

Wheat, the price of which necessarily varied, averaged in the middle of the fourteenth century tenpence the bushel; barley averaging at the same time three shillings the quarter. With wheat the fluctuations were excessive; a table of its possible variations describes it as ranging from eightpence the quarter to twenty shillings; the average, however, being six-and-eightpence. When the price was above this sum, the merchants might import to bring it down; when it was below this price, the farmers were allowed to export to the foreign markets; and the same average continued to hold, with no perceptible tendency to rise, till the close of the reign of Elizabeth.

Beef and pork were a halfpenny a pound—mutton was three-farthings. They were fixed at these prices by the 3d of the 24th of Henry VIII. But this act was unpopular both with buyers and with sellers. The old practice had been to sell in the gross, and under that arrangement the rates had been generally lower. Stowe says: 'It was this year enacted that butchers should sell their beef and mutton by weight—beef for a halfpenny the pound, and mutton for three-farthings; which being devised for the great commodity of the realm—as it was thought—hath proved far otherwise: for at that time fat oxen were sold for six-and-twenty shillings and eightpence the piece; fat wethers for three shillings and fourpence the piece; fat calves at a like price; and fat lambs for twelvepence. The butchers of London sold penny pieces of beef for the relief of the poor—every piece two pounds and a half, sometimes three pounds for a penny; and thirteen and sometimes fourteen of these pieces for twelvepence; mutton, eightpence the quarter; and an hundredweight of beef for four shillings and eightpence.' The act was repealed in consequence of the complaints against it, but the prices never fell again to what they had been, although beef, sold in the gross, could still be had for a halfpenny a pound in 1570.

Strong beer, such as we now buy for eightenpence a gallon, was then a penny a gallon; and table-beer less than a halfpenny. French and German wines were eightpence the gallon. Spanish and Portuguese wines, a shilling. This was highest price at which the best wines might be sold; and if there was any fault in quality or quantity, the dealers forfeited four times the amount. Rent, another important consideration, cannot be fixed so accurately, for parliament did not interfere with it. Here, however, we are not without very tolerable information. 'My father,' says Latimer, 'was a yeoman, and had no land of his own; only he had a *farm of three or four pounds by the year* at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half-a-dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness, with himself and his horse. I remember that I buckled on his harness when he went to Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the king's majesty now. He married my sisters with five pounds, or twenty nobles, each, having brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and sometimes gave to the poor; and all this he did off the said farm.' If 'three or four pounds at the uttermost' was the rent of a farm yield-

ing such results, the rent of labourers' cottages is not likely to have been considerable.

I am below the truth, therefore, with this scale of prices in assuming the penny in terms of a labourer's necessities to have been equal in the reign of Henry VIII. to the present shilling. For a penny, at the time of which I write, the labourer could buy more bread, beef, beer, and wine—he could do more towards finding lodging for himself and his family—than the labourer of the nineteenth century can for a shilling. I do not see that this admits of question. Turning, then, to the table of wages, it will be easy to ascertain his position. By the 3d or the 6th of Henry VIII., it was enacted that master carpenters, masons, bricklayers, tylers, plumbers, glaziers, joiners, and other employers of such skilled workmen, should give to each of their journeymen, if no meat or drink was allowed, sixpence a day for half a year, fivepence a day for the other half; or fivepence halfpenny for the yearly average. The common labourers were to receive fourpence a day for half the year, for the remaining half, threepence. In the harvest months they were allowed to work by the piece, and might earn considerably more; so that, in fact—and this was the rate at which their wages were usually estimated—the day labourer received, on an average, fourpence a day for the whole year. Nor was he in danger, except by his own fault or by unusual accident, of being thrown out of employ; for he was engaged by contract for not less than a year, and could not be dismissed before his term had expired, unless some gross misconduct could be proved against him before two magistrates. Allowing a deduction of one day in the week for a saint's day or a holiday, he received, therefore, steadily and regularly, if well conducted, an equivalent of twenty shillings a week; twenty shillings a week and a holiday; and this is far from being a full account of his advantages. In most parishes, if not in all, there were large ranges of common and uninclosed forest-land, which furnished his fuel to him gratis, where pigs might range, and ducks and geese; where, if he could afford a cow, he was in no danger of being unable to feed it; and so important was this privilege considered, that when the commons began to be largely inclosed, parliament insisted that the working-man should not be without some piece of ground on which he could employ his own and his family's industry. By the 7th of the 31st of Elizabeth, it was ordered that no cottage should be built for residence without four acres of land at lowest being attached to it for the sole use of the occupants of such cottage.

Portrait of Henry VIII.

Nature had been prodigal to him of her rarest gifts. In person he is said to have resembled his grandfather, Edward IV., who was the handsomest man in Europe. His form and bearing were princely; and amidst the easy freedom of his address, his manner remained majestic. No knight in England could match him in the tournament, except the Duke of Suffolk; he drew with ease as strong a bow as was borne by any yeoman of his guard; and these powers were sustained in unfailing vigour by a temperate habit and by constant exercise. Of his intellectual ability we are not left to judge from the suspicious panegyrics of his contemporaries. His state-papers and letters may be placed by the side of those of Wolsey or of Cromwell, and they lose nothing in the comparison. Though they are broadly different, the perception is equally clear, the expression equally powerful, and they breathe throughout an irresistible vigour of purpose. In addition to this, he had a fine musical taste, carefully cultivated; he spoke and wrote in four languages; and his knowledge of a multitude of other subjects, with which his versatile ability made him conversant, would have formed the reputation of any ordinary man. He was among the best physicians of his age; he was his own engineer, inventing improvements in artillery, and new constructions in ship-building; and this not with the condescending incapacity of a royal amateur, but with thorough workmanlike understanding. His reading was vast, especially in theology, which has been ridiculously ascribed by Lord Herbert to his father's intention of educating him for the archbishopric of Canterbury—as if the scientific mastery of such a subject could have been acquired by a boy of twelve years of age, for he was no more when he became Prince of Wales. He must have studied theology with the full maturity of his understanding; and he had a fixed, and perhaps unfortunate, interest in the subject itself.

In all directions of human activity, Henry displayed natural powers of the highest order, at the highest stretch of industrious culture. He was 'attentive,' as it is called.

to his 'religious duties,' being present at the services in the chapel two or three times a day with unfailing regularity, and shewing to outward appearance a real sense of religious obligation in the energy and purity of his life. In private, he was good-humoured and good-natured. His letters to his secretaries, though never undignified, are simple, easy and unrestrained; and the letters written by them to him are similarly plain and business-like, as if the writers knew that the person whom they were addressing disliked compliments, and chose to be treated as a man. Again, from their correspondence with one another, when they describe interviews with him, we gather the same pleasant impression. He seems to have been always kind, always considerate; inquiring into their private concerns with genuine interest, and winning, as a consequence, their warm and unaffected attachment.

As a ruler, he had been eminently popular. All his wars had been successful. He had the splendid tastes in which the English people most delighted, and he had substantially acted out his own theory of his duty, which was expressed in the following words:

'Scripture taketh princes to be, as it were, fathers and nurses to their subjects, and by Scripture it appeareth that it appertaineth unto the office of princes to see that right religion and true doctrine be maintained and taught, and that their subjects may be well ruled and governed by good and just laws; and to provide and care for them that all things necessary for them may be plenteous; and that the people and commonweal may increase; and to defend them from oppression and invasion, as well within the realm as without; and to see that justice be administered unto them indifferently; and to hear benignly all their complaints; and to shew towards them, although they offend, fatherly pity.'

These principles do really appear to have determined Henry's conduct in his earlier years. He had more than once been tried with insurrection, which he had soothed down without bloodshed, and extinguished in forgiveness; and London long recollected the great scene which followed 'evil May-day,' 1517, when the apprentices were brought down to Westminster Hall to receive their pardons. There had been a dangerous riot in the streets, which might have provoked a mild government to severity; but the king contented himself with punishing the five ringleaders, and four hundred other prisoners, after being paraded down the streets in white shirts with halters round their necks, were dismissed with an admonition, Wolsey weeping as he pronounced it.

Death of Mary, Queen of Scots, Feb. 8, 1587.

Briefly, solemnly, and sternly they delivered their awful message. They informed her that they had received a commission under the great seal to see her executed, and she was told that she must prepare to suffer on the following morning. She was dreadfully agitated. For a moment she refused to believe them. Then, as the truth forced itself upon her, tossing her head in disdain, and struggling to control herself, she called her physician, and began to speak to him of money that was owed to her in France. At last it seems that she broke down altogether, and they left her with a fear either that she would destroy herself in the night, or that she would refuse to come to the scaffold, and that it might be necessary to drag her there by violence.

The end had come. She had long professed to expect it, but the clearest expectation is not certainty. The scene for which she had affected to prepare she was to encounter in its dread reality, and all her busy schemes, her dreams of vengeance, her visions of a revolution, with herself ascending out of the convulsion and seating herself on her rival's throne—all were gone. She had played deep, and the dice had gone against her.

Yet in death, if she encountered it bravely, victory was still possible. Could she but sustain to the last the character of a calumniated suppliant accepting heroically for God's sake and her creed's the concluding stroke of a long series of wrongs, she might stir a tempest of indignation which, if it could not save herself, might at least overwhelm her enemy. Persisting, as she persisted to the last, in denying all knowledge of Babington, it would be affectation to credit her with a genuine feeling of religion; but the imperfection of her motive exalts the greatness of her fortitude. To an impassioned believer death is comparatively easy.

At eight in the morning the provost-marshal knocked at the outer door which communicated with her suite of apartments. It was locked, and no one answered, and he went back in some trepidation lest the fears might prove true which had been entertained the preceding evening. On his return with the sheriff, however, a few minutes later, the door was open, and they were confronted with the tall, majestic figure of Mary Stuart standing before them in splendour. The plain gray dress had been exchanged for a robe of black satin; her jacket was of black satin also, looped and slashed and trimmed with velvet. Her false hair was arranged studiously with a coif, and over her head and falling down over her back was a white veil of delicate lawn. A crucifix of gold hung from her neck. In her hand she held a crucifix of ivory, and a number of jewelled paternosters was attached to her girdle. Led by two of Paulet's gentlemen, the sheriff walking before her, she passed to the chamber of presence in which she had been tried, where Shrewsbury, Kent, Paulet, Drury, and others were waiting to receive her. Andrew Melville, Sir Robert's brother, who had been master of her household, was kneeling in tears. 'Melville,' she said, 'you should rather rejoice than weep that the end of my troubles is come. Tell my friends I die a true Catholic. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing to prejudice his kingdom of Scotland, and so, good Melville, farewell.' She kissed him, and turning, asked for her chaplain Du Preau. He was not present. There had been a fear of some religious melodrama which it was thought well to avoid. Her ladies, who had attempted to follow her, had been kept back also. She could not afford to leave the account of her death to be reported by enemies and Puritans, and she required assistance for the scene which she meditated. Missing them, she asked the reason of their absence, and said she wished them to see her die. Kent said he feared they might scream or faint, or attempt perhaps to dip their handkerchiefs in her blood. She undertook that they should be quiet and obedient. 'The queen,' she said, 'would never deny her so slight a request;' and when Kent still hesitated, she added, with tears, 'You know I am cousin to your Queen, of the blood of Henry the Seventh, a married Queen of France, and anointed Queen of Scotland.'

It was impossible to refuse. She was allowed to take six of her own people with her, and select them herself. She chose her physician Burgoyne, Andrew Melville, the apothecary Gorion, and her surgeon, with two ladies, Elizabeth Kennedy and Curle's young wife Barbara Mowbray, whose child she had baptised. 'Allons donc,' she then said, 'let us go;' and passing out attended by the earls, and leaning on the arm of an officer of the guard, she descended the great staircase to the hall. The news had spread far through the country. Thousands of people were collected outside the walls. About three hundred knights and gentlemen of the country had been admitted to witness the execution. The tables and forms had been removed, and a great wood fire was blazing in the chimney. At the upper end of the hall, above the fireplace, but near it, stood the scaffold, twelve feet square, and two feet and a half high. It was covered with black cloth; a low rail ran round it covered with black cloth also, and the sheriff's guard of halberdiers were ranged on the floor below on the four sides, to keep off the crowd. On the scaffold was the block, black like the rest; a square black cushion was placed behind it, and behind the cushion a black chair: on the right were two other chairs for the earls. The axe leant against the rail, and two masked figures stood like mutes on either side at the back. The Queen of Scots, as she swept in, seemed as if coming to take a part in some solemn pageant. Not a muscle of her face could be seen to quiver; she ascended the scaffold with absolute composure, looked round her smiling, and sat down. Shrewsbury and Kent followed, and took their places, the sheriff stood at her left hand, and Beale then mounted a platform and read the warrant aloud.

She laid her crucifix on her chair. The chief executioner took it as a perquisite, but was ordered instantly to lay it down. The lawn veil was lifted carefully off, not to disturb the hair, and was hung upon the rail. The black robe was next removed. Below it was a petticoat of crimson velvet. The black jacket followed, and under the jacket was a body of crimson satin. One of her ladies handed her a pair of crimson sleeves, with which she hastily covered her arms: and thus she stood on the black scaffold with the black figures all around her, blood-red from head to foot.

Her reasons for adopting so extraordinary a costume must be left to conjecture. It is only certain that it must have been carefully studied, and that the pictorial effect must have been appalling.

The women, whose firmness had hitherto borne the trial, began now to give way, spasmodic sobs bursting from them which they could not check. 'Ne criez vous,' she said. 'j'ay promis pour vous.' Struggling bravely they crossed their breasts again and again, she crossing them in turn, and bidding them pray for her. Then she knelt on the cushion. Barbara Mowbray bound her eyes with her handkerchief. 'Adieu,' she said, smiling for the last time, and waving her hand to them; 'adieu, au revoir.' They stepped back from off the scaffold, and left her alone. On her knees she repeated the psalm, 'In te, Domine, confido,' 'In thee, O Lord have I put my trust.' Her shoulders being exposed, two scars became visible, one on either side, and the curls being now a little behind her, Kent pointed to them with his white hand, and looked inquiringly at his companion. Shrewsbury whispered that they were the remains of two abscesses from which she had suffered while living with him at Sheffield.

When the psalm was finished she felt for the block, and, laying down her head, muttered: 'In manus, Domine, tuas, commendo animam meam.' The hard wood seemed to hurt her, for she placed her hands under her neck. The executioners gently removed them, lest they should deaden the blow, and then one of them holding her slightly, the other raised the axe and struck. The scene had been too trying even for the practised headsman of the tower. His arm wandered. The blow fell on the knot of the handkerchief, and scarcely broke the skin. She neither spoke nor moved. He struck again, this time effectively. The head hung by a shred of skin, which he divided without withdrawing the axe; and at once a metamorphosis was witnessed, strange as was ever wrought by wand of fabled enchanter. The coif fell off and the false plaits. The laboured illusion vanished. The lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness. The executioner, when he raised the head, as usual, to shew to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman.

'So perish all enemies of the Queen,' said the Dean of Peterborough. A loud amen rose over the hall. 'Such end,' said the Earl of Kent, rising and standing over the body, 'to the Queen's and the Gospel's enemies.'

W. H. LECKY.

A series of Irish biographies by an intellectual and studious Irishman, William E. H. Lecky, may be considered as supplementary to Mr. Froude's history of 'The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century.' Mr. Lecky's volume is entitled 'The Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland: Swift, Flood, Grattan and O'Connell.' Of the four lives, that of Swift is the least valuable, as using only the old familiar materials, and occasionally inaccurate in detail. Flood and Grattan he views more favourably than Mr. Froude, and, like them, he condemns the manner in which the Union was accomplished. The career of O'Connell is carefully traced, and forms an interesting narrative. Mr. Lecky conceives that the great agitator was sincere in his belief that it was possible to carry Repeal. 'The occupation of his life for many years was to throw the repeal arguments into the most fascinating and imposing light; and in doing so his own belief rose to fanaticism.' His support of peaceful agitation, though it did not survive his own defeat, was an honourable characteristic. 'He proclaimed himself the first apostle of that sect whose first doctrine was, that no political change was worth shedding a drop of blood, and that all might be attained by moral force.'

'The more I dwell upon the subject, the more I am convinced of the splendour and originality of the genius and of the sterling character of the patriotism of O'Connell, in spite of the calumnies that

surround his memory, and the many and grievous faults that obscured his life. But when to the good services he rendered to his country, we oppose the sectarian and class warfare that resulted from his policy, the fearful elements of discord he evoked, and which he alone could in some degree control, it may be questioned whether his life was a blessing or a curse to Ireland.'

The aim of every statesman should be, as Mr. Lecky justly conceives, to give to Ireland the greatest amount of self-government that is compatible with the union and the security of the empire. Difficulties of no ordinary kind surround this duty, but influences are in operation which must tend towards its realisation.

Improved Prospect of Affairs in Ireland.

In spite of frequent and menacing reactions, it is probable that sectarian animosity will diminish in Ireland. The general intellectual tendencies of the age are certainly hostile to it. With the increase of wealth and knowledge there must in time grow up among the Catholics an independent lay public opinion, and the tendency of their politics will cease to be purely sacerdotal. The establishment of perfect religious equality and the settlement of the question of the temporal power of the Pope have removed grave causes of irritation, and united education, if it be steadily maintained and honestly carried out, will at length assuage the bitterness of sects, and perhaps secure for Ireland the inestimable benefit of real union. The division of classes is at present perhaps a graver danger than the division of sects. But the Land Bill of Mr. Gladstone cannot fail to do much to cure it. If it be possible in a society like our own to create a yeoman class intervening between landlords and tenants, the facilities now given to tenants to purchase their tenancies will create it; and if, as is probable, it is economically impossible that such a class should now exist to any considerable extent, the tenant class have at least been given an unexampled security —they have been rooted to the soil, and their interests have been more than ever identified with those of their landlords. The division between rich and poor is also rapidly ceasing to coincide with that between Protestant and Catholic, and thus the old lines of demarcation are being gradually effaced. A considerable time must elapse before the full effect of these changes is felt, but sooner or later they must exercise a profound influence on opinion; and if they do not extinguish the desire of the people for national institutions, they will greatly increase the probability of their obtaining them.

Mr. Lecky is author of more elaborate works than his Irish volume. His 'History of Rationalism in Europe,' 1865, and 'History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne,' 1869, are contributions to philosophical history, in which the narrative or historical parts are clear and spirited. Their author was born in the neighborhood of Dublin in 1838, and educated at Trinity College.

SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER.

A valuable addition to our knowledge of the reigns of James I. and Charles I. has been made by a series of historical works by Mr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner. These are—'History of England from the Accession of James I. to 1616;' 'Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage' (1617–1623); 'History of England under the Duke of Buckingham and Charles I.' (1624–1628). Mr. Gardiner is more favourable to the character of James I., in point of learning and acute

ness, than most historians, but agrees with all previous writers as to the king's want of resolution, dignity, and prudence.

'It was the great misfortune of James' character that while, both in his domestic and foreign policy, he was far in advance of his age in his desire to put a final end to religious strife, he was utterly unfit to judge what were the proper measures to be taken for the attainment of his object.'

SIR JOHN W. KAYE—LADY SALE, ETC.

A number of military narratives and memoirs has been called forth by the wars in India, in Russia, and on the continent. Among the most important of these are the 'History of the War in Afghanistan' in 1841–42, by JOHN WILLIAM KAYE (afterwards Sir John), and a 'History of the Sepoy War in India' in 1857–58, of which three volumes have been published (1876), and a fourth is to follow. The author says: 'There is no such thing as the easy writing of history. If it be not truth it is not history, and truth lies far below the surface. It is a long and laborious task to exhume it. Rapid production is a proof of the total absence of conscientious investigation. For history is not the growth of inspiration, but of evidence.' Sir John Kaye (born in 1814) served for some time in India, as a lieutenant of artillery, but returning to England in 1845, devoted himself to literature. Previous to his histories of the disastrous events in India, he had written memoirs of Lord Metcalfe and Sir John Malcolm, and an account of 'Christianity in India.' He died July 24, 1876.

Besides the careful, elaborate work of Sir John Kaye on Afghanistan, we have a 'Journal of the Disasters in Afghanistan,' by LADY FLORENTIA SALE ('a woman who shed lustre on her sex,' as Sir Robert Peel said); and Lady Sale's husband, SIR ROBERT HENRY SALE, published a 'Defence of Zellelabad;' LIEUTENANT VINCENT EYRE wrote 'Military Operations in Cabul;' J. HARLAN, 'Memoirs of India and Afghanistan; Mr. C. NASH, a 'History of the War in Afghanistan;' and there were also published—'Five Years in India,' by H. G. FANE, Esq., late aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief; 'Narrative of the Campaign of the Army of the Indus in Scinde and Cabul,' by Mr. R. H. KENNEDY;' 'Scenes and Adventures in Afghanistan,' by MR. W. TAYLOR; 'Letters,' by COLONEL DENNIE; 'Personal Observations on Scinde,' by CAPTAIN T. POSTANS, &c.

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE.

'The Invasion of the Crimea, its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan' (June 28, 1855), has been described by ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE, sometime M.P. for Bridgewater, in an elaborate work, of which five volumes have been published (1875). Mr. Kinglake's history is a clear, animated, and spirited narrative, written with a strong *animus* against Louis Napoleon of France, but forming a valuable addition to our modern

historical literature. Its author is a native of Taunton, born in 1811, educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. He was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1837, but retired from the legal profession in 1856. In 1844 Mr. Kinglake published his experiences of Eastern travel under the title of 'Eothen,' a work which instantly became popular, and was justly admired for its vivid description and eloquent expression of sentiment. In the discursive style of Sterne, Mr. Kinglake rambles over the East, setting down, as he says not those impressions which *ought to have been* produced upon any 'well-constituted mind,' but those which were really and truly received at the time. We subjoin his account of

The Sphynx.

And near the Pyramids, more wondrous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphynx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world; the once worshipped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation, and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty—some mould of beauty now forgotten—forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Ægean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness through all generations to come. Yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world, and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious gaze, and kiss your charitable hand with the big pouting lips of the very Sphynx.

Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols: but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one regard the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity—unchangefulness in the midst of change—the same seeming will, and intent for ever and ever inexorable! Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings—upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors—upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern empire—upon battle and pestilence—upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race—upon keen-eyed travellers—Herodotus yesterday, and Warburton to-day—upon all and more this unworldly Sphynx has watched, and watched like a Providence with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman straining far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new busy race, with those same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphynx!

The Beginning of the Crimean War.

Looking back upon the troubles which ended in the outbreak of war, one sees the nations at first swaying backward and forward like a throng so vast as to be helpless, but afterwards falling slowly into warlike array. And when one begins to search for the man or the men whose volition was governing the crowd, the eye falls upon the towering form of the Emperor Nicholas. He was not single-minded, and therefore his will was unstable, but it had a huge force; and, since he was armed with the whole authority of his empire, it seemed plain that it was this man—and only he—who was bringing danger from the north. And at first, too, it seemed that within his range of action there was none who could be his equal: but in a little while the looks of men were turned to the Bosphorus, for thither his ancient adversary was slowly bending his way. To fit him for the encounter, the Englishman was clothed with little authority except what he could draw from the resources of his own mind and from the strength of his own wilful nature. Yet it was presently seen that those who were near him fell under his dominion, and did as he bid them, and that the circle of deference to his will was always increasing around him; and soon it appeared that, though he moved gently, he began to have mastery over a foe

who was consuming his strength in mere anger. When he had conquered, he stood, as it were, with folded arms, and seemed willing to desist from strife. But also in the west there had been seen a knot of men possessed for the time of the mighty engine of the French State, and striving so to use it as to be able to keep their hold, and to shelter themselves from a cruel fate. The volitions of these men were active enough, because they were toiling for their lives. Their efforts seemed to interest and to please the lustiest man of those days, for he watched them from over the Channel with approving smile, and began to declare, in his good-humoured, boisterous way, that so long as they should be suffered to have the handling of France, *so long as they would execute for him his policy*, so long as they would take care not to deceive him, they ought to be encouraged, they ought to be made use of, they ought to have the shelter they wanted; and, the Frenchmen agreeing to his conditions, he was willing to level the barrier—he called it perhaps false pride—which divided the government of the Queen from the venturers of the 2d of December. In this thought, at the moment, he stood almost alone, but he abided his time. At length he saw the spring of 1853 bringing with it grave peril to the Ottoman State. Then, throwing aside with a laugh some papers which belonged to the Home Office, he gave his strong shoulder to the levelling work. Under the weight of his touch the barrier fell. Thenceforth the hindrances that met him were but slight. As he from the first had willed it, so moved the two great nations of the West.

The March.

[Both in Turkey and in the Crimea, the left was nearest to the enemy, whilst the right was nearest to the sea]. Lord Raglan had observed all this, but he had observed in silence; and finding the right always seized by our allies, he had quietly put up with the left. Yet he was not without humour; and now, when he saw that in this hazardous movement along the coast the French were still taking the right, there was something like archness in his way of remarking that, although the French were bent upon taking precedence of him, their courtesy still gave him the post of danger. This he well might say, for, so far as concerned the duty of covering the venturesome march which was about to be undertaken, the whole stress of the enterprise was thrown upon the English army. The French force was covered on its right flank by the sea, on its front and rear by the fire from the steamers, and on its left by the English army. On the other hand, the English army, though covered on its right flank by the French, was exposed in front, and in rear, and on its whole left flank, to the full brunt of the enemy's attacks. . . .

Thus marched the strength of the Western Powers. The sun shone hotly as on a summer's day in England, but breezes springing fresh from the sea floated briskly along the hills. The ground was an undulating steppe alluring to cavalry. It was rankly covered with a herb like southernwood; and when the stems were crushed under foot by the advancing columns, the whole air became laden with bitter fragrance. The aroma was new to some. To men of the western counties of England it was so familiar that it carried them back to childhood and the village church; they remembered the nosegay of 'boy's love' that used to be set by the prayer-book of the Sunday maiden too demure for the vanity of flowers.

In each of the close massed columns which were formed by our four complete divisions there were more than five thousand foot soldiers. The colours were flying; the bands at first were playing; and once more the time had come round when in all this armed pride there was nothing of false majesty; for already videttes could be seen on the hillocks, and (except at the spots where our horsemen were marching) there was nothing but air and sunshine, and at intervals the dark form of a single rifleman, to divide our columns from the enemy. But more warlike than trumpet and drum was the grave quiet which followed the ceasing of the bands. The pain of weariness had begun. Few spoke. All toiled. Waves break upon the shore; and though they are many, still distance will gather their numberless cadences into one. So also it was with one ceaseless hissing sound that a wilderness of tall crisping herbage bent under the tramp of the coming thousands. As each mighty column marched on, one hardly remembered at first the weary frames, the aching limbs which composed it; for—instinct with its own proper soul and purpose, absorbing the volitions of thousands of men, and bearing no likeness to the mere sum of the human beings out of whom it was made—the column itself was the living thing, the

slow, monstrous unit of strength which walks the modern earth where empire is brought into question. But a little while, and then the sickness which had clung to the army began to make it seem that the columns in all their pride were things built with the bodies of suffering mortals.

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.

The Russian war has been brilliantly illustrated by an eye-witness, Mr. William Howard Russell, 'Special Correspondent' of the 'Times.' Mr. Russell accompanied the army to the Crimea, and transmitted from day to day letters descriptive of the progress of the troops, the country through which they passed, the people they met, and all the public incidents and events of that dreadful campaign. His picturesque style and glowing narratives deepened the tragic interest of the war. But the letters told also of grievous mismanagement on the part of the home authorities, and of supineness on the part of certain of our commanders. These details, it is now proved, were in some instances exaggerated; the merits of our allies the French were also unduly extolled; but much good was undoubtedly done by the revelations and comments of the fearless and energetic 'Correspondent.' A bad system of official routine was broken in upon, if not entirely uprooted, and a solemn public warning was held out for the future. The benefit of this was subsequently experienced in India, whither Mr. Russell also went to record the incidents of the revolt. His Russian battle-pictures and descriptions were collected into two volumes, 1855–56; the first giving an account of the war from the landing of the troops at Gallipoli to the death of Lord Raglan, and the second continuing the history to the evacuation of the Crimea. We give a portion of one of his battle-pieces.

The Battle of Balaklava, October 25, 1854.

Never did the painter's eye rest on a more beautiful scene than I beheld from the ridge. The fleecy vapours still hung around the mountain-tops, and mingled with the ascending volumes of smoke; the patch of sea sparkled in the rays of the morning sun, but its light was eclipsed by the flashes which gleamed from the masses of armed men below. Looking to the left towards the gorge, we beheld six compact masses of Russian infantry, which had just debouched from the mountain-passes near the Tchernaya, and were slowly advancing with solemn stateliness up the valley. Immediately in their front was a regular line of artillery, of at least twenty pieces strong. Two batteries of light guns were already a mile in advance of them, and were playing with energy on the redoubts, from which feeble puffs of smoke came at long intervals. Behind these guns, in front of the infantry, were enormous bodies of cavalry. They were in six compact squares, three on each flank, moving down *en échelon* towards us, and the valley was lit up with the blaze of their sabres and lance points, and gay accoutrements. In their front, and extending along the intervals between each battery of guns, were clouds of mounted skirmishers, wheeling and whirling in the front of their march like autumn leaves tossed by the wind. The Zouaves close to us were lying like tigers at the spring, with ready rifles in hand, hidden chin-deep by the earthworks which ran along the line of these ridges on our rear; but the quick-eyed Russians were manœuvring on the other side of the valley, and did not expose their columns to attack. Below the Zouaves we could see the Turkish gunners in the redoubts, all in confusion as the shells burst over them. Just as I came up the Russians had carried No. 1 Redoubt, the furthest and most elevated of all, and their horsemen were chasing the Turks across the inverval which lay between it and Re

doubt No. 2. At that moment the cavalry, under Lord Lucan, were formed in glittering masses—the Light Brigade, under Lord Cardigan, in advance; the Heavy Brigade, under Brigadier-general Scarlett, in reserve. They were drawn up just in front of their encampment, and were concealed from the view of the enemy by a slight 'wave' in the plain. Considerably to the rear of their right, the 93d Highlanders were drawn up in line, in front of the approach to Balaklava. Above and behind them, on the heights, the marines were visible through the glass, drawn up under arms, and the gunners could be seen ready in the earthworks, in which were placed the heavy ships' guns. The 93d had originally been advanced somewhat more into the plain, but the instant the Russians got possession of the first redoubt they opened fire on them from our own guns, which inflicted some injury, and Sir Colin Campbell 'retired' his men to a better position. Meantime the enemy advanced his cavalry rapidly. To our inexpressible disgust we saw the Turks in Redoubt No. 2 fly at their approach. They ran in scattered groups across towards Redoubt No. 3, and towards Balaklava; but the horse-hoof of the Cossack was too quick for them, and sword and lance were busily plied among the retreating herd. The yells of the pursuers and pursued were plainly audible. As the lancers and light cavalry of the Russians advanced, they gathered up their skirmishes with great speed and in excellent order—the shifting trails of men, which played all over the valley like moonlight on the water, contracted, gathered up, and the little *peloton* in a few moments became a solid column. Then up came their guns, in rushed their gunners to the abandoned redoubt, and the guns of No. 2 Redoubt soon played with deadly effect upon the dispirited defenders of No. 3 Redoubt. Two or three shots in return from the earthworks, and all is silent. The Turks swarm over the earthworks, and run in confusion towards the town, firing their muskets at the enemy as they run. Again the solid column of cavalry opens like a fan, and resolves itself into a 'long spray' of skirmishers. It laps the flying Turks, steel flashes in the air, and down go the poor Moslem quivering on the plain, split through fez and musket-guard to the chin and breast-belt! There is no support for them. It is evident the Russians have been too quick for us. The Turks have been too quick also, for they have not held their redoubts long enough to enable us to bring them help. In vain the naval guns on the heights fire on the Russian cavalry; the distance is too great for shot or shell to reach. In vain the Turkish gunners in the earthen batteries, which are placed along the French intrenchments, strive to protect their flying countrymen; their shot fly wide and short of the swarming masses. The Turks betake themselves towards the Highlanders, where they check their flight, and form into companies on the flanks of the Highlanders. As the Russian cavalry on the left of their line crown the hill across the valley, they perceive the Highlanders drawn up at the distance of some half-mile, calmly waiting their approach. They halt, and squadron after squadron flies up from the rear, till they have a body of some fifteen hundred men along the ridge—lancers, and dragoons, and hussars. Then they move *en échelon* in two bodies, with another in reserve. The cavalry, who have been pursuing the Turks on the right, are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The Heavy Brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The first line consists of the Scots Greys, and of their old companions in glory, the Enniskillens; the second, of the 4th Royal Irish, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of the 1st Royal Dragoons. The Light Cavalry Brigade is on their left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that *thin red streak topped with a line of steel*. The Turks fire a volley at eight hundred yards, and run. As the Russians come within six hundred yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minié musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onward through the smoke, with the whole force of horse and man, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within a hundred and fifty yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifle, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. 'Bravo, Highlanders! well done!' shouted the excited spectators; but events thicken. The

Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten, men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93d never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. 'No,' said Sir Colin Campbell, 'I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep!' The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers. Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment on our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier-general Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians—evidently *corps d' élite*—their light blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of gray-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning-blast, which told us all that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, the Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the height, were spectators of the scene as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant-looking enemy; but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Greys and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarce enough to let the horses 'gather way,' nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword-arms. The Russian line brings forward each wing as our cavalry advance, and threatens to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russian right, the Greys rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart—the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and Enniskilleners pierce through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword-blades in the air, and then the Greys and the redcoats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers, and in broken order, against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. 'God help them! they are lost!' was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already grey horses and redcoats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, the 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Dragoon Guards rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy; went through it as though it were made of pasteboard; and, dashing on the second body of Russians as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Greys and their companions, put them to utter rout. This Russian horse, in less than five minutes after it met our dragoons, was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength. A cheer burst from every lip—in the enthusiasm, officers and men took off their caps and shouted with delight, and thus keeping up the scenic character of their position, they clapped their hands again and again. Lord Raglan at once despatched Lieutenant Curzon, aide-de-camp, to convey his congratulations to Brigadier-general Scarlett, and to say: 'Well done!' The gallant old officer's face beamed with pleasure when he received the message. 'I beg to thank his lordship very sincerely,' was his reply. The cavalry did not long pursue their enemy. Their loss was very slight, about thirty-five killed and wounded in both affairs. There were not more than four or five men killed outright, and our most material loss was from the cannon playing on our heavy dragoons afterwards, when covering the retreat of our light cavalry.

A disastrous scene followed this triumph—the famous Light Cavalry charge. It had been Lord Raglan's intention that the cavalry

should aid in regaining the heights surmounted by the redoubts taken from the Turks, or, in default of this, prevent the Russians from carrying off the guns at those redoubts. Some misconception occurred as to the order; Captain Nolan, who conveyed the message, fell in the charge; but it was construed by the lieutenant general, Lord Lucan, to mean, that he should attack at all hazards, and the Earl of Cardigan, as second in command, put the order in execution.*

Charge of the Light Brigade.

The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment according to the numbers of continental armies; and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed towards the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendour of war. We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses! Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an army in position? Alas! it was but too true—their desperate valour knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion. They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed towards the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of death. At the distance of twelve hundred yards, the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from thirty iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their

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* The poet-laureate, Mr. Tennyson, has commemorated this splendid but melancholy feat of war (*Works* edit. 1872):

The Charge of the Light Brigade.

I.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
'Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!' he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II.

'Forward the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed all at once in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke—
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre stroke
Shattered and sundered—
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

V.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell.
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

VI.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken; it is joined by the second; they never halt or check their speed an instant. With diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer, which was many a noble fellow's death-cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries, but ere they were lost from view the plain was strewed with their bodies, and with the carcasses of horses. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. We saw them riding through the guns, as I have said; to our delight we saw them returning, after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying towards us told the sad tale—demi-gods could not have done what we had failed to do. At the very moment when they were about to retreat, an enormous mass of lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilised nations. The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them, and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin! It was as much as our heavy cavalry brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnants of that band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted in all the pride of life. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front these bloody Muscovite guns.

Mr. Russell is a native of Dublin, born in 1821, and studied at Trinity College. In 1843 he was engaged on the 'Times;' in 1846 he was entered of the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar in 1850. In 1856 he received from Dublin University the degree of LL.D. Besides his account of the Crimean war, Dr. Russell has published his 'Diary in India;' his 'Diary North and South,' containing the result of observations in the United States; 'My Diary during the last Great War,' 1873; and other works.

Archibald Forbes, like Dr. Russell, engaged on the press as a special correspondent, published an account of the Franco-German war, and 'Soldiering and Scribbling,' a series of sketches, 1872. Mr. Forbes is a native of Banffshire, son of the late Rev. Dr. Forbes, Boharm.

REV. WILLIAM STUBBS—JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

The 'Constitutional History of England,' two vols., 1875, by the Rev. William Stubbs, is an excellent account of the origin and development of the English constitution down to the deposition of Richard II.

'The roots of the present lie deep in the past,' says Mr. Stubbs, 'and nothing in the past is dead to the man who would learn how the present comes to be what it is. It is true, constitutional history has a point of view, an insight, and a language of its own; it reads the exploits and characters of men by a different light from that shed

by the false glare of arms, and interprets positions and facts in words that are voiceless to those who have only listened to the trumpet of fame.'

The author of this learned and important work for six years held the office of Inspector of Schools in the diocese of Rochester, then became Regius Professor of Modern History in Oxford, and in 1869 was elected curator of the Bodleian Library, Oxford. Besides his 'Constitutional History,' Mr. Stubbs has published a collection of charters from the earliest period down to the reign of Edward I., and has edited and translated various historical works. Having been born in 1825, Mr. Stubbs, still in the prime of life, has, we trust, many more years of useful and honourable labour before him.

Influence of Germanic Races in Europe.

The English are not aboriginal—that is, they are not identical with the race that occupied their home at the dawn of history. They are a people of German descent in the main constituents of blood, character, and language, but most especially in connection with our subject, in the possession of the elements of primitive German civilisation and the common germs of German institutions. This descent is not a matter of inference. It is a recorded fact of history, which those characteristics bear out to the fullest degree of certainty. The consensus of historians, placing the conquest and colonisation of Britain by nations of German origin between the middle of the fifth and the end of the sixth century, is confirmed by the evidence of a continuous series of monuments. These shew the unbroken possession of the land thus occupied, and the growth of the language and institutions thus introduced, either in purity and unmolested integrity, or, where it has been modified by antagonism and by the admixture of alien forms, ultimately vindicating itself by eliminating the new and more strongly developing the genius of the old.

The four great states of Western Christendom—England, France, Spain, and Germany—owe the leading principles which are worked out in their constitutional history to the same source. In the regions which had been thoroughly incorporated with the Roman empire, every vestige of primitive indigenous cultivation had been crushed out of existence. Roman civilisation in its turn fell before the Germanic races; in Britain it had perished slowly in the midst of a perishing people, who were able neither to maintain it nor to substitute for it anything of their own. In Gaul and Spain it died a somewhat nobler death, and left more lasting influences. In the greater part of Germany it had never made good its ground. In all four the constructive elements of new life are barbarian or Germanic, though its development is varied by the degrees in which the original stream of influence has been turned aside in its course, or affected in purity and consistency by the infusion of other elements and by the nature of the soil through which it flows.

The system which has for the last twelve centuries formed the history of France, and in a great measure the character of the French people, of which the present condition of that kingdom is the logical result, was originally little more than a simple adaptation of the old German polity to the government of a conquered race. The long sway of the Romans in Gaul had re-created, on their own principles of administration, the nation which the Franks conquered. The Franks, gradually uniting in religion, blood and language with the Gauls, retained and developed the idea of feudal subordination in the organisation of government unmodified by any tendencies towards popular freedom. In France accordingly feudal government runs its logical career. The royal power, that central force which partly has originated, and partly owes its existence to the conquest, is first limited in its action by the very agencies that are necessary to its continuance; then it is reduced to a shadow. The shadow is still the centre round which the complex system, in spite of itself, revolves; it is recognised by that system as its solitary safeguard against disruption, and its witness of national identity; it survives for ages, notwithstanding the attenuation of its vitality, by its incapacity for mischief. In course of time the system itself loses

its original energy, and the central force gradually gathers into itself all the members of the nationality in detail, thus concentrating all the powers which in earlier struggles they had won from it, and incorporating in itself those very forces which the feudatories had imposed as limitations on the sovereign power. So its character of nominal suzerainty is exchanged for that of absolute sovereignty. The only checks on the royal power had been the feudatories; the crown has outlived them, absorbed and assimilated their functions; but the increase of power is turned not to the strengthening of the central force, but to the personal interests of its possessor. Actual despotism becomes systematic tyranny, and its logical result is the explosion which is called revolution. The constitutional history of France is thus the summation of the series of feudal development, in a logical sequence which is indeed unparalleled in the history of any great state, but which is thoroughly in harmony with the national character, forming it and formed by it. We see in it the German system, modified by its work of foreign conquest, and deprived of its home safeguards, on a field exceptionally favourable, prepared and levelled by Roman agency under a civil system which was capable of speedy amalgamation, and into whose language most of the feudal forms readily translated themselves.

English National Unity, 1155–1215 A.D.

The period is one of amalgamation, of consolidation, of continuous growing together and new development, which distinguishes the process of organic life from that of mere mechanic contrivance, internal law from external order.

The nation becomes one and realises its oneness; this realisation is necessary before the growth can begin. It is completed under Henry II. and his sons. It finds its first distinct expression in Magna Carta. It is a result, not perhaps of the design and purpose of the great king, but of the converging lines of the policy by which he tried to raise the people at large, and to weaken the feudatories and the principle of feudalism in them. Henry is scarcely an English king, but he is still less a French feudatory. In his own eyes he is the creator of an empire. He rules England by Englishmen and for English purposes, Normandy by Normans and for Norman purposes; the end of all his policy being the strengthening of his own power. He recognises the true way of strengthening his power, by strengthening the basis on which it rests, the soundness, the security, the sense of a common interest in the maintenance of peace and order.

The national unity is completed in two ways. The English have united; the English and the Normans have united also. The threefold division of the districts, the Dane law, the West-Saxon and the Mercian law, which subsisted so long, disappears after the reign of Stephen. The terms are become archaisms which occur in the pages of the historians in a way that proves them to have become obsolete; the writers themselves are uncertain which shires fall into the several divisions. Traces of slight differences of custom may be discovered in the varying rules of the county courts, which, as Glanvill tells us, are so numerous that it is impossible to put them on record; but they are now mere local by-laws, no real evidence of permanent divisions of nationality. In the same way Norman and Englishmen are one. Frequent intermarriages have so united them, that without a careful investigation of pedigree it cannot be ascertained—so at least the author of the 'Dialogus de Scaccario' affirms—who is English and who Norman. If this be considered a loose statement, for scarcely two generations have passed away since the Norman blood was first introduced, it is conclusive evidence as to the common consciousness of union. The earls, the greater barons, the courtiers, might be of pure Norman blood, but they were few in number; the royal race was as much English as it was Norman. The numbers of Norman settlers in England are easily exaggerated; it is not probable that except in the baronial and knightly ranks the infusion was very great, and it is very probable indeed that, where there was such infusion, it gained ground by peaceable settlement and marriage. It is true that Norman lineage was vulgarly regarded as the more honourable, but the very fact that it was vulgarly so regarded would lead to its being claimed far more widely than facts would warrant: the bestowal of Norman baptismal names would thus supplant, and did supplant, the old English ones, and the Norman Christian name would then be alleged as proof of Norman descent. But it is far from improbable, though it may not have been actually proved, that the vast majority of surnames derived from English places are evidence of pure English

descent, whilst only those which are derived from Norman places afford even a presumptive evidence of Norman descent. The subject of surnames scarcely rises into prominence before the fourteenth century; but an examination of the indices to the Rolls of the Exchequer and Curia Regis shews a continuous increase in number and importance of persons bearing English names: as early as the reign of Henry I. we find among the barons Hugh of Bochland, Rainer of Bath, and Alfred of Lincoln, with many other names which shew either that Englishmen had taken Norman names in Baptism, or that Normans were willing to sink their local surnames in the mass of the national nomenclature.

The union of blood would be naturally expressed in unity of language, a point which is capable of being more strictly tested. Although French is for a long period the language of the palace, there is no break in the continuity of the English as a literary language. It was the tongue, not only of the people of the towns and villages, but of a large proportion of those who could read and could enjoy the pursuit of knowledge. The growth of the vernacular literature was perhaps retarded by the influx of Norman lords and clerks, and its character was no doubt modified by foreign influences under Henry II. and his sons, as it was in a far greater degree affected by the infusion of French under Henry III. and Edward I.; but it was never stopped. It was at its period of slowest growth as rapid in its development as were most of the other literatures of Europe. Latin was still the language of learning, of law, and of ritual. The English had to struggle with French as well as with Latin for its hold on the sermon and the popular poem; when it had forced its way to light, the books in which it was used had their own perils to undergo from the contempt of the learned and the profane familiarity of the ignorant. But the fact that it survived, and at last prevailed, is sufficient to prove its strength.

A 'Short History of the English People,' by JOHN RICHARD GREEN, Examiner in the School of Modern History, Oxford, 1875, has been exceedingly popular. Though somewhat inaccurate in details, the work is lively, spirited, and picturesque, and must be invaluable in imbuing young minds with a love of history, and especially of that of the British nation. The opening sentence, for example, at once arrests attention:

Old England.

For the fatherland of the English race we must look far away from England itself. In the fifth century after the birth of Christ, the one country which bore the name of England was what we now call Sleswick, a district in the heart of the peninsula which parts the Baltic from the northern seas. Its pleasant pastures, its black-timbered homesteads, its prim little townships looking down on inlets of purple water, were then but a wild waste of heather and sand, girt along the coast with sunless woodland, broken only on the western side by meadows which crept down to the marshes and the sea. The dwellers in this district were one out of three tribes, all belonging to the same low German branch of the Teutonic family, who, at the moment when history discovers them, were bound together into a confederacy by the ties of a common blood and a common speech. To the north of the English lay the tribe of the Jutes, whose name is still preserved in their district of Jutland. To the south of them the tribe of the Saxons wandered over the sandflats of Holstein, and along the marshes of Friesland and the Elbe. How close was the union of these tribes was shewn by their use of a common name, while the choice of this name points out the tribe which, at the moment when we first meet them, must have been strongest and most powerful in the confederacy. Although they were all known as Saxons by the Roman people, who touched them only on their southern border where the Saxons dwelt, and who remained ignorant of the very existence of the English or the Jutes, the three tribes bore among themselves the name of the central tribe of their league, the name of Englishmen.

Mr. Green has also published a volume of 'Stray Studies' (1876), in which are some fine descriptive sketches of foreign places—Cannes, San Remo, Venice, Capri, &c.

SIR THOMAS ERSKINE MAY.

A continuation to Hallam's 'Constitutional History,' though not expressly designated as such, appeared in 1861–63, entitled 'The Constitutional History of England since the Accession of George III.' (1760–1860), by SIR THOMAS ERSKINE MAY, K.C.B., three volumes. To the third edition (1871) a supplementary chapter was added, bringing down the political history of the country to the passing of the Ballot Bill in 1871. The work is able and impartial, and forms a valuable repertory of political information and precedents. 'Continually touching upon controverted topics,' says the author, 'I have endeavoured to avoid as far as possible the spirit and tone of controversy. But, impressed with an earnest conviction that the development of popular liberties has been safe and beneficial, I do not affect to disguise the interest with which I have traced it through all the events of history.' The historian was born in 1815, and was called to the bar in 1838. In 1856 he was appointed Clerk-assistant of the House of Commons, and in 1871 he succeeded to the higher office of Clerk. He had previously (in 1866) been made a Knight Commander of the Bath. Sir Thomas has written several treatises on the law, usages, and privileges of Parliament, and contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review' and other journals.

Free Constitution of British Colonies.

It has been the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race to spread through every quarter of the globe their courage and endurance, their vigorous industry, and their love of freedom. Wherever they have founded colonies, they have borne with them the laws and institutions of England as their birthright, so far as they were applicable to an infant settlement. In territories acquired by conquest or cession, the existing laws and customs of the people were respected, until they were qualified to share the franchises of Englishmen. Some of these—held only as garrisons—others peopled with races hostile to our rule, or unfitted for freedom—were necessarily governed upon different principles. But in quitting the soil of England to settle new colonies, Englishmen never renounced her freedom. Such being the noble principle of English colonisation, circumstances favoured the early development of colonial liberties. The Puritans, who founded the New England colonies, having fled from the oppression of Charles I., carried with them a stern love of civil liberty, and established republican institutions. The persecuted Catholics who settled in Maryland, and the proscribed Quakers who took refuge in Pennsylvania, were little less democratic. Other colonies founded in America and the West Indies, in the seventeenth century, merely for the purposes of trade and cultivation, adopted institutions—less democratic, indeed, but founded on principles of freedom and self-government. Whether established as proprietary colonies, or under charters held direct from the crown, the colonists were equally free.

The English constitution was generally the type of these colonial governments. The governor was the viceroy of the crown; the legislative council, or upper chamber, appointed by the governor, assumed the place of the House of Lords; and the representative assembly, chosen by the people, was the express image of the House of Commons. This miniature parliament, complete in all its parts, made laws for the internal government of the colony. The governor assembled, prorogued, and dissolved it; and signified his assent or dissent to every act agreed to by the chambers. The Upper House mimicked the dignity of the House of Peers, and the Lower House insisted on the privileges of the Commons, especially that of originating all taxes and grants of money for the public service. The elections were also

conducted after the fashion of the mother-country. Other laws and institutions were copied not less faithfully.

Every colony was a little state, complete in its legislature, its judicature, and its executive administration. But at the same time, it acknowledged the sovereignty of the mother-country, the prerogatives of the crown, and the legislative supremacy of parliament. The assent of the king or his representative, was required to give validity to acts of the colonial legislature; his veto annulled them; while the imperial parliament was able to bind the colony by its acts, and to supersede all local legislation. Every colonial judicature was also subject to an appeal to the king in council, at Westminster. The dependence of the colonies, however, was little felt in their internal government. They were secured from interference by the remoteness of the mother-country, and the ignorance, indifference, and preoccupation of her rulers. In matters of imperial concern, England imposed her own policy, but otherwise left them free. Asking no aid of her, they escaped her domination. All their expenditure, civil and military, was defrayed by taxes raised by themselves. They provided for their own defence against the Indians, and the enemies of England. During the Seven Years' War the American colonies maintained a force of twenty-five thousand men, at a cost of several millions. In the words of Franklin: 'They were governed at the expense to Great Britain of only a little pen, ink, and paper: they were led by a thread.'

CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM—H. M. STANLEY—WILLIAM MASSEY.

The British consul in Abyssinia, Mr. Cameron, and other Europeans, having been detained captives by Theodore, emperor of Abyssinia (1868), an expedition was fitted out for their release, under the command of Sir Robert Napier (now Lord Napier of Magdala), which resulted in the defeat of the Abyssinians, the conquest of their capital city, Magdala, and the recovery of the English captives. The emperor, Theodore, committed suicide. A 'History of the Abyssinian Expedition' was published in 1869 by CLEMENTS ROBERT MARKHAM, who accompanied the expedition as geographer. Mr. Markham had served in the navy, and in the expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. He was born in 1830, is author of 'Travels in Peru and India,' a 'Life of the Great Lord Fairfax' (1870), 'Spanish Irrigation' (1867), and various geographical papers. A volume by HENRY M. STANLEY, the adventurous special correspondent of the 'New York Herald,' appeared in 1874, entitled 'Coomassie and Magdala, the Story of two British Campaigns in Africa.' Mr. Stanley said: 'Before proceeding to Abyssinia as a special correspondent of the "New York Herald," I had been employed for American journals—though very young—in the same capacity, and witnessed several stirring scenes in our civil war. I had seen Americans fight: I had seen Indians fight; I was glad to have the opportunity of seeing how Englishmen fought. In Abyssinia I first saw English soldiers prepared for war.' And Mr. Stanley acknowledged that more brilliant successes than attended these two campaigns which England undertook in Africa, in behalf of her honour, her dignity, humanity, and justice, are not recorded in history.

'A History of England during the Reign of George III.,' by WILLIAM MASSEY, M.P., is a popular work, exhibiting no great research, but impartially and pleasantly written. It deals chiefly with the progress of society, and the phases of social life and manners.

Gambling in the Last Century.

The vice which, above all others, infested English society during the greater part of the eighteenth century, was gaming. Men and women, the old and the young, beaux and statesmen, peers and apprentices, the learned and polite, as well as the ignorant and vulgar, were alike involved in the vortex of play. Horse-racing, cock-fighting, betting of every description, with the ordinary resources of cards and dice, were the chief employment of many, and were tampered with more or less by almost every person in the higher ranks of life. The proprietary clubs—White's, Brookes's, Boodle's—were originally instituted to evade the statute against public gaming-houses. But every fashionable assembly was a gaming-house. Large balls and routs had not yet come in vogue. A ball seldom consisted of more than ten or twelve couples; and the practice of collecting a crowd of fine people to do nothing, is an invention of recent date. When a lady received company, card-tables were provided for all the guests; and even where there was dancing, cards formed the principal part of the entertainment. Games of skill were seldom played. Brag, crimp, basset, ombre, hazard, commerce, spadille—the very names of which are hardly known to the present generation—furnished the excitement of play, and enabled people of fashion to win and lose their money without mental effort. Whist was not much in vogue until a later period, and was far too abstruse and slow to suit the depraved taste which required unadulterated stimulants. The ordinary stakes at these mixed assemblies would, at the present day, be considered high, even at clubs where a rubber is still allowed. The consequences of such gaming were often still more lamentable than those which usually attend such practices. It would happen that a lady lost more than she could venture to confess to a husband or father. Her creditor was probably a fine gentleman, or she became indebted to some rich admirer for the means of discharging her liabilities. In either event, the result may be guessed. In the one case, the debt of honour was liquidated on the old principle of the law-merchant, according to which there was but one alternative to payment in purse. In the other, there was likewise but one mode in which the acknowledgement of obligation by a fine woman would be acceptable to a man of the world.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

A copious and excellent 'History of the Norman Conquest' has been published (1867–1876) by EDWARD A. FREEMAN, author of various historical works. Mr. Freeman was born at Harborne, Staffordshire, in 1823; was elected scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, in 1841; filled the office of examiner in law and modern history in 1857–1864; and was created honorary D.C.L. in 1870. He began his career as a writer on architecture, having published in 1846 a volume on 'Church Restoration,' and in 1849 a 'History of Architecture.' This was followed by the 'Architectural Antiquities of Gower' in 1850, which reached a second edition in 1851, as did also the 'Window Tracery of England,' which had also been published in the previous year. The 'Architecture of Landaff Cathedral' followed, and then the 'History and Conquest of the Saracens' in 1856. The 'History of Federal Government' appeared in 1863. The first volume of 'The Norman Conquest of England'—which was merely introductory—appeared in 1867, and the second in 1868, both reaching a second edition in 1870, whilst the third volume was published in 1869, the fourth in 1872, and the fifth in 1876. The 'Popular Old English History' was published in 1871, as well as 'Historical Essays,' collected from various reviews. Mr. Freeman's 'History of the Norman Conquest' may be ranked among the great works of the present century.

Death of William the Conqueror, Sept. 9, 1087.

The death-bed of William was a death-bed of all formal devotion, a death-bed of penitence which we may trust was more than formal. The English Chronicler [William of Malmesbury], after weighing the good and evil in him, sends him out of the world with a charitable prayer for his soul's rest; and his repentance, late and fearful as it was, at once marks the distinction between the Conqueror on his bed of death and his successor cut off without a thought of penitence in the midst of his crimes. He made his will. The mammon of unrighteousness which he had gathered together amid the groans and tears of England he now strove so to dispose of as to pave his way to an everlasting habitation. All his treasures were distributed among the poor and the churches of his dominions. A special sum was set apart for the rebuilding of the churches which had been burned at Mantes, and gifts in money and books and ornaments of every kind were to be distributed among all the churches of England according to their rank. He then spoke of his own life and of the arrangements which he wished to make for his dominions after his death. The Normans, he said, were a brave and unconquered race; but they needed the curb of a strong and a righteous master to keep them in the path of order. Yet the rule over them must by all law pass to Robert. Robert was his eldest born; he had promised him the Norman succession before he won the crown of England, and he had received the homage of the barons of the Duchy. Normandy and Maine must therefore pass to Robert, and for them he must be the man of the French king. Yet he well knew how sad would be the fate of the land which had to be ruled by one so proud and foolish, and for whom a career of shame and sorrow was surely doomed.

But what was to be done with England? Now at last the heart of William smote him. To England he dared not appoint a successor; he could only leave the disposal of the island realm to the Almighty Ruler of the world. The evil deeds of his past life crowded upon his soul. Now at last his heart confessed that he had won England by no right, by no claim of birth; that he had won the English crown by wrong, and that what he had won by wrong he had no right to give to another. He had won his realm by warfare and bloodshed; he had treated the sons of the English soil with needless harshness; he had cruelly wronged nobles and commons; he had spoiled many men wrongfully of their inheritance; he had slain countless multitudes by hunger or by the sword. The harrying of Northumberland now rose up before his eyes in all its blackness. The dying man now told how cruelly he had burned and plundered the land, what thousands of every age and sex among the noble nation which he had conquered had been done to death at his bidding. The sceptre of the realm which he had won by so many crimes he dared not hand over to any but to God alone. Yet he would not hide his wish that his son William, who had ever been dutiful to him, might reign in England after him. He would send him beyond the sea, and he would pray Lanfranc to place the crown upon his head, if the Primate in his wisdom deemed that such an act could be rightly done.

Of the two sons of whom he spoke, Robert was far away, a banished rebel; William was by his bedside. By his bedside also stood his youngest son, the English Ætheling, Henry the Clerk. 'And what dost thou give to me, my father?' said the youth. 'Five thousand pounds of silver from my hoard.' was the Conqueror's answer. 'But of what use is a hoard to me if I have no place to dwell in?' 'Be patient, my son, and trust in the Lord, and let thine elders go before thee.' It is perhaps by the light of later events that our chronicler goes on to make William tell his youngest son that the day would come when he would succeed both his brothers in their dominions, and would be richer and mightier than either of them. The king then dictated a letter to Lanfranc, setting forth his wishes with regard to the kingdom. He sealed it and gave it to his son William, and bade him, with his last blessing and his last kiss, to cross at once into England. William Rufus straightway set forth for Witsand, and there heard of his father's death. Meanwhile Henry, too, left his father's bedside to take for himself the money that was left to him, to see that nothing was lacking in its weight, to call together his comrades on whom he could trust, and to take measures for stowing the treasure in a place of safety.

And now those who stood around the dying king began to implore his mercy for the captives whom he held in prison. He granted the prayer. . . .

The last earthly acts of the Conqueror were now done. He had striven to make his peace with God and man, and to make such provision as he could for the children

and the subjects whom he had left behind him. And now his last hour was come. On a Thursday morning in September, when the sun had already risen upon the earth, the sound of the great bell of the metropolitan minster struck on the ears of the dying king. He asked why it sounded. He was told that it rang for prime in the church of our Lady. William lifted his eyes to heaven, he stretched forth his hands, and spake his last words: 'To my Lady Mary, the Holy Mother of God, I commend myself, that by her holy prayers she may reconcile me to her dear Son, our Lord Jesus Christ.' He prayed, and his soul passed away. William, king of the English and duke of the Normans, the man whose fame has filled the world in his own and in every following age, had gone the way of all flesh. No kingdom was left him now but his seven feet of ground, and even to that his claim was not to be undisputed.

The death of a king in those days came near to a break-up of all civil society. Till a new king was chosen and crowned, there was no longer a power in the land to protect or to chastise. All bonds were loosed; all puplic authority was in abeyance; each man had to look to his own as he best might. No sooner was the breath out of William's body than the great company which had patiently watched around him during the night was scattered hither and thither. The great men mounted their horses and rode with all speed to their own homes, to guard their houses and goods against the outburst of lawlessness which was sure to break forth now that the land had no longer a ruler. Their servants and followers, seeing their lords gone, and deeming that there was no longer any fear of punishment, began to make spoil of the royal chamber. Weapons, clothes, vessels, the royal bed and its furniture, were carried off, and for a whole day the body of the Conqueror lay well-nigh bare on the floor of the room in which he died.

With the fourth volume of his history Mr. Freeman ended what he termed his tale—the tale of the Norman Conquest of England. He had recorded the events which made it possible for a foreign prince to win and to keep England as his own. In the fifth volume he traced the results of the Conquest—the fusion of races—which was accomplished with little or no violence during the reign of William's son, Henry—and the important changes that then took place in the language and arts of the English people.

JOHN HILL BURTON.

The history of Scotland was left by MR. FRASER TYTLER at the period of the union of the crowns under James VI. A subsequent portion has been fully treated by MR. JOHN HILL BURTON, advocate, in a work, entitled 'History of Scotland from the Revolution to the Extinction of the last Jacobite Insurrection' (1689–1748), two volumes, 1853. This work has received the approbation of Lord Macaulay and all other historical readers; it is honestly and diligently executed, with passages of vigorous and picturesque eloquence—as the account of the battle of Killiecrankie, and the massacre of Glencoe. We subjoin part of the historian's notice of the Scottish language and literature.

The Scottish Language after the Period of the Revolution.

The development of pure literature in Scotland had, for half a century after the Revolution, to struggle with a peculiar difficulty arising out of the tenor of the national history. The languages of England and of Lowland Scotland, speaking of both in a general sense, were as entirely taken from a northern Teutonic stock common to both, as the languages of Essex and Yorkshire. Like other national characteristics, the language of Scotland took a direction severing itself from that of Eng-

land after the War of Independence. Centuries elapsed, however, ere the distinctive peculiarities of each had gone far in its own direction, and away from the other. The earliest material change was in the language of England by the infusion of the Norman, while Scotland kept closer to the Old Saxon stock. Thus it is that Scottish writers of the age of Gower and Chaucer—such as Barbour, the Archdeacon of Aberdeen, and Wyntoun, the monk of Lochleven—wrote a language more intelligible to the present age than that of their English contemporaries, because it is not so sensibly tinged with Gallicisms. France had subsequently, as we have seen, a great social and constitutional influence in Scotland, which brought a few foreign terms into use, but it scarcely touched the structure of the language. This gradually assumed a purely national, or, as it came to be deemed when Scotland was becoming absorbed into the British community, a provincial tongue. The Scottish poets of the sixteenth century wrote in a language as different from the English as we might suppose the Norse of the same age to be from the Danish. John Knox, who lived much in England, was charged with the affected employment of English novelties, because he attempted so to modify the Scottish peculiarities as to make his works readable to his friends beyond the Border. It was felt, indeed, in his day that the Scottish tongue was becoming provincial, and those who desired to speak beyond a mere home audience wrote in Latin. Hence arose that class of scholars headed by Buchanan, who almost made the language of Rome vernacular to themselves. Those who are acquainted with the epistolary correspondence of learned Scotsmen in the seventeenth century, will observe how easily they take to Latin—how uneasy and diffident they feel in the use of English. Sometimes, indeed, the ancient language is evidently sought as a relief, when the writer is addressing one to whom he cannot use a Scottish expression, while he is unable to handle the corresponding English idiom. But Latin was dying away as the common language of literature and science. Each great nation was forming her own literary tongue. The revolution was completed within the time embraced in this history. But Scotland had not kept an independent literary language of her own, nor was she sufficiently expert in the use of that which had been created in England. Hence, in a great measure, we can distinctly account for the literary barrenness of the country. The men may have existed, but they had not the tools. An acquaintance with the correspondence of Scotsmen, for the first half century after the Revolution, shews the extreme difficulty which even those who were high in rank and well educated felt in conveying their thoughts through a dialect imperfectly resembling the language of 'The Spectator.' Any attempt to keep up a Scottish literary language had been abandoned in prose before the Revolution. In verse, incidental causes made it seem as if the struggle were still continued. The old Scottish melodies, so mysterious in their origin, never ceased to have the charm of musical association for the people.

Mr. Burton subsequently completed his Scottish history with seven more volumes, 'The History of Scotland from Agricola's Invasion to the Revolution of 1688' (1867–1870). These latter volumes fully sustained the author's reputation for research, discrimination, and literary ability. A second edition, carefully revised, has been published. Mr. Burton has made further additions to our knowledge of Scottish literature and society by his valuable 'Life and Correspondence of David Hume,' 1846, his 'Lives of Lord Lovat and Duncan Forbes of Culloden,' 1847—both works written from family papers and other original sources of information—and his 'Narratives from Criminal Trials in Scotland.' In 1862 he produced a very amusing and interesting volume, 'The Book-Hunter,' containing 'sketches of the ways of book-collectors, scholars, literary investigators, desultory readers, and other persons whose pursuits revolve round books and literature.' In 1864 appeared 'The Scot Abroad,' two volumes—a work, like the former, consisting of sketches and anecdotes, and referring to the relations of Scotland and Scotsmen with foreign countries. As a

member of the Scottish bar, Mr. Burton has also been a hard legal student, having written a work on the 'Scottish Bankrupt Law,' a 'Manual of the Law of Scotland,' &c. In another not very promising mine he has been a successful labourer: his 'Political and Social Economy,' 1849, is a little volume giving a clear and popular summary of this science, and he has extracted from the mass of Jeremy Bentham's works a very readable collection of 'Benthamiana.' To the 'Westminster Review,' 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and other literary journals, Mr. Burton has been an occasional contributor. This able and indefatigable littérateur is a native of Aberdeen, the son of a military officer, and born August 22, 1809. He was admitted to the Scottish bar in 1831. In 1854 he was appointed secretary to the Prison Board of Scotland. Mr. Burton has received from Edinburgh University the degree of LL.D.

Among other notable contributions to history may be cited the following: 'Scotland in the Middle Ages,' 1860, and 'Sketches of Early Scotch History,' 1861, by Cosmo Innes (1798–1874). Mr. Innes was Professor of History in the University of Edinburgh, and the two volumes we have named contain the substance of his lectures. They are interesting works as illustrating the social progress, the church organisation, the university and home life of the people, and are written in a pleasing, graphic style. Less popular, but more exact, is 'Scotland under Her Early Kings,' 1862, by E. William Robertson, which contains a history of the kingdom to the close of the thirteenth century.

MISS STRICKLAND.

Miss Agnes Strickland (1801–1874), authoress of historical memoirs of the Queens of England and Scotland, was a native of Suffolk, daughter of Thomas Strickland, Esq., of Reydon Hall. Her first publication was a poetical narrative, 'Worcester Field, or the Cavalier;' she also wrote a tale, 'Demetrius;' but she soon struck into that path for which she seemed best fitted—historical composition. She wrote historic scenes and stories for children, and in 1835 produced the 'Pilgrims of Walsingham,' constructed on the plan of Chaucer's 'Canterbury Pilgrims.' She then, aided by a sister, Miss Elizabeth Strickland, entered upon her elaborate work, 'Lives of the Queens of England from the Norman Conquest,' twelve volumes, 1840–49. Of this work, a second edition was published in 1851, in eight volumes. The English history was followed by 'Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain,' eight volumes, 1850–59. The life of Mary, Queen of Scots, in this work is written with great fullness of detail and illustration, many new facts having been added by study of the papers in the Register House, Edinburgh, and documents in the possession of the Earl of Moray and the representatives of other ancient families. The collection of Mary's letters by Prince Labanoff

also afforded new materials, not available to previous historians of the unfortunate queen. In 1865 Miss Strickland published 'Lives of the Seven Bishops.' In 1871 she received a pension of £100 a year.

Queen Mary and the Lords of Council at Lochleven Castle.

The conspirators, calling themselves the Lords of Secret Council, having completed their arrangements for the long-meditated project of depriving her of her crown, summoned Lord Lindsay to Edinburgh, and on the 23d of July delivered to him and Sir Robert Melville three deeds, to which they were instructed to obtain her signature, either by flattering words or absolute force. The first contained a declaration, as if from herself, 'that, being in infirm health, and worn out with the cares of government, she had taken purpose voluntarily to resign her crown and office to her dearest son, James, Prince of Scotland.' In the second, 'her trusty brother James, Earl of Moray, was constituted regent for the prince her son, during the minority of the royal infant.' The third appointed a provisional council of regency, consisting of Morton and the other Lords of Secret Council, to carry on the government till Moray's return; or, in case of his refusing to accept it, till the prince arrived at the legal age for exercising it himself. Aware that Mary would not easily be induced to execute such instruments, Sir Robert Melville was especially employed to cajole her into this political suicide. That ungrateful courtier, who had been employed and trusted by his unfortunate sovereign ever since her return from France, and had received nothing but benefits from her, undertook this office. Having obtained a private interview with her, he deceitfully entreated her to 'sign certain deeds that would be presented to her by Lindsay as the only means of preserving her life, which, he assured her, was in the most imminent danger.' Then he gave her a turquoise ring, telling her 'it was sent to her from the Earls of Argyle, Huntly, and Athole, Secretary Lethington, and the Laird of Grange, who loved her majesty, and had by that token accredited him to exhort her to avert the peril to which she would be exposed, if she ventured to refuse the requisition of the Lords of Secret Council, whose designs, they well knew, were to take her life, either secretly or by a mock-trial among themselves.' Finding the queen impatient of this insidious advice, he produced a letter from the English ambassador Throckmorton, out of the scabbard of his sword, telling her 'he had concealed it there at the peril of his own life, in order to convey it to her'—a paltry piece of acting, worthy of the parties by whom it had been devised, for the letter had been written for the express purpose of inducing Mary to accede to the demission of her regal dignity, telling her, as if in confidence, 'that it was the queen of England's sisterly advice that she should not irritate those who had her in their power, by refusing the only concession that could save her life; and observing that nothing that was done under her present circumstances could be of any force when she regained her freedom.' Mary, however, resolutely refused to sign the deeds: declaring, with truly royal courage, that she would not make herself a party to the treason of her own subjects, by acceding to their lawless requisition, which, as she truly alleged, 'proceeded only of the ambition of a few, and was far from the desire of her people.'

The fair-spoken Melville having reported his ill success to his coadjutor Lord Lindsay, Moray's brother-in-law, the bully of the party, who had been selected for the honourable office of extorting by force from the royal captive the concession she denied, that brutal ruffian burst rudely into her presence, and, flinging the deeds violently upon the table before her, told her to sign them without delay, or worse would befall her. 'What!' exclaimed Mary, 'shall I set my hand to a deliberate falsehood, and, to gratify the ambition of my nobles, relinquish the office God hath given to me, to my son, an infant little more than a year old, incapable of governing the realm, that my brother Moray may reign in his name?' She was proceeding to demonstrate the unreasonableness of what was required of her, but Lindsay contemptuously interrupted her with scornful laughter; then, scowling ferociously upon her, he swore with a deep oath, 'that if she would not sign those instruments, he would do it with her heart's blood, and cast her into the lake to feed the fishes.' Full well did the defenceless woman know how capable he was of performing his threat, having seen his rapier reeking with human blood shed in her presence, when he assisted at the butchery of her unfortunate secretary. The ink was scarcely dry

of her royal signature to the remission she had granted to him for that outrage; but, reckless of the fact that he owed his life, his forfeit lands, yea, the very power of injuring her, to her generous clemency, he thus requited the grace she had, in evil hour for herself, accorded to him. Her heart was too full to continue the unequal contest. 'I am not yet five-and-twenty,' she pathetically observed; somewhat more she would have said, but her utterance failed her, and she began to weep with hysterical emotion. Sir Robert Melville, affecting an air of the deepest concern, whispered in her ear an earnest entreaty for her 'to save her life by signing the papers,' reiterating 'that whatever she did would be invalid because extorted by force.'

Mary's tears continued to flow, but sign she would not, till Lindsay, infuriated by her resolute resistance, swore 'that having begun the matter, he would also finish it then and there.' forced the pen into her reluctant hand, and, according to the popular version of this scene of lawless violence, grasped her arm in the struggle so rudely, as to leave the prints of his mail-clad fingers visibly impressed. In an access of pain and terror, with streaming eyes and averted head, she affixed her regal signature to the three deeds, without once looking upon them. Sir Walter Scott alludes to Lindsay's barbarous treatment of his hapless queen in these nervous lines:

> And haggard Lindsay's iron eye,
> That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

George Douglas the youngest son of the evil lady of Lochleven, being present, indignantly remonstrated with his savage brother-in-law, Lindsay, for his misconduct; and though hitherto employed as one of the persons whose office it was to keep guard over her, he became from that hour the most devoted of her friends and champions, and the contriver of her escape. His elder brother, Sir William Douglas, the castellan, absolutely refused to be present; entered a protest against the wrong that had been perpetrated under his roof; and besought the queen to give him a letter of exoneration certifying that he had nothing to do with it, and that it was against his consent—which letter she gave him.

This oft-repeated story of Moray's deceit and Lindsay's ferocity cannot be accepted as historical truth. Private journals and correspondence have thrown much light on modern English history. Family pride or cupidity has in some instances led to undue disclosures of this description, breaking down the barrier between public and private life; and already most of the secrets of the courts of George III. and IV., with domestic details and scandal, have been published. We have had the 'Diaries and Correspondence of the Earl of Malmesbury,' four volumes, 1843–44; the 'Grenville Papers,' four volumes, 1852–53; the 'Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox,' edited by Lord John Russell, three volumes, 1853–54; the 'Correspondence of the Marquis of Cornwallis,' three volumes 1859 and 'Memoirs of the Court of George IV.,' 1820–30, by the Duke of Buckingham, two volumes, 1859; &c. The late eminent statesman, Sir Robert Peel (1788–1850), solicitous concerning his reputation for political integrity, left behind him 'Memoirs,' explanatory of his views and conduct on the Roman Catholic question, 1828–29; the government of 1834–35; and the repeal of the corn-laws, 1845–46. The work was published, in two volumes, 1856–57, but is only a meagre collection of public papers and stale arguments.

The 'History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena, from the Letters and Journals of the late Sir Hudson Lowe,' by Mr. William

FORSYTH, barrister, three volumes, 1853, is a painful and humiliating record. The conduct of the exiled military chief was marked by disingenuous artifice and petty misrepresentation—by weakness and meanness almost incredible. But Sir Hudson Lowe was not the fit person to act as governor: he was sensitive, quick-tempered, and of a blunt, unpleasing address.

Among other works well deserving of study are the 'Lectures on Modern History, from the Irruption of the Northern Nations to the Close of the American Revolution,' two volumes, 1848, by WILLIAM SMYTH (1764–1849), some time Professor of Modern History in Cambridge. The successor of Mr. Smyth as historical lecturer in the university of Cambridge, SIR JAMES STEPHEN, published 'Lectures on the History of France,' two volumes, 1851. Sir James was well known from his long connection with the Colonial Office as under-secretary—which office he resigned in 1848—and for his eloquent critical and historical contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review.' Some of these he collected and published under the title of 'Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography,' two volumes, 1853. Sir James died in 1859, aged 70.

The writings of MR. THOMAS WRIGHT, a distinguished archæologist, in illustration of early English history, are valuable. These are 'Biographia Britannica Literaria,' or biography of literary characters of Great Britain and Ireland, during the Anglo-Norman and Anglo-Saxon periods, two volumes, 1842-46; and 'The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon,' 1852. Other short contributions connected with the middle ages have been produced by Mr. Wright, and he has edited the 'Canterbury Tales' of Chaucer, and the 'Visions of Piers Ploughman.'

The 'Criminal Trials in Scotland,' from 1428 to 1624, by ROBERT PITCAIRN, W.S.—who died in 1855—form also a valuable contribution to the history of domestic life and manners. Of a different character, but delightfully minute and descriptive, is a volume by MR. ROBERT WHITE, Newcastle (1802–1874), a 'History of the Battle of Otterburn,' fought in 1388, with memoirs of the chiefs engaged in the conflict. The same author has written a copious 'History of the Battle of Bannockburn,' 1871. The 'Archæology and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland,' by MR. DANIEL WILSON, Professor of English Literature in Toronto College, Canada, published in 1851 ; and 'Caledonia Romana,' a descriptive account of the Roman antiquities of Scotland, published in 1845, embody the results of long and careful study. MR. J. J. A. WORSAAE, a Danish archæologist, has given an 'Account of the Danes and Norwegians in England, Scotland and Ireland,' in 1852. Mr. Worsaae was commissioned by the King of Denmark to investigate the memorials of the ancient Scandinavians which might still be extant in this country. DEAN STANLEY has brought local knowledge and antiquarian studies to bear upon general history in his 'Memorials of Canterbury,' 1855; in which we

have details of the landing of Augustine, the murder of Thomas à-Becket, the Black Prince, and Becket's shrine.

Family histories are good helps to the general historian. Sir Walter Scott hung with delight over the quaint pages of 'old Pitscottie,' or the 'History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus,' by David Hume of Godscroft, 1644. The great novelist edited another work of the same kind, the 'Memorie of the Somerviles,' written by a Lord Somerville of the times of Charles II. One of the most interesting and complete works of domestic annals is one published in 1840, 'Lives of the Lindsays, or a Memoir of the Houses of Crawford and Balcarres, by Lord Lindsay,' four volumes. The Lindsays were of the race of the Normans that settled in England under the Conqueror, and two brothers of the family established themselves in Scotland in the twelfth century.

A 'History of Roman Literature' has been written by JOHN DUNLOP, Esq. From the earliest period to the Augustan age is comprised in two volumes, and a third volume is devoted to the Augustan age. Mr. Dunlop is author also of a 'History of Fiction,' three volumes, 1814. His latest production was 'Memoirs of Spain during the Reigns of Philip IV. and Charles II.,' 1621 to 1700, two volumes 1834. Mr. Dunlop was a Scottish advocate, sheriff of Renfrewshire; he died in 1842.

Some 'Historical Memoirs' by MR. MARK NAPIER, advocate, possess interest if not value. The first is 'Memoirs of John Napier of Merchiston' (born 1550, died 1617). It is remarkable that so eminent a man as the inventor of logarithms should have been without a special biographer until the year 1834, the date of Mr. Mark Napier's book. The strange combination it presents of abstruse theological studies, a belief in the art of divination and other superstitions, and great scientific acquirements, all meeting in the character of the old Scottish laird, a solitary student in fierce tumultuous times, gives a picturesqueness and attraction to the story of his life. Mr. Napier's next work, 'Memoirs of the Marquis of Montrose,' two volumes, 1856, contains original letters of the military hero, and other documents from charter-rooms, essential to the history of Montrose. Mr. Napier in 1859 produced the 'Life and Times of John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee,' three volumes. Mr. Napier writes in the spirit of a keen partisan, 'with no attempt,' he says, 'to dress by the purists in composition.' Indeed his writing is such as we should expect the Baron of Bradwardine to indite if he took up the historic pen, though the Baron would have had more courtesy towards opponents. Mr. Napier, however, is eager in pursuit of information, and gives his discoveries unmutilated. This veteran defender of the Jacobite chiefs was in 1820 admitted a member of the Scottish bar, and is sheriff of Dumfriesshire

MR. LOCKHART—DEAN STANLEY.

Several important biographical works have already been noticed in connection with the authors whose lives were related. The number of new works in this department of our literature continues daily to increase, but it is only necessary to notice such as have an original character, or derive special interest from the name and talents of the biographer.

'Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., by J. G. Lockhart, Esq., his Literary Executor,' seven volumes, 1837, makes the nearest approach, in fullness of detail, literary importance, and general interest, to Boswell's 'Life of Johnson.' The near relationship of the author to his subject might have blinded his judgment, yet the Life is written in a fair and manly spirit, without either suppressions or misstatements that could alter its essential features. Into the controversial points of the memoir we shall not enter: the author has certainly paid too little deference and regard to the feelings of individuals; and in most of his conclusions with regard to the Messrs. Ballantyne, we believe him to have been wrong; yet far more than enough remains to enable us to overlook these blemishes. The fearless confidence with which all that he knew and believed is laid before the public, and Scott presented to the world exactly as he was in life—in his schemes of worldly ambition as in his vast literary undertakings—is greatly to be admired, and well deserves its meed of praise. The book, in the main, exhibits a sound and healthy spirit, calculated to exercise a great influence on contemporary literature. As an example and guide in real life, in doing and in suffering, it is equally valuable. 'The more,' says Mr. Lockhart, 'the details of Scott's personal history are revealed and studied, the more powerfully will that be found to inculcate the same great lessons with his works. Where else shall we be better taught how prosperity may be extended by beneficence, and adversity confronted by exertion? Where can we see the "follies of the wise" more strikingly rebuked, and a character more beautifully purified and exalted than in the passage through affliction to death? His character seems to belong to some elder and stronger period than ours; and, indeed, I cannot help likening it to the architectural fabrics of other ages which he most delighted in, where there is such a congregation of imagery and tracery, such endless indulgence of whim and fancy, the sublime blending here with the beautiful, and there contrasted with the grotesque—half perhaps seen in the clear daylight, and half by rays tinged with the blazoned forms of the past—that one may be apt to get bewildered among the variety of particular impressions, and not feel either the unity of the grand design, or the height and solidness of the structure, until the door has been closed on the labyrinth of aisles and shrines, and you survey it from a distance, but still within its shadow.'

In 1843 Mr. Lockhart published an abridgment of his Life of Scott, embracing only what may be called more strictly narrative, to which he made some slight additions. One of these we subjoin :

The Sons of Great Men.

The children of illustrious men begin the world with great advantages, if they know how to use them; but this is hard and rare. There is risk that in the flush of youth, favourable to all illusions, the filial pride may be twisted to personal vanity. When experience checks this misgrowth, it is apt to do so with a severity that shall reach the best sources of moral and intellectual development. The great sons of great fathers have been few. It is usual to see their progeny smiled at through life for stilted pretension, or despised, at best pitied, for an inactive, inglorious humility. The shadow of the oak is broad, but noble plants seldom rise within that circle. It was fortunate for the sons of Scott that his day darkened in the morning of theirs. The sudden calamity anticipated the natural effect of observation and the collisions of society and business. All weak, unmanly folly was nipped in the bud, and soon withered to the root. They were both remarkably modest men, but in neither had the better stimulus of the blood been arrested.

Much light is thrown on the Scott and Ballantyne dispute, and on the Scotch literature of the period, by 'Archibald Constable, and his Literary Correspondence ; a Memorial by his Son, Thomas Constable,' three volumes, 1873.

Mr. Lockhart's 'Life of Burns,' originally published in 1828, made a valuable addition to the biographical facts in Dr. Currie's memoir of the poet. It is finely written, in a candid and generous spirit, and contains passages—that describing Burns's appearance among the *savans* of Edinburgh, his life at Ellisland, &c., which mark the hand of the master.

Burns on his Farm at Ellisland.

'It is difficult to imagine anything more beautiful, more noble, than what such a person as Mrs. Dunlop might at this period be supposed to contemplate as the probable tenor of his [Burns's] life. What fame can bring of happiness he had already tasted; he had overleaped, by the force of his genius, all the painful barriers of society; and there was probably not a man in Scotland who would not have thought himself honoured by seeing Burns under his roof He had it in his own power to place his poetical reputation on a level with the very highest names, by proceeding in the same course of study and exertion which had originally raised him into public notice and admiration. Surrounded by an affectionate family, occupied but not engrossed by the agricultural labours in which his youth and early manhood had delighted, communing with nature in one of the loveliest districts of his native land, and, from time to time, producing to the world some immortal addition to his verse —thus advancing in years and in fame, with what respect would not Burns have been thought of; how venerable in the eyes of his contemporaries—how hallowed in those of after-generations, would have been the roof of Ellisland, the field on which he 'bound every day after his reapers,' the solemn river by which he delighted to wander! The plain of Bannockburn would hardly have been holier ground.

As a reviewer, Mr. Lockhart's critiques were principally biographical; and his notices of Campbell, Southey, Theodore Hook, Jeffrey, and others will be recollected by most readers of the 'Quarterly Review.' The sharp, clear, incisive style, and the mixture of scholastic taste with the tact of the man of the world, distinguish them all. The biography of Burns afterwards received minute examination and additional facts from Dr. Robert Chambers and Dr. P. Hately Waddell.

'The Life and Correspondence of Dr. Arnold,' by ARTHUR P. STANLEY (now dean of Westminster), two volumes, 1844, is valuable as affording an example of a man of noble, independent nature, and also as furnishing a great amount of most interesting information relative to the public schools of England, and the various social and political questions which agitated the country from 1820 to 1840. Whether agreeing with, or dissenting from, the views of Dr. Arnold, it is impossible not to admire his love of truth and perfect integrity of character. In intellectual energy, decision, and uprightness he resembled Johnson, but happily his constitutional temperament was as elastic and cheerful as that of Johnson was desponding and melancholy. We add a few scraps from Arnold's letters and diary, which form so interesting a portion of Dean Stanley's memoir.

Few Men take Life in Earnest.

I meet with a great many persons in the course of the year, and with many whom I admire and like; but what I feel daily more and more to need, as life every year rises more and more before me in its true reality, is to have intercourse with those who take life in earnest. It is very painful to me to be always on the surface of things; and I feel that literature, science, politics, many topics of far greater interest than mere gossip or talking about the weather, are yet, as they are generally talked about, still upon the surface—they do not touch the real depths of life. It is not that I want much of what is called religious conversation—that, I believe, is often on the surface, like other conversation—but I want a sign which one catches as by a sort of masonry, that a man knows what he is about in life, whither tending, in what cause engaged; and when I find this, it seems to open my heart as thoroughly, and with as fresh a sympathy, as when I was twenty years younger.

Home and Old Friends.

These are times when I am least of all inclined to loosen the links which bind me to my oldest and dearest friends; for I imagine we shall all want the union of all the good men we can get together; and the want of sympathy which I cannot but feel towards many of those whom I meet with, makes me think how delightful it would be to have daily intercourse with those with whom I ever feel it thoroughly. What people do in middle life, without a wife and children to turn to, I cannot imagine; for I think the affections must be sadly checked and chilled, even in the best men, by their intercourse with people such as one usually finds them in the world. I do not mean that one does not meet with good and sensible people; but then their minds are set, and our minds are set, and they will not, in mature age, grow into each other; but with a home filled with those whom we entirely love and sympathise with, and with some old friends, to whom one can open one's heart fully from time to time, the world's society has rather a bracing influence to make one shake off mere dreams of delight.

London and Mont Blanc.

August 1, 1837.—We passed through London, with which I was once so familiar; and which now I almost gaze at with the wonder of a stranger. That enormous city, grand beyond all other earthly grandeur, sublime with the sublimity of the sea or of mountains, is yet a place that I should be most sorry to call my home. In fact, its greatness repels the notion of home; it may be a palace, but it cannot be a home. How different from the mingled greatness and sweetness of our mountain valleys! and yet he who were strong in body and mind ought to desire rather, if he must do one, to spend all his life in London, than all his life in Westmoreland. For not yet can energy and rest be united in one, and this is not our time and place for rest, but for energy.

August 2, 1839.—I am come out alone, my dearest, to this spot, to see the morning

sun on Mont Blanc and on the lake, and to look with more. I trust, than outward eyes on this glorious scene. It is overpowering, like all other intense beauty, if you dwell upon it; but I contrast it immediately with our Rugby horizon, and our life of duty there, and our cloudy sky of England—clouded socially, alas! far more darkly than physically. But, beautiful as this is, and peaceful, may I never breathe a wish to retire hither, even with you and our darlings, if it were possible; but may I be strengthened to labour, and to do and to suffer in our own beloved country and church, and to give my life, if so called upon, for Christ's cause and for them. And if—as I trust it will—this rambling and this beauty of nature in foreign lands, shall have strengthened me for my work at home, then we may both rejoice that we have had this little parting.

SIR WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL.

The 'Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.,' 1852, by WILLIAM STIRLING, of Keir (now Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Bart.), supplies deficiencies and corrects errors in the popular account of the emperor in Robertson's History. He had access to documents unknown to Robertson, and was, besides, more familiar with Spanish literature. This work, it must be confessed, destroys part of the romance of the life of Charles, while it adds materially to our knowledge of it. For example, Robertson states that the table of the emperor was 'neat and plain,' but Sir William draws a very different picture of the cuisine:

Epicurean Habits of the Emperor Charles V.

In this matter of eating, as in many other habits, the emperor was himself a true Fleming. His early tendency to gout was increased by his indulgence at table, which generally far exceeded his feeble powers of digestion. Roger Ascham, standing 'hard by the imperial table at the feast of golden fleece,' watched with wonder the emperor's progress through 'sod beef, roast mutton, baked hare,' after which 'he fed well off a capon,' drinking also, says the Fellow of St. John's, 'the best that ever I saw; he had his head in the glass five times as long as any of them, and never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish wine.' Eating was now the only physical gratification which he could still enjoy, or was unable to resist. He continued, therefore, to dine to the last upon the rich dishes, against which his ancient and trusty confessor, Cardinal Loaysa, had protested a quarter of a century before. The supply of his table was a main subject of the correspondence between the mayordomo and the secretary of state. The weekly courier from Valladolid to Lisbon was ordered to change his route that he might bring, every Thursday, a provision of eels and other rich fish (*pescado grueso*) for Friday's fast. There was a constant demand for anchovies, tunny, and other potted fish, and sometimes a complaint that the trouts of the country were too small; the olives, on the other hand, were too large, and the emperor wished, instead, for olives of Perejon. One day, the secretary of state was asked for some partridges from Gama, a place from whence the emperor remembers that the Count of Orsono once sent him, into Flanders, some of the best partridges in the world. Another day, sausages were wanted 'of the kind which the queen Juana, now in glory, used to pride herself in making, in the Flemish fashion, at Tordesillas, and for the receipt for which the secretary is referred to the Marquess of Denia.' Both orders were punctually executed. The sausages, although sent to a land supreme in that manufacture, gave great satisfaction. Of the partridges, the emperor said that they used to be better, ordering, however, the remainder to be pickled. The emperor's weakness being generally known or soon discovered, dainties of all kinds were sent to him as presents. Mutton, pork, and game were the provisions most easily obtained at Xarandilla; but they were dear. The bread was indifferent, and nothing was good and abundant but chestnuts, the staple food of the people. But in a very few days the castle larder wanted for nothing. One day the Count of Oropesa sent an offering of game; another day a

pair of fat calves arrived from the archbishop of Zaragoza; the archbishop of Toledo and the Duchess of Frias were constant and magnificent in their gifts of venison, fruit, and preserves; and supplies of all kinds came at regular intervals from Seville, and from Portugal. Luis Quixada, who knew the emperor's habits and constitution well, beheld with dismay these long trains of mules laden, as it were, with gout and bile. He never acknowledged the receipt of the good things from Valladolid without adding some dismal forebodings of consequent mischief; and along with an order he sometimes conveyed a hint that it would be much better if no means were found of executing it. If the emperor made a hearty meal without being the worse for it, the mayordomo noted the fact with exultation: and he remarked with complacency his majesty's fondness for plovers, which he considered harmless. But his office of purveyor was more commonly exercised under protest; and he interposed between his master and an eel-pie as, in other days, he would have thrown himself between the imperial person and the point of a Moorish lance.

The retirement of the emperor took place on the 3d of February 1557. He carried with him to his cloister sixty attendants—not twelve, as stated by Robertson; and in his retreat at Yuste he wielded the royal power as firmly as he had done at Augsburg or Toledo. His regular life, however, had something in it of monastic quiet—his time was measured out with punctual attention to his various employments; he fed his pet birds or sauntered among his trees and flowers, and joined earnestly in the religious observances of the monks. The subjoined scene is less strikingly painted than in Robertson's narrative, but is more correct:

The Emperor performs the Funeral Service for Himself.

About this time [August 1558], according to the historian of St. Jerome, his thoughts seemed to turn more than usual to religion and its rites. Whenever during his stay at Yuste any of his friends, of the degree of princes or knights of the fleece, had died, he had ever been punctual in doing honour to their memory, by causing their obsequies to be performed by the friars; and these lugubrious services may be said to have formed the festivals of the gloomy life of the cloister. The daily masses said for his own soul were always accompanied by others for the souls of his father, mother, and wife. But now he ordered further solemnities of the funeral kind to be performed in behalf of these relations, each on a different day, and attended them himself, preceded by a page bearing a taper, and joining in the chant, in a very devout and audible manner, out of a tattered prayer-book. These rights ended, he asked his confessor whether he might not now perform his own funeral, and so do for himself what would soon have to be done for him by others. Regla replied that his majesty, please God, might live many years, and that when his time came these services would be gratefully rendered, without his taking any thought about the matter. 'But,' persisted Charles, 'would it not be good for my soul?' The monk said, that certainly it would; pious works done during life being far more efficacious than when postponed till after death. Preparations were therefore at once set on foot: a catafalque, which had served before on similar occasions, was erected; and on the following day, the 30th of August, as the monkish historian relates, this celebrated service was actually performed. The high altar, the catafalque, and the whole church shone with a blaze of wax-lights; the friars were all in their places, at the altars, and in the choir, and the household of the emperor attended in deep mourning. 'The pious monarch himself was there, attired in sable weeds, and bearing a taper, to see himself interred and to celebrate his own obsequies.' While the solemn mass for the dead was sung, he came forward and gave his taper into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to yield his soul into the hands of his Maker. High above, over the kneeling throne and the gorgeous vestments, the flowers, the curling incense, and the glittering altar, the same idea shone forth in that splendid canvas whereon Titian had pictured Charles kneeling on the threshold of the heavenly mansions prepared for the blessed. . . .

The funeral-rites ended, the emperor dined in his western alcove. He ate little, but he remained for a great part of the afternoon sitting in the open air, and basking in the sun, which, as it descended to the horizon, beat strongly upon the white walls. Feeling a violent pain in his head, he returned to his chamber and lay down. Mathisio, whom he had sent in the morning to Xarandrilla to attend the Count of Oropesa in his illness, found him when he returned still suffering considerably, and attributed the pain to his having remained too long in the hot sunshine. Next morning he was somewhat better, and was able to get up and go to mass, but still felt oppressed, and complained much of thirst. He told his confessor, however, that the service of the day before had done him good. The sunshine again tempted him into his open gallery. As he sat there, he sent for a portrait of the empress, and hung for some time, lost in thought, over the gentle face, which, with its blue eyes, auburn hair, and pensive beauty, somewhat resembled the noble countenance of that other Isabella, the great queen of Castile. He next called for a picture of Our Lord Praying in the Garden, and then for a sketch of the Last Judgment, by Titian. Having looked his last upon the image of the wife of his youth, it seemed as if he were now bidding farewell, in the contemplation of his other favourite pictures, to the noble art which he had loved with a love which cares, and years, and sickness could not quench, and that will ever be remembered with his better fame. Thus occupied, he remained so long abstracted and motionless, that Mathisio, who was on the watch, thought it right to awake him from his reverie. On being spoken to, he turned round and complained that he was ill. The doctor felt his pulse, and pronounced him in a fever. Again the afternoon sun was shining over the great walnut tree, full into the gallery. From this pleasant spot, filled with the fragrance of the garden and the murmur of the fountain, and bright with glimpses of the golden Vera, they carried him to the gloomy chamber of his sleepless nights, and laid him on the bed from which he was to rise no more.

The emperor died in three weeks after this time—on the 21st of September 1558. Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's narrative, we need hardly add, is at once graceful and exact. Its author has written another Spanish memoir—'Velasquez and his Works,' 1855. There was little to tell of the great Spanish painter, whose life was uniformly prosperous; but Sir William gives sketches of Philip IV. and his circle, and adds many critical remarks and illustrations. He prefers Velasquez to Murillo or Rubens. Sir William Stirling-Maxwell succeeded to the baronetcy and estate of Pollok (Renfrewshire) in 1865. He was born at the paternal seat of Keir, in Perthshire, in 1818; is an M.A. of Cambridge University, and LL.D. of the universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews.

Velasquez's Faithful Colour-grinder.

Juan de Pareja, one of the ablest, and better known to fame as the slave of Velasquez, was born at Seville in 1606. His parents belonged to the class of slaves then numerous in Andalusia, the descendants of negroes imported in large numbers into Spain by the Moriscos in the sixteenth century; and in the African hue and features of their son, there is evidence that they were mulattoes, or that one or other of them was a black. It is not known whether he came into the possession of Velasquez by purchase or by inheritance, but he was in his service as early as 1623, when he accompanied him to Madrid. Being employed to clean the brushes, grind the colours, prepare the palettes, and do the other menial work of the studio, and living amongst pictures and painters, he early acquired an acquaintance with the implements of art, and an ambition to use them. He therefore watched the proceedings of his master, and privately copied his works with the eagerness of a lover and the secrecy of a conspirator. In the Italian journeys in which he accompanied Velasquez, he seized every opportunity of improvement; and in the end he became an artist of no mean skill. But his nature was so reserved, and his candle so jealously concealed under its bushel, that he had returned from his second visit to Rome, and had reached

the mature age of forty-five, before his master became aware that he could use the brushes which he washed. When at last he determined on laying aside the mask, he contrived that it should be removed by the hand of the king. Finishing a small picture with peculiar care, he deposited it in his master's studio, with its face turned to the wall. A picture so placed arouses curiosity, and is perhaps more certain to attract the eye of a loitering visitor than if it were hung up for the purpose of being seen. When Philip IV. visited Velasquez, he never failed to cause the daub or the masterpiece that happened to occupy such a position to be paraded for his inspection. He therefore fell at once into the trap, and being pleased with the work, asked for the author. Pareja, who took care to be at the royal elbow, immediately fell on his knees, owning his guilt, and praying for his majesty's protection. The good-natured king, turning to Velasquez, said: 'You see that a painter like this ought not to remain a slave.' Pareja, kissing the royal hand, rose from the ground a free man. His master gave him a formal deed of manumission, and received the colour-grinder as a scholar. The attached follower, however, remained with him till he died; and continued in the service of his daughter, the wife of Mazo Martinez, until his own death, in 1670.

G. H. LEWES.

Mr. George Henry Lewes, eminent as a philosophical essayist, citic and biographer, has written two novels—'Ranthorpe,' 1847; and Rrose, Blanche, and Violet,' 1848. In the former, he traces the moral influence of genius on its possessor, and though there is little artistic power evinced in the plot of the tale, it is a suggestive and able work. In his second novel, which is longer and much more skilfully constructed, Mr. Lewes aims chiefly at the delineation of character. His three sisters, Rose, Blanche and Violet, are typical dfdifferent classes of character—the gay, the gentle and the decided; and as each of the ladies forms an attachment, we have other characters and contrasts, with various complicated incidents and love-passages. The author, however, is more of a moral teacher than a story-teller, and he sets himself resolutely to demolish what he considers popular fallacies, and to satirise the follies and delusions prevalent in society. Here is one of his ethical positions:

Superiority of the Moral over the Intellectual Nature of Man.

Strength of Will is the quality most needing cultivation in mankind. Will is the central force which gives strength and greess to character. We overestimate the value of Talent, because it dazzles us; and we are apt to underrate the importance of Will, because its works are less shining. Talent gracefully adorns life; but it is Will which carries us victoriously through the struggle. Intellect is the torch which lights us on our way; Will is the strong arm which rough-hews the path for us. The clever, weak man sees all the obstacles on his path; the very torch he carries, being brighter than that of most men, enables him, perhaps, to see what the path before him may be directest, the best—yet it also enables him to see the crooked turnings by which he may, as he fancies, reach the goal without encountering difficulties. If, indeed, Intellect were a sun, instead of a torch—if it irraditated every corner and crevice—then would man see how, in spite of every obstacle, the direct path was the only safe one, and he would cut the way through by manful labour. But constituted as we are, it is the clever, weak men who stumble most—the strong men who are most virtuous and happy. In this world, there cannot be virtue without strong Will; the weak 'know the right, and yet the wrong pursue.'

No one, I suppose, will accuse me of deifying Obstinacy, or even mere brute Will; nor of depreciating Intellect. But we have had too many dithyrambs in honour of mere Intelligence; and the older I grow, the clearer I see that Intellect

is *not* the highest faculty in man, although the most brilliant. Knowledge, after all, is not the greatest thing in life; it is not the 'be-all and the end-all here.' Life is not Science. The light of Intellect is truly a precious light; but its aim and end is simply to shine. The moral nature of man is more sacred in my eyes than his intellectual nature. I know they cannot be divorced—that without intelligence we should be brutes—but it is the tendency of our gaping, wondering dispositions to give pre-eminence to those faculties which most astonish us. Strength of character seldom, if ever, astonishes; goodness, lovingness, and quiet self-sacrifice are worth all the talents in the world.

And in the following we have a sound, healthy doctrine which has also received the support of Thackeray:

Real Men of Genius resolute Workers.

There is, in the present day, an overplus of raving about genius, and its prescriptive rights of vagabondage, its irresponsibility, and its insubordination to all the laws of common sense. Common sense is so prosaic! Yet it appears from the history of art that the real men of genius did not rave about anything of the kind. They were resolute workers, not idle dreamers. They knew that their genius was not a frenzy, not a supernatural thing at all, but simply the colossal proportions of faculties which, in a lesser degree, the meanest of mankind shared with them. They knew that whatever it was, it would not enable them to accomplish with success the things they undertook, unless they devoted their whole energies to the task.

Would Michael Angelo have built St. Peter's, sculptured the Moses, and made the walls of the Vatican sacred with the presence of his gigantic pencil, had he awaited inspiration while his works were in progress? Would Rubens have dazzled all the galleries of Europe, had he allowed his brush to hesitate? would Beethoven and Mozart have poured out their souls into such abundant melodies? would Goethe have written the sixty volumes of his works—had they not often, very often, sat down like drudges to an unwilling task, and found themselves speedily engrossed with that to which they were so averse?

'Use the pen,' says the thoughtful and subtle author: 'there is no magic in it; *but it keeps the mind from staggering about.*' This is an aphorism which should be printed in letters of gold over the studio door of every artist. Use the pen or the brush; do not pause, do not trifle, have no misgivings; but keep your mind from staggering about by fixing it resolutely on the matter before you, and then all that you *can* do you *will* do; inspiration will not enable you to do more. Write or paint: act, do not hesitate. If what you have written or painted should turn out imperfect, you can correct it, and the correction will be more efficient than that correction which takes place in the shifting thoughts of hesitation. You will learn from your failures infinitely more than from the vague wandering reflections of a mind loosened from its moorings: because the failure is absolute, it is precise, it stands bodily before you, your eyes and judgment cannot be juggled with, you know whether a certain verse is harmonious, whether the rhyme is there or not there; but in the other case you not only *can* juggle with yourself, but *do* so, the very indeterminateness of your thoughts makes you do so: as long as the idea is not positively clothed in its artistic form, it is impossible accurately to say what it will be. The magic of the pen lies in the concentration of your thoughts upon one subject. Let your pen fall, begin to trifle with blotting-paper, look at the ceiling, bite your nails, and otherwise dally with your purpose, and you waste your time, scatter your thoughts, and repress the nervous energy necessary for your task. Some men dally and dally, hesitate and trifle until the last possible moment, and when the printer's boy is knocking at the door, they begin; necessity goading them, they write with singular rapidity, and with singular success; they are astonished at themselves. What is the secret? Simply this; they have had no time to hesitate. Concentrating their powers upon the one object before them, they have done what they *could* do.

Impatient reader! if I am tedious, forgive me. These lines may meet the eyes of some to whom they are specially addressed, and may awaken thoughts in their minds not unimportant to their future career. Forgive me, if only because I have taken what is called the prosaic side! I have not flattered the shallow sophisms which would give a gloss to idleness and incapacity. I have not availed myself of the

splendid tirades, so easy to write, about the glorious privileges of genius. My 'preaching' may be very ineffectual, but at anyrate it advocates the honest dignity of labour; let my cause excuse my tediousness.

Mr. Lewes is a native of London, born in 1817. He received his education partly abroad and partly from Dr. Burney at Greenwich. Being intended for a mercantile life, he was placed in the office of a Russian merchant, but soon abandoned it for the medical profession. From this he was driven, it is said, by a feeling of horror at witnessing surgical operations, and he took to literature as a profession. His principal works are a 'Biographical History of Philosophy,' four volumes, 1845; 'The Spanish Drama, Lope de Vega and Calderon,' 1846; 'Life of Maximilien Robespierre,' 1849; 'Exposition of the Principles of the *Cours de Philosophie positif* of Auguste Comte,' 1853; 'The Life and Works of Goethe,' two volumes, 1855; 'Sea-side Studies at Ilfracombe, Tenby, the Scilly Isles, and Jersey,' 1857. In the 'Physiology of Common Life,' two volumes, 1870, Mr. Lewes has made a very readable and instructive compendium of information on subjects which 'come home to the business and bosoms of men'—such as food and drink, mind and brain, feeling and thinking, life and health, sleep and dreams, &c. We quote a passage which may be said to be connected with biography:

Children of Great Men—Hereditary Tendencies.

If the father bestows the nervous system, how are we to explain the notorious inferiority of the children of great men? There is considerable exaggeration afloat on this matter, and able men have been called nullities because they have not manifested the great talents of their fathers; but allowing for all over-statement, the palpable fact of the inferiority of some to their fathers is beyond dispute, and has helped to foster the idea of all great men owing their genius to their mothers; an idea which will not bear confrontation with the facts. Many men of genius have had remarkable mothers; and that one such instance could be cited is sufficient to prove the error both of the hypothesis which refers the nervous system to paternal influence, and of the hypothesis which only refers the *preponderance* to the paternal influence. If the male preponderates, how is it that Pericles, who 'carried the weapons of Zeus upon his tongue,' produced nothing better than a Paralus and a Xanthippus? How came the infamous Lysimachs from the austere Aristides? How was the weighty intellect of Thucydides left to be represented by an idiotic Milesias and a stupid Stephanus? When was the great soul of Oliver Cromwell in his son Richard? Who were the inheritors of Henry IV. and Peter the Great? What were Shakspeare's children and Milton's daughters? What was Addison's only son [daughter]? an idiot. Unless the mother preponderated in these and similar instances, we are without an explanation; for it being proved as a law of heritage, that the individual does transmit his qualities to his offspring, it is only on the supposition of *both* individuals transmitting their organisations, and the one modifying the other, that such anomalies are conceivable. When the paternal influence is not counteracted, we see it transmitted. Hence the common remark, 'Talent runs in families.' The proverbial phrases, 'l'esprit des Mortemarts,' and the 'wit of the Sheridans,' imply this transmission from father to son. Bernardo Tasso was a considerable poet, and his son Torquato inherited his faculties, heightened by the influence of the mother. The two Herschels, the two Colmans, the Kemble family, and the Coleridges, will at once occur to the reader; but the most striking example known to us is that of the family which boasted Jean Sebastian Bach as the culminating illustration of a musical genius, which, more or less, was distributed over three hundred Bachs, the children of very various mothers.

Here a sceptical reader may be tempted to ask how a man of genius is ever produced, if the child is always the repetition of the parents? How can two parents of

ordinary capacity produce a child of extraordinary power? We must consider the phenomenon of *atavism*, or ancestral influence, in which the child manifests striking resemblance to the grandfather or grandmother, and not to the father or mother. It is to be explained on the supposition that the qualities were transmitted from the grandfather to the father, in whom they were *masked* by the presence of some antagonistic or controlling influence, and thence transmitted to the son, in whom, the antagonistic influence being withdrawn, they manifested themselves. We inherit the nervous system no less than the muscular and bony, and with the nervous system we inherit its general and particular characters—that is to say, the general sensibility of the system, and the conformation of the brain and sensory ganglia, are as much subject to the law of transmission as the size and conformation of the bony and muscular structures are; this being so, it is evident that all those tendencies which depend on the nervous system will likewise be inherited; and even special aptitudes, such as those for music, mathematics, wit, and so on, will be inherited; nay, even acquired tendencies and tricks of gesture will be inherited. But this inheritance is in each case subject to the influence exercised by the other parent; and very often this influence is such as to modify, to mask, or even to entirely suppress the manifestation.

Mr. Lewes has also been an extensive contributor to the reviews and other periodicals; and he is said to have edited for nearly five years a weekly paper, 'The Leader.'

English readers are now becoming familiar with both the life and writings of the great German Goethe. Mr. Carlyle first awakened attention in this country to the poet's personal history, as well as to the just appreciation of his genius. Since then MR. OXENFORD has translated the 'Autobiography' and 'Eckerman's Conversations;' MRS. AUSTIN has given us 'Goethe and his Contemporaries,' of which Faulk's Reminiscences form the nucleus; and MR. LEWES has presented the public with the 'Life and Works of Goethe, with Sketches of his Age and Contemporaries,' 1855. We have the man and all his 'environments' before us. Goethe's mother seems to have given him everything, as Mr. Lewes remarks, which bore the stamp of distinctive individuality. She was a lively, joyous little woman. 'Order and quiet,' she said, 'are my principal characteristics. Hence, I despatch at once whatever I have to do, the most disagreeable always first, and I gulp down the devil without looking at him. When all has returned to its proper state, I defy any one to surpass me in good-humour.'

Goethe's mother was just eighteen when he was born. 'I and my Wolfgang,' she said, 'have always held fast to each other, because we were both young together.' It is pleasing to know that she lived to hail him the greatest citizen of Weimar and the most popular author of Germany. The father, a councillor of Frankfort, was somewhat cold and formal, but he appears to have been indulgent enough to the wayward genius, his son. Mr. Lewes enters at length into the poet's college life at Leipsic and Strasburg, and has had access to various unpublished sources of information. The first literary work of Goethe, his drama of 'Götz von Berlichingen'—written in 1771, but not published till 1773—is a vivid picture of wild robber life and feudal times. It caught the fancy of Sir Walter Scott, who became its translator; but though highly popular in its

day, this tragedy gives but faint indication of the depth or delicacy of feeling and the subtle imagination that 'interpenetrates' 'Werther.' The poet, it is well known, wrote from genuine impulses. He was, or fancied himself, desperately in love with Charlotte Buff. Charlotte, however, was betrothed to a friend of the poet, Kestner, and a complication of passion and disappointment agitated the affectionate trio. Charlotte and Kestner were married, and Goethe sought relief in his own peculiar way by embodying the story of their love and his own feelings, with the addition of ideal circumstances, in his 'philosophical romance' of 'Werther.' The romance was published in 1774, and Mr. Lewes says: 'Perhaps there never was a fiction which so startled and enraptured the world. Men of all kinds and classes were moved by it. It was the companion of Napoleon, when in Egypt; it penetrated into China. To convey in a sentence its wondrous popularity, we may state that in Germany it became a people's book, hawked about the streets, printed upon miserable paper, like an ancient ballad; and in the Chinese empire, Charlotte and Werther were modelled in porcelain.' In this country also, despite its questionable morality and sentimentalism, it had an immense popularity in an English version.

Carlyle touches on one cause of this success: 'That nameless unrest, the blind struggle of a soul in bondage, that high, sad, longing discontent which was agitating every bosom, had driven Goethe almost to despair. All felt it; he alone could give it voice, and here lies the secret of his popularity.' A spirit of speculation was abroad, men were disgusted with the political institutions of the age, and had begun to indulge in those visions of emancipation and freedom which, in part, led to the French Revolution. Like Ossian's Poems—which were at first as rapturously received—the 'Sorrows of Werther' find little acceptance now in this country.* In the original the work is a masterpiece of style. 'We may look through German literature in vain for such clear sunny pictures, fullness of life, and delicately managed simplicity: its style is one continuous strain of music.' The real and the ideal had been happily blended. Goethe was now a literary lion; and the Duke of Weimar—the reigning prince—visiting Frankfort, insisted on his spending a few weeks at his court 'On the 7th of November 1775, Goethe, aged twenty-six, arrived at the little city on the banks of the Ilm [Wei-

* Thackeray's ballad on the story is more popular:

Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter:
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady.
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed, and pined, and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out.
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

mar], where his long residence was to confer on an insignificant duchy the immortal renown of a German Athens.' Mr. Lewes describes Weimar in the eighteenth century.

Picture of Weimar.

Weimar is an ancient city on the Ilm, a small stream rising in the Thuringian forests, and losing itself in the Saal, at Jena, a stream on which the sole navigation seems to be that of ducks, and which meanders peacefully through pleasant valleys, except during the rainy season, when mountain torrents swell its current and overflow its banks. The Trent, between Trentham and Stafford—'the smug and silver Trent,' as Shakspeare calls it—will give you an idea of this stream. The town is charmingly placed in the Ilm valley, and stands some eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. 'Weimar,' says the old topographer Mathew Merian, 'is *Weinmar* because it was the wine-market for Jena and its environs. Others say it was because some one here in ancient days began to plant the vine, who was hence called *Weinmayer*. But of this each reader may believe just what he pleases.'

On a first acquaintance Weimar seems more like a village bordering a park, than a capital with a court, and having all courtly environments. It is so quiet, so simple; and although ancient in its architecture, has none of the picturesqueness which delights the eye in most old German cities. The stone-coloured, light-brown and apple-green houses have high-peaked, slanting roofs, but no quaint gables, no caprices of architectural fancy, none of the mingling of varied styles which elsewhere charm the traveller. One learns to love its quiet, simple streets, and pleasant paths, fit theatre for the simple actors moving across the scene; but one must live there some time to discover its charm. The aspect it presented when Goethe arrived was of course very different from that presented now; but by diligent inquiry we may get some rough image of the place restored. First be it noted that the city walls were still erect; gates and portcullis still spoke of days of warfare. Within these walls were six or seven hundred houses, not more, most of them very ancient. Under these roofs were about seven thousand inhabitants, for the most part not handsome. The city gates were strictly guarded. No one could pass through them in cart or carriage without leaving his name in the sentinel's book; even Goethe, minister and favourite, could not escape this tiresome formality, as we gather from one of his letters to the Frau Von Stein, directing her to go out alone, and meet him beyond the gates, lest their exit together should be known. During Sunday service a chain was thrown across the streets leading to the church to bar out all passengers—a practice to this day partially retained: the chain is fastened, but the passengers step over it without ceremony. There was little safety at night in those silent streets; for if you were in no great danger from marauders, you were in constant danger of breaking a limb in some hole or other, the idea of lighting streets not having presented itself to the Thuringian mind. In the year 1685 the streets of London were first lighted with lamps; and Germany, in most things a century behind England, had not yet ventured on that experiment. If in this 1854 Weimar is still innocent of gas, and perplexes its inhabitants with the dim obscurity of an occasional oil-lamp slung on a cord across the streets, we may imagine that in 1775 they had not even advanced so far. And our supposition is exact.

A century earlier, stage-coaches were known in England; but in Germany, public conveyances, very rude to this day in places where no railway exists, were few and miserable, nothing but open carts with unstuffed seats. Diligences on springs were unknown before 1800, and what they were even twenty years ago many readers doubtless remember. Then as to speed; if you travelled post, it was said with pride that seldom more than an hour's waiting was necessary before the horses were got ready, at least on frequented routes. Mail travelling was at the rate of five English miles in an hour and a quarter. Letters took nine days from Berlin to Frankfort, which in 1854 require only twenty-four hours. So slow was the communication of news, that, as we learn from the Stein correspondence, so great an event as the death of Frederick the Great was only known as a rumor a week afterwards in Carlsbad. 'By this time,' writes Goethe, 'you must know in Weimar if it be true.' With these facilities it was natural that men travelled but rarely, and mostly on

horseback. What the inns were may be imagined from the unfrequency of travellers, and the general state of domestic comfort.

The absence of comfort and luxury—luxury as distinguished from ornament—may be gathered from the memoirs of the time, and from such works as Bertuch's 'Mode Journal.' Such necessities as good locks, doors that shut, drawers opening easily, tolerable knives, carts on springs, or beds fit for a Christian of any other than the 'German persuasion,' are still rarities in Thuringia; but in those days when sewers were undreamed of, and a post-office was a chimera, all that we moderns consider comfort was necessarily fabulous. The furniture, even of palaces, was extremely simple. In the houses of wealthy bourgeois, chairs and tables were of common fir; not until the close of the eighteenth century did mahogany make its appearance. Looking-glasses followed. The chairs were covered with a coarse green cloth; the tables likewise; and carpets are only now beginning to loom upon the national mind as a possible luxury. The windows were hung with woollen curtains when the extravagance of curtains was ventured on. Easy chairs were unknown; the only arm-chair allowed was the so-called *Grandfather's chair*, which was reserved for the dignity of gray hairs, or the feebleness of age.

The *salon de reception*, or drawing-room, into which greatly honoured visitors were shewn, had of course, a kind of Sunday splendour, not dimmed by week-day familiarity. There hung the curtains; the walls were adorned with family portraits or some work of extremely 'native talent;' the tables alluring the eye with china in guise of cups, vases, impossible shepherds, and very allegorical dogs. Into this room the honoured visitor was ushered; and there, no matter what the hour, he was handed refreshment of some kind. This custom—a compound product of hospitality and bad inns—lingered until lately in England, and perhaps is still not unknown in provincial towns.

On eating and drinking was spent the surplus now devoted to finery. No one then, except gentlemen of the first water, boasted of a gold snuff-box: even a gold-headed cane was an unusual elegance. The dandy contented himself with a silver watch. The fine lady blazoned herself with a gold watch and heavy chain: but it was an heirloom! To see a modern dinner service glittering with silver, glass, and china, and to think that even the nobility in those days ate off pewter, is enough to make the lapse of time very vivid to us. A silver tea-pot and tea-tray were held as princely magnificence. The manners were rough and simple. The journeymen ate at the same table with their masters, and joined in the coarse jokes which then passed for hilarity. Filial obedience was rigidly enforced, the stick or strap not unfrequently aiding parental authority. Even the brothers exercised an almost paternal authority over their sisters. Indeed, the 'position of women' was by no means such as our women can conceive with patience; not only were they kept under the paternal, marital, and fraternal yoke, but society limited their actions by its prejudices still more than it does now. No woman, for instance, of the better class of citizens could go out alone; the servant-girl followed her to church, to a shop, or even to the promenade. . . .

The foregoing survey would be incomplete without some notice of the *prices* of things, the more so as we shall learn hereafter that the pension Karl August gave Schiller was 200 thalers—about £60 of our money—and that the salary Goethe received as Councillor of Legation, was only 1200 thalers—about £200 per annum. On reading this, Mr. Smith jingles the loose silver in his pockets, and, with that superb British pride, redolent of consols, which makes the family of Smith so accurate a judge of all social positions, exclaims: 'These beggarly Germans; I give my head clerk twice the sum!'

At the little court, Goethe was all but idolised. He dressed in the costume which he had assigned to his 'Werther,' and the dress was adopted by the duke and the courtiers. It was not very sentimental, as Mr. Lewes suggests, being composed of blue coat and brass buttons, top-boots and leather breeches, surmounted by powder and pig-tail! The duke, Karl August, though patronising literature in the person of Goethe, seems to have been somewhat idle and dissipated; the

Dowager-duchess Amalia was more intellectual. There was also a Baroness von Stein, wife of the Master of the Horse, who captivated Goethe, and the attachment lapsed into a *liaison*, not uncommon in that court, but which Mr. Lewes passes over too slightly, as a matter of course. The poet, however, applied himself to business, was made President of the Chamber, Minister of the War Department, and, finally, elevated to the nobility. Henceforth he is *Von* Goethe. He gets tired, however, of public life; travels into Italy: and, by consent of the duke, is released, after his return to Weimar, from official duties. His passion for the Frau von Stein now cooled—all his love-scenes are dissolving views; but in the autumn of 1788, Goethe, 'walking in the much-loved park, was accosted by a fresh, young, bright-looking girl, who, with many reverences, handed him a petition.' The petition contained a request that the great poet would exert his influence to procure a post for a young author, the brother of the maiden who then addressed him, and whose name was Christiane Vulpius. Christiane was humble in rank, clever, but not highly gifted—'not a Frau von Stein.' She was, however, elevated to the same bad eminence in the poet's regard, and, fifteen years afterwards, when a son had been born to them—when 'Wilhelm Meister,' the 'Faust,' and 'Lyrics' had placed Goethe at the head of German authors—he married Christiane Vulpius. The 'sunset,' which Mr. Lewes put at the head of 'Book the Seventh,' had then commenced. But stirring incidents still remained—the battle of Jena and sack of Weimar, and, subsequently, the gratifying interview with Napoleon. Love-passages also were interposed, and the sexagenarian poet 'deposited with deep emotion many a sad experience' in his fiction and poetry. All this German sentimentalism seems as unlike real life as the scenes in the sparkling comedies of Congreve or Wycherley. Goethe at seventy was younger, Mr. Lewes says, than many men at fifty. The second part of 'Faust' was completed in his eighty-first year, and at eighty-two he wrote a scientific paper on philosophic zoology. In his latter years his daughter-in-law kept house for him, Christiane having died in 1816. The poet survived her nearly sixteen years. Mr. Lewes thus describes the last scene:

Death of Goethe.

The following morning—it was the 22d March 1832—he tried to walk a little up and down the room, but, after a turn, he found himself too feeble to continue. Reseating himself in the easy chair, he chatted cheerfully with Ottilie [his daughter-in-law] on the approaching spring, which would be sure to restore him. He had no idea of his end being so near. The name of Ottilie was frequently on his lips. She sat beside him, holding his hand in both of hers. It was now observed that his thoughts began to wander incoherently. 'See,' he exclaimed, 'the lovely woman's head, with black curls, in splendid colours—a dark background!' Presently he saw a piece of paper on the floor, and asked them how they could leave Schiller's letters so carelessly lying about. Then he slept softly, and, on awakening, asked for the sketches he had just seen—the sketches of his dream. In silent anguish they awaited the close now so surely approaching. His speech was becoming less and less distinct. The last words audible were, *More light!* The final darkness grew apace, and he whose eter-

nal longings had been for more light, gave a parting cry for it as he was passing under the shadow of death. He continued to express himself by signs, drawing letters with his forefinger in the air while he had strength; and finally, as life ebbed, drawing figures slowly on the shawl which covered his legs. At half-past twelve he composed himself in the corner of the chair. The watcher placed a finger on her lip to intimate that he was asleep. If sleep it was, it was a sleep in which a life glided from the world. He woke no more.

The influence which Goethe's writings exercised on all the literature of Europe has been noticed by Carlyle, and is fully traced by Mr. Lewes. He gives copious analyses of the principal works—especially the 'Faust'—and on all points of the poet's history and his 'romances of the heart' (more properly of the imagination) we have ample details. No more original or exhaustive memoir has appeared since Lockhart's 'Life of Scott.' A new edition of Mr. Lewes's work, still further improved, was published in 1875.

MRS. OLIPHANT.

To Mrs. Oliphant, the distinguished novelist, we are indebted for two volumes of 'Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II.,' 1869, which appeared first in 'Blackwood's Magazine.' These consist of a series of short biographies, political, literary, and fashionable. Queen Caroline and Walpole head the list, and to these succeed the 'man of the world' (Chesterfield), the 'woman of fashion' (Lady Mary Wortley Montagu), the 'poet' (Pope), the 'Young Chevalier' (Charles Edward), the 'reformer' (John Wesley), the 'sailor' (Anson), the 'philosopher' (Berkeley), the 'novelist' (Richardson), the 'sceptic' (David Hume), and the 'painter' (Hogarth) The portraits in this little gallery are drawn with truth and nice discrimination, and give the reader a good idea of all the leading characteristics, the tastes and opinions, prevailing in the reign of the second George. Besides these Historical Sketches, Mrs. Oliphant has written two original and interesting biographies—the 'Life of Edward Irving,' and the 'Memoir of Count Montalembert,' the latter 'a chapter of recent French history,' in which Montalembert was for thirty years, till his death in 1870, a conspicuous actor.

The Rev. Edward Irving (1792–1834) was a remarkable man, who, like George Whitefield, enjoyed amazing popularity as a preacher, but whose writings fail to give even a faint idea of his power and influence. De Quincey considered him 'the greatest orator of his times;' Coleridge and Carlyle were his intimate friends; George Canning heard the Scotch minister preach the 'most eloquent sermon he ever listened to;' Sir James Mackintosh, too, was a hearer, and treasured up a saying of Irving's while praying for an orphan family, '*thrown upon the fatherhood of God.*' Hazlitt, Wordsworth, and Scott were all more or less attracted by this meteor, and for a time a whole host of distinguished, noble, and fashionable persons

witnessed his manifestations.* Around him in London were 'mad extremes of flattery, followed by madder contumely, by indifference and neglect' (*Carlyle*). Edward Irving was a native of Annan, Dumfriesshire; was educated at the university of Edinburgh; then assistant to Dr. Chalmers in Glasgow; afterwards minister of the Scottish Church in Hatton Garden, London, whence he removed to a larger church built for him in Regent Square. Whilst officiating in the latter, he was charged with heresy, and ultimately ejected by the trustees of the church, and deposed from the ministry by the presbytery of Annan, by whom he had been licensed. One of his delusions was a belief that the millennium would come in less than forty years. The heresy charged against him was maintaining the doctrine of 'the fallen state and sinfulness of our Lord's human nature'—the oneness of Christ with us in all the attributes of humanity. He had also introduced at his church manifestations of miraculous gifts and prophecy and unknown tongues, occasioning scenes of excitement and disorder. A number of his hearers still clung to him, and a sect of 'Irvingites' was formed, which is now represented by a body of Christians under the name of the 'Apostolic Catholic Church.' Irving was profoundly convinced of the truth of what he preached. 'He clave to his belief as to his soul's soul,' says Mr. Carlyle, 'toiling as never man toiled to spread it, to gain the world's ear for it—in vain. Ever wilder waxed the confusion without and within. The misguided, noble-minded had now nothing left to do but die. He died the death of the true and brave.' His death took place at Glasgow, December 8, 1834, in the forty-second year of his age. His last words were: 'If I die, I die unto the Lord. Amen.' Mrs. Oliphant adds: 'Scarce any man who knew him can yet name, without a softened voice and dimmed eye, the name of Edward Irving—true friend and tender heart—martyr and saint.' When we open the works of Irving this mournful spell is broken. They are mostly written in a stilted, unnatural style. Their very titles betray them: *i.e.*, 'For the Oracles of God,' Four Orations; 'For Judgment to Come, an Argument in Nine Parts,' 1823; and 'For Missionaries of the Apostolical School, a Series of Orations in Four Parts,' 1825. Irving also published several volumes of 'Sermons, Lectures and Discourses.' A collection of the writings of the once popular divine has recently (1864–65) been published by his nephew, the Rev. G.

* The personal appearance of Irving aided the effect of his preaching. He was a tall, athletic man, with dark, sallow complexion and commanding features, long glossy black hair, and with a very obvious squint. Sir Walter Scott, who met him one day at a dinner-party, says: 'I could hardly keep my eyes off him while we were at table. He put me in mind of the devil disguised as an angel of light, so ill did that horrible obliquity of vision harmonize with the dark tranquil features of his face, resembling that of our Saviour in Italian pictures, with the hair carefully arranged in the same manner.' It was a question with the ladies whether his squint was a grace or a deformity! One lady said he might have stood as a model for St. John the Baptist.

Carlyle. 'To the present generation,' says Mr. G. Carlyle, 'Edward Irving as a preacher and an author may be said to be unknown;' but the attempt to revive the writings has not, we believe, been successful. The 'Life,' as told by Mrs. Oliphant, and illustrated by his own journals and correspondence, constitutes his best and most durable memorial.

Foreign Memories.

There are some landscapes in the world in which foreign memories, alien to the place, and in some cases less touching and momentous than the natural local associations, thrust themselves in, and obscure to the spectator at once the nationality and individual character of the spot. The English traveller, when he climbs the height of Tusculum, has a scene before him full of the grandest memories of a past which is the common inheritance of the whole civilised world. His boyish lessons, his youthful studies, if they have done anything for him, have qualified him to identify every hillock, and hear a far-off voice out of every tomb. Or, if it is not old but modern Rome that charms him, there are a hundred lights on that Campagna, a thousand influences of sound and sense about, enough to move the least imaginative soul. Rome lying distant on the great plain—and the dome that Buonarotti hung between earth and heaven, standing out the one thing visible, full of suggestions of the treasures lying under and about it—are sufficient to overbrim the eager brain. How is it that, as we stand upon the wistful plateau with that great scene before us, Rome and her memories fade from our eyes? 'Shrivelling like a parched scroll' the plain rolls up and passes away. The Highland hills all black with storms, the lonely, desolate, northern seas, the wild moors and mountain-passes, rise up a sad phantasmagoria over the gray olives and clustering vines. It is the wild pibroch that rings in our ears; it is the heather that rustles below our feet, and the chill of the north that breathes into our faces. Why? Because yonder in the Duomo a line of inscription has caught the traveller's eye obliterating Frascati and Rome, and all Italian thoughts: '*Karolus Edoardus, Filius Jacobi.*' These are the words; and there lies the high heart mouldered into dust, which once beat against the breast of the Young Chevalier! . . . .

Shipwrecked, weary of life, shamed by his knowledge of better things, consumed by vain longings for a real existence such as never could be his, the Chevalier sank as, God help us! so many sink into the awful abyss. To forget his misery, to deaden the smart of his ruin, what matters what he did? He lost in shame, in oblivion and painful decay, the phantasm which was life no longer—with other fantastic shadows—ill-chosen wife, ill-governed household, faithless and foolish favourites, a staring silly spectator-crowd—flitting across the tragic mist. A merciful tear springs to the eye, obscuring the fatal outlines of the last sad picture. There sank a man in wreck and ruin who was a noble prince when the days were. If he fell into degradation at the last, he was once as gallant, as tender, as spotless a gentleman as ever breathed English air or trod Scottish heather. And when the spectator stands by Canova's marble in the great basilica, in the fated land where, with all the Cæsars, Charles Edward has slept for nearly a century, it is not the silver trumpets in the choir, nor the matchless voices in their *Agnus Dei*, that haunt the ear in the silence; but some rude long-drawn pibroch note, wailing over land and sea, wailing to earth and heaven, for a lost cause, a perished house, and, most of all, for the darkening, and shipwreck, and ruin of a gracious and princely soul.

George Whitefield and the Bristol Colliers.

The colliers of Kingswood, near Bristol, were proverbial for their savage character and brutality. They had no place of worship near them, and nobody so much as dreamt of inquiring whether by chance they too might have souls to be saved. The wandering evangelist [Whitefield] saw, and with that instinct or inspiration which in a great crisis often seems to direct the instrument of Providence, saw his opportunity at a glance. On the afternoon of Saturday, February 17, 1739, breaking the iron decorum of the church, but not a single thread of the allegiance which bound him to her, he took his stand on a little summit in the benighted heathen district, and proclaimed to the gaping amazed populace the message they had never

heard before. Ere long, thousands gathered round him, eager to see so new a thing, to hear so strange a communication. Under the spring sunshine they gathered, 'in an awful manner, in the profoundest silence,' says the preacher, moved to the heart by the unhoped-for magnitude of his own work. The rude miners stood still as death, turning their dark countenance towards him, weeping white tears down their grimy, coal-stained cheeks. Ever since barefooted friars had wandered that way, with the wide and elastic commission of Rome, had preachers stood in England by field and hedgerows, calling the lost sheep to the fold. The eighteenth-century preacher, in his curled wig and comely bands, is no such picturesque figure as the Franciscan; but yet nothing could have been more impressive than the scenes he describes with an evident awe upon his own mind. 'The trees and hedges were full,' he says; 'all was hushed when I began.' Sometimes as many as twenty thousand collected around the little hill—at times a thrill of emotion ran through the crowd. They wept aloud together over their sins; they sang together with that wonderful voice of a multitude which has something in it more impressive than any music. The sun fell aslant over the sea of heads; the 'solemnity of approaching evening' stole over the strange scene. Through the preacher's minute, monotonous diary, there throbs a sudden fullness of human feeling as he records it. It was sometimes almost too much for him. And as he tells us the story at this long distance, we are still touched by the tears in his voice.

DR. WILLIAM REEVES.

In 1857. Dr. William Reeves, Dublin, published an edition of Adamnan's 'Life of St. Columba' (Vita Sancti Columbæ: Auctore Adamnano Monasterii Hiensis), edited for the Irish Archæological Society. Adamnan was the ninth abbott of Hy or Iona, founded by Columba, the great apostle of the Western Highlanders or Scoto-Irish, said to be born in the year 521, arrived in Scotland from Ireland in 563, died in 597. It appears from Adamnan's narrative that Columba required an interpreter when communicating with the king of the Picts. It is stated, however, that before his death he had founded above one hundred monasteries, and three hundred churches, and had ordained three thousand clergy. So much could not have been done in one life-time if the Scoto-Irish and Pictish tongues had been radically different Dr. Reeves printed Adamnan's 'Life' from a manuscript of the eighth century, with the various readings of six other manuscripts preserved in different parts of Europe. He added copious notes and dissertations illustrative of the early history of the Columban institutions in Ireland and Scotland. The work evinces immense research, learning, and patient investigation.

LORD CAMPBELL.

The legal biographies of John, Lord Campbell, supply a blank that had often been felt in the record of British worthies, and they convey in a diffuse but agreeable way a general knowledge of history, political and social, and of constitutional law and principles. Had proper research been exercised, they would have been valuable. The 'Lives of the Chancellors and the Keepers of the Great Seal of England, from the Earliest Times till the Reign of George IV.,' extend to seven volumes, published in 1845–47; and the 'Lives of the Chief Justices of England, from the Norman Conquest till the death of Lord Mansfield,' form two volumes, 1849. The style of the noble

biographer is often loose and careless, and there are many inaccuracies in dates and facts; but there are few more pleasant books than the 'Lives of the Chancellors,' and it has been eminently successful. In his later biographies, Lord Campbell had the advantage of original papers, as well as some personal knowledge of the chancellors. The whole of Lord Loughborough's papers were communicated to him by Lord Rosslyn; he obtained many of Erskine's letters, and also letters of Lord Eldon. A love of anecdote and gossip seasons these memoirs, while, in conclusion, the noble author sums up the merits and demerits of each of his subjects with judicial impartiality and often with discrimination. Lord Campbell himself succeeded to the woolsack—the crowning glory of a long, laborious life. He was born September 15, 1781, the son of a Scottish minister, Dr. George Campbell, of Cupar, Fife. Having received his education, and taken his degree as A.M. at the university of St. Andrews, he repaired to London, entered himself of Lincoln's Inn, and while keeping his terms, officiated as reporter and critic for the 'Morning Chronicle.' He was called to the bar in 1806, and though retarded in promotion by his Whig principles, he was invested with the silk gown in 1827, and in 1830 was returned to parliament for the borough of Stafford. In 1834 he was appointed attorney general; in 1841, lord chancellor of Ireland, with a peerage; in 1850, chief justice of England; and in 1859, lord chancellor—a fortunate and brilliant career, with an old age of physical and intellectual vigour rarely paralleled. Yet its possessor failed to command general respect. He died June 23, 1861. In 1869 more than eight years after his death, appeared 'Lives of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham,' which had been written but not finally revised by Lord Campbell, as a continuation of his Lives of the Lord Chancellors. This is a gossiping, untrustworthy work, written in a mean, depreciatory spirit.

JAMES SPEDDING.

The 'Letters and Life of Francis Bacon'—Lord Bacon—collected and edited, with a commentary, by JAMES SPEDDING, M.A. (1874), is a work of great research and labour, extending to seven volumes. It is supplementary to the edition of Lord Bacon's works, collected and edited by Mr. Spedding, Mr. R. L. Ellis, and Mr. D. D. Heath, which also extends to seven volumes. The publication of the Works and Life was spread over the long period of seventeen years, during which the care and research of the editors seem never to have relaxed. Mr. Spedding says his object was to enable posterity to 'form a true conception of the kind of man Bacon was,' and accordingly he gives an unusually full record of a more than unusually full life. The question of legal guilt Bacon himself admitted. The moral culpability Mr. Spedding does not consider so clear, considering the corrupt practices of the age, and the philosopher's carelessness as to money and household management.

I know nothing more inexplicable than Bacon's unconsciousness of the state of his own case, unless it be the case itself. That he, of all men, whose fault had always been too much carelessness about money—who, though always too ready to borrow, to give, to lend, and to spend, had never been either a bargainer, or a grasper, or a hoarder, and whose professional experience must have continually reminded him of the peril of meddling with anything that could be construed into corruption—that he should have allowed himself on any account to accept money from suitors while their cases were before him, is wonderful. That he should have done it without feeling at the time that he was laying himself open to a charge of what in law would be called bribery, is more wonderful still. That he should have done it often, and not lived under an abiding sense of insecurity—from the consciousness that he had secrets to conceal, of which the disclosure would be fatal to his reputation, yet the safe keeping did not rest solely with himself—is most wonderful of all. Give him credit for nothing more than ordinary intelligence and ordinary prudence—wisdom for a man's self—and it seems almost incredible. And yet I believe it was the fact. The whole course of his behaviour, from the first rumour to the final sentence, convinces me that not the discovery of the thing only, but the thing itself, came upon him as a surprise; and that if anybody had told him the day before that he stood in danger of a charge of taking bribes, he would have received the suggestion with unaffected incredulity. How far I am justified in thinking so, the reader shall judge for himself; for the impression is derived solely from the tenor of the correspondence.

A 'History of England' from the year 1830 to 1874 has been published in three volumes by WILIAM-NASSAU MOLESWORTH, vicar of Spotland, Rochdale. Mr. John Bright, M.P., has commended this work as a book 'honestly written,' and 'calculated to give great information to the young men of the country.' The work appears to merit the commendation, and it aims at no higher praise. We quote a brief notice of a memorable national loss and solemnity:

Death of the Duke of Wellington.

During the interval between the dissolution and re-assembly of Parliament (1852) an event occurred which deeply stirred the heart of the whole nation, from the Queen on the throne to the lowest and meanest of her subjects. The Duke of Wellington, who had attained to the 84th year of his age, had for some time past been becoming more and more infirm. On the 14th of September his feebleness had very perceptibly increased, and at about a quarter past three in the afternoon of that day he tranquilly breathed his last at Walmer Castle, where he was then residing. The qualities which caused him to be regarded with such deep reverence and admiration by the great majority of his fellow-countrymen, and made his decease, at the end of so long a life, to be deeply and sincerely regretted, were admirably described in words which Mr. Gladstone quoted from a former speech of Lord John Russell, and which he eloquently complimented and applied to the present occasion.

'While many of the actions of his life, while many of the qualities he possessed, are unattainable by others, there are lessons which we may all derive from the life and actions of that illustrious man. It may never be given to another subject of the British crown to perform services so brilliant as he performed; it may never be given to another man to hold the sword which was to gain the independence of Europe, to rally the nations around it, and while England saved herself by her constancy, to save Europe by her example; it may never be given to another man, after having attained such eminence, after such an unexampled series of victories, to shew equal moderation in peace as he has shewn greatness in war, and to devote the remainder of his life to the cause of internal and external peace for that country which he has so served; it may never be given to another man to have equal authority both with the sovereign he served and with the senate of which he was to the end a venerated member; it may never be given to another man after such a career to preserve even to the last the full possession of those great faculties with which he was endowed, and to carry on the services of one of the most important departments of the state with unexampled regularity and success, even to the latest day of his

life. These are circumstances, these are qualities which may never again occur in the history of this country. But there are qualities which the Duke of Wellington displayed of which we may all act in humble imitation: that sincere and unceasing devotion to our country; that honest and upright determination to act for the benefit of the country on every occasion; that devoted loyalty, which, while it made him ever anxious to serve the crown, never induced him to conceal from the sovereign that which he believed to be the truth; the devotedness in the constant performance of duty; that temperance of his life, which enabled him at all times to give his mind and his faculties to the services which he was called on to perform; that regular, consistent, and unceasing piety by which he was distinguished at all times in his life: these are qualities that are attainable by others, and these are qualities which should not be lost as an example.'

A public funeral was of course decreed, and never in any country was such a solemnity celebrated. The procession was planned, marshalled, and carried out, with a discretion, a judgment, and a good taste, which reflected the highest honour on the civil and military authorities by whom it was directed. Men of every arm and of every regiment in the service, for the first and last time in the history of the British army, marched together on this occasion. But what was more admirable still was the conduct of the incredible mass of sympathetic spectators, who had congregated from all parts of the kingdom, and who formed no insignificant proportion of its population. From Grosvenor Gate to St. Paul's Cathedral there was not one foot of unoccupied ground; not a balcony, not a window, that was not filled; and as far as could be observed, every face amidst that vast multitude wore an expression of respectful sorrow. An unbroken silence was maintained as the funeral cortège moved slowly and solemnly forward to the mausoleum prepared to receive the remains of England's greatest warrior in the centre of the stupendous masterpiece of Wren's architectural genius.

HEPWORTH DIXON.

'The lives of John Howard,' 1850; 'William Penn,' 1851 (revised edition, 1872); and 'Admiral Blake,' 1852, by Mr. William Hepworth Dixon, may also be characterised as original biographies. In the cases of Howard and Blake, Mr. Dixon had access to family papers, and in that of Penn he has diligently studied the records of the period and the now neglected works of the Quaker legislator. In this memoir Mr. Dixon has combated some of the statements of Lord Macaulay relative to Penn. We have already indicated our impression that the noble historian had taken too low and unfavourable an estimate of Penn's character and motives, and it is impossible, we think, to read Mr. Dixon's memoir without feeling how greatly Penn transcended most of the public men in that venal period of English history. As a specimen of the biographer's style, which is occasionally too ornate, we extract part of his account of the death of Blake. The last great exploit of the admiral had been his punishing the corsairs, and freeing the Christian captives at Sallee, on the western coast of Africa.

The Death of Admiral Blake, August 27, 1657.

This crowning act of a virtuous and honourable life accomplished, the dying admiral turned his thoughts anxiously towards the green hills of his native land. The letter of Cromwell, the thanks of parliament, the jewelled ring sent to him by an admiring country, all reached him together out at sea. These tokens of grateful remembrance caused him a profound emotion. Without after-thought, without selfish impulse, he had served the Commonwealth day and night, earnestly, anxiously, and with rare devotion. England was grateful to her hero. With the letter of thanks from Cromwell, a new set of instructions arrived, which allowed him to return with

part of his fleet, leaving his squadron of some fifteen or twenty frigates to ride before the Bay of Cadiz and intercept its traders: with their usual deference to his judgment and experience, the Protector and Board of Admiralty left the appointment of the command entirely with him; and as his gallant friend Stayner was gone to England, where he received a knighthood and other well-won honours from the government, he raised Captain Stoaks, the hero of Porto Ferino, and a commander of rare promise, to the responsible position of his vice-admiral in the Spanish seas. Hoisting his pennon on his old flagship, the *St. George*, Blake saw for the last time the spires and cupolas, the masts and towers, before which he had kept his long and glorious vigils. While he put in for fresh water at Cascaes Road, he was very weak. 'I beseech God to strengthen him,' was the fervent prayer of the English resident at Lisbon, as he departed on the homeward voyage. While the ships rolled through the tempestuous waters of the Bay of Biscay he grew every day worse and worse. Some gleams of the old spirit broke forth as they approached the latitude of England. He inquired often and anxiously if the white cliffs were yet in sight. He longed to behold the swelling downs, the tree cities, the goodly churches of his native land. But he was now dying beyond all doubt. Many of his favourite officers silently and mournfully crowded round his bed, anxious to catch the last tones of a voice which had so often called them to glory and victory. Others stood at the poop and forecastle, eagerly examining every speck and line on the horizon, in hope of being first to catch the welcome glimpse of land. Though they were coming home crowned with laurels, gloom and pain were in every face. At last the Lizard was announced. Shortly afterwards, the bold cliffs and bare hills of Cornwall loomed out grandly in the distance. But it was now too late for the dying hero. He had sent for the captains and other great officers of his fleet to bid them farewell; and while they were yet in his cabin, the undulating hills of Devonshire, glowing with the tints of early autumn, came full in view. As the ships rounded Rame Head, the spires and masts of Plymouth, the woody heights of Mount Edgecombe, the low island of St. Nicholas, the rocky steeps of the Hoe, Mount Batten, the citadel, the many picturesque and familiar features of that magnificent harbour rose one by one to sight. But the eyes which had so yearned to behold this scene once more were at that very instant closing in death. Foremost of the victorious squadron, the *St. George* rode with its precious burden into the Sound; and just as it came into full view of the eager thousands crowding the beach, the pier-heads, the walls of the citadel, or darting in countless boats over the smooth waters between St. Nicholas and the docks, ready to catch the first glimpse of the hero of Santa Cruz, and salute him with a true English welcome, he, in his silent cabin, in the midst of his lion-hearted comrades, now sobbing like little children, yielded up his soul to God.

Mr. Dixon is a native of the West Riding of Yorkshire, born in 1821. He was entered of the Middle Temple, but devoted himself to literature, and in 1853 became editor of the 'Athenæum.' This weekly literary journal, often quoted in our pages, was established about the year 1828, and has certainly done more for modern literary history and bibliography than any other work of this century. Mr. Dixon relinquished his connection with the 'Athenæum' in 1869, and has since become a voluminous author. His chief works are—'The Holy Land,' 1865; 'New America,' 1867; 'Spiritual Wives,' 1868; 'Free Russia,' 1870; 'Her Majesty's Tower,' four volumes, 1871; 'The Switzers,' 1872; 'History of Two Queens,' 1874; &c.

The Black Man—the Red Man—the Yellow Man.—From 'New America.'

The Black Man, a true child of the tropics, to whom warmth is like the breath of life, flees from the bleak fields of the north, in which the white man repairs his fibre and renews his blood; preferring the swamps and savannahs of the south, where, among palms, cotton-plants, and sugar-canes, he finds the rich colours in which his eye delights, the sunny heats in which his blood expands. Freedom would not tempt him to go northward into frost and fog. Even now, when Massachusetts and

Connecticut tempt him by the offer of good wages, easy work, and sympathising people, he will not go to them. He only just endures New York; the most hardy of his race will hardly stay in Saratoga and Niagara beyond the summer months. Since the south has been made free to Sam to live in, he has turned his back on the cold and friendly north, in search of a brighter home. Sitting in the rice-field, by the cane-brake, under the mulberry-trees of his darling Alabama, with his kerchief round his head, his banjo on his knee, he is joyous as a bird, singing his endless and foolish roundelay, and feeling the sunshine burn upon his face. The negro is but a local fact in the country; having his proper home in a corner—the most sunny corner—of the United States.

The Red Man, once a hunter of the Alleghanies, not less than of the prairies and the Rocky Mountains, has been driven by the pale-face, he and his squaw, his elk, his buffalo, and his antelope, into the far western country; into the waste and desolate lands lying westward of the Mississippi and Missouri. The exceptions hardly break the rule. A band of picturesque pedlers may be found at Niagara; Red Jackets, Cherokee chiefs and Mohawks; selling bows and canes, and generally sponging on those youths and damsels who roam about the Falls in search of opportunities to flirt. A colony, hardly of a better sort, may be found at Oneida Creek, in Madison County; the few sowing maize, growing fruit, and singing psalms; the many starving on the soil, cutting down the oak and maple, alienating the best acres, pining after their brethren who have thrown the white man's gift in his face, and gone away with their weapons and war-paint. Red Jacket at the Falls, Bill Beechtree at Oneida Creek—the first selling beaded work to girls, the second twisting hickory canes for boys—are the last representatives of mighty nations, hunters and warriors, who at one time owned the broad lands from the Susquehannah to Lake Erie. Red Jacket will not settle; Beechtree is incapable of work. The red-skin will not dig, and to beg he is not ashamed. Hence, he has been pushed away from his place, driven out by the spade, and kept at bay by the smoke of chimney fires. A wild man of the plain and forest, he makes his home with the wolf, the rattlesnake, the buffalo, and the elk. When the wild beast flees, the wild man follows. The Alleghany slopes, on which, only seventy years ago, he chased the elk and scalped the white women, will hear his war-whoop, see his war-dance, feel his scalping-knife, no more. In the western country he is still a figure in the landscape. From the Missouri to the Colorado he is master of all the open plains; the forts which the white men have built to protect their roads to San Francisco, like the Turkish block-houses built along the Syrian tracks, being mainly of use as a hint of their great reserve of power. The red men find it hard to lay down a tomahawk, to take up a hoe; some thousands of them only yet have done so; some hundreds only have learned from the whites to drink gin and bitters, to lodge in frame-houses, to tear up the soil, to forget the chase, the war-dance, and the Great Spirit.

The Yellow Man, generally a Chinese, often a Malay, sometimes a Dyak, has been drawn into the Pacific states from Asia, and from the Eastern Archipelago, by the hot demand for labour; any kind of which comes to him as a boon. From digging in the mine to cooking an omelet and ironing a shirt, he is equal to everything by which dollars can be gained. Of these yellow people there are now sixty thousand in California, Utah, and Montana; they come and go; but many more of them come than go. As yet these harmless crowds are weak and useful. Hop Chang keeps a laundry; Chi Hi goes out as cook; Cum Thing is a maid-of-all-work. They are in no man's way, and they labour for a crust of bread. To-day, those yellow men are sixty thousand strong. They will ask for votes. They will hold the balance of parties. In some districts they will make a majority; selecting the judges, forming the juries, interpreting the laws. Those yellow men are Buddhists, professing polygamy, practising infanticide. Next year is not more sure to come in its own season, than a great society of Asiatics to dwell on the Pacific slopes. A Buddhist church, fronting the Buddhist churches in China and Ceylon, will rise in California, Oregon, and Nevada. More than all, a war of labour will commence between the races which feed on beef and the races which thrive on rice; one of those wars in which the victory is not necessarily with the strong.

A Hundred Years of White Progress.—From the 'White Conquest.'

The European races are spreading over every continent, and mastering the isles and islets of every sea. During those hundred years some powers have shot ahead,

and some have slipped into the second rank. Austria, a hundred years ago, the leading power in Europe, has been rent asunder and has forfeited her throne in Germany. Spain, a hundred years ago, the first colonial empire in the world, has lost her colonies and conquests, and has sunk into a third-rate power. France, which little more than a hundred years ago possessed Canada, Louisiana, the Mississippi Valley, the island of Mauritius, and a strong hold in Hindustan, has lost all those possessions, and exchanged her vineyards and corn-fields on the Rhine for the snows of Savoy and the sands of Algiers. Piedmont and Prussia, on the other hand, have sprung into the foremost rank of nations. Piedmont has become Italy, with a capital in Milan and Venice, Florence and Naples, as well as in Rome. Still more striking and more glorious has been the growth of Prussia. A hundred years ago Prussia was just emerging into notice as a small but well-governed and hard-fighting country, with a territory no larger than Michigan, and a population considerably less than Ohio. In a hundred years this small but well-governed and hard-fighting Prussia has become the first military power on earth. Russia, during these hundred years, has carried her arms into Finland, Crim Tartary, the Caucasus, and the Mohammedan Khanates, extending the White empire on the Caspian and the Euxine, and along the Oxus and Jaxartes into Central Asia. Vaster still have been the marches and the conquests of Great Britain, her command of the ocean giving her facilities which are not possessed by any other power. Within a hundred years or thereabouts, she has grown from a kingdom of ten millions of people into an empire of two hundred and twenty millions, with a territory covering nearly one-third of the earth. Hardly less striking than the progress of Russia and England has been that of the United States. Starting with a population no larger than that of Greece, the Republic has advanced so rapidly that in a hundred years she has become the third power as to size of territory, the fourth as to wealth of population in the world.

Soil and population are the two prime elements of power. Climate and fertility count for much; nationality and compactness count for more: but still the natural basis of growth is land, the natural basis of strength is population. Taking these two elements together, the Chinese were, a hundred years ago, the foremost family of mankind. They held a territory covering three millions of square miles, and a population counting more than four hundred millions of souls. But what a change has taken place! China has been standing still, while England, Russia, and America have been conquering, planting, and annexing lands.

JOHN FORSTER.

This indefatigable literary student and biographer was a native of Newcastle, born in 1812. Coming early to London, he studied at the London University, and became a contributor to periodical works. He was called to the bar, but never practised. In 1834 he joined the 'Examiner' newspaper as assistant editor, and on the retirement of Mr. Albany Fonblanque, he became sole editor, and continued so for ten years. He was induced, through friendship with Charles Dickens, to become, in 1846, editor of the 'Daily News,' but held that laborious office for only about eleven months. His future life was devoted to literary labours—chiefly to historical and literary biographies. His principal works are—'Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England,' 1831–4; 'Life of Oliver Goldsmith,' 1848; 'Biographical and Historical Essays,' 1859; 'Arrest of the Five Members by Charles I.;' 'Debates on the Grand Remonstrance,' 1860; 'Sir John Eliot, a Biography,' 1864; 'Walter Savage Landor, a Biography,' 1868; and 'Life of Charles Dickens,' three volumes, 1871–4. In 1875 Mr. Forster published the first volume of a new 'Life of Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's,' which was to be

completed in three volumes. This volume is enriched with much new and valuable information, and like all Mr. Forster's biographies, the work promised to be thoroughly exhaustive.

'Swift's later time, when he was governing Ireland as well as his deanery, and the world was filled with the fame of Gulliver, is,' says Mr. Forster, 'broadly and intelligibly written. But as to all the rest, his life is a work unfinished; to which no one has brought the minute examination indispensably required, where the whole of a career has to be considered to get at the proper comprehension of certain parts of it. The writers accepted as authorities for the obscurer portion are found to be practically worthless, and the defect is not supplied by the later and greater biographers. Johnson did him no kind of justice, because of too little liking for him; and Scott, with much hearty liking, as well as a generous admiration, had too much other work to do. Thus, notwithstanding noble passages in both memoirs, and Scott's pervading tone of healthy, manly wisdom, it is left to an inferior hand to attempt to complete the tribute begun by those distinguished men.'

Mr. Forster lived to publish only one volume. We may add that the biographer was successful in life. His name stood well with publishers and readers. In 1855 he was appointed Secretary to the Lunacy Commission, and in 1861 a Commissioner in Lunacy. 'Few Englishmen of this generation,' says a friendly writer in the 'Times,' have combined such unflinching firmness and honesty of purpose with such real tenderness and sympathy for all with whom they were brought into contact. Many there were who, at first sight, thought John Forster obstinate and overbearing, who, on further acquaintance, were ready to confess that, in reality, he was one of the tenderest and most generous of men.' Mr. Forster bequeathed his books and manuscripts to the nation—a valuable bequest—and they remain in the South Kensington Museum. A similar bequest was made by Mr. Forster's friend, ALEXANDER DYCE (1798–1869), the editor of Shakspeare and of the dramatic works of Peele, Greene, Marlowe, and Beaumont and Fletcher. Mr. Dyce was born in Edinburgh, son of General Dyce, in the Honourable East India Company's Service. Having studied at Edinburgh University and at Exeter College, Oxford, he entered into holy orders, and was successively curate in Fowey, Cornwall, and Nayland in Suffolk. Mr. Dyce was a faithful and learned editor. His latest employment was revising the second edition of his Shakspeare; and the third edition was published by Mr. Forster in 1874.

The Literary Profession and Law of Copyright.—From Forster's 'Life of Oliver Goldsmith.'

'It were well,' said Goldsmith, on one occasion, with bitter truth, 'if none but the dunces of society were combined to render the profession of an author ridiculous or unhappy.' The profession themselves have yet to learn the secret of co-operation; they have to put away internal jealousies; they have to claim for themselves, as poor

Goldsmith, after his fashion, very loudly did, that defined position from which greater respect, and more frequent consideration in public life, could not long be withheld; in fine, they have frankly to feel that their vocation, properly regarded, ranks with the worthiest, and that, on all occasions, to do justice to it, and to each other, is the way to obtain justice from the world. If writers had been thus true to themselves, the subject of copyright might have been equitably settled when attention was first drawn to it; but while De Foe was urging the author's claim, Swift was calling De Foe a fellow that had been pilloried, and we have still to discuss as *in forma pauperis* the rights of the English author.

Confiscation is a hard word, but after the decision of the highest English court, it is the word which alone describes fairly the statute of Anne, for encouragement of literature. That is now superseded by another statute, having the same gorgeous name, and the same inglorious meaning; for even this last enactment, sorely resisted as it was, leaves England behind any other country in the world, in the amount of their own property secured to her authors. In some, to this day, perpetual copyright exists; and though it may be reasonable, as Dr. Johnson argued that it was, to surrender a part for greater efficiency or protection to the rest, yet the commonest dictates of natural justice might at least require that an author's family should not be beggared of their inheritance as soon as his own capacity to provide for them may have ceased. In every continental country this is cared for, the lowest term secured by the most niggardly arrangement being twenty-five years; whereas in England it is the munificent number of seven. Yet the most laborious works, and often the most delightful, are for the most part of a kind which the hereafter only can repay. The poet, the historian, the scientific investigator, do indeed find readers to-day; but if they have laboured with success, they have produced books whose substantial reward is not the large and temporary, but the limited and constant nature of their sale. No consideration of moral right exists, no principle of economical science can be stated, which would justify the seizure of such books by the public, before they had the chance of remunerating the genius and the labour of their producers.

But though parliament can easily commit this wrong, it is not in such case the quarter to look to for redress. There is no hope of a better state of things till the author shall enlist upon his side the power of which parliament is but the inferior expression. The true remedy for literary wrongs must flow from a higher sense than has at any period yet prevailed in England of the duties and responsibilities assumed by the public writer, and of the social consideration and respect that their effectual discharge should have undisputed right to claim. The world will be greatly the gainer, when such time shall arrive, and when the biography of the man of genius shall no longer be a picture of the most harsh struggles and mean necessities to which man's life is subject, exhibited as in shameful contrast to the calm and classic glory of his fame. With society itself rests the advent of that time.*

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* It may be interesting to compare Mr. Forster's view of Goldsmith and the supposed neglect of authors with the opinion of Lord Macaulay: 'Goldsmith has sometimes been represented as a man of genius, cruelly treated by the world, and doomed to struggle with difficulties, which at last broke his heart. But no representation can be more remote from the truth. He did, indeed, go through much sharp misery before he had done anything considerable in literature. But after his name had appeared on the title-page of *The Traveller*, he had none but himself to blame for his distresses. His average income, during the last seven years of his life, certainly exceeded £400 a year, and £400 a year ranked, among the incomes of that day, at least as high as £800 a year would rank at present. A single man living in the Temple with £400 a year might then be called opulent. Not one in ten of the young gentlemen of good families who were studying the law there had so much. But all the wealth which Lord Clive had brought from Bengal, and Sir Lawrance Dundas from Germany, joined together, would not have sufficed for Goldsmith. He spent twice as much as he had. He wore fine clothes, gave dinners of several courses, paid court to venal beauties. He had also, it should be remembered, to the honour of his heart, though not of his head, a guinea, or five, or ten, according to the state of his purse, ready for any tale of distress, true or false. But it was not in dress or feasting, in promiscuous amours or promiscuous charities, that his chief expense lay. He had been from boyhood a gambler, and at once the most sanguine and the most unskilful of gamblers. For a time he put off the day of inevitable ruin by temporary expedients. He obtained advances from booksellers by promising to execute works which he never began. But at length this source of supply failed. He owed more than £2000 and he saw no hope of extrication from his embarrassments. His spirits and health gave way.'

PROFESSOR MASSON—SIR JAMES STEPHEN.

The 'Life of John Milton, narrated in connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time,' volume i, 1608–1639, by DAVID MASSON, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the university of Edinburgh, promises to be by far the most accurate as well as the fullest memoir of the great poet. 'As if to oblige biography in this instance to pass into history, Milton's life divides itself with almost mechanical exactness into three periods, corresponding with those of the contemporary social movement—the first extending from 1608 to 1640, which was the period of his education and of his minor poems; the second extending from 1640 to 1660, or from the beginning of the civil wars to the Restoration, and forming the middle period of his polemical activity as a prose-writer; and the third extending from 1660 to 1674, which was the period of his later muse and of the publication of "Paradise Lost." It is the plan of the present work to devote a volume to each of those periods.' Such is the herculean task Mr. Masson has laid out for himself. He has cleared up many doubtful points in the poet's pedigree and academical career, and given a great mass of interesting information, literary, historical, and ecclesiastical, conveyed in vigorous and often eloquent language. A second volume of the 'Life of Milton' was published in 1871, and a third in 1873.

Character of Archbishop Laud.

What with one means of influence, what with another, Laud, in the year 1632, being then in the sixtieth year of his age, was the dominant spirit in the English Church, and one of the chiefs of the English state. One would fain think and speak with some respect of any man who has been beheaded; much more of one who was beheaded for a cause to which he had conscientiously devoted his life, and which thousands of his countrymen, two centuries after his death, still adhere to, still expound, still uphold, albeit with the difference, incalculable to themselves, of all that time has flung between. But it is impossible to like or admire Laud. The nearer we get to him, the more all soft illusion falls off, and the more distinctly we have before us the hard reality as D'Ewes and others saw it, of a 'little, low, red-faced man,' bustling by the side of that king of the narrow forehead and the melancholy Vandyck air, or pressing his notions with a raspy voice at the council-board till Weston became peevish and Cottington wickedly solemn, or bowing his head in churches not very gracefully.

When we examine what remains of his mind in writings, the estimate is not enhanced. The texture of his writing is hard, dry, and common; sufficiently clear as to the meaning, and with no insincerity or superfluity, but without sap, radiance, or force. Occasionally, when one of his fundamental topics is touched, a kind of dull heat rises, and one can see that the old man was in earnest. Of anything like depth or comprehensiveness of intellect, there is no evidence; much less of what is understood by genius. There is never a stroke of original insight; never a flash of intellectual generality. In Williams there *is* genius; not in Laud. Many of his humble clerical contemporaries, not to speak of such known men as Fuller and Hacket, must have been greatly his superiors in talent—more discerning men, as well as more interesting writers. That very ecclesiastical cause which Laud so conspicuously defended, has had, since his time, and has at this day in England, far abler heads among its adherents. How was it, then, that Laud became what he did become, and that slowly, by degrees, and against opposition? how was it that his precise personality and no other worked its way upwards, through the clerical and academic element of the time, to the very top of all, and there fitted itself into the very

socket where the joints of things met? *Parvo regitur mundus intellectu.* A small intellect, once in the position of government, may suffice for the official forms of it; and with Laud's laboriousness and tenacity of purpose, his power of maintaining his place of minister, under such a master as Charles, needs be no mystery. So long as the proprietor of an estate is satisfied, the tenants must endure the bailiff, whatever the amount of his wisdom. Then, again, in the last stages of Laud's ascent, he rose through Buckingham and Charles, to both of whom surely his nature, without being great, may have recommended itself by adequate affinities.

Still, that Laud impressed these men when he did come in contact with them, and that, from his original position as a poor student in an Oxford college, he rose step by step to the point where he could come in contact with them, are facts not explicable by the mere supposition of a series of external accidents. Perhaps it is that a nature does not always or necessarily rise by *greatness*, or intrinsic superiority to the element about it, but may rise by *peculiarity*, or proper capillary relation to the the element about it. When Lord Macaulay speaks of Laud as intellectually an 'imbecile,' and calls him 'a ridiculous old bigot,' he seems to omit that peculiarity which gave Laud's nature, whatever its measure by a modern standard, so much force and pungency among his contemporaries. To have hold of the surrounding sensations of men, even by pain and irritation, is a kind of power; and Laud had that kind of power from the first. He affected strongly, if irritatingly, each successive part of the body-politic in which he was lodged. As a fellow of a college, he was more felt than liked; as a master of a college, he was still felt, but not liked; when he came first about court, he was felt still, but still not liked. And why was he felt? Why, in each successive position to which he attained, did he affect surrounding sensation so as to domineer? For one thing, he was a man whose views, if few, were extraordinarily definite. His nature, if not great, was very tight. Early in life he had taken up certain propositions as to the proper theology of the Anglican Church, and had combined them with certain others as to the divine right of Prelacy, and the necessity and possibility of uniformity in creed and worship. These few very definite propositions, each answering to some tendency of society or of opinion at the time in England, he had tied and knotted round him as his sufficient doctrinal outfit. Wherever he went, he carried them with him and before him, acting upon them with a brisk and incessant perseverance, without regard to circumstances, or even to establish notices of what was fair, high-minded, and generous. Thus, seeing that the propositions were of a kind upon which some conclusion or other was or might be made socially imperative, he could force to his own conclusions all laxer, though larger natures, that were tending lazily the same way, and, throwing a continually increasing crowd of such and of others behind him as his followers, leave only in front of him those who opposed to his conclusions as resolute contraries. His indefatigable official activity contributed to the result. Beyond all this, however, and adding secret force to it all, there was something else about Laud. Though the system which he wanted to enforce was one of strict secular form, the man's own being rested on a trembling basis of the fantastic and unearthly. Herein lay one notable, and perhaps compensating difference between his narrow intellect and the broad but secular genius of Williams. In that strange diary of Laud, which is one of the curiosities of our literature, we see him in an aspect in which he probably never wished that the public should know him. His hard and active public life is represented there but casually, and we see the man in the secrecy of his own thoughts, as he talked to himself when alone. We hear of certain sins, or, at least, 'unfortunatenesses,' of his early and past life, which clung about his memory, were kept by anniversaries of sadness or penance, and sometimes intruded grinning faces through the gloom of the chamber when all the house was asleep. We see that, after all, whether from such causes or from some form of constitutional melancholy, the old man, who walked so briskly and cheerily about the court, and was so sharp and unhesitating in all his notions of what was to be done in secret, carry in him some sense of the burden of life's mystery, and feel the air and earth to *some* depth around him to be full of sounds and agencies unfeatured and unimaginable. At any moment they may break through! The twitter of two robin redbreasts in his room, as he is writing a sermon, sets his heart beating; a curtain rustles—whose hand touched it? Above all he has a belief in revelation through dreams and coincidences; and as the very definiteness of his scheme of external worship may have been a refuge to him from that total mystery,

the skirts of which, and only the skirts, were ever touching him, so in his dreams and small omens he seems to have had, in his daily advocacy of that scheme, some petty sense of near metaphysical aid. Out of his many dreams we are fond of this one: '*January* 5 [1626-7]. Epiphany Eve and Friday, in the night I dreamed,' he says, 'that my mother, long since dead, stood by my bed, and drawing aside the clothes a little, looked pleasantly upon me, and that I was glad to see her with so merry an aspect. She then shewed to me a certain old man, long since deceased, whom, while alive, I both knew and loved. He seemed to lie upon the ground merry enough, but with a wrinkled countenance. His name was Grove. While I prepared to salute him, I awoke.' Were one to adopt what seems to have been Laud's own theory, might not one suppose that this wrinkled old man of his dream, squat on the supernatural ground near its confines with the natural, was Laud's spiritual genius, and so that what of the supernatural there was in his policy consisted mainly of monitions from Grove of Reading? The question would still remain—at what depth back among the dead Grove was permitted to roam?

Mr. Masson has published 'Essays Biographical and Critical,' 1856; 'British Novelists and their Styles,' 1859; 'Recent British Philosophy,' 1865; 'The Life of William Drummond of Hawthornden,' 1873; &c. Mr. Masson has also been a copious contributor to our reviews, magazines, and other literary journals. He is a native of Aberdeen (born Dec. 22, 1822), and enjoys universal respect as a genial and accomplished author, professor, and member of the literary society of the Scottish capital.

Luther's Satan.

Milton's Satan and Goethe's Mephistopheles are literary performances; and, for what they prove, neither Milton nor Goethe need have believed in a devil at all. Luther's devil, on the other hand, was a being recognised by him as actually existing—as existing, one might say, with a vengeance. The strong conviction which Luther had on this point is a feature in his character. The narrative of his life abounds in anecdotes, shewing that the devil with him was no chimera, no mere orthodoxy, no fiction. In every page of his writings we have the word *Teufel*, *Teufel*, repeated again and again. Occasionally there occurs an express dissertation upon the nature and functions of the evil spirit; and one of the longest chapters in his 'Table-talk' is that entitled 'The Devil and his Works'—indicating that his conversation with his friends often turned on the subject of Satanic agency. *Teufel* was actually the strongest signification he had; and whenever he was excited to his highest emotional pitch, it came in to assist his utterance at the climax, and give him a corresponding powerful expression. 'This thing I will do,' it was common for him to say, 'in spite of all who may oppose me, be it duke, emperor, priest, bishop, cardinal, pope, or devil.' Man's heart, he says, is a 'Stock, Stein, Eisen, Teufel, hart Herz' (a stock, stone, iron, devil, hard heart). And it was not a mere vague conception he had of this being, such as theology might oblige. On the contrary, he had observed him as a man would his personal enemy, and in so doing had formed a great many conclusions regarding his powers and his character. In general, Luther's devil may be defined as a personification, in the spirit of Scripture, of the resisting medium which Luther had to coil his way through—spiritual fears, passionate uprisings, fainting resolutions, within himself; error, weakness, envy, in those around him; and, without, a whole world howling for his destruction. It is in effect as if Luther had said: 'Scripture reveals to me the existence of a great accursed being, whose function it is to produce evil. It is for me to ascertain the character of this being, whom I, of all men, have to deal with. And how am I to do so except by observing him working? God knows I have not far to go in quest of his manifestations.' And thus Luther went on filling up the scriptural proposition with his daily experience. He was constantly gaining a clearer conception of his great personal antagonist, constantly stumbling upon some more concealed trait in the spirit's character. The being himself was invisible; but men were walking in the midst of his mani-

festations. History to Luther was not a physical course of events. It was God acting and the devil opposing.

London Suburbs—Hampstead.

London, with all the evils resulting from its vastness, has suburbs as rich and beautiful, after the English style of scenery, as any in the world: and even now, despite the encroachments of the ever-encroaching brick and mortar on the surrounding country, the neighborhood of Hampstead and Highgate, near London, is one in which the lover of natural beauty and the solitary might well delight. The ground is much the highest round London; there are real heights and hollows, so that the omnibuses coming from town have put on additional horses; you ascend steep roads, lying in part through villages or quaint shops, and old high-gabled brick houses, still distinct from the great city, though about to be devoured by it—in part through straggling lines of villas, with gardens and grassy parks round them, and here and there an old inn; and from the highest eminences, when the view is clear, you can see London left behind, a mass of purplish mist, with domes and steeples visible through it. When the villages end, you are really in the country. There is the Heath, on the Hampstead side—an extensive tract of knolls and little glens, covered here and there with furze, all abloom with yellow in the summer, when the larks may be heard singing over it; threaded here and there by paths with seats in them, or broken by clumps of trees, and blue rusty-nailed palings, which inclose old-fashioned family-houses and shrubberies, where the coachman in livery may be seen talking lazily to the gardener, but containing also sequestered spots where one might wander alone for hours, or lie concealed amid the sheltering furze. At night, Hampstead Heath would be as ghastly a place to wander in as an uneasy spirit could desire. In every hollow seen in the starlight, one could fancy that there had been a murder; nay, tradition points to spots where foul crimes have been committed, or where, in the dead of night, forgers, who had walked, with discovery on their track, along dark intervening roads from the hell of lamp-lit London, had lain down and poisoned themselves. In the day, however, and especially on a bright summer day, the scene is open, healthy, and cheerful.

The 'Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography,' by SIR JAMES STEPHEN (1789–1859), contain brief memoirs of Hildebrand, St. Francis of Assisi, Loyola, Luther, Baxter, Wilberforce, the founders of Jesuitism, the Port-Royalists, the Clapham Sect, &c. As originally published in the 'Edinburgh Review,' these essays were nearly as popular with a large body of readers as those of Macaulay, though on less attractive subjects. They were first published in a collective form in 1849, and have gone through several editions. Sir James Stephen was long legal adviser to the Colonial Office, then assistant Under-secretary to the Colonial Office, and afterwards Under-secretary of State, which office he held from 1836 to 1847. He was a valuable public servant and a good man.

J. P. MUIRHEAD (*Life of Watt*)—S SMILES (*Life of Stephenson*).

A relative of James Watt, JAMES PATRICK MUIRHEAD, M. A., who had access to all the family papers, published a volume in 1854, entitled 'The Origin and Progress of the Mechanical Inventions of James Watt:' three volumes, 1858. The large copper-plate engravings of machinery by which it was illustrated necessarily raised the cost of this work above the means of most people, while the minute descriptions of patents and their relative drawings, were more desirable for the use of the scientific engineer and the mechanical philoso-

pher than of the general reader. To meet the wishes of the latter, Mr. Muirhead, in 1858, remodelled and reproduced, in a form at once more comprehensive, more convenient, and less costly, the biographical memoir of Watt, incorporating with it the most interesting passages in his correspondence, and, as far as possible, Watt's own clear and forcible descriptions of his inventions. This volume furnishes an interesting account of the career of the great inventor, of whom Sir Walter Scott has said that he was 'not only the most profound man of science, the most successful combiner of powers and calculator of numbers, as adapted to practical purposes—was not only one of the most generally well-informed, but one of the best and kindest of human beings.' James Watt was born on the 19th of January 1736, at Greenock, and came of a family that for more than a hundred years had more or less professed mathematics and navigation. Many stories are told of his early turn for science. When he was six years of age, a gentleman, calling on his father, observed the child bending over a marble hearth with a piece of coloured chalk in his hand. 'Mr. Watt,' said he, 'you ought to send that boy to a public school, and not allow him to trifle away his time at home.' 'Look how my child is occupied before you condemn him,' replied the father. The gentleman then observed that the boy had drawn mathematical lines and circles on the marble hearth, and was then marking in letters and figures the result of some calculation he was carrying on; he put various questions to him, and ended by remarking, 'he is no common child.' Sitting one evening with his aunt, Mrs. Muirhead, at the tea-table, she said: 'James Watt, I never saw such an idle boy: take a book, or employ yourself usefully. For the last hour, you have not spoken one word, but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again, holding now a cup and now a silver spoon over the steam.' James was already observing the process of condensation. Before he was fifteen years of age, he had made for himself a small electrical machine, with which he sometimes startled his young friends by giving them sudden shocks from it. This must have been only a few years after the Leyden phial was invented. His father's store-rooms, in which he kept a stock of telescopes, quadrants, and optical instruments for the supply of ships at Greenock, were a valuable school of observation to the young philosopher, and may have tended to decide the profession which he selected for himself—that of mathematical instrument-maker.

At the age of eighteen, he removed to Glasgow to learn this business, and a year afterwards repaired to London for the same purpose. But bad health—'a gnawing pain in his back, and weariness all over his body'—obliged him to quit London in the year 1756; and after investing about twenty guineas in tools and useful books on his trade, he returned to Scotland. In 1757 he received permission to occupy an apartment and open a shop within the precincts of the college of Glasgow, and to use the designation of 'mathematical

instrument-maker to the university.' And now, in his twenty-first year, may be said to have commenced the wonderful career of James Watt as a man of inventive genius. Business was sufficiently prosperous, and in his leisure hours he studied without intermission. 'Observare' was the motto he adopted, and his object, as he himself expressed it, was 'to find out the weak side of Nature, and vanquish her;' 'for Nature,' he says again, 'has a weak side, if we can only find it out.' Nothing came amiss. Without knowing one musical note from another, he undertook to build an organ for a mason-lodge in Glasgow. He had studied the philosophical theory of music, and not only did he make the organ, but in the process a thousand things occurred to him which no organ-builder ever dreamed of—nice indicators of the strength of the blast, regulators of it, &c. He afterwards made many organs; and guitars, flutes, and violins of his manufacture are still in existence. About this time he also contrived an ingenious machine for drawing in perspective. The great discovery which led to the ultimate triumphs of the steam-engine was made when Watt was only twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age—namely, in 1764 or 1765. Dr. Black, an intimate friend, thus narrates the circumstance:

The Steam-engine.

A few years after he was settled at Glasgow, he was employed by the Professor of Natural Philosophy to examine and rectify a small workable model of a steam-engine, which was out of order. This turned a part of his thoughts and fertile invention to the nature and improvement of steam-engines, to the perfection of their machinery, and to the different means by which their great consumption of fuel might be diminished. He soon acquired such a reputation for his knowledge on this subject, that he was employed to plan and erect several engines in different places, while at the same time he was frequently making new experiments to lessen the waste of heat from the external surface of the boiler, and from that of the cylinder. But, after he had been thus employed a considerable time, he perceived that by far the greatest waste of heat proceeded from the waste of steam in filling the cylinder with steam. In filling the cylinder with steam, for every stroke of the common engine a great part of the steam is chilled and condensed by the coldness of the cylinder, before this last is heated enough to qualify it for being filled with elastic vapour or perfect steam; he perceived, therefore, that by preventing this waste of steam, an incomparably greater saving of heat and fuel would be attained than by any other contrivance. It was thus in the beginning of the year 1765 that the fortunate thought occurred to him of condensing the steam by cold in a separate vessel or apparatus, between which and the cylinder a communication was to be opened for that purpose every time the steam was to be condensed; while the cylinder itself might be preserved perpetually hot, no cold water or air being ever admitted into its cavity. This capital improvement flashed on his mind at once, and filled him with rapture.

Here was the weak side of Nature, by the discovery of which he vanquished her. Dr. Robison, also an intimate friend, assigns the discovery to the year 1764. Dr Robison gives an account of an interview with Watt at this time: 'I came into Mr. Watt's parlour without ceremony, and found him sitting before the fire, having lying on his knee a little tin cistern, which he was looking at. I entered into conversation on what we had been speaking of at last

meeting—something about steam. All the while Mr. Watt kept looking at the fire, and laid down the cistern at the foot of his chair. At last he looked at me, and said briskly: "You need not *fash* yourself any more about that, man; I have now made an engine that shall not waste a particle of steam. It shall all be boiling hot: ay, and hot water injected, if you please." So saying, Mr. Watt looked with complacency at the little thing at his feet, and, seeing that I observed him, he shoved it away under a table with his foot. I put a question about the nature of his contrivance. He answered me rather dryly. I did not press him to a further explanation. . . . I found Mr. Alexander Brown, a very intimate acquaintance of Mr. Watt's, and he immediately accosted me with: "Well, have you seen Jamie Watt?" "Yes." "He'll be in high spirits now with his engine, isn't he?" "Yes," said I, "very fine spirits." "Ay," says Mr. Brown, "the condenser's the thing; keep it but cold enough, and you may have a perfect vacuum, whatever be the heat of the cylinder." The instant he said this, the whole flashed on my mind at once.'

The first experiment was made with a common anatomist's great injection syringe for a cylinder, but the contrivance was perfect in Watt's mind, and fitted the engine at once for the greatest and most powerful, or for the most trifling task. Dr. Robison says he is satisfied that when he left town a fortnight before the interview above quoted, Watt had not thought of the method of keeping the cylinder hot, and that when he returned, he had completed it, and confirmed it by experiment. Sir Walter Scott, according to Lockhart, never considered any amount of literary distinction as entitled to be spoken of in the same breath with mastery in the higher departments of practical life; and if ever a discovery in science was entitled to this exalted position, it was surely that made by James Watt—an invention which is estimated to have added to the available labour of Great Britain alone a power equivalent to that of four hundred millions of men, or more than double the number of males supposed to inhabit the globe.

To reap the benefits of his discovery was now the great object to which Watt directed himself; but it was eight or nine years before it turned to the advantage of the public or to the benefit of the inventor. For a time he was associated with an ingenious but unsuccessful man, Dr. Roebuck, and neither profited much by the connection. The invention was, however, patented in January 1769, and Watt continued to experiment upon and to perfect the mechanism of his 'fire-engine.' He had married a cousin of his own, Miss Miller, in July 1763, and had now three children; 'but unhappily,' says Mr. Muirhead, 'without receiving that triple proportion of corn which, among the Romans, the *jus trium liberorum* brought with it. Those little voices, "whose crying was a cry for gold," were not to be stilled by the baser metal of a badly cast Carron cylinder, or the "block-tin

and hammered lead" of a Glasgow condenser.' We find Watt writing thus: 'I am resolved, unless those things I have brought to some perfection reward me for the time and money I have lost on them, if I can resist it, to invent no more. Indeed, I am not near so capable as I once was. I find that I am not the same person I was four years ago, when I invented the fire-engine, and foresaw, even before I made a model, almost every circumstance that has since occurred.'

To carry on the affairs of his household, Watt undertook many occasional commissions. He projected a canal for carrying coals to Glasgow, and received £200 a year for superintending its construction. His mind having been turned to canals, he struck out the idea of the screw-propeller, or 'spiral oar,' as he called it. He made surveys for various canals in Scotland, and among others, by appointment of the Court of Police of Glasgow, the Caledonian Canal, which was afterwards constructed between Inverness and Fort-William. Mr. Telford, to whom this great work was principally intrusted, throughout his lengthened labours in connection with it, has borne testimony to the particular correctness and value of Watt's survey. The inventive genius of the man was never still: clocks, micrometers, dividing screws, surveying quadrants, and a hundred other inventions flowed from him with the ease that a *litterateur* dashes off an article for a magazine. 'You might live,' said his friend Dr. Small, 'by inventing only an hour in a week for mathematical instrument-makers.'

In 1773, Mr. Watt and Dr. Roebuck dissolved their connection; and then began the partnership with Mr. Boulton of the Soho Works, in Birmingham, which laid the foundation of Watt's future prosperity. Mr. Boulton was possessed of ample means to do justice to the magnitude of Watt's inventions; and the result was, that both realised an ample fortune, and the Soho Works of Birmingham were among the greatest establishments of that city. Watt's inventions continued to enrich the world almost until his death, at the patriarchal age of eighty-three. Among the most important of these, not mentioned above, were the rotative motion and parallel motion, the throttle-valve, the steam-gauge, the indicator, the governor, &c., in connection with the steam-engine; the copying-press, the steam tilt-hammer, a smoke-consumer, the discovery of the composition of water, &c. These are among the works which we owe to the great inventor and perfecter of the steam-engine. Lord Brougham's beautiful epitaph on Watt, in Westminster Abbey, should never be omitted from any notice of his life and character:

Not to perpetuate a name,
Which must endure, while the peaceful arts flourish,
But to shew
That Mankind have learned to honour those
Who best deserve their gratitude,
The King,
His Ministers, and many of the Nobles

And Commons of the Realm,
Raised this Monument to
JAMES WATT,
Who, directing the force of an original genius,
Early exercised in philosophic research,
To the improvement of
The Steam-engine,
Enlarged the Resources of his Country,
Increased the Power of Man,
And rose to an eminent place
Among the most Illustrious Followers of Science
And the real Benefactors of the World.
Born at Greenock. MDCCXXXVI.;
Died at Heathfield, in Staffordshire, MDCCCXIX.

The 'Life of George Stephenson,' by SAMUEL SMILES, 1857, is interesting on account of the history it gives of the application of locomotives to railway travelling; and it is invaluable as affording the example of a great principle triumphing over popular prejudice, ignorance, and the strenuous opposition of 'vested interests.' The railway engineer rose from very small beginnings. He was the son of a labourer in Northumberland, fireman at the pumping-engine of the colliery at Wylam, near Newcastle. George was born in 1781. While a child he ran errands, herded cows, and performed field-labour until, in his fourteenth year, he was promoted to be assistant to his father at the rate of one shilling a day. He could not read, but he imitated everything. He mended clocks and watches, made shoes, and otherwise displayed such ingenuity, that he was appointed engine-wright at Killingworth Colliery at a salary of £100 a year. Here he inspired such confidence in his sagacity and skill, that, on application, he at once obtained permission from Lord Ravensworth, the proprietor, to incur the outlay for constructing what he called a 'travelling engine' for the tram-roads between the colliery and the shipping-port nine miles off. With the imperfect tools and unskilled workmen at Killingworth, Stephenson constructed his first locomotive. He called it 'My Lord;' and at its first trial, on an ascending gradient of 1 in 450, the engine drew eight loaded carriages, of about thirty tons' weight, at the rate of four miles an hour. This was on the 25th of July, 1814. It was not until 1830 that the public fully recognised the practicability of driving locomotives on smooth rails; and it was then recognised, because the fact could no longer be denied. Stephenson conviced himself of the two great principles—that friction is a constant quantity at all velocities, and that iron is capable of adhesion upon iron without roughness of surface. He therefore discarded cog-wheels on rails and the idea of running locomotives on common roads and laboured to adapt the locomotive and the rails to the wants of each other, so that, as he said himself, they might be like 'man and wife.' His success led to his appointment as engineer of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, a line projected in order to find an outlet and new markets for the Bishop-

Auckland coals. Here he succeeded in establishing the first railway over which passengers and goods were carried by a locomotive. The opening trial took place 27th September, 1827, and a local chronicler thus records the event :

Starting the First Railway Locomotive.

The signal being given, the engine started off with this immense train of carriages; and such was its velocity, that in some parts the speed was frequently twelve miles an hour; and at that time the number of passengers was counted to be 450, which, together with the coal, merchandise, and carriages, would amount to near ninety tons. The engine with its load arrived at Darlington, a distance of 8¾ miles, in sixty-five minutes. The six wagons, loaded with coal intended for Darlington, were then left behind; and obtaining a fresh supply of water, and arranging the procession to accommodate a band of music and numerous passengers from Darlington, the engine set off again, and arrived at Stockton in three hours and seven minutes, including stoppages, the distance being nearly twelve miles. By the time the train reached Stockton there were about 600 persons in the train or hanging on to the wagons, which must have gone at a safe and steady pace of from four to six miles an hour from Darlington. 'The arrival at Stockton,' it is added, 'excited a deep interest and admiration.'

A more important field was, however, necessary, in order to attract public attention, and to test the inherent soundness of the principle propounded by Stephenson. This was found in Liverpool and Manchester. The means of transporting goods between these great cities had not kept pace with the development of the traffic. Cotton, as Mr. Huskisson observed in the House of Commons, was detained a fortnight at Liverpool, while the Manchester manufacturers were obliged to suspend their labours; and goods manufactured at Manchester for foreign markets could not be transmitted in time, in consequence of the tardy conveyance. In nine years, the quantity of raw cotton alone sent from the one town to the other had increased by fifty million pounds' weight.

A public meeting was held at Liverpool, and it was resolved to construct a tram-road, an idea which, under George Stephenson, was ultimately extended to a railway suitable for either fixed or locomotive engines. At this time the Bridgewater Canal was yielding a return of the whole original investment about once in two years. The opposition of the proprietors was therefore natural enough, but the scheme was opposed on all sides. In making the survey, Stephenson was refused access to the ground at one point, turned off by the gamekeepers at another, and on one occasion, when a clergyman was violently hostile, he had to slip in and make his survey while divine service was going on. The survey was made, however, in spite of all opposition. The next difficulty was to get leave to make the line. A shower of pamphlets warned the public against the locomotive: it would keep cows from grazing, and hens from laying; the air would be poisoned, and birds fall dead as it passed; the preservation of pheasants and foxes would be impossible; householders would be ruined, horses become extinct, and oats unsaleable; country inns would be ruined; travelling rendered dangerous, for boilers

would burst, and passengers be blown to atoms. But there was always this consolation to wind up with—the weight of the locomotive would prevent its moving, and railways could never be worked by steam-power. The bill for the Liverpool and Manchester Railway at length came before a committee of the House of Commons. Privately, Mr. Stephenson talked of driving twenty miles an hour; but the council warned him of such folly, and in evidence he restricted himself to ten miles an hour. 'But assuming this speed,' said a member of the committee, 'suppose that a cow were to stray upon the line and get in the way of the engine; would not that, think you, be a very awkward circumstance?' 'Yes,' replied the witness, with his strong Northumberland burr, and a merry twinkle in his eye—'yes, verry awkward indeed *for the coo!*'

Mr. Stephenson—'that unprofessional person,' as one of the engineers of the day called him—failed to convince the committee, and the bill was lost. 'We must persevere, sir,' was his invariable reply, when friends hinted that he might be wrong; and a second bill was brought in, which, as the new line carefully avoided the lands of a few short-sighted opponents, passed the House of Commons by 88 to 41, and the House of Lords with the opposition of only Lord Derby and Lord Wilton. The railway was commenced; and though told by the first engineers of the day that no man in his senses would attempt to carry it through Chat Moss, Mr. Stephenson did so, at a cost not of £270,000, but of only £28,000, and he completed the line in a substantial and business-like manner. But the adoption of the locomotive was still an open question, and he stood alone among the engineers of the day. The most advanced professional men concurred in recommending fixed engines. 'We must persevere, sir,' was still George's motto. He persuaded the directors to give the locomotive a trial, and he made an engine for the purpose. The trial came on, 6th October 1829. The engine started on its journey, dragging after it about thirteen tons' weight in wagons, and made the first ten trips backwards and forwards along the two miles of road, running the thirty-five miles, including stoppages, in an hour and forty-eight minutes. The second ten trips were in like manner performed in two hours and three minutes. The maximum velocity attained by the 'Rocket' during the trial-trip was twenty-nine miles an hour, or about three times the speed that one of the judges of the competition had declared to be the limit of possibility. 'Now,' cried one of the directors, lifting up his hands—'now is George Stephenson at last delivered.' This decided the question; locomotives were immediately constructed and put upon the line; and the public opening of the work took place on the 15th September 1830.

Opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway.

The completion of the work was justly regarded as a great national event, and was celebrated accordingly. The Duke of Wellington, then prime-minister, Sir Robert Peel, secretary of state, Mr. Huskisson, one of the members for Liverpool,

and an earnest supporter of the project from its commencement, were present, together with a large number of distinguished personages. The 'Northumbrian' engine took the lead of the procession, and was followed by the other locomotives and their trains, which accommodated about six hundred persons. Many thousands of spectators cheered them on their way—through the deep ravine of Olive Mount; up the Sutton incline; over the Sankey viaduct, beneath which a multitude of persons had assembled—carriages filling the narrow lanes, and barges crowding the river. The people gazed with wonder and admiration at the trains which sped along the line, far above their heads, at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour. At Parkside, seventeen miles from Liverpool, the engines stopped to take in water. Here a deplorable accident occurred to one of the most distinguished of the illustrious visitors present, which threw a deep shadow over the subsequent proceedings of the day. The 'Northumbrian' engine, with the carriage containing the Duke of Wellington, was drawn up on one line, in order that the whole of the trains might pass in review before him and his party on the other. Mr. Huskisson had, unhappily, alighted from the carriage, and was standing on the opposite road, along which the 'Rocket' engine was observed rapidly coming up. At this moment the Duke of Wellington, between whom and Mr. Huskisson some coolness had existed, made a sign of recognition, and held out his hand. A hurried but friendly grasp was given; and before it was loosened, there was a general cry from the bystanders of 'Get in, get in!' Flurried and confused, Mr. Huskisson endeavoured to get round the open door of the carriage which projected over the opposite rail, but in so doing he was struck down by the 'Rocket,' and falling with his leg doubled across the rail, the limb was instantly crushed. His first words, on being raised, were, 'I have met my death,' which unhappily proved too true, for he expired that same evening in the neighbouring parsonage of Eccles. It was cited at the time, as a remarkable fact, that the 'Northumbrian' engine conveyed the wounded body of the unfortunate gentleman a distance of about fifteen miles in twenty-five minutes, or at the rate of thirty-six miles an hour. This incredible speed burst upon the world with all the effect of a new and unlooked-for phenomenon.

The fortune of George Stephenson was now made. He became a great man. He was offered, but refused, a knighthood, and his latter days were spent as those of a country gentleman. He died in 1848, at the age of sixty-seven.

George Stephenson at Sir Robert Peel's seat of Drayton.

Though mainly an engineer, he was also a daring thinker on many scientific questions; and there was scarcely a subject of speculation, or a department of recondite science, on which he had not employed his faculties in such a way as to have formed large and original views. At Drayton the conversation often turned upon such topics, and Mr. Stephenson freely joined in it. One one occasion, an animated discussion took place between himself and Dr. Buckland on one of his favourite theories as to the formation of coal. But the result was, that Dr. Buckland, a much greater master of tongue-fence than Stephenson, completely silenced him. Next morning before breakfast, when he was walking in the grounds deeply pondering, Sir William Follett came up and asked what he was thinking about? 'Why, Sir William, I am thinking over that argument I had with Buckland last night. I know I am right, and that if I had only the command of words which he has, I 'd have beaten him.' 'Let me know all about it,' said Sir William, 'and I 'll see what I can do for you.' The two sat down in an arbour, where the astute lawyer made himself thoroughly acquainted with the points of the case; entering into it with all the zeal of an advocate about to plead the dearest interests of his client. After he had mastered the subject, Sir William rose up, rubbing his hands with glee, and said: 'Now I am ready for him.' Sir Robert Peel was made acquainted with the plot, and adroitly introduced the subject of the controversy after dinner. The result was, that in the argument which followed, the man of science was overcome by the man of law; and Sir William Follett had at all points the mastery over Dr. Buckland. 'What do *you* say, Mr. Stephenson?' asked Sir Robert, laughing. 'Why,' said he, 'I will only say this, that of all the powers

above and under the earth, there seems to me to be no power so great as the gift of the gab.' One day at dinner, during the same visit, a scientific lady asked him the question, 'Mr. Stephenson, what do you consider the most powerful force in nature?' 'Oh!' said he, in a gallant spirit, 'I will soon answer that question: it is the eye of a woman for the man who loves her; for if a woman look with affection on a young man, and he should go to the uttermost ends of the earth, the recollection of that look will bring him back; there is no other force in nature that could do that.' One Sunday, when the party had just returned from church, they were standing together on the terrace near the hall, and observed in the distance a railway train flashing along, throwing behind it a long line of white steam. 'Now, Buckland,' said Mr. Stephenson, 'I have a poser for you. Can you tell me what is the power that is driving that train?' 'Well,' said the other 'I suppose it is one of your big engines.' 'But what drives the engine?' 'Oh, very likely a canny Newcastle driver.' 'What do you say to the light of the sun?' 'How can that be?' asked the doctor. 'It is nothing else,' said the engineer; 'it is light bottled up in the earth for tens of thousands of years—light, absorbed by plants and vegetables, being necessary for the condensation of carbon during the process of their growth, if it be not carbon in another form—and now, after being buried in the earth for long ages in fields of coal, that latent light is again brought forth and liberated, made to work, as in that locomotive, for great human purposes.' The idea was certainly a most striking and original one: like a flash of light, it illuminated in an instant an entire field of science.'

ELIZA METEYARD.

In 1865–6 appeared 'The Life of Josiah Wedgwood,' two volumes, by ELIZA METEYARD, a lady who had previously written several tales and other productions under the name of 'Silverpen.' In 1871 Miss Meteyard produced a series of biographies, under the title of 'A Group of Englishmen' (1795 to 1815), being records of the younger Wedgwoods and their friends, embracing the history of photography.

HENRY, LORD COCKBURN—DEAN RAMSAY—DR R. CHAMBERS.

The awakened curiosity of the public regarding Scottish history and manners—mainly to be attributed to Sir Walter Scott's works—induced the late HENRY COCKBURN (1779–1854) to write and publish (1856) 'Memorials of his Time,' or sketches of the public character and social habits of the leading citizens of Edinburgh, from the end of the last century to the culminating-point in the celebrity of the Scottish capital at the date of the Waverley novels. The author of the 'Memorials,' Lord Cockburn, a Scottish judge, was shrewd, observant, and playful—a genial humourist and man of fine taste, with a vein of energetic eloquence, when roused, that was irresistible with a Scottish audience. In 1874 were issued two more volumes of the same description, 'Journal of Henry Cockburn, being a Continuation of the "Memorials of His Own Time."'

Of a similar character with the 'Memorials,' though more gossiping and anecdotical, is the work entitled 'Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character,' 1857, by the REV. EDWARD BANNERMAN RAMSAY (1793–1872), minister of St. John's Episcopal Church, Edinburgh (1830), and dean of the diocese from 1841 till his death. This volume has gone through twenty-one editions. Dean Ramsay was a man of various graces and accomplishments, and as a clergyman he

combined deep and fervent piety with genuine toleration and benevolence. The 'Reminiscences' form a curious record of old times and manners fast disappearing. It is the best refutation of Sidney Smith's unfortunate joke that the Scotch have no humour, and it has done almost as much as the Waverley novels to make Scotch customs, phrases, and traits of character familiar to Englishmen at home and abroad.

Edinburgh Society Eighty Years Since.—From 'Memorials of his Time,' by HENRY COCKBURN.

There was far more coarseness in the formal age than in the free one. Two vices especially, which have been long banished from respectable society, were very prevalent, if not universal, among the whole upper ranks—swearing and drunkenness. Nothing was more common than for gentlemen who had dined with ladies, and meant to rejoin them, to get drunk. To get drunk in a tavern, seemed to be considered as a natural, if not an intended consequence of going to one. Swearing was thought the right, and the mark, of a gentleman. And, tried by this test, nobody, who had not seen them, could now be made to believe how many gentlemen there were. Not that people were worse-tempered then than now. They were only coarser in their manners, and had got into a bad style of admonition and dissent. The naval chaplain justified his cursing the sailors, because it made them listen to him; and Braxfield [a Scottish judge] apologised to a lady whom he damned at whist for bad play, by declaring that he had mistaken her for his wife. This odious practice was applied with particular offensiveness by those in authority towards their inferiors. In the army it was universal by officers towards soldiers, and far more frequent than is now credible by masters towards servants.

The prevailing dinner was about three o'clock. Two o'clock was quite common, if there was no company. Hence it was no great deviation from their usual custom for a family to dine on Sundays 'between sermons,' that is, between one and two. The hour, in time, but not without groans and predictions, became four, at which it stuck for several years. Then it got to five, which, however, was thought positively revolutionary; and four was long and gallantly adhered to by the haters of change as 'the good old hour.' At last, even they were obliged to give in, but they only yielded inch by inch, and made a desperate stand at half-past four. Even five, however, triumphed, and continued the average polite hour from (I think) about 1806 or 1807 till about 1820. Six has at last prevailed, and half-an-hour later is not unusual. As yet this is the furthest stretch of London imitation, except in country houses devoted to grouse or deer.

The procession from the drawing-room to the dining-room was formerly arranged on a different principle from what it is now. There was no such alarming proceeding as that of each gentleman approaching a lady, and the two looking together. This would have excited as much horror as the waltz at first did, which never shewed itself without denunciations of continental manners by correct gentlemen and worthy mothers and aunts. All the ladies first went off by themselves in a regular row according to the ordinary rules of precedence. Then the gentlemen moved off in single file; so that when they reached the dining-room, the ladies were all there, lingering about the backs of the chairs, till they could see what their fate was to be. Then began the selection of partners, the leaders of the male line having the advantage of priority; and of course the magnates had an affinity for each other.

The dinners themselves were much the same as at present. Any difference is in a more liberal adoption of the cookery of France. Healths and toasts were special torments: oppressions which cannot now be conceived. Every glass during dinner required to be dedicated to the health of some one. This prandial nuisance was horrible, but it was nothing to what followed. For after dinner, and before the ladies retired, there generally began what were called 'rounds' of toasts, and, worst of all, there were 'sentiments.' These were short epigrammatic sentences, expressive of moral feelings and virtues, and were thought refined and elegant productions. The glasses being filled, a person was asked for his or for her sentiment, when this or something similar was committed: 'May the pleasures of the evening bear the re-

flections of the morning:' or 'May the friends of our youth be the companions of our old age;' or 'Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds,' &c.

Early dinners begat suppers. But suppers are so delightful, that they have survived long after dinners have become late. Indeed this has immemorially been a favourite Edinburgh repast. How many are the reasons, how strong the associations that inspire the last of the day's friendly meetings! Supper is cheaper than dinner; shorter, less ceremonious, and more poetical. The business of the day is over; and its still fresh events interests. It is chiefly intimate associates that are drawn together at that familiar hour, of which night deepens the sociality. If there be any fun, or heart, or spirit in a man at all, it is then, if ever, that it will appear. So far as I have seen social life, its brightest sunshine has been on the last repast of the day.

As to the comparitive religiousness of the present and the preceding generation, any such comparison is very difficult to be made. Religion is certainly more the fashion than it used to be. There is more said about it; there has been a great rise, and consequently a great competition of sects; and the general mass of the religious public has been enlarged. On the other hand, if we are to believe one half of what some religious persons themselves assure us, religion is now almost extinct. My opinion is that the balance is in favour of the present time. And I am certain that it would be much more so, if the modern dictators would only accept of that as religion which was considered to be so by their devout fathers.

Scottish Nationality—From Preface to Dean Ramsay's 'Reminiscences.'

There is no mistaking the national attachment so strong in the Scottish character. Men return after long absence in this respect unchanged; whilst absent, Scotchmen never forget their native home. In all varieties of lands and climates their hearts ever turn towards the 'land o' cakes and brither Scots.' Scottish festivals are kept with Scottish feeling on 'Greenland's icy mountains' or 'India's coral strand.' I received an amusing account of an ebullition of this patriotic feeling from my late noble friend the Marquis of Lothian, who met with it when travelling in India. He happened to arrive at a station upon the eve of St. Andrew's Day, and received an invitation to join a Scottish dinner-party in commemoration of old Scotland. There was a great deal of Scottish enthusiasm. There were *seven* sheep-heads (singed) down the table; and Lord Lothian told me that after dinner he sang with great applause 'The Laird o' Cockpen.'

Love of country must draw forth good feeling in men's minds, as it will tend to make them cherish a desire for its welfare and improvement. To claim kindred with the honourable and high-minded, as in some degree allied with them, must imply at least an appreciation of great and good qualities. Whatever, then, supplies men with a motive for following upright and noble conduct—whatever advances in them a kindly benevolence towards fellow-countrymen in distress, will always exercise a beneficial effect upon the hearts and intellects of a Christian people; and these objects are, I think, all more or less fostered and encouraged under the influence of that patriotic spirit which identifies national honour and national happiness with its own.

I desire to preserve peculiarities which I think should be recorded, because they are national, and because they are reminiscences of genuine Scottish life. No doubt these peculiarities have been deeply tinged with the quaint and quiet humour which is more strictly characteristic of our countrymen than their wit. And, as exponents of that humour, our stories may often have excited some harmless merriment in those who have appreciated the real fun of the dry Scottish character. That, I trust, is no offence. I should never be sorry to think that, within the 'limits of becoming mirth,' I had contributed, in however small a degree, to the entertainment and recreation of my countrymen. I am convinced that every one, whether clergyman or layman, who adds something to the innocent enjoyment of human life, has joined in a good work, inasmuch as he has diminished the inducement to vicious indulgence. God knows there is enough of sin and of sorrow in the world to make sad the heart of every Christian man. No one, I think, need be ashamed of having sought to cheer the darker hours of his fellow-travellers' steps through life, or to beguile their hearts, when weary and heavy-laden, into cheerful and amusing trains of thought. So far as my experience of life goes, I have never found that the

cause of morality or of religion was promoted by sternly checking all tendencies of our nature to relaxation and amusement. If mankind be too ready to enter upon pleasures which are dangerous or questionable, it is the part of wisdom and of benevolence to supply them with sources of interest, the enjoyment of which shall be innocent and permissible.

What Lord Cockburn and Dean Ramsay did for their time by personal observation and memory, has been done for a much earlier period, through the medium of books and manuscripts, by DR. ROBERT CHAMBERS, in his 'Domestic Annals of Scotland from the Reformation to the Revolution,' two volumes, 1858; and 'from the Revolution to the Rebellion of 1745,' in one volume, 1861. His object, as stated in the preface to the work, was to detail 'the series of occurrences beneath the region of history, the effects of passion, superstition, and ignorance in the people, the extraordinary natural events which disturbed their tranquillity; the calamities which affected their wellbeing, the traits of false political economy by which that wellbeing was checked, and generally those things which enable us to see how our forefathers thought, felt, and suffered, and how, on the whole, ordinary life looked in their days.' The language of the original contemporary narrators is given wherever it was sufficiently intelligible and concise. This work has been very successful. Three other volumes by its author are devoted to local and national annals —'The History of the Rebellion of 1745-6,' 'Traditions of Edinburgh,' and 'Popular Rhymes of Scotland.' These are valuable as embodying much curious information presented in a form agreeable and attractive. The 'History of the Rebellion' is, indeed, an important contribution to our historical literature. Dr. Chambers's best services, as has been justly remarked, 'were devoted to his native country; and, with the exception of his illustrious contemporary, Sir Walter Scott, no other author has done so much to illustrate its social state, its scenery, romantic historical incidents, and antiquities —the lives of its eminent men—and the changes in Scottish society and the condition of the people (especially those in the capital) during the last two centuries.' The life of Dr. R Chambers has been written by his brother, Dr. W. Chambers.* Both were born in Peebles—William, April 16, 1800; Robert, July 10, 1802—of an old Peebleshire family, who, at the beginning of the century, were substantial woollen manufacturers. Robert has thus graphically described his native town:

Picture of an old Scottish Town—From 'Memoir of Robert Chambers.'

In the early years of this century, Peebles was little advanced from the condition in which it had mainly rested for several hundred years previously. It was eminently a quiet place—'As quiet as the grave or as Peebles,' is a phrase used by Cockburn. It was said to be a finished town, for no new houses (exceptions to be of course allowed for) were ever built in it. Situated, however, among beautiful pastoral hills, with a singularly pure atmosphere, and with the pellucid Tweed run-

* *Memoir of Robert Chambers, with Autobiographic Reminiscences*, by William Chambers, 1872.

ning over its pebbly bed close behind the streets, the town was acknowledged to be, in the fond language of its inhabitants, a bonny place. An honest old burgher was enabled by some strange chance to visit Paris, and was eagerly questioned, when he came back, as to the character of that capital of capitals; to which, it is said, he answered that 'Paris, a' thing considered, was a wonderful place—but still, Peebles for pleesure!' and this has often been cited as a ludicrous example of rustic prejudice and narrowness of judgment. But, on a fair interpretation of the old gentleman's words, he was not quite so benighted as at first appears. The 'pleesures' of Peebles were the beauties of the situation and the opportunities of healthful recreation it afforded, and these were certainly considerable.

There was an old and a new town in Peebles—each of them a single street, or little more; and as even the new town had an antique look, it may be inferred that the old looked old indeed. It was, indeed, chiefly composed of thatched cottages, occupied by weavers and labouring people—a primitive race of homely aspect, in many instances eking out a scanty subsistence by having a cow on the town common, or cultivating a *rig* of potatoes in the fields close to the town. Rows of porridge *luggies* (small wooden vessels) were to be seen cooling on window-soles; a smell of peat smoke pervaded the place; the click of the shuttle was everywhere heard during the day; and in the evening, the gray old men came out in their Kilmarnock night-caps, and talked of Bonaparte, on the stone seats beside their doors. The platters used in these humble dwellings were all of wood, and the spoons of horn; knives and forks rather rare articles. The house was generally divided into two apartments by a couple of *box-beds*, placed end to end—a bad style of bed, prevalent in cottages all over Scotland; they were so close as almost to stifle the inmates. Among these humble people, all costumes, customs, and ways of living smacked of old times. You would see a venerable patriarch making his way to church on Sunday, with a long-backed, swing-tailed, light-blue coat of the style of George II., which was probably his marriage coat, and half a century old. His head-gear was a broad-brimmed blue bonnet. The old woman came out on the same occasions in red scarfs, called cardinals, and white *mutches* (caps), bound by a black ribbon, with the gray hair folded back on the forehead. There was a great deal of drugget, and huckaback, and serge in that old world, and very little cotton. One almost might think he saw the humbler Scotch people of the seventeenth century before his eyes.

William Chambers, in that part of the volume devoted to his autobiographic reminiscences, says of Peebles:

Among that considerable part of the population who lived down closes and in old thatched cottages, news circulated at third or fourth hand, or was merged in conversation on religious or other topics. My brother and I derived much enjoyment, not to say instruction, from the singing of old ballads, and the telling of legendary stories, by a kind old female relative, the wife of a decayed tradesman, who dwelt in one of the ancient closes. At her humble fireside, under the canopy of a huge chimney, where her half-blind and superannuated husband sat dozing in a chair, the battle of Corunna and other prevailing news was strangely mingled with disquisitions on the Jewish wars. The source of this interesting conversation was a well-worn copy of L'Estrange's translation of Josephus, a small folio of date 1720. The envied possessor of the work was Tam Fleck, 'a flichty chield,' as he was considered, who, not particularly steady at his legitimate employment, struck out a sort of profession by going about in the evenings with his Josephus, which he read as the current news; the only light he had for doing so being usually that imparted by the flickering blaze of a piece of parrot coal. It was his practice not to read more than from two to three pages at a time, interlarded with sagacious remarks of his own by way of foot-notes, and in this way he sustained an extraordinary interest in the narrative. Retailing the matter with great equability in different households, Tam kept all at the same point of information, and wound them up with a corresponding anxiety as to the issue of some moving event in Hebrew annals. Although in this way he went through a course of Josephus yearly, the novelty somehow never seemed to wear off.

'Weel, Tam, what's the news the nicht?' would old Geordie Murray say, as

Tam entered with his Josephus under his arm, and seated himself at the family fireside.

'Bad news, bad news,' replied Tam. 'Titus has begun to besiege Jerusalem—it 's gaun to be a terrible business;' and then he opened his budget of intelligence, to which all paid the most reverential attention. The protracted and severe famine which was endured by the besieged Jews, was a theme which kept several families in a state of agony for a week; and when Tam in his readings came to the final conflict and destruction of the city by the Roman general, there was a perfect paroxysm of horror. At such séances my brother and I were delighted listeners. All honour to the memory of Tam Fleck.

Misfortune overtook the old *bourgeois* family of Chambers, in Peebles. They removed to Edinburgh, and there the two brothers, William and Robert Chambers, fought hard and nobly to gain a position in life. How they struggled, manfully and cheerfully—never relaxing, never complaining—is told in the 'Memoir' from which we have quoted, and which is the most interesting and instructive narrative of the kind that has issued from the press since Hugh Miller wrote his 'Schools and Schoolmasters.' In 1868, the university of St. Andrews conferred on Robert the honorary degree of LL.D. He then resided chiefly in St. Andrews, and there he died on the 17th of March 1871. On William, who survives, the university of Edinburgh conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. in 1872.

SIR JAMES Y. SIMPSON.

Professional biographies—legal, military, medical, &c.—are numerous, but having only a special interest, do not seem to require mention here. We make an exception in the case of SIR JAMES YOUNG SIMPSON (1811–1870), because he proved, by his discovery of the anæsthetic virtues of chloroform, to be a benefactor of mankind. He made other improvements and innovations in medical practice, which are, we believe, considered valuable. His chief distinction, however, was the relief of human suffering by this agent of chloroform—'wrapping,' as he said, 'men, women, and children in a painless sleep during some of the most trying moments and hours of human existence; and especially when our frail brother man is laid upon the operating table, and subjected to the tortures of the surgeon's knives and scalpels, his saws and his cauteries.' Chloroform was first discovered and described at nearly the same time by Soubeiran (1831) and Liebig (1832); its composition was first accurately ascertained by the distinguished French chemist, Dumas, in 1835.

Indirect Value of Philosophical Investigation.

It is (said Sir James Simpson) not unworthy of remark, that when Soubeiran and Liebig and Dumas engaged in those inquiries and experiments by which the formation and composition of chloroform was first discovered their sole and only object was the investigation of a point in philosophical chemistry. They laboured for the pure love and extension of knowledge. They had no idea that the substance to which they called the attention of their chemical brethren could or would be turned to any *practical* purpose, or that it possessed any physiological or therapeutic effects upon the animal economy. I mention this to shew that the *cui bono* argument against philosophical investigations, on the ground that there may be at first no apparent practical benefit to be derived from them, has been amply refuted in this, as

it has been in many other instances. For I feel assured that the use of chloroform will soon entirely supersede the use of ether; and from the facility and rapidity of its exhibition, it will be employed as an anæsthetic agent in many cases, and under many circumstances, in which ether would never have been had recourse to. Here, then, we have a substance which, in the first instance, was merely interesting as a matter of scientific curiosity and research, becoming rapidly an object of intense importance, as an agent by which human suffering and agony may be annulled and abolished, under some of the most trying circumstances in which human nature is ever placed.'

One objection made to the use of anæsthesia was, that it enabled women to avoid one part of the primeval curse! Simpson said 'the word translated *sorrow* (Gen. ii. 16) is truly "labour," "toil," and in the very next verse the very same word means this. Adam was to eat the ground with "sorrow." That does not mean *physical* pain, and it was cursed to bear thorns and thistles, which we pull up without dreaming that it is a sin.' Dr. Chalmers thought the 'small theologians' who objected should not be heeded, and so thought every man of sense. The use of chloroform extended rapidly over all Europe and America, and is now an established recognised agent in the mitigation of human suffering.

Professor Simpson was born at Bathgate in Linlithgowshire, one of a numerous but poor and industrious family. Having studied at Edinburgh University, he graduated as doctor in medicine in 1832. In 1840 he succeeded Professor Hamilton as Professor of Midwifery, and in 1847 first introduced the use of chloroform. After a prosperous career, the Queen, in 1866, conferred upon him the honour of a baronetcy, and the university of Oxford gave him the honorary degree of D.C.L. Sir James was a keen antiquary, and published a treatise on 'Archaic Sculpturings of Cups, Circles, &c. upon stones and Rocks,' 1867.

J. E. BAILEY—H. CRABB ROBINSON—C. WENTWORTH DILKE

In 1874 Mr John Eglington Bailey, Manchester, published a 'Life of Thomas Fuller, D.D.,' with notices of his books, his kinsmen, and his friends—an elaborate and valuable memoir of the celebrated church historian, 'undertaken,' as the author states, 'out of admiration of the life and character of the very remarkable man whom it concerns,' and 'the result of the study and research of the leisure hours of many years.'

In the 'Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson,' three volumes, 1869, will be found a great amount of literary anecdote and information concerning German and English authors. The inscription on his tombstone may suffice for a biographical notice: 'Henry Crabb Robinson, born May 15, 1775, died February 5, 1867; friend and associate of Goethe and Wordsworth, Wieland and Coleridge, Flaxman and Blake, Clarkson and Charles Lamb; he honoured and loved the great and noble in their thoughts and characters, his warmth of heart and genial sympathy embraced

all whom he could serve,' &c. The best account we have of Wordsworth's literary life and opinions is in Crabb Robinson's diary.

Much interesting and curious literary history, with a dash of politics intermixed, is contained in two volumes, 'Papers of a Critic,' 1875, selected from the writings of the late CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE by his grandson, the baronet of the same name, author of a book of travels, 'Greater Britain.' Mr. Dilke was born in 1787, served for many years in the Navy Pay Office, and on his retiring with a pension, devoted himself to literary inquiry and criticism. He was a man of solid, clear judgment, of unwearying industry, and of thorough independence of character. He became proprietor of the 'Athenæum' literary journal, the price of which he reduced from eightpence to fourpence, and vastly increased its circulation and influence. Charles Lamb, Hood, Leigh Hunt, the Howitts, Allan Cunningham, Lady Morgan, &c. were among its writers. To insure impartiality as a critic and editor, Mr. Dilke made it a rule not to go into society of any kind—a self-denying ordinance that it must have been hard to keep.* He had, however, a band of intimate friends among his regular contributors. In the 'Athenæum' Mr. Dilke produced his critical papers on Pope, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Swift, Junius, Wilkes, Grenville, and Burke. The most important of these are the papers on Pope, Junius, and Burke. It may safely be said that, notwithstanding all the labours of Walton, Bowles, and Roscoe, the personal history of Pope was never properly understood until it was taken up by Mr. Dilke. On the authorship of Junius, he differed from great authorities—Brougham, Macaulay, Lord Stanhope, and others. He investigated the subject with his usual acuteness and research, but though he corrected numerous errors in previous statements on the subject, he brought forward no name to supersede that of Sir Philip Francis. With respect to Burke, Mr. Dilke also pointed out many errors in the works of biographers, and convicted the great statesman of a fault not uncommon—buying an estate before he had money to pay for it, and entering on a scheme of life far too expensive for his means. Mr. Dilke died, universally respected and regretted, August 16, 1864.

JOHN MORLEY—PROFESSOR MORLEY—WILLIAM MINTO—C. C. F. GREVILLE.

JOHN MORLEY born at Blackburn, Lancashire, in 1838, has published 'Edmund Burke, a Historical Study,' 1867; and 'Lives of Vol-

* The late Mr. Rintoul of the *Spectator* adopted the same rule. 'I don't quite understand Rintoul's point,' wrote Mr. Quilinan, the son-in-law of Wordsworth. 'Making it a rule to avoid authors, he makes it a rule to exclude himself from the best intellectual society—that is, if he applies his rule rigorously. If he means that he avoids the small cliques of authorlings and criticlings who puff one another and abuse every one else, I quite understand him, and "small blame to him," as the Irishman says.'

taire,' 1872, and 'Rousseau,' 1873. Mr. Morley has been editor of the 'Fortnightly Review' since 1867.

HENRY MORLEY, Professor of English Literature at University College, has written various works, biographical and critical, and contributed extensively to literary journals. Lives of 'Palissy the Potter,' 1852; 'Jerome Cardan,' 1854; 'Cornelius Agrippa,' 1856; 'Clement Marot,' 1870; 'First Sketch of English Literature,' 1873, are among the most important of his productions, and he is now engaged on an elaborate 'Library of English Literature,' in course of publication by Messrs. Cassell & Co.

MR. WILLIAM MINTO, M A., is author of two excellent compendiums of English biography and criticism: 'A Manual of English Prose Literature,' designed mainly to shew characteristics of style, 1872; and 'Characteristics of English Poets from Chaucer to Shirley,' 1874. Shortly after the publication of the latter work, Mr. Minto became editor of 'The Examiner' weekly paper, so long distinguished by its former editors, Leigh Hunt, Albany Fonblanque, and John Forster.

Great interest was excited by the appearance, in 1874, of 'The Greville Memoirs,' a journal of the reigns of King George IV. and King William IV., by CHARLES C. F. GREVILLE, clerk of the council to those sovereigns. Mr. Greville was a grandson of the third Duke of Portland. At the age of twenty he was appointed private secretary to Lord Bathurst, and seven years afterwards he succeeded to the clerkship of the council, which he held for about forty years Though too free in his comments and disclosures, and not always just or correct, Mr. Greville's journal will be valuable to future historians. His sketches of character are drawn with discrimination and talent, and in his gallery of portraits are the two sovereigns whom he served (George IV. being painted as destitute of truth and honour, and a mere selfish sensualist), and nearly all the public men, statesmen, and authors, who figured during that period. The contrast between the Queen and her uncle is vividly set forth in the following passage:

Queen Victoria's First Days of Sovereignty.

June 21. 1837.—The king died at twenty minutes after two yesterday morning; and the young Queen met the council at Kensington Palace at eleven. Never was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behaviour, and certainly not without justice. It was very extraordinary, and something far beyond what was looked for. Her extreme youth and inexperience, and the ignorance of the world concerning her, naturally excited intense curiosity to see how she would act on this trying occasion, and there was a considerable assemblage at the palace, notwithstanding the short notice that was given. The first thing to be done was to teach her her lesson, which for this purpose Melbourne had himself to learn. I gave him the council papers, and explained all that was to be done, and he went and explained all this to her. He asked her if she would enter the room accompanied by the great officers of state, but she said she would come in alone. When the lords were assembled the Lord President informed them of the king's death, and suggested, as they were so

numerous, that a few of them should repair to the presence of the queen and inform her of the event, and that their lordships were assembled in consequence: and accordingly the two royal dukes, the two archbishops, the chancellor, and Melbourne went with them. The queen received them in the adjoining room alone. As soon as they had returned, the proclamation was read and the usual order passed, when the doors were thrown open, and the queen entered, accompanied by her two uncles, who advanced to meet her. She bowed to the lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed and in mourning. After she had read her speech, and taken and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the privy councillors were sworn, the two royal dukes (Cumberland and Sussex; the Duke of Cambridge was in Hanover) first, by themselves; and as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations, and this was the only sign of emotion she evinced. Her manner to them was very grateful and engaging; she kissed them both, and rose from her chair and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her, and too infirm to reach her. She seemed rather bewildered at the multitude of men who were sworn, and who came, one after another, to kiss her hand; but she did not speak to anybody, nor did she make the slightest difference in her manner, or shew any in her countenance, to any individual of any rank, station, or party. I particularly watched her when Melbourne, and the ministers, and the Duke of Wellington approached her. She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne for instruction when she had any doubt what to do, which hardly ever occurred, and with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating. When the business was done, she retired as she had entered, and I could see that nobody was in the adjoining room.

Lord Lansdowne insisted upon being declared president of the council, and I was obliged to write a declaration for him to read to that effect, though it was not usual. The speech was admired except by Brougham, who appeared in a considerable state of excitement. He said to Peel (whom he was standing near, and with whom he is not in the habit of communicating): 'Amelioration—that is not English; you might perhaps say *melioration*, but improvement is the proper word.' 'Oh,' said Peel, 'I see no harm in the word: it is generally used.' 'You object,' said Brougham, 'to the sentiment; I object to the grammar.' 'No,' said Peel, 'I don't object to the sentiment.' 'Well, then, she pledges herself to the policy of *our* government,' said Brougham. Peel told me this, which passed in the room, and near to the Queen. He likewise said how amazed he was at her manner and behaviour, at her apparent deep sense of her situation, her modesty, and at the same time her firmness. She appeared, in fact, to be awed, but not daunted, and afterwards the Duke of Wellington told me the same thing, and added that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better. It was settled that she was to hold a council at St. James's this day, and be proclaimed there at ten o'clock; and she expressed a wish to see Lord Albemarle, who went to her, and told her he was come to take her orders. She said: 'I have no orders to give; you know all this so much better than I do, that I leave it all to you. I am to be at St. James's at ten to-morrow, and must beg you to find me a conveyance proper for the occasion.'

Accordingly, he went and fetched her in state with a great escort. The Duchess of Kent was in the carriage with her, but I was surprised to hear so little shouting, and to see so few hats off as she went by. I rode down the Park, and saw her appear at the window when she was proclaimed. The Duchess of Kent was there, but not prominent; the Queen was surrounded by her ministers, and courtesied repeatedly to the people, who did not, however, hurrah till Lord Lansdowne gave them the signal from the window. At twelve, she held a council, at which she presided with as much ease as if she had been doing nothing else all her life; and though Lord Lansdowne and my colleague had contrived between them to make some confusion with the council papers, she was not put out by it. She looked very well; and though so small in stature, and without much pretension to beauty, the gracefulness of her manner and the good expression of her countenance give her, on the whole, a very agreeable appearance, and, with her youth, inspire an excessive interest in all

who approach her, and which I can't help feeling myself. After the council she received the archbishops and bishops, and after them the judges. They all kissed her hand, but she said nothing to any of them; very different from her predecessor, who used to harangue them all, and had a speech ready for everybody. . . .

No contrast can be greater than that between the personal demeanour of the present and the late sovereigns at their respective accessions. William IV. was a man who, coming to the throne at the mature age of sixty-five, was so excited by the exaltation, that he went nearly mad, and distinguished himself by a thousand extravagances of language and conduct, to the alarm or amusement of all who witnessed his strange freaks; and though he was shortly afterwards sobered down into more becoming habits, he always continued to be something of a blackguard, and something more of a buffoon. It is but fair to his memory, at the same time, to say that he was a good-natured kind-hearted, and well-meaning man, and he always acted an honourable and straightforward, if not always a sound and discreet part. The two principal ministers of his reign, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Grey (though the former was only his minister for a few months), have both spoken of him to me with strong expressions of personal regard and esteem. The young Queen, who might well be either dazzled or confounded with the grandeur and novelty of her situation, seems neither the one nor the other, and behaves with a decorum and propriety beyond her years, and with all the sedateness and dignity, the want of which was so conspicuous in her uncle.

THEOLOGIANS.

The publication of the 'Tracts for the Times, by Members of the University of Oxford,' four volumes, 1833–37, forms an era in the history of the Church of England. 'The movement was commenced,' says Mr. Molesworth, 'by a small knot of young men, most of them under thirty years of age. The two most energetic and original minds among them were Richard Hurrel Froude and John Henry Newman. Froude died at the early age of thirty-three of a pulmonary complaint, but lived long enough to witness the commencement of the Tracts, and to rejoice in their unexpected success. Newman was the prime mover and real leader of the movement, and one who, not only by his writings, but by his sermons, his conversation, and, above all, by the influence of his pure motives and lofty intelligence, nurtured and carried it forward. With them came to be associated two kindred spirits, less energetic indeed, but not less firm or earnest—Dr. Pusey, the learned young Regius Professor of Hebrew, and Keble, the sweet singer of the Church of England, whose 'Christian Year' will live as long as the church endures (see *ante*). With these were associated other men of less mark and note, of whom William Palmer and Arthur Percival were the chief. They were connected with the higher authorities of the church, and a large body of the most influential of the clergy, by Hugh Rose, chaplain to the archbishop of Canterbury, and regarded as the first theological and German scholar of his day. Purer, holier, and more unselfish men than those who composed this little band never

lived.'* The tenets or beliefs of this sacerdotal party were all of a Romanising stamp—judgment by works equally as by faith, baptismal regeneration, the supreme authority of the church, the apostolical succession of the clergy, &c. At the same time the Tractarian preachers adopted certain peculiarities in the performance of divine service—as abjuring the black Geneva gown and preaching in the white surplice, bowing to the altar and turning their backs to the people, arraying the altar with tippet and flowers and medieval embellishments, placing lighted candles on the altar, &c.

One effect of these innovations was to stir up a violent controversy, in which High and Low and Broad Church all mingled; while a few, like Dr. Arnold, proposed that the Established Church should be so comprehensive as to include not merely the churches of England and Scotland, but nearly all the bodies of Dissenters. Another effect of the innovations was to drive many supporters of the establishment into the ranks of the Dissenters, and some into the Church of Rome. Mr. Newman published a work, 'Remains of the late Rev. Richard H. Froude,' 'who was not a man,' observed his editor, 'who said anything at random,' and Mr. Froude spoke of 'unprotestantising the church,' and called the Reformation 'a limb badly set, which required to be broken again,' &c. The serious and peaceable heads of the church became alarmed. The tracts were stopped by recommendation of the bishop of Oxford, and the last of the series, written by Mr. Newman, was condemned by many of the bishops, and censured by the Hebdomadal Board. The controversy, however, was not at an end—books, sermons, reviews, charges, memoirs, novels, and poems, continued to be issued by the opposing parties, and church vestries were occasionally in commotion. Of the 18,000 clergymen said to be in the Church of England, 7000, it was calculated, belonged to the High Church party, 6500 to the Low Church, 3500 to the Broad Church, and about 1000 were peasant clergy in the mountain districts.†

DR. PUSEY.

The Rev. Edward Bouverie Pusey is the second son of the late Hon. Philip Bouverie (half-brother of the first Earl of Radnor), and was born in 1800. He studied at Christ Church, Oxford, was elected to a fellowship at Oriel College, and in 1828 was appointed Regius Professor of Hebrew in the university of Oxford. Dr. Pusey was one of the most persistent of the Tractarians. A sermon preached by him before the university, was said to contain an avowal of his belief in the doctrine of transubstantiation; an examination took

* Molesworth's *History of England.*

† *Edinburgh Review*, October 1853. Since this time the High Church party has increased in numbers, and an act of parliament has been passed, adding to the power of the bishops, for the purpose, as stated by Mr. Disraeli, of 'putting down the Ritualists.' The number of the clergy is now said to be fully 20,000.

place on the part of judges appointed by the university, and the result was a censure and sentence of suspension from the duties of a preacher within the precincts of the university. The works of Dr. Pusey are numerous, and are all theological. Among them are 'Remarks on Cathedral Institutions,' 1845; 'Royal Supremacy,' 1850; 'Doctrine of the Real Presence Vindicated,' 1855; 'History of the Councils of the Church,' 51–381 A.D.; 'Nine Sermons,' 1843–55; and 'Nine Lectures,' 1864; and other professional treatises and sermons. The publications of Dr. Pusey are very numerous, but not one of them bids fair to take a permanent place in our literature. He is a man of exemplary piety as well as learning.

DR. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN—F. W. NEWMAN.

This eminent controversialist and man of letters is a native of London, son of a banker, and born in the year 1801. He graduated at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1820, was afterwards elected a Fellow of Oriel, and in 1825 became Vice-principal of St. Alban's Hall. He was sometime tutor of his college, and incumbent of St. Mary's, Oxford, and was associated, as we have stated, with Hurrel Froude and others in the publication of the 'Tracts for the Times.' More consistent than some of his associates, Dr. Newman seceded from the Established Church and joined the Church of Rome. Since then he has been priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, rector of a Catholic university in Dublin, and head of the Oratory near Birmingham. Dr. Newman has been a voluminous writer. His collected works form twenty-two volumes, exclusive of various contributions to periodicals. From 1837 to the present time his pen has rarely been idle, and the variety of his learning, the originality and grace of his style, his sincerity and earnestness, have placed him high among living authors. The following is a list of his works as collected and classified by himself: 'Parochial and Plain Sermons,' eight volumes; 'Sermons on Subjects of the Day;' 'University Sermons;' 'Catholic Sermons,' two volumes; 'Present Position of Catholics in England;' 'Essay on Assent;' 'Two Essays on Miracles;' 'Essays, Critical and Historical,' two volumes; 'Discussions and Arguments on Various Subjects;' 'Historical Sketches;' 'History of the Arians;' 'History of My Religious Opinions (Apologia)' Dr. Newman has also published a volume of 'Verses on Various Occasions,' 1868.

Description of Athens.—From 'Historical Sketches.'

The political power of Athens waned and disappeared; kingdoms rose and fell; centuries rolled away—they did but bring fresh triumphs to the city of the poet and the sage. There at length the swarthy Moor and Spaniard were seen to meet the blue-eyed Gaul; and the Cappadocian, late subject of Mithridates, gazed without alarm at the haughty conquering Roman. Revolution after revolution passed over the face of Europe, as well as of Greece, but still she was there—Athens, the city of mind—as radiant, as splendid, as delicate, as young as ever she had been.

Many a more fruitful coast or isle is washed by the blue Ægean, many a spot is there more beautiful or sublime to see, many a territory more ample; but there was

one charm in Attica, which in the same perfection was nowhere else. The deep pastures of Arcadia, the plain of Argos, the Thessalian vale, these had not the gift; Bœotia, which lay to its immediate north, was notorious for its very want of it. The heavy atmosphere of that Bœotia might be good for vegetation, but it was associated in popular belief with the dullness of the Bœotian intellect; on the contrary, the special purity, elasticity, clearness, and salubrity of the air of Attica, fit concomitant and emblem of its genius, did that for it which earth did not; it brought out every bright hue and tender shade of the landscape over which it was spread, and would have illuminated the face even of a more bare and rugged country.

A confined triangle, perhaps fifty miles its greatest length, and thirty its greatest breadth; two elevated rocky barriers, meeting at an angle; three prominent mountains, commanding the plain—Parnes, Pentelicus, and Hymettus; an unsatisfactory soil: some streams, not always full—such is about the report which the agent of a London company would have made of Attica. He would report that the climate was mild; the hills were limestone; there was plenty of good marble; more pasture land than at first survey might have been expected, sufficient certainly for sheep and goats; fisheries productive; silver mines once, but long since worked out; figs fair; oil first-rate; olives in profusion. But what he would not think of noting down, was, that the olive tree was so choice in nature and so noble in shape, that it excited a religious veneration; and that it took so kindly to the light soil, as to expand into woods upon the open plain, and to climb up and fringe the hills. He would not think of writing word to his employers, how that clear air, of which I have spoken, brought out, yet blended and subdued the colours on the marble, till they had a softness and harmony, for all their richness, which, in a picture, looks exaggerated, yet is, after all, within the truth. He would not tell how that same delicate and brilliant atmosphere freshened up the pale olive, till the olive forgot its monotony, and its cheek glowed like the arbutus or beech of the Umbrian Hills. He would say nothing of the thyme and thousand fragrant herbs which carpeted Hymettus; he would hear nothing of the hum of its bees; nor take much account of the rare flavour of its honey, since Gozo and Minorca were sufficient for the English demand. He would look over the Ægean from the height he had ascended; he would follow with his eye the chain of islands, which, starting from the Sunian headland, seemed to offer the fabled divinities of Attica, when they would visit their Ionian cousins, a sort of viaduct thereto across the sea; but that fancy would not occur to him nor any admiration of the dark violet billows with their white edges down below; nor of those faithful, fan-like jets of silver upon the rocks, which slowly rise aloft like water spirits from the deep, then shiver, and break, and spread, and shroud themselves, and disappear in a soft mist of foam; nor of the gentle, incessant heaving and panting of the whole liquid plain; nor of the long waves keeping steady time, like a line of soldiery, as they resound upon the hollow shore—he would not deign to notice that restless living element at all, except to bless his stars that he was not upon it. Nor the distinct detail, nor the refined colouring, nor the graceful outline and roseate golden-hue of the jutting crags, nor the bold shadows cast from Otum or Laurium by the declining sun; our agent of a mercantile firm would not value these matters even at a low figure. Rather we must turn for the sympathy we seek to yon pilgrim student, come from a semi-barbarous land to that small corner of the earth, as to a shrine, where he might take his fill of gazing on those emblems and coruscations of invisible, unoriginate perfection. It was the stranger from a remote province, from Britain or from Mauritania, who, in a scene so different from that of his chilly, woody swamps, or of his fiery, choking sands, learned at once what a real university must be, by coming to understand the sort of country which was its suitable home.

Influence and Law.

Taking influence and law to be the two great principles of government, it is plain that, historically speaking, influence comes first, and then law. Thus Orpheus preceded Lycurgus and Solon. Thus Deioces the Mede laid the foundations of his power in the personal reputation for justice, and then established it in the seven walls by which he surrounded himself in Ecbatana. First we have the *virum pietate graem*, whose word 'rules the spirits and soothes the breasts' of the multitude—or the

warrior—or the mythologist and bard; then follow at length the dynasty and constitution. Such is the history of society: it begins in the poet, and ends in the policeman.

The Beautiful and the Virtuous.

It is maintained that the beautiful and the virtuous mean the same thing, and are convertible terms. Accordingly conscience is found out to be but slavish; and a fine taste, an exquisite sense of the decorous, the graceful, and the appropriate, this is to be our true guide for ordering our mind and our conduct, and bringing the whole man into shape. These are great sophisms it is plain; for, true though it be that virtue is always expedient, it does not therefore follow that everything which is expedient, and everything which is fair, is virtuous. A pestilence is an evil, yet may have its undeniable uses; and war, 'glorious war,' is an evil, yet an army is a very beautiful object to look upon; and what holds in these cases, may hold in others; so that it is not very safe or logical to say that utility and beauty are guarantees for virtue.

The Jewish and Christian Churches.—From 'Sermons bearing on the Subjects of the Day.'

What took place under the Law is a pattern, what was commanded is a rule, under the Gospel. The substance remains, the use, the meaning, the circumstances, the benefit is changed; grace is added, life is infused; 'the body is of Christ;' but it is in great measure that same body which was in being before He came. The Gospel has not put aside, it has incorporated into itself, the revelations which went before it. It avails itself of the Old Testament, as a great gift to Christian as well as to Jew. It does not dispense with it, but it dispenses it. Persons sometimes urge that there is no code of duty in the New Testament, no ceremonial, no rules for Church polity. Certainly not; they are unnecessary; they are already given in the Old. Why should the Old Testament be retained in the Christian Church, but to be used? *There* are we to look for our forms, our rites, our polity; only illustrated, tempered, spiritualised by the Gospel. The precepts remain; the observance of them is changed.

This, I say, is what many persons are slow to understand. They think the Old Testament must be supposed to be our rule directly and literally, or not at all; and since we cannot put ourselves under it absolutely and without explanation, they conclude that in no sense is it binding on us; but surely there is such a thing as the *application* of Scripture; this is no very difficult or strange idea. Surely we cannot make any practical use even of St. Paul's Epistles, without application. They are written to Ephesians or Colossians; we apply them to the case of Englishmen. They speak of customs, and circumstances, and fortunes which do not belong to us; we cannot take them literally; we must adapt them to our own case; we must apply them to us. *We* are not in persecution, or in prison; we do not live in the south, nor under the Romans; nor have we been converted from heathenism; nor have we miraculous gifts; nor live we in a country of slaves; yet still we do not find it impossible to guide ourselves by inspired directions, addressed to those who were thus circumstanced. And in somewhat a like manner, the directions of the Old Testament, whether as to conduct, or ritual, or Church polity, may be our guides, though we are obliged to apply them. Scripture itself does this for us in some instances, and in some others we ourselves are accustomed to do so for ourselves; and we may do so in a number of others also in which we are slow to do it. For instance, the Law says, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' Does the Gospel abrogate this command. Of course not. What does it do with it? It explains and enlarges it. It answers the question, '*Who* is my neighbour?' The substance of the command is the same under Law and under Gospel; but the Gospel opens and elevates it. And so again the Ten Commandments belong to the Law, yet we read them still in the Communion Service, as binding upon ourselves; yet not in the mere letter; the Gospel has turned the letter into spirit. It has unfolded and diversified those sacred precepts which were given from the beginning.

Mr. Francis William Newman, brother of the above, and born in 1805, is a distinguished scholar and author of various works. In

1824 he was admitted a Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, but resigned his fellowship, as he could not subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles for his Master's degree. He was Latin Professor in University College, London, from 1846 to 1863, when he resigned. A 'History of the Hebrew Monarchy,' and 'Lectures on History,' were published by him in 1847; in 1849, 'The Soul, her Sorrows and Aspirations;' in 1850, 'Phases of Faith'—a work avowing the author's infidelity, but pervaded by a kind of mystical spiritualism; 'Lectures on Political Economy,' 1851; 'Regal Rome,' 1852; 'The Crimes of the House of Hapsburg,' 1853. In this year, also, he published 'The Odes of Horace, translated into Unrhymed Metres,' but the effort is described as not successful. In 1866 Mr. Newman published a 'Handbook of Modern Arabic,' and is understood to be engaged on an English-Arabic Dictionary.

DR. CHANNING.

William Ellery Channing (1780–1842), one of the most popular of the American prose writers and theologians, was a native of Newport, Rhode Island. After completing his education at Harvard University (where he took his degree in 1798), he studied divinity, and was ordained minister of a church in Boston. Though disliking all sectarian preaching, Channing undertook, in 1819, on occasion of the ordination of the Rev. Jared Sparks, to explain and defend the opinions of the Unitarians, dwelling on such topics as had been made the subject of misrepresentation. Still he described himself as 'more nearly related to Fenelon than to Priestley,' and in advanced life he said: 'I am little of a Unitarian, have little sympathy with the system of Priestley and Belsham, and stand aloof from all but those who strive and pray for clearer light.' He may be classed with Archbishop Leighton and Baxter. His unfeigned humility and piety endeared him to the good of all sects, and among his friends he could number even the High Church Wordsworth and Coleridge. Dr. Channing (he received his degree of D.D. from Harvard University in 1821) was author of various essays and sermons—'Essay on National Literature, 1823; 'Remarks on the Character and Writings of Milton,' 1826; 'Analysis of the Character of Napoleon Bonaparte,' 1828; 'The Character and Writings of Fenelon,' 1829; 'On Negro Slavery,' 1835; 'On Self-Culture,' 1838, and 'Sermons on the Christian Evidences,' and other subjects. All his works are distinguished by purity and elevation of thought, and though rather too measured and diffuse in style and expression, cannot be read without delight as well as instruction. The expansive benevolence and Christian ardour of the writer shine through the whole. Various editions of Channing's collected works have been issued, and in 1848 a copious life of him was published by his nephew, W. H. Channing.

The Character of Christ.

We are struck with this peculiarity in the author of Christianity, that whilst all other men are formed in a measure by the spirit of the age, we can discover in Jesus no impression of the period in which he lived. We know with considerable accuracy the state of society, the modes of thinking, the hopes and expectations of the country in which Jesus was born and grew up; and he is as free from them, and as exalted above them, as if he had lived in another world, or, with every sense shut on the objects around him. His character has in it nothing local or temporary. It can be explained by nothing around him. His history shews him to us a solitary being, living for purposes which none but himself comprehended, and enjoying not so much as the sympathy of a single mind. His apostles, his chosen companions, brought to him the spirit of the age; and nothing shews its strength more strikingly, than the slowness with which it yielded in these honest men to the instructions of Jesus.

Jesus came to a nation expecting a Messiah; and he claimed this character. But instead of conforming to the opinions which prevailed in regard to the Messiah, he resisted them wholly and without reserve. To a people anticipating a triumphant leader, under whom vengeance as well as ambition was to be glutted by the prostration of their oppressors, he came as a spiritual leader teaching humility and peace. This undisguised hostility to the dearest hopes and prejudices of his nation; this disdain of the usual compliances by which ambition and imposture conciliate adherents; this deliberate exposure of himself to rejection and hatred, cannot easily be explained by the common principles of human nature, and excludes the possibility of selfish aims in the author of Christianity.

One striking peculiarity in Jesus is the extent—the vastness of his views. Whilst all around him looked for a Messiah to liberate God's ancient people; whilst to every other Jew, Judea was the exclusive object of pride and hope—Jesus came declaring himself to be the deliverer and light of *the world*: and in his whole teaching and life, you see a consciousness, which never forsakes him, of a relation to the whole human race. This idea of blessing mankind, of spreading a universal religion, was the most magnificent which had ever entered into man's mind. All previous religions had been given to particular nations. No conqueror, legislator, philosopher, in the extravagance of ambition, had ever dreamed of subjecting all nations to a common faith.

This conception of a universal religion, intended for Jew and Gentile, for all nations and climes, is wholly inexplicable by the circumstances of Jesus. He was a Jew; and the first and deepest and most constant impression on a Jew's mind, was that of the superiority conferred on his people and himself by the national religion, introduced by Moses. The wall between the Jew and the Gentile seemed to reach to heaven. The abolition of the peculiarity of Moses, the overthrow of the temple of Mount Sinai, the erection of a new religion, in which all men would meet as brethren, and which would be the common and equal property of Jew and Gentile—these were of all ideas the last to spring up in Judea, the last for enthusiasm or imposture to originate.

Compare next these views of Christ with his station in life. He was of humble birth and education, with nothing in his lot, with no extensive means, no rank, or wealth, or patronage to infuse vast thoughts and extravagant plans. The shop of a carpenter, the village of Nazareth, were not spots for ripening a scheme more inspiring and extensive than had ever been formed. It is a principle in human nature, that except in cases of insanity, *some* proportion is observed between the power of an individual and his plans and hopes. The purpose to which Jesus devoted himself was as ill suited to his condition as an attempt to change the seasons, or to make the sun rise in the west. That a young man in obscure life, belonging to an oppressed nation, should seriously think of subverting the time-hallowed and deep-rooted religions of the world, is a strange fact: but with this purpose we see the mind of Jesus thoroughly imbued; and sublime as it is, he never falls below it in his language or conduct; but speaks and acts with a consciousness of superiority, with a dignity and authority, becoming this unparalleled destination. In this connection I cannot but add another striking circumstance in Jesus; and that is, the calm confidence with which he always looked forward to the accomplishment of his design.

The New Testament Epistles.

The Epistles, if possible, abound in marks of truth and reality even more than the Gospels. They are imbued thoroughly with the spirit of the first age of Christianity. They bear all the marks of having come from men, plunged in the conflicts which the new religion excited, alive to its interests, identified with its fortunes. They betray the very state of mind which must have been generated by the peculiar condition of the first propagators of the religion. They are letters written on real business, intended for immediate effects, designed to meet prejudices and passions, which such a religion must at first have awakened. They contain not a trace of the circumstances of a later age, or of the feelings, impressions, and modes of thinking by which later times were characterised, and from which later writers could not easily have escaped. The letters of Paul have a remarkable agreement with his history. They are precisely such as might be expected from a man of a vehement mind, who had been brought up in the schools of Jewish literature, who had been converted by a sudden, overwhelming miracle, who had been entrusted with the preaching of the new religion to the Gentiles, who had been everywhere met by the prejudices and persecuting spirit of his own nation. They are full of obscurities, growing out of these points of Paul's history and character, and out of the circumstances of the infant church, and which nothing but an intimate acquaintance with that early period can illustrate. This remarkable infusion of the spirit of the first age into the Christian records, cannot easily be explained but by the fact that they were written in that age by the real and zealous propagators of Christianity, and that they are records of real convictions and of actual events.

Napoleon Bonaparte.

His intellect was distinguished by rapidity of thought. He understood by a glance what most men, and superior men, could learn only by study. He darted to a conclusion rather by intuition than reasoning. In war, which was the only subject of which he was master, he seized in an instant on the great points of his own and his enemy's positions; and combined at once the movements by which an overpowering force might be thrown with unexpected fury on a vulnerable part of the hostile line, and the fate of an army be decided in a day. He understood war as a science; but his mind was too bold, rapid, and irrepressible, to be enslaved by the technics of his profession. He found the old armies fighting by rule, and he discovered the true characteristic of genius, which, without despising rules, knows when and how to break them. He understood thoroughly the immense moral power which is gained by originality and rapidity of operation. He astonished and paralysed his enemies by his unforeseen and impetuous assaults, by the suddenness with which the storm of battle burst upon them; and whilst giving to his soldiers the advantages of modern discipline, breathed into them, by his quick and decisive movements, the enthusiasm of ruder ages. The power of disheartening the foe, and of spreading through his own ranks a confidence and exhilarating courage, which made war a pastime, and seemed to make victory sure, distinguished Napoleon in an age of uncommon military talent, and was one main instrument of his future power.

The wonderful effects of that rapidity of thought by which Bonaparte was marked, the signal success of his new mode of warfare, and the almost incredible speed with which his fame was spread through nations, had no small agency in fixing his character, and determining for a period the fate of empires. These stirring influences infused a new consciousness of his own might. They gave intensity and audacity to his ambition; gave form and substance to his indefinite visions of glory, and raised his fiery hopes to empire. The burst of admiration which his early career called forth, must in particular have had an influence in imparting to his ambition that modification by which it was characterised, and which contributed alike to its success and to its fall. He began with astonishing the world, with producing a sudden and universal sensation, such as modern times had not witnessed. To astonish as well as to sway by his energies, became the great end of his life. Henceforth to rule was not enough for Bonaparte. He wanted to amaze, to dazzle, to overpower men's souls, by striking, bold, magnificent, and unanticipated results. To govern ever so absolutely would not have satisfied him, if he must have governed silently. He wanted to reign through wonder and awe, by the grandeur and terror of his name, by displays of power which would rivet on him every eye, and make him the

theme of every tongue. Power was his supreme object; but a power which should be gazed at as well as felt, which should strike men as a prodigy, which should shake old thrones as an earthquake, and by the suddenness of its new creations should awaken something of the submissive wonder which miraculous agency inspires.

His history shews a spirit of self-exaggeration, unrivalled in enlightened ages, and which reminds us of an oriental king to whom incense had been burned from his birth as to a deity. This was the chief source of his crimes. He wanted the sentiment of a common nature with his fellow-beings. He had no sympathies with his race. That feeling of brotherhood which is developed in truly great souls with peculiar energy, and through which they give up themselves willing victims, joyful sacrifices, to the interests of mankind, was wholly unknown to him. His heart, amidst all its wild beatings, never had one throb of disinterested love. The ties which bind man to man he broke asunder. The proper happiness of a man, which consists in the victory of moral energy and social affection over the selfish passions, he cast away for the lonely joy of a despot. With powers which might have made him a glorious representative and minister of the beneficent Divinity, and with natural sensibilities which might have been exalted into sublime virtues, he chose to separate himself from his kind, to forego their love, esteem, and gratitude, that he might become their gaze, their fear, their wonder, and, for this selfish, solitary good, parted with peace and imperishable renown.*

The spirit of self-exaggeration wrought its own misery, and drew down upon him terrible punishments; and this it did by vitiating and perverting his high powers. First, it diseased his fine intellect, gave imagination the ascendency over judgment, turned the inventiveness and fruitfulness of his mind into rash, impatient, restless energies, and thus precipitated him into projects which, as the wisdom of his counsellors pronounced, were fraught with ruin. To a man whose vanity took him out of the rank of human beings, no foundation for reasoning was left. All things seemed possible. His genius and his fortune were not to be bounded by the barriers which experience had assigned to human powers. Ordinary rules did not apply to him. His imagination, disordered by his egotism, and by unbounded flattery, leaped over appalling obstacles to the prize which inflamed his ambition.

Great Ideas.

What is needed to elevate the soul is, not that a man should know all that has been thought and written in regard to the spiritual nature—not that a man should become an encyclopædia; but that the great ideas, in which all discoveries terminate, which sum up all sciences, which the philosopher extracts from infinite details, may be comprehended and felt. It is not the quantity, but the quality of knowledge, which determines the mind's dignity. A man of immense information may, through the want of large and comprehensive ideas, be far inferior in intellect to a labourer, who, with little knowledge, has yet seized on great truths. For example, I do not expect the labourer to study theology in the ancient languages, in the writings of the Fathers, in the history of sects, &c.; nor is this needful. All theology, scattered as it is through countless volumes, is summed up in the idea of God; and let this idea shine bright and clear in the labourer's soul, and he has the essence of theological libraries, and a far higher light than has visited thousands of renowned divines. A great mind is formed by a few great ideas, not by an infinity of loose details. I have known very learned men, who seemed to me very poor in intellect, because they

* We may illustrate Channing's argument by quoting part of Coleridge's criticism on Milton's Satan: 'The character of Satan is pride and sensual indulgence finding in itself the motive of action. It is the character so often seen in little on the political stage. It exhibits all the restlessness, temerity, and cunning which have marked the mighty hunters of mankind from Nimrod to Napoleon. The common fascination of man is, that these great men, as they are called, must act from some great motive. Milton has carefully marked in his Satan the intense selfishness, the alcohol of egotism, which would rather reign in hell than serve in heaven. To place this lust of self in opposition to denial of self or duty, and to shew what exertions it would make, and what pains endure to accomplish its end, is Milton's particular object in the character of Satan. But around this character he has thrown a singularity of daring, a grandeur of sufferance, and a ruined splendour, which constitute the very height of poetic sublimity.' The career of Napoleon certainly exemplifies the principle here so finely enunciated.

had no grand thoughts. What avails it that a man has studied ever so minutely the histories of Greece and Rome, if the great ideas of freedom, and beauty, and valour and spiritual energy, have not been kindled by those records into living fires in his soul? The illumination of an age does not consist in the amount of its knowledge, but in the broad and noble principles of which that knowledge is the foundation and inspirer. The truth is, that the most laborious and successful student is confined in his researches to a very few of God's works; but this limited knowledge of things may still suggest universal laws, broad principles, grand ideas, and these elevate the mind. There are certain thoughts, principles, ideas, which by their nature rule over all knowledge, which are intrinsically glorious, quickening, all-comprehending, eternal.

REV. HENRY BLUNT.

The Rev. Henry Blunt (1794–1843) was for several years incumbent of Trinity Church, Chelsea, and was not only a popular preacher but a voluminous author. He belonged to what is known as the Low Church or Evangelical party. Some of Mr. Blunt's religious treatises are said to have gone through forty editions in England, besides having a great circulation in America. Among his works are—'Lectures upon the History of Jacob,' 1828; 'Lectures upon the History of St. Paul,' two parts, 1832–33; 'Family Exposition of the Pentateuch;' with several volumes of 'Sermons,' &c. After Mr. Blunt's death three volumes of 'Sermons' and 'Pastoral Letters' were collected and published

DR. KITTO

Dr. John Kitto (1804–1854) devoted himself, amidst many discouragements, to the illustration of the Sacred Scriptures. He was a native of Plymouth, the son of humble parents, and a fall from the roof of a house, a few days after he had completed his twelfth year, deprived him of the sense of hearing. His description of the calamity is simple and touching:

I was very slow in learning that my hearing was entirely gone. The unusual stillness of all things was grateful to me in my utter exhaustion; and if in this half-awakened state, a thought of the matter entered my mind, I ascribed it to the unusual care and success of my friends in preserving silence around me. I saw them talking, indeed, to one another, and thought that out of regard to my feeble condition they spoke in whispers, because I heard them not. The truth was revealed to me in consequence of my solicitude about the book which had so much interested me in the day of my fall. It had, it seems, been reclaimed by the good old man who had sent it to me, and who doubtless concluded that I should have no more need of books in this life. He was wrong; for there has been nothing in this life which I have needed more. I asked for this book with much earnestness, and was answered by signs which I could not comprehend.

'Why do you not speak,' I cried? 'Pray let me have the book.' This seemed to create some confusion; and at length some one, more clever than the rest, hit upon the happy expedient of writing upon a slate, that the book had been reclaimed by the owner, and that I could not in my weak state be allowed to read. 'But,' said in great astonishment, 'why do you write to me; why not speak? Speak speak!'

Those who stood around the bed exchanged significant looks of concern, and the writer soon displayed upon his slate the awful words—'You are deaf!' Did not this utterly crush me? By no means. In my then weakened condition nothing like this could affect me. Besides, I was a child, and to a child the full extent of such a calamity could not be at once apparent. However, I knew not the future—it was well I did not; and there was nothing to shew me that I suffered under more than a

temporary deafness, which in a few days might pass away. It was left for time to shew me the sad realities of the condition to which I was reduced.

The deaf boy, after his recovery, was placed in the workhouse, until some employment could be found for him. He was put apprentice to a shoemaker, who used him with great cruelty, but an appeal to the magistrates procured his release from this tyranny; and being assisted, in his nineteenth year, to publish a volume of essays and letters, friends came forward, and he was enabled to follow out his strong bias for theological literature. He spent ten years in travelling and residing abroad, the result of which appeared in his Biblical criticism and illustrations, and in his account of the 'Scripture Lands,' 1850. On his return to England, in 1833, he wrote for the 'Penny Magazine' a series of papers called 'The Deaf Traveller,' and ever afterwards was actively engaged in literature. He edited 'The Pictorial Bible,' the 'Journal of Sacred Literature,' and the 'Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature;' also a valuable work, 'Daily Bible Illustrations.' Two small volumes, entitled 'The Lost Senses,' one on deafness and the other on blindness, were produced by Dr. Kitto, and are interesting from the facts and anecdotes they contain. He concludes that the blind are not so badly off as the deaf. 'It is indeed possible that, so far as regards merely animal sensation, the blind man is in a worse condition than the deaf; but in all that regards the culture of the mind, he has infinitely the advantage, while his full enjoyment of society, from which the other is excluded, keeps up a healthy exercise of his mental faculties, and maintains him in that cheerful frame of mind, which is as generally observed among the blind, as the want of it is among the deaf.' A pension of £100 was settled upon Dr. Kitto by the government. He went abroad to recruit his health, which had been injured by too close application, but died at Cannstadt, near Stuttgart, in his fifty-first year.

DR. ROBERT VAUGHAN.

Robert Vaughan, D.D., was for some years Professor of Ancient and Modern History in the university of London, and President of the Independent College, Manchester. He was author of various important historical works, imbued with true constitutional feeling and principle, and evincing great care and research. Among these works are 'Memorials of the Stuart Dynasty from 1603 to 1688,' published in 1831; 'Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell and the State of Europe during the Early Part of the Reign of Louis XIV.,' 1838; 'The Age of Great Cities,' 1842; 'John De Wycliffe,' a monograph, 1854; 'Revolutions in English History,' 1859; 'Revolutions in Government,' 1863; 'English Nonconformity,' 1862; and a great number of discourses, reviews, and pamphlets on theological and philosophical questions. Dr. Vaughan was born in 1795, and educated at Bristol, after which he became pastor of the Independent Chapel at Kensington. This indefatigable and conscientious literary worker

died in 1868, in his seventy-third year. His pulpit oratory is described as of an impressive intellectual character.

HENRY ROGERS.

Few books of religious controversy have been so popular as 'The Eclipse of Faith, or a Visit to a Religious Sceptic,' 1852. This work went through five editions within two years. Though the name of the author is not prefixed, 'The Eclipse' is known to be the production of MR. HENRY ROGERS, one of the professors at the Independent College, Birmingham. Mr. Rogers officiated for some time as minister of an Independent congregation, but was forced to relinquish his charge on account of ill health. He has been a contributor to the 'Edinburgh Review,' and a collection of his various papers has been published under 'the title of 'Essays: Contributions to the Edinburgh Review,' three volumes, 1850–55. In 1856 Mr. Rogers published an 'Essay on the Life and Genius of Thomas Fuller, with Selections from his Writings.' He has also contributed some short biographies to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' Learned, eloquent, and liberal in sentiment, Mr. Rogers is an honour to the Dissenting body. 'The Eclipse' was written in reply to Mr. F. W. Newman's 'Phases of Faith,' noticed in a previous page. Mr. Rogers adopts the plan of sending to a missionary in the Pacific Ocean an account of the religious distractions in this country. All the controversies and new theological opinions, English and German, which have been agitated within the last twenty years are discussed, and a considerable part of the reasoning is in the form of dialogue. The various interlocutors state their opinions fully, and are answered by other parties. Deism is represented by a disciple of Professor Newman, who draws most of his arguments from the 'Phases of Faith.' A new edition of this work being called for, Mr. Newman added to it a 'Reply to the Eclipse of Faith,' 1854, and Mr. Rogers rejoined with 'A Defence of the Eclipse of Faith.' There is a good deal of vigorous thought and sarcasm in Mr. Rogers's 'Eclipse' and 'Defence,' while in logical acuteness he is vastly superior to his opponent. Occasionally he rises into a strain of pure eloquence, as in the following passage:

The Humanity of the Saviour.

And now what, after all, does the carping criticism of this chapter amount to? Little as it is in itself, it absolutely vanishes: it is felt that the Christ thus portrayed *cannot* be the right interpretation of the history, in the face of all those glorious scenes with which the evangelical narrative abounds, but of which there is here an entire oblivion. But humanity will not forget them; men still wonder at the 'gracious words which proceeded out of Christ's mouth,' and persist in saying, 'Never man spake like this man.' The brightness of the brightest names pales and wanes before the radiance which shines from the person of Christ. The scenes at the tomb of Lazarus, at the gate of Nain, in the happy family at Bethany, in the 'upper room' where He instituted the feast which should for ever consecrate His memory, and bequeathed to his disciples the legacy of His love: the scenes in the Garden of Gethsemane, on the summit of Calvary, and at the sepulchre; the sweet remembrance of the patience with which He bore wrong, the gentleness with which he rebuked

it, and the love with which he forgave it; the thousand acts of benign condescension by which He well earned for himself, from self-righteous pride and censorious hypocrisy, the name of the 'friend of publicans and sinners;' these and a hundred things more, which crowd those concise memorials of love and sorrow with such prodigality of beauty and of pathos, will still continue to charm and attract the soul of humanity, and on these the highest genius, as well as the humblest mediocrity, will love to dwell. These things lisping infancy loves to hear on its mother's knees, and over them age, with its gray locks, bends in devoutest reverence. No; before the infidel can prevent the influence of these compositions, he must get rid of the gospels themselves, or he must supplant them by *fictions* yet more wonderful! Ah, what bitter irony has involuntarily escaped me! But if the last be impossible, at least the gospels must cease to exist before infidelity can succeed. Yes, before infidels can prevent men from thinking as they have ever done of Christ, they must blot out the gentle words with which, in the presence of austere hypocrisy, the Saviour welcomed that timid guilt that could only express its silent love in an agony of tears; they must blot out the words addressed to the dying penitent, who, softened by the majestic patience of the mighty sufferer, detected at last the Monarch under the veil of sorrow, and cast an imploring glance to be 'remembered by Him when he came into His kingdom;' they must blot out the scene in which the demoniacs sat listening at His feet, and 'in their right mind;' they must blot out the remembrance of the tears which He shed at the grave of Lazarus—not surely for him whom He was about to raise, but in pure sympathy with the sorrows of humanity—for the myriad myriads of desolate mourners, who could not, with Mary, fly to Him and say: 'Lord, if thou hadst been here, my mother, brother, sister, had not died!' they must blot out the record of those miracles which charm us, not only as the proof of His mission, and guarantees of the truth of His doctrine, but as they illustrate the benevolence of His character and are types of the spiritual cures His gospel can yet perform; they must blot out the scenes of the sepulchre, where love and veneration lingered, and saw what was never seen before, but shall henceforth be seen to the end of time—the tomb itself irradiated with angelic forms, and bright with the presence of Him 'who brought life and immortality to light;' they must blot out the scene where deep and grateful love wept so passionately, and found Him unbidden at her side, type of ten thousand times ten thousand, who have 'sought the grave to weep there,' and found joy and consolation in Him 'whom, though unseen, they loved;' they must blot out the discourses in which He took leave of his disciples, the majestic accents of which have filled so many departing souls with patience and with triumph; they must blot out the yet sublimer words in which He declares himself 'the resurrection and the life'—words which have led so many millions more to breathe out their spirits with childlike trust, and to believe, as the gate of death closed behind them, that they would see Him who is invested with the 'keys of the invisible world,' 'who opens and no man shuts, and shuts and no man opens,' letting in through the portal which leads to immortality the radiance of the skies; they must blot out, they must destroy these and a thousand other such things, before they can prevent Him having the pre-eminence who loved, because he loved *us*, to call himself the 'Son of Man,' though angels called him the 'Son of God.' It is in vain to tell men it is an *illusion*. If it be an illusion, *every variety of experiment* proves it to be *inveterate*, and it will not be dissipated by a million of Strausses and Newmans! *Probatum est.* At His feet guilty humanity, of diverse races and nations, for eighteen hundred years, has come to pour forth in faith and love its sorrows, and finds there 'the peace which the world can neither give nor take away.' Myriads of aching heads and weary hearts have found, and will find, repose there, and have invested him with veneration, love, and gratitude, which will never, never be paid to any other name than His.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

In intellectual activity, power, and influence, few men of the present generation exceeded the late learned archbishop of Dublin, DR. RICHARD WHATELY. This eminent prelate was a native of London, born in 1787, fourth son of the Rev. Dr. Whately of Nonsuch Park, Surrey. He was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, a college cele-

brated as having sent forth some distinguished modern theologians—Arnold, Copleston, Keble, Hampden, Newman, and Pusey. Whately graduated in 1808, took a second class in classics and mathematics, and gained the university prize for an English essay. Having taken his M.A. degree in 1812, Whately entered the church, was Bampton lecturer in Oxford in 1822,* and appointed the same year to the rectory of Halesworth, Suffolk. In 1825 he received the degree of D.D; in 1830 he was chosen Principal of Alban's Hall, Oxford, and Professor of Political Economy, Oxford; and in 1831 he was consecrated archbishop of Dublin and bishop of Glendalagh, to which was afterwards added the bishopric of Kildare. The literary career of Archbishop Whately seems to have commenced in 1821, when he was in his thirty-fourth year. Previous to this, however, he was conspicuous in the university for his opposition to the High Church views of Dr. Pusey and Dr. Newman. In 1821 he published 'The Christian's Duty with respect to the Established Government and the Laws, considered in three Sermons;' and the same year he issued anonymously his tract, 'Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Bonaparte'—a grave logical satire on scepticism. The subject of his Bampton lectures was 'The Use and Abuse of Party Feeling in Religion,' and he treated it with distinguished ability and liberality. His next two works were 'The Elements of Logic,' 1826; and 'The Elements of Rhetoric,' 1828 The former treatise gave a new life to the study of logic, as was admitted by Sir William Hamilton, who combated some of its doctrines, and it has long since taken its place as a standard in the library of mental science. Whately said his mind had for fourteen years brooded over the leading points of his work on Logic.

In the same year (1828) appeared 'Essays on some of the Difficulties in the Writings of St. Paul, and in other parts of the New Testamen;' then 'Thoughts on the Sabbath,' 1830; and 'Errors of Romanism,' 1830. Of the latter, Miss Martineau says: 'We do not know that any of his works more effectually exhibits the characteristics of his mind. It has the spirit and air of originality which attend upon sublime good sense; and the freshness thus cast around a subject supposed to be worn out, is a sample of the vigour which in those days animated everything he said and did.' On the subject of Sabbath observance, which has since been keenly controverted, Whately agrees with Paley, that the Jewish Sabbath and the Sunday or Lord's Day are two separate institutions; with the former, the members of the Church of England have nothing to do, but the Lord's Day ought to be observed by them, in obedience to the authority of the church, even independent of apostolic example and ancient usage. 'Introductory Lectures to Political Economy,' an 'Essay on

* The Rev. John Bampton, canon of Salisbury (1690–1751), left a sum of money—producing about £120 per annum—for founding a series of eight lectures each year on subjects connected with the Christian faith. The lecturer is appointed by the heads of colleges in Oxford.

the Omission of Creeds, Liturgies, &c., in the New Testament,' and several 'Sermons,' were the product of 1831. Next year the prelate appears to have been chiefly attentive to social and political questions, induced by his elevation to the archiepiscopal chair. He published 'Evidence before the House of Lords respecting Irish Tithes,' 'Thoughts on Secondary Punishment,' 'Reply to the Address of the Clergy on National Education in Ireland,' and an 'Introduction to Political Economy.' Speeches or printed remarks on the question of Jewish disabilities, and the transportation of criminals, and 'Sermons on Various Subjects,' were produced between 1833 and 1836. The Tractarian movement called forth from Whately, in 1841, two 'Essays on Christ and his Kingdom;' and in 1843 he published a Charge against the High Church party. Some other religious treatises, the most important being 'Lectures on St. Paul's Epistles,' 1849, were subsequently produced; after which appeared a collection of 'English Synonyms,' 1851, and addresses delivered at various institutions in Cork, Manchester, and London, 1852–55. In 1856 the archbishop published an edition of 'Bacon's Essays, with Annotations'—the discursive nature of the essays, no less than their pregnancy of meaning and illustration, affording scope for abundance of moral lessons and arguments. Of these the commentator has perhaps been too profuse, for there are about three hundred and fifty pages of annotation to one hundred of text, and a good many are from the archbishop's previous works. The collection, however, forms a pleasant, readable volume. We give one or two of the commentator's anecdotical contributions.

First Impressions.

In the days when travelling by post-chaise was common, there were usually certain lines of inns on all the principal roads—a series of good and a series of inferior ones, each in connection all the way along; so that if you once got into the worst line you could not easily get out of it to the journey's end. The 'White Hart' of one town would drive you—almost literally—to the 'White Lion' of the next, and so on all the way; so that of two travellers by post from London to Exeter or York, the one would have had nothing but bad horses, bad dinners, and bad beds, and the other very good. This is analogous to what befalls a traveller in any new country, with respect to the impressions he receives, if he falls into the hands of a party. They consign him, as it were, to those allied with them, and pass him on, from one to another, all in the same connection, each shewing him and telling him just what suits the party, and concealing from him everything else.

A Hint to Anonymous Writers.

A well-known author once received a letter from a peer with whom he was slightly acquainted, asking him whether he was the author of a certain article in the 'Edinburgh Review.' He replied that he never made communications of that kind, except to intimate friends, selected by himself for the purpose, when he saw fit. His refusal to answer, however, pointed him out—which, as it happened, he did not care for—as the author. But a case might occur, in which the revelation of the authorship might involve a friend in some serious difficulties. In any such case, he might have answered something in this style: 'I have received a letter purporting to be from your lordship, but the matter of it induces me to suspect that it is a forgery by some mischievous trickster. The writer asks whether I am the author of a certain

article. It is a sort of question which no one has a right to ask; and I think, therefore, that every one is bound to discourage such inquiries by answering them—whether one is or is not the author—with a rebuke for asking impertinent questions about private matters. I say "private," because, if an article be libellous or seditious, the law is open, and any one may proceed against the publisher, and compel him either to give up the author, or to bear the penalty. If, again, it contains false statements, these, coming from an anonymous pen, may be simply contradicted. And if the arguments be unsound, the obvious course is to refute them; but *who* wrote it, is a question of idle or of mischievous curiosity, as it relates to the private concerns of an individual. If I were to ask your lordship: "Do you spend your income? or lay by? or outrun? Do you and your lady ever have an altercation? Was she your first love? or were you attached to some one else before?"—if I were to ask such questions, your lordship's answer would probably be, to desire the footman to shew me out. Now, the present inquiry I regard as no less unjustifiable, and relating to private concerns; and, therefore, I think every one bound, when so questioned, always, whether he is the author or not, to meet the inquiry with a rebuke. Hoping that my conjecture is right, of the letter's being a forgery, I remain,' &c. In any case, however, in which a refusal to answer does not convey any information, the best way, perhaps, of meeting impertinent inquiries, is by saying: 'Can you keep a secret?' and when the other answers that he can, you may reply: 'Well, so can I.'

In 1859, Dr. Whately continued this light labour of annotation, selecting for his second subject, 'Paley's Moral Philosophy.' This afforded a much less varied field for remark and illustration than Bacon's Essays, but it was one as congenial to the tastes and studies as the commentator. The low ground or fallacy upon which Paley built his ethical system—namely, that self-interest is the rule of virtue—has been often attacked, and is again assailed by Dr. Whately. 'Men,' says the commentator, 'never do, and apparently never did, account any conduct virtuous which they believe to have proceeded *entirely* from calculations of *self-interest*, even though the external act itself be such as they conceive *would* have been done by a virtuous man.' Paley's fault as a moralist, as Dr. Whately remarks, is chiefly one of omission, and it is probable that this argument of self-interest appears much stronger to the reader than it did to the author, who aimed only at popular leading definitions. Even in this case, he includes the future world in his view of self-interest. The last publication of this eminent divine was a Charge directed against the peculiar dangers of the times, inculcating reverence for the Scriptures, and opposing a spirit of finality in ecclesiastical affairs. In all public questions connected with Ireland he took a warm interest. He supported the National School system with all his energy, and founded the Statistical Society of Dublin. 'It is not enough,' he said, 'to believe what you maintain. You must maintain what you believe, and maintain it because you believe it.' Archbishop Whately died October 8, 1863.

The Negative Character of Calvinistic Doctrines.—From Whately's 'Essays on the Writings of St. Paul.'

It has been frequently objected to the Calvinistic doctrines, that they lead, if consistently acted upon, to a sinful, or to a careless, or to an inactive life; and the inference deduced from this alleged tendency has been that they are not true. Whatever may be, in fact, the practical ill tendency of the Calvinistic scheme, it is unde-

niable that many pious and active Christians who have adopted it have denied any such tendency—have attributed the mischievous consequences drawn, not to their doctrines rightly understood, but to the perversion and abuse of them; and have so explained them to their own satisfaction, as to be compatible and consistent with active virtue. Now, if just ad of objecting to, we admit, the explanations of this system, which the soundest and most approved of its advocates have given, we shall find that, when understood as they would have it, it can lead to no practical result whatever. Some Christians, according to them, are eternally enrolled in the book of life, and infallibly ordained to salvation, while others are reprobate, and absolutely excluded; but as the preacher (they add) has no means of knowing, in the first instance at least, which persons belong to which class, and since those who are thus ordained are to be saved through the *means* God has appointed, the offers, and promises, and threatenings of the Gospel are to be addressed to all alike, as if no such distinction existed. The preacher, in short, is to *act* in all respects as if the system were not true. Each individual Christian, again, according to them, though he is to believe that he either is, or is not, absolutely destined to eternal salvation, yet is also to believe that *if* his salvation is decreed, his holiness of life is also decreed: he is to judge of his own state by 'the fruits of the Spirit' which he brings forth: to live in sin, or to relax his virtuous exertions, would be an indication of his not being really (though he may flatter himself he is) one of the elect. And it may be admitted that one who does practically adopt and conform to this explanation of the doctrine, will not be led into any evil by it, since his conduct will not be in any respect influenced by it. When thus explained, it is reduced to a purely speculative dogma, barren of all practical results.

Expediency.—From 'Elements of Rhetoric.'

So great is the outcry which it has been the fashion among some persons for several years past to raise against *expediency*, that the very word has become almost an ill-omened sound. It seems to be thought by many a sufficient ground of condemnation of any legislator to say that he is guided by views of expediency. And some seem even to be ashamed of acknowledging that they are in any degree so guided. I, for one, however, am content to submit to the imputation of being a votary of expediency. And what is more, I do not see what right any one who is not so has to sit in parliament, or to take any part in public affairs. Any one who may choose to acknowledge that the measures he opposes are expedient, or that those he recommends are inexpedient, ought manifestly to have no seat in a deliberative assembly, which is constituted for the express and sole purpose of considering what measures are *conducive to the public good*; in other words, 'expedient.' I say, the '*public* good,' because, of course, by 'expediency' we mean, not that which may benefit some individual, or some party or class of men, at the expense of the public, but what conduces to the good of the nation. Now this, it is evident, is the very object for which deliberative assemblies are constituted. And so far is this from being regarded, by our church at least, as something at variance with religious duty, that we have a prayer specially appointed to be offered up during the sitting of the Houses of Parliament, that their consultations may be 'directed and prospered for the *safety, honour*, and *welfare* of our sovereign and her dominions.' Now, if this be not the very definition of political expediency, let any one say what it is.

But some persons are so much at variance with the doctrine of our church on this point—and I may add, with all sound moralists—as to speak of expediency as something that is, or may be, at *variance* with *duty*. If any one really holds that it can ever be expedient to violate the injunctions of duty—that he who does so is not sacrificing a greater good to a less (which all would admit to be inexpedient)—that it can be really advantageous to do what is morally wrong—and will come forward and acknowledge that to be his belief, I have only to protest, for my own part, with the deepest abhorrence, against what I conceive to be so profligate a principle. It shocks all the notions of morality that I have been accustomed from childhood to entertain, to speak of expediency being possibly or conceivably opposed to rectitude.

There are indeed many questions of expediency in which morality has no concern, one way or the other. In what way, for example, a husbandman should cultivate his field, or in what branch of trade a merchant should invest his capital, are

questions of expediency in which there is usually no moral right or wrong on either side. But where there *is* moral right and wrong, it can never be expedient to choose the wrong. If the husbandman or the merchant should seek to gain increased profits by defrauding his neighbour, this would be at variance with expediency, because it would be sacrificing a greater good to a less. 'For what would it *profit* a man if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'

I believe, however, that the greater part of those who raise a clamour against expediency mean, in reality, an *apparent*, but false and delusive expediency—that which is *represented* as expedient, but in truth is not so. But if this be their meaning, it would surely be better, with a view to cutting short empty declamation, and understanding clearly whatever matter is under discussion, that they should express, distinctly, and according to the ordinary use of language, what they do mean. It would be thought absurd for a man to declaim against 'virtue,' and then at length to explain that what he meant was not *real* virtue, but an hypocritical semblance of it; or to argue against the use of 'coin,' meaning all the time, not real genuine coin, but fraudulent counterfeits. And surely it is not at all more reasonable for any one to declaim against 'expediency,' if what he means be, not what is really expedient, but what is erroneously mistaken for it.

Consistency.—From 'Elements of Rhetoric.'

A man is often censured as inconsistent if he *changes* his plans or his opinions on any point. And certainly if he does this often, and lightly, that is good ground for withholding confidence from him. But it would be more precise to characterise him as *fickle* and unsteady, than as *inconsistent*; because this use of the term tends to confound one fault with another—namely, with the holding of two incompatible opinions *at once*.

But, moreover, a man is often charged with inconsistency for approving some parts of a book, system, character, &c., and disapproving others; for being now an advocate for peace, and now for war; in short, for accommodating his judgment or his conduct to the circumstances before him, as the mariner sets his sails to the wind. In this case there is not even any change of mind implied; yet for this a man is often taxed with inconsistency, though in many instances there would even be an inconsistency in the opposite procedure; *e.g.* in *not* shifting the sails, when the wind changes.

In the other case indeed, when a man does change his mind, he implies some error, either first or last. But some errors every man is liable to, who is not infallible. He, therefore, who prides himself on his consistency, on the ground of resolving never to change his plans or opinions, does virtually (unless he means to proclaim himself either too dull to detect his mistakes, or too obstinate to own them) lay claim to infallibility. And if at the same time he ridicules (as is often done) the absurdity of a claim to infallibility, he is guilty of a gross inconsistency in the proper and primary sense of the word.

But it is much easier to boast of consistency than to preserve it. For as, in the dark, or in a fog, adverse troops may take post near each other, without mutual recognition, and consequently without contest, but as soon as daylight comes the weaker give place to the stronger; so, in a misty and darkened mind, the most incompatible opinions may exist together, without any perception of their discrepancy, till the understanding becomes sufficiently enlightened to enable the man to reject the less reasonable opinions, and retain the opposites.

It may be added, that it is a very fair ground for disparaging any one's judgment, if he maintains any doctrine or system, *avowedly* for the sake of consistency. *That* must always be a bad reason. If the system, &c., is *right*, you should pursue it *because* it is right, and not because you have pursued it hitherto; if it is wrong, your having once committed a fault is a poor reason to give for persisting in it. He, therefore, who makes such an avowal may fairly be considered as thenceforward entitled to no voice in the question. His decision having been already given, once for all, with a resolution not to reconsider it, or to be open to conviction from any fresh arguments, his re-declarations of it are no more to be reckoned repeated acts of judgment, than new impressions from a stereotype plate are to be regarded as new editions. In short, according to the proverbial phrase, 'His bolt is shot.'

DR. BURTON—EDWARD BICKERSTETH.

Dr. Edward Burton (1794–1836), a native of Shrewsbury, was Regius Professor of Divinity in the university of Oxford, and Bampton lecturer in 1829. His first work was 'Observations on the Antiquities of Rome,' which gave evidence of that research which afterwards characterised his theological works. His most valuable publications are—'Testimonies of the Anti-Nicene Fathers to the Divinity of Christ,' 1826, and to the 'Doctrine of the Trinity,' 1831; 'Inquiry into the Heresies of the Apostolic Age;' 'The Chronology of the Apostles and St. Paul's Epistles,' 1830; 'Lectures on the Ecclesiastical History of the First Three Centuries, from the Crucifixion to 313 A.D.,' two volumes, 1831–33; 'History of the Christian Church to the Conversion of Constantine,' 1836; &c. Besides these works, which stamped him as the most profound patristic scholar of his age, Dr. Burton published an edition of the Greek Testament with notes, two volumes, 1831.

The Rev. Edward Bickersteth (1786–1850), rector of Walton, was a voluminous writer; his collected works, published in 1853, fill seventeen volumes, and there are five more of his smaller publications. His views were Low Church or Evangelical. The most popular of Mr. Bickersteth's writings are—'The Scripture Help,' a practical introduction to the reading of the Scriptures, of which Mr. Horne, in his 'Introduction,' says that 160,000 copies have been sold; a 'Practical Guide to the Prophecies,' 1829; 'The Christian Student;' 'Discourses on Justification, on the Lord's Supper,' &c.

DRS. HAWKINS—HINDS—HAMPDEN—GRESWELL.

Among the Oxford divines may be mentioned Dr. Edward Hawkins, Provost of Oriel College, who has written 'Unauthoritative Tradition,' 1819; several volumes of 'Sermons and Discourses;' and the Bampton Lectures (on 'Christian Truth') for 1840. Dr. Samuel Hinds, vice-principal of St. Alban Hall and bishop of Norwich, has written, with other works, a 'History of Christianity,' two volumes. 1829, part of which appeared originally in the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana,' and is characterised by erudite research and literary ability. Another theological contributor to the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana,' was Dr. Renn Dickson Hampden, who had been Principal of St. Mary's Hall and Regius Professor of Divinity, and who was nominated to the bishopric of Hereford in 1847. Dr Hampden was born in the island of Barbadoes in 1793. In 1810 he was entered of Oriel College, Oxford. He was Bampton lecturer in 1832, and his appointment as Regius Professor was violently opposed by one party in the church on account of alleged unsoundness of doctrine. The controversy on this subject raged for some time, but it was as much political as ecclesiastical, and Lord John Russell evinced his disregard of it by promoting Dr. Hampden to the see of Hereford. The most important of the works of this divine are—'Philosophical Evidence

of Christianity,' 1827; the 'Bampton Lectures;' 'Lectures on Moral Philosophy;' 'Sermons before the University of Oxford,' 1836–47; a Review of the Writings of Thomas Aquinas in the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana;' and the articles 'Socrates, Plato,' and 'Aristotle' in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' Mr. Hallam has characterised Dr. Hampden as 'the only Englishman who, since the revival of letters, penetrated into the wilderness of scholasticism.' He died in 1868.

The Rev. Edward Greswell, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, has written a valuable 'Exposition of the Parables and other parts of the Gospels,' five volumes, 1834–35; 'Harmonia Evangelica,' 1835–40; 'Harmony of the Gospels,' four volumes, 1830–34; 'Fasti Tempori Catholici,' five volumes, 1852. The father of Mr. Greswell—who was incumbent of Denton, Manchester—wrote a very elegant work, 'Annals of Parisian Typography,' 1818; also a 'View of the Early Parisian Greek Press,' 1833.

Value of Negative Testimony.—From Hinds's 'Inspiration of Scripture.'

To say that numerous old manuscripts exist; that they admit of classification and date, and other characteristics; to speak of evidence, derived from contemporary history, from the monuments of art, from national manners and customs; to assert that there have been persons qualified for the task, who have examined duly these several branches of evidence, and have given a satisfactory report of that research, is to make a statement concerning the evidence of Christianity, which is intelligible indeed, but is not itself the evidence, not itself the proof, of which you speak. So far from this being the case, we cannot but feel that the author who is guiding us, and pointing out these pillars of our faith, as they appear engraved on his chart of evidence, can himself, whatever be his learning, be personally acquainted with but a very small portion. The most industrious and able scholar, after spending a life on some individual point of evidence, the collation of manuscripts, the illustrations derived from uninspired authors, translations, or whatever the inquiry be, must, after all (it would seem), rest by far the greater part of his faith immediately on the testimony of others; as thousands in turn will rest their faith on his testimony, to the existence of such proof as he has examined. There is no educated Christian who is not taught to appreciate the force of that proof in favour of the genuineness of the New Testament, which may be derived from the consent of ancient copies, and the quotations found in a long line of fathers, and other writers; and yet not one in a thousand ever reads the works of the fathers, or sees a manuscript, or is even capable of deciphering one, if presented to him. He admits the very groundwork of his faith on the assertion of those who profess to have ascertained these points; and even the most learned are no further exceptions to this case, than in the particular branch of evidence which they have studied. Nay, even in their use of this, it will be surprising, when we come to reflect on it, how great a portion must be examined only through statements resting on the testimony of others.

Nor is it a question which can be waived, by throwing the weight of disproof on those who cavil and deny. It turns upon the use which is made, more or less, by all, of the *positive proofs* urged in defence of Christianity. Christianity is established; and it may be fair to bid its assailants prove that it is not what it professes to be, the presumption and prescriptive title being on its side. But Christianity does not intrench itself within this fortress; it brings out into the field an array of evidences to establish that which, on the former view of the case, its adherents are supposed not to be called on to maintain. It boasts of the sacred volume having been transmitted pure by means of manuscripts; and by asserting the antiquity, the freedom from corruption, and the independence and agreement of the several classes of these, the Christian contends for the existence of his religion at the time when

Christ and the apostles lived. Ancient writings are appealed to and quotations cited by various authors from the New Testament are adduced, which go to prove the same. Even profane history is made to furnish contemporary evidence of the first rise of Christianity. Now it is the way in which this evidence is employed that is the point to be considered; the question is, in what sense all this can be called evidence to the mass of Christians. All this is, in short, *positive proof*; and he who has examined manuscripts, or read the works in question, has gone through the demonstration; but he who has not—and this is the case with all, making a very few exceptions—has not gone through the process of proof himself, but takes the conclusion on the word of others. He believes those who inform him, that they, or others, have examined manuscripts, read the fathers, compared profane history with holy writ. Can this be called reasonable faith? or, at least, do we not pretend to be believing on proofs of various kinds, when, in fact, our belief rests on the bare assertions of others?

It is very important that the case should be set in its true light, because, supposing the Christian ministry able, and at leisure, to investigate and sift the Christian evidence for themselves, the same cannot be done by the barrister, the physician, the professional man of whatever department besides theology, however enabled by education; and then, what is to be the lot of the great mass of the people? They, clearly, are incompetent even to follow up the several steps of proof which each proposition would require. They take it for granted, if they apply the evidence at all, that these things are so, because wiser persons than they say it is so. In the same spirit as the question was put of old: 'Have any of the rulers believed on Christ? but this people who knoweth not the law are cursed,' Christians most generally, it would seem, believe in Christ, because their spiritual rulers do, and reject the infidel's views, because these people are pronounced accursed. Nay, the supposition of the clergy themselves having the qualification, and the opportunity to go through the process of proof, is only a supposition. They often want either or both; and it is impossible that it should not be so. The labour of a life is scarcely sufficient to examine for one's self one branch alone of such evidence. For the greater part, few men, however learned, have satisfied themselves by going through the proof. They have admitted the main assertions, because proved by others.

And is this conviction then reasonable? Is it more than the adoption of truth on the authority of another? It is. The principle on which all these assertions are received, is not that they have been made by this or that creditable individual or body of persons, who have gone through the proof—this may have its weight with the critical and learned—but the main principle adopted by all, intelligible by all, and reasonable in itself, is, that these assertions are set forth, bearing on their face a challenge of refutation. The assertions are like witnesses placed in a box to be confronted. Scepticism, infidelity, and scoffing, form the very groundwork of our faith. As long as these are known to exist and to assail it, so long are we sure that any untenable assertion may and will be refuted. The benefit accruing to Christianity in this respect from the occasional success of those who have found flaws in the several parts of evidence, is invaluable. We believe what is not disproved, most reasonably, because we know that there are those abroad who are doing their utmost to disprove it. We believe the witness, not because we know him and esteem him, but because he is confronted, cross-examined, suspected, and assailed by arts fair and unfair. It is not his authority, but the reasonableness of the case. It becomes conviction well-grounded, and not assent to man's words.

At the same time nothing has perhaps more contributed to perplex the Christian inquirer, than the impression which vague language creates of our conviction arising not out of the application of this principle to the external and monumental evidences of Christianity, but out of the examination of the evidence itself. The mind feels disappointed and unsatisfied, not because it *has not ground* for belief, but because it *misnames* it. The man who has not examined any branch of evidence for himself, may, according to the principle above stated, very reasonably believe in consequence of it; but his belief does not arise immediately out of it—is not the same frame of mind which would be created by an actual examination for himself. It may be more, or it may be less, a sure source of conviction; but the discontent is occasioned, not by this circumstance, but by supposing that it is one of these things that does, or ought to, influence us, when in fact it is the other; by putting ourselves in the atti-

tude of mind which belongs to the witness, instead of that which belongs to the by-stander. We very well know how the unbroken testimony of writers during eighteen centuries to the truth of Christianity ought to make us feel, if we had ascertained the fact by an examination of their writings; and we are surprised at finding that we are not in that frame of mind, forgetting that our use of the evidence may be founded on a different principle.

REV. HENRY MELVILL.

One of the most eloquent and popular of English preachers for forty years was the REV. HENRY MELVILL (1798–1871), canon of St. Paul's. Mr. Melvill was a native of Cornwall, son of Captain Melvill, lieutenant-governor of Pendennis Castle. Having studied at St. Peter's College, Cambridge, where he became Fellow and tutor, he was appointed minister of Camden Chapel, in which he was incumbent from 1829 to 1843. In the latter year he became principal of the East India College, Haileybury; in 1846, chaplain to the Tower of London; in 1850, preacher to the Golden Lectureship, St Margaret's, Lothbury; and in 1856, canon-residentiary of St. Paul's. Mr. Melvill's works consist solely of sermons, and only a part was published by himself. His extraordinary popularity led some of his hearers to take notes, and print his discourses without his consent. In 1833 he published one volume, and in 1836 a second. In 1843-45 he published two volumes of 'Sermons on certain of the less prominent Facts and References in Sacred History.' As now collected and issued in a popular form, Mr. Melvill's works fill seven volumes, the Lothbury Lectures constituting one volume, and the sermons preached during the latter years of his life two volumes. The rich ornate style of Mr. Melvill's sermons, all carefully prepared, his fine musical voice and impressive delivery, rendered him a fascinating preacher, and he is described as having been exemplary and indefatigable in visiting the sick and attending to the poor. The following extract is from the Lothbury Lectures, and the reader may compare it with a similar passage from Jeremy Taylor. (See *ante*.)

The Great Multitude (Rev. vii. 9.)

Taking this vision in the order in which it occurs amongst the visions vouchsafed to St. John in his exile, it probably delineates the happy estate of those who had adhered to Christ during the fierce persecutions which preceded the establishment of Christianity by Constantine. There can be no doubt that the Book of Revelation is in the main a continuous prophecy, its several parts belonging to several seasons which follow successively in the history of the Church. But without disputing that, in its primary import, our text may relate to events which have long ago occurred, it were not easy to doubt that, in its larger and more comprehensive bearings, it may be taken as descriptive of the heavenly state, that condition of repose and triumph which shall be ours, even ours, if we be faithful unto death. Admitting that the great multitude on which the Evangelist was privileged to gaze, 'clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands,' must be regarded as the company of those who, during the early days of Christianity, witnessed manfully for the truth, they must still, both in number and condition, be emblematic of the Church in its final glory and exaltation; and we may therefore safely dismiss all reference to the first fulfilment of the prophecy, and consider heaven as the scene on which the Evangelist

gazed, and 'just men made perfect' as constituting the great multitude drawn together from all parts of the earth.

It is, therefore, on such notices of the heavenly state as the words before us may furnish that we design to discourse on the present occasion. We would refresh you and animate you, wearied as you may be by the conflicts and struggles of earth, with glimpses of things within the veil. We do not indeed mean to address ourselves to the imagination; if we did, there are more dazzling passages in the Book of Revelation, and we might strive to set before you the New Jerusalem, the heavenly city, with its gates of pearl and its streets of gold. But we think to find notices in the words of our text which, if not so resplendent with the gorgeous things of the future, shall yet go closer home to the heart, and minister more comfort to those who find themselves strangers and pilgrims below. We will not anticipate what we may have to advance. We shall only hope that we may meet with what will cheer and sustain us amid 'the changes and chances of this mortal life,' what will keep alive in us a sense of the exceeding greatness of 'the recompense of the reward,' of the desirableness of the inheritance reserved for us above, as, in dependence on the teachings of the Holy Spirit, we apply to our future state the words of the Evangelist John: 'I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.'

Now, when these words are set before us as descriptive of the heavenly state, it can hardly fail but that the first thing on which the mind shall fasten will be the expression, 'a great multitude, which no man could number.' It is so in regard of parallel sayings: 'In My Father's house are many mansions.' 'Many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven.' 'A great multitude,' 'many mansions,' 'many shall come.' But what are 'many' in the Divine arithmetic? Doubtless thousands, and tens of thousands; yea, an innumerable company. Many are the worlds scattered through immensity—who shall reckon them? Many are the leaves of the earth's forests—who shall compute them? Many are the grains of sand on the sea-shore—who shall count them up? Neither may we think to compass the multitude that St. John saw 'before the throne, and before the Lamb;' indeed, he tells us this when he adds, 'which no man could number.' . . .

Even now it is felt to be an ennobling, inspiriting association, if the eminent of a single church, the illustrious of a solitary country, be gathered together in one great conclave. How do meaner men flock to the spot; with what interest, what awe, do they look upon persons so renowned in their day; what a privilege do they account it if they mingle awhile with sages so profound, with saints so devoted; how do they treasure the sayings which reach them in so precious an intercourse. And shall we think little of heaven when we hear of it as the meeting-place of all that hath been truly great, for of all that hath been truly good: of all that hath been really wise, for of all that hath yielded itself to the teachings of God's Spirit, from Adam to his remotest descendant? Nay, 'let us fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into that rest, any of us should seem to come short.' There is a voice to us from the 'great multitude,' who flock with the sound, like the rush of many waters, from all nations and tribes. 'A great multitude'—there is room then for us. 'A great multitude'—there will be no deficiency without us. We can be spared, the loss will be ours; but, oh, what a loss! and what an aggravation of that loss, that perhaps, as we go away into outer darkness, 'where shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth,' we shall see those who were once strangers and aliens flocking into the places which might have been ours, and be witnesses to the literal accomplishment of the vision; 'Lo, a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues.'

But it is not merely as asserting the vastness of the multitude which shall finally be gathered into heaven that our text presents matter for devout meditation. We are not to overlook the attitude assigned to the celestial assembly, an attitude of rest and of triumph, as though there had been labour and warfare, and the wearied combatants were henceforward to enjoy unbroken quiet. 'They stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, and palms in their hands.' This exactly answers to the assertion already quoted, that they had come 'out of great tribulation,' and denotes—for such is the inference from the robes that they wore, and the

palms which they carried, both appertaining to conquerors—that all warfare was at an end, and that there remained nothing henceforwards but the enjoyment of deep repose in the presence of the Lord. The imagery of the passage is derived, you observe, from the triumphs of victors. Spiritual things can only be shadowed forth to us by material; and without pretending to decide that the material is never to be literally taken—for who, remembering that man is to be everlastingly compounded of body and soul, will venture to determine that there shall be nothing but what is purely spiritual in the future economy? Who, when he reads of new heavens and a new earth, will rashly conclude that, for such a being as man is to be, there cannot be reserved an abode rich in all the splendours of a most refined materialism, presenting correspondences to the golden streets, and the jewelled walls, and the crystal waters, which passed in such gorgeous and beautiful vision before the Evangelist? But waiving the consideration that there may be something more than mere figure, something of literal and actual import in these scriptural delineations of heaven, the robe, the palm, the harp, we may all feel how expressive is the imagery of triumphant repose after toil and conflict, when applied to the state reserved for those who shall be faithful unto death.

THE REV. JOHN JAMES BLUNT.

What Dr. Paley accomplished so successfully with regard to the Scripture history of St. Paul, PROFESSOR BLUNT (1794–1855) attempted on a larger scale in his 'Undesigned Coincidences in the Writings, both of the Old and the New Testament, an Argument of their Veracity,' 1847. This work (twelfth edition, 1873) included a republication of some earlier treatises by its author, and is a work of great value to every student of the Scriptures. On the nature of the argument derived from coincidence without design, Mr. Blunt says:

Undesigned Coincidences.

If the instances which I can offer, gathered from Holy Writ, are so numerous, and of such a kind as to preclude the possibility of their being the effect of accident, it is enough. It does not require many circumstantial coincidences to determine the mind of a jury as to the credibility of a witness in our courts, even where the life of a fellow-creature is at stake. I say this, not as a matter of charge, but as a matter of fact, indicating the authority which attaches to this species of evidence, and the confidence universally entertained that it cannot deceive. Neither should it be forgotten that an argument thus popular, thus applicable to the affairs of common life as a test of truth, derives no small value when enlisted in the cause of Revelation, from the readiness with which it is apprehended and admitted by mankind at large, and from the simplicity of the nature of the appeal: for it springs out of the documents the truth of which it is intended to sustain, and terminates in them; so that he who has these has the defence of them. Nor is this all. 'The argument deduced from coincidence without design has further claims, because if well made out it establishes the authors of the several books of Scripture as *independent* witnesses to the facts they relate; and this whether they consulted each other's writings or not; for the coincidences, if good for anything, are such as *could not* result from combination, mutual understanding, or arrangement.'

Mr. Blunt was sometime Margaret Professor of Divinity in the university of Cambridge, and, besides his 'Undesigned Coincidences,' was author of the following works: 'History of the Christian Church in the First Three Centuries,' 'The Parish Priest,' 'Lectures on the Right Use of the Early Fathers,' 'Plain Sermons,' 'University Sermons,' 'Essays from the Quarterly Review.'

AUGUSTUS W. HARE—JULIUS C. HARE.

The brothers Hare, accomplished clergymen, were joint authors of the work entitled 'Guesses at Truth by Two Brothers,' the first portion of which appeared in 1827, and a revised edition in 1847–48, in two volumes. AUGUSTUS WILLIAM HARE was a Fellow of New College, Oxford, and rector of Alton Barnes. He was author of 'Sermons to a Country Congregation,' two volumes, 1837. These sermons have been much admired for the purity of their style, and as affording 'a striking proof of the effect which a refined and cultivated mind may have in directing the devotions and lives of the simple and ignorant population.' Mr. Hare died at Rome in 1834, aged forty. JULIUS CHARLES HARE was rector of Hurstmonceaux and archdeacon of Lewes. He was an able scholar and distinguished member of what has been called the Broad Church party. Part of his youth was spent abroad. 'In 1811,' he said, 'I saw the mark of Luther's ink on the walls of the castle of Wartburg, and there I first learned to throw inkstands at the devil.' In 1818 he was elected Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and he became assistant-tutor of the college. In conjunction with Mr. Thirlwall, afterwards bishop of St. David's, he translated Niebuhr's 'History of Rome,' two volumes, 1828–32. Two courses of sermons by Archdeacon Hare on the 'Victory of Faith,' and 'The Mission of the Comforter,' 1847, have been much admired. In 1848 he wrote the life of his college friend, John Sterling. He was also author of 'Parish Sermons,' several 'Charges' as archdeacon, and a spirited 'Vindication of Luther against his English Assailants,' 1855. Archdeacon Hare died at Hurstmonceaux in 1855, aged sixty. His last words, as life was departing, were, as the summing-up of all his strivings and prayers for himself and others—'Upwards, upwards!' In 1872 was published 'Memorials of a Quiet Life,' by Augustus C. Hare, two volumes. These 'Memorials' contain accounts of 'the most brotherly of brothers,' Francis Augustus, Julius, and Marcus Hare; also of Mrs. Augustus Hare (*nee* Maria Leycester), who forms the most interesting person in this family group. We subjoin a few extracts from 'Guesses at Truth:'

Wastefulness of Moral Gifts.

Among the numberless marvels at which nobody marvels, few are more marvellous than the recklessness with which priceless gifts, intellectual and moral, are squandered and thrown away. Often have I gazed with wonder at the prodigality displayed by Nature in the cistus, which unfolds hundreds of thousands of its white starry blossoms morning after morning, to shine in the light of the sun for an hour or two, and then fall to the ground. But who, among the sons and daughters of men—gifted with thoughts 'which wander through eternity,' and with powers which have the godlike privilege of working good, and giving happiness—who does not daily let thousands of those thoughts drop to the ground and rot? Who does not continually leave his powers to draggle in the mould of their own leaves? The imagination can hardly conceive the heights of greatness and glory to which mankind

would be raised, if all their thoughts and energies were to be animated with a living purpose—or even those of a single people, or of the educated among a single people. But as in a forest of oaks, among the millions of acorns that fall every autumn, there may perhaps be one in a million that will grow up into a tree, somewhat in like manner it fares with the thoughts and feelings of man. What then must be our confusion, when we see all these wasted thoughts and feelings rise up in the judgment, and bear witness against us!

But how are we to know whether they are wasted or not? We have a simple infallible test. Those which are laid up in heaven, those which are laid up in any heavenly work, those whereby we in any way carry on the work of God upon earth, are not wasted. Those which are laid up on earth, in any mere earthly work, in carrying out our own ends, or the ends of the Spirit of Evil, are heirs of death from the the first, and can only rise out of it for a moment, to sink back into it for ever.

Age lays open the Character.

Age seems to take away the power of acting a character, even from those who have done so the most successfully during the main part of their lives. The real man will appear, at first fitfully, and then predominantly. Time spares the chiseled beauty of stone and marble, but makes sad havoc in plaster and stucco.

Loss of the Village Green.

What a loss is that of the village green! It is a loss to the picturesque beauty of our English landscapes. A village green is almost always a subject for a painter who is fond of quiet home scenes, with its old, knotty, wide-spreading oak or elm or ash; its gray church-tower; its cottages scattered in pleasing disorder around, each looking out of its leafy nest; its flock of geese sailing to and fro across it. Where such spots are still found, they refresh the wayworn traveller, wearied by the interminable hedge walls with which 'restless ownership'—to use an expression of Wordsworth's—excludes profane feet from its domain consecrated to Mammon.

The main loss, however, is that to the moral beauty of our landscapes—that to the innocent, wholesome pleasures of the poor. The village green was the scene of their sports, of their games. It was the play-ground for their children. It served for trapball, for cricket, for manly humanising amusements, in which the gentry and farmers might unite with the peasantry. How dreary is the life of the English husbandman now! 'Double, double, toil and trouble,' day after day, month after month, year after year, uncheered by sympathy, unenlivened by a smile; sunless, moonless, starless. He has no place to be merry in but the beer-shop, no amusements but drunken brawls, nothing to bring him into innocent, cheerful fellowship with his neighbours. The stories of village sports sound like legends of a mythical age, prior to the time when 'Sabbathless Satan,' as Charles Lamb has so happily termed him, set up his throne in the land.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

Dr. Richard Chenevix Trench, archbishop of Dublin, began his literary career, as already stated, by the publication of several volumes of poems. His theological and other prose works are numerous. Among them are—'Notes on the Parables,' 1841; 'Notes on the Miracles,' 1846; 'Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge,' 1856; 'St. Augustine as an Interpreter of Scripture,' 1851; 'Synonyms of the New Testament,' 1854; 'The Epistles to the Seven Churches of Asia Minor;' an 'Essay on the Life and Genius of Calderon;' 'On the Authorised Version of the New Testament;' &c. The last of these works evinces extensive learning as well as acute philological observation, and the archbishop has also critically examined the English language. His 'Five Lectures on the Study of Words,' 1851; and 'English, Past and Present,' 1854, are full of curious information.

Influence of the Reformation on the English Language.

It was only among the Germanic nations of Europe, as has often been remarked, that the Reformation struck lasting roots; it found its strength therefore in the Teutonic element of the national character, which also it, in its turn, further strengthened, purified, and called out. And thus, though Latin came in upon us now faster than ever, and in a certain measure also Greek, yet this was not without its counterpoise, in the contemporaneous unfolding of the more fundamentally popular side of the language. Popular preaching and discussion, the necessity of dealing with the highest matters in a manner intelligible not to scholars only, but to the unlearned, all this served to evoke the native resources of our tongue; and thus the relative proportion between the one part of the language and the other was not dangerously disturbed; the balance was not destroyed, as it would have been if only the Humanists had been at work, and not the Reformers as well.

The revival of learning which found place somewhat earlier in Italy, where it had its birth, than with us, extended to England, and was operative here during the reigns of Henry VIII, and his immediate successors; in other words, if it slightly anticipated in time, it afterwards ran exactly popular with the period during which our Reformation was working itself out. It was an epoch in all respects of immense mental and moral activity, and such are always times of extensive changes and enlargements of a language. The old garment, which served a people's needs in the time past, is too narrow for it now to wrap itself in any more. 'Change in language is not, as in many natural products, continuous; it is not equable, but eminently by fits and starts.' When the foundations of the national mind are heaving under the power of some new truth, greater and more important changes will find place in fifty years than in two centuries of calmer or more stagnant existence. Thus the activities and energies which the Reformation set a-stirring among us here, and these reached far beyond the domain of our directly religious life, caused mighty alterations in the English tongue. For example, the Reformation had its scholarly, we might almost say, its scholastic, as well as its popular aspect. Add this fact to the fact of the revived interest in classical learning and you will not wonder that a stream of Latin, now larger than ever, began to flow into our language.

Strain at a Gnat and Swallow a Camel.

I cannot doubt that the words of Matthew xxiii. 24. 'which strain *at* a gnat, and swallow a camel,' contain a misprint, which, having been passed over in the first edition of 1611, has held its ground ever since: nor yet that our translators intended, 'which strain *out* a gnat, and swallow a camel;' this being at once intelligible and a correct rendering of the original; while our version, as at present it stands, is neither; or only intelligible on the supposition, no doubt the supposition of most English readers, that 'strain *at*' means, swallow with difficulty, men hardly, and with effort swallowing the little insect, but gulping down meanwhile unconcerned the huge animal. It need scarcely be said that this is very far from the meaning of the original words. . . . It was the custom of the more accurate and stricter Jews to strain their wine, vinegar, and other potables through linen or gauze, lest unawares they should drink down some little unclean insect therein, and thus transgress Lev. xi. 20. 23. 41. 42—just as the Buddhists do now in Ceylon and Hindustan—and to this custom of theirs the Lord refers.

From words to proverbs is a short step, and Dr. Trench has given us a volume entitled, 'On the Lessons in Proverbs,' 1855. He treats of the form and generation of proverbs, and of the poetry, wit, or wisdom contained in them. Lord Russell, we may remark, is said to have given a happy definition of the term proverb: 'The wit of one man and the wisdom of many.' Dr. Trench vindicates the importance of proverbs:

On Proverbs.

The fact that they please the people, and have pleased them for ages—that they possess so vigorous a principle of life as to have maintained their ground, ever new

and ever young, through all the centuries of a nation's existence—nay, that many of them have pleased not one nation only, but many, so that they have made themselves a home in the most different lands—and further, that they have, not a few of them, come down to us from remotest antiquity, borne safely upon the waters of that great stream of time, which has swallowed so much beneath its waves—all this, I think, may well make us pause should we be tempted to turn away from them with anything of indifference or disdain.

And then, further, there is this to be considered, that some of the greatest poets, the profoundest philosophers, the most learned scholars, the most genial writers in every kind, have delighted in them, have made large and frequent use of them, have bestowed infinite labour on the gathering and elucidating of them. In a fastidious age, indeed, and one of false refinement, they may go nearly or quite out of use among the so-called upper classes. No gentleman, says Lord Chesterfield, or 'No man of fashion,' as I think is his exact word, 'ever uses a proverb.' And with how fine a touch of nature Shakspeare makes Coriolanus, the man who with all his greatness is entirely devoid of all sympathy for the people, to utter his scorn of *them* in scorn of their proverbs, and of their frequent employment of these:

> Hang 'em!
> They said they were an-hungry, sighed forth proverbs;
> That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must eat;
> That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods sent not
> Corn for the rich men only. With these shreds
> They vented their complainings. *Coriolanus*, Act I., Sc. 1.

But that they have been always dear to the true intellectual aristocracy of a nation, there is abundant evidence to prove. Take but these three names in evidence, which, though few, are in themselves a host. Aristotle made a collection of proverbs; nor did he count that he was herein doing ought unworthy of his great reputation: however some of his adversaries may have made this a charge against him. He is said to have been the first who did so, though many afterwards followed in the same path. Shakspeare loves them so well, that besides often citing them, and innumerable covert allusions, rapid side glances at them, which we are in danger of missing unless at home in the proverbs of England, several of his plays, as 'Measure for Measure,' 'All's Well that Ends Well,' have popular proverbs for their titles. And Cervantes, a name only inferior to Shakspeare, has not left us in doubt in respect of the affection with which he regarded them. Every reader of 'Don Quixote' will remember his squire, who sometimes cannot open his mouth but there drop from it almost as many proverbs as words. I might name others who held the proverb in honour—men who, though they may not attain to these first three, are yet deservedly accounted great; as Plautus, the most genial of Latin poets; Rabelais and Montaigne, the two most original of French authors; and how often Fuller, whom Coleridge has styled the wittiest of writers, justifies this praise in his witty employment of some old proverb; nor can any thoroughly understand and enjoy 'Hudibras,' no one but will miss a multitude of its keenest allusions, who is not thoroughly familiar with the proverbial literature of England.

Their *habitat*, or native place, he thinks, is easily perceived:

Thus our own 'Make hay while the sun shines,' is truly English, and could have had its birth only under such variable skies as ours—not certainly in those southern lands where, during the summer time at least, the sun always shines. In the same way there is a fine Cornish proverb in regard of obstinate wrongheads, who will take no counsel except from calamities, who dash themselves to pieces against obstacles which, with a little prudence and foresight, they might have avoided. It is this: 'He who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock.' It sets us at once upon some rocky and wreck-strewn coast; we feel that it could never have been the proverb of an inland people. 'Do not talk Arabic in the house of a Moor'—that is, because there thy imperfect knowledge will be detected at once—this we should confidently affirm to be Spanish, wherever we met it. 'Big and empty, like the Heidelberg tun,' could have its home only in Germany: that enormous vessel, known as the Heidelberg tun, constructed to contain nearly 300,000 flasks, having now stood empty for hundreds of years. As regards, too, the following, 'Not every parish priest can

wear Dr. Luther's shoes,' we could be in no doubt to what people it appertains. Neither could there be any mistake about this solemn Turkish proverb, 'Death is a black camel which kneels at every man's gate,' in so far at least as that it would be at once ascribed to the East.

DEAN STANLEY.

Dr. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, one of the most eminent scholars and liberal divines of the Church of England, has been an extensive contributor to theological literature. He was born in 1815, son of Dr. Stanley, rector of Alderly, afterwards bishop of Norwich. Arthur Stanley was the favourite pupil of Dr. Arnold at Rugby, whence he removed to Oxford, having passed as an exhibitioner to Balliol College. There he greatly distinguished himself; and in 1838 he was chosen a Fellow of University College, of which he became tutor and examiner. His subsequent preferments were—canon of Canterbury, 1851; Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, canon of Christ Church, and chaplain to the bishop of London, 1858; and dean of Westminster, 1864. He is also chaplain to the Prince of Wales (whom he accompanied in his tour in the East), and chaplain-in-ordinary to the Queen. The principal works of Dean Stanley are—'The Life of Dr. Arnold,' 1844; 'Sermons and Essays on the Apostolical Age,' 1846; 'Memoir of Bishop Stanley,' 1850; 'The Epistles to the Corinthians,' two volumes, 1854; 'Sinai and Palestine in Connection with their History,' 1855; 'Historical Memorials of Canterbury' (in which we have details of the landing of Augustine, the murder of Thomas-à-Becket, the Black Prince and Becket's shrine), 1855; 'Sermons on the Unity of Evangelical and Apostolical Teaching,' 1859; 'Lectures on the Eastern Church,' 1861; 'Lectures on the Jewish Church,' two volumes, 1863–65; 'Sermons preached in the East during a Tour with the Prince of Wales;' with 'Sermons on Various Subjects preached before the University of Oxford,' 1860–63; 'Essays on Questions of Church and State,' 1850–70; 'Historical Memorials of Westminister Abbey;' 'Lectures on the Church of Scotland,' 1871; &c. In December 1872 Dean Stanley was appointed one of the select preachers before the university of Oxford. His election was opposed by the High Church party, but the *placets* for the dean were 349; the *non-placets* 287. This may be considered a distinguished acknowledgment of what Max Müller has designated Dean Stanley's 'loyalty to truth, his singleness of purpose, his chivalrous courage, and his unchanging devotion to his friends.'

The Oldest Obelisk in the World—The Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis.

Rising wild amidst garden shrubs is the solitary obelisk which stood in front of the temple, then in company with another, whose base alone now remains. This is the first obelisk I have seen standing in its proper place, and there it has stood for nearly four thousand years. It is the oldest known in Egypt, and therefore in the world—the father of all that have arisen since. It was raised about a century before the coming of Joseph; it has looked down on his marriage with Asenath; it has seen the growth of Moses; it is mentioned by Herodotus; Plato sat under its shadow; of all the obelisks which sprang up around it, it alone has kept its first position. One

by one, it has seen its sons and brothers depart to great destinies elsewhere. From these gardens came the obelisks of the Lateran, of the Vatican, and of the Porta del Popolo; and this venerable pillar (for so it looks from a distance) is now almost the only landmark of the great seat of the wisdom of Egypt.

The Children of the Desert.

The relation of the Desert to its modern inhabitants is still illustrative of its ancient history. The general name by which the Hebrews called 'the wilderness,' including always that of Sinai, was 'the pasture.' Bare as the surface of the Desert is, yet the thin clothing of vegetation, which is seldom entirely withdrawn, especially the aromatic shrubs on the high hillsides, furnish sufficient sustenance for the herds of the six thousand Bedouins who constitute the present population of the peninsula.

> Along the mountain ledges green,
> The scattered sheep at will may glean
> The Desert's spicy stores.

So were they seen following the daughters of the shepherd-slaves of Jethro. So may they be seen climbing the rocks, or gathered round the pools and springs of the valleys, under the charge of the black-veiled Bedouin women of the present day. And in the Tiyâha Towâra, or Alouin tribes, with their chiefs and followers, their dress, and manners, and habitations, we probably see the likeness of the Midianites, the Amalekites, and the Israelites themselves in this their earliest stage of existence. The long straight lines of black tents which cluster round the Desert springs, present to us, on a small scale, the image of the vast encampment gathered round the one sacred tent which, with its coverings of dyed skins, stood conspicuous in the midst, and which recalled the period of their nomadic life long after their settlement in Palestine. The deserted villages, marked by rude enclosures of stone, are doubtless such as those to which the Hebrew wanderers gave the name of 'Hazeroth,' and which afterwards furnished the type of the primitive sanctuary at Shiloh. The rude burial-grounds, with the many nameless headstones, far away from human habitation, are such as the host of Israel must have left behind them at the different stages of their progress—at Massah, at Sinai, at Kilbroth-hattaavah, 'the graves of desire.' The salutations of the chiefs, in their bright scarlet robes, the one 'going out to meet the other,' the 'obeisance,' the 'kiss' on each side of the head, the silent entrance into the tent for consultations, are all graphically described in the encounter between Moses and Jethro. The constitution of the tribes, with the subordinate degrees of sheiks, recommended by Jethro to Moses, is the very same which still exists amongst those who are possibly his lineal descendants—the gentle race of the Towâra.

Early Celebration of the Eucharist.

It has been truly said, though with some exaggeration, that for many centuries the history of the Eucharist might be considered as a history of the Christian Church. And certainly this passage may be regarded as occupying in that history, whether in its narrower or larger sphere, a point of remarkable significance. On the one hand, we may take our stand upon it, and look back, through its medium, on some of the institutions and feelings most peculiar to the apostolic age. We see the most sacred ordinance of the Christian religion as it was celebrated by those in whose minds the earthly and the heavenly, the social and the religious aspect of life, were indistinguishably blended. We see the banquet spread in the late evening, after the sun had set behind the western ridge of the hills of Achaia; we see the many torches blazing, as at Troas, to light up the darkness of the upper room, where, as was their wont, the Christian community assembled; we see the couches laid and the walls hung, after the manner of the East, as on the night of the betrayal; we see the sacred loaf representing, in its compact unity, the harmony of the whole society; we hear the blessing or thanksgiving on the cup responded to by the joint 'Amen,' such as even three centuries later is described as like a peal of thunder; we witness the complete realisation, in outward form, of the apostle's words, suggested doubtless by the sight of the meal and the sacrament blended thus together, '*Whether ye eat or drink*, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' 'What-

soever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the *Lord Jesus, giving thanks* to God and the Father by him.'

St. Paul's Manual Labour.

On the one hand, the scene of the tent-maker's trade at Corinth, where the few hours of leisure, after the long arguments in the synagogue and the market-place, were consumed with Aquila and Priscilla in the uncongenial labour of weaving the long goats' hair of his native hills into the sackcloth or the tent-cover, for the Greek fisherman or wandering Arab. On the other hand, the dogged stupidity, or the implacable animosity of his adversaries, who were ready with their cold insinuations to contrast, as they supposed, the enforced meanness and degradation of Paul of Tarsus with the conscious dignity and calm repose of the apostles at Jerusalem, or of those who claimed to be their legitimate representatives at Corinth.

Conversion of St. Augustine.

Augustine's youth had been one of reckless self-indulgence. He had plunged into the worst sins of the heathen world in which he lived; he had adopted wild opinions to justify those sins; and thus, though his parents were Christians, he himself remained a heathen in his manner of life, though not without some struggles of his better self and of God's grace against these evil habits. Often he struggled and often he fell; but he had two advantages which again and again have saved souls from ruin—advantages which no one who enjoys them (and how many of us do enjoy them!) can prize too highly—he had a good mother and he had good friends. He had a good mother who wept for him, and prayed for him, and warned him, and gave him that advice which only a mother can give, forgotten for the moment, but remembered afterwards. And he had good friends, who watched every opportunity to encourage better thoughts, and to bring him to his better self. In this state of struggle and failure he came to the city of Milan, where the Christian community was ruled by a man of fame almost equal to that which he himself afterwards won, the celebrated Ambrose. And now the crisis of his life was come, and it shall be described in his own words. He was sitting with his friend, his whole soul was shaken with the violence of his inward conflict—the conflict of breaking away from his evil habits, from his evil associates, to a life which seemed to him poor, and profitless, and burdensome. Silently the two friends sat together, and at last, says Augustine: 'When deep reflection had brought together and heaped up all my misery in the sight of my heart, there arose a mighty storm of grief, bringing a mighty shower of tears.' He left his friend, that he might weep in solitude; he threw himself down under a fig-tree in the garden (the spot is still pointed out in Milan), and he cried in the bitterness of his spirit: 'How long? how long? —to-morrow? to-morrow? Why not now?—why is there not this hour an end to my uncleanness?' 'So was I speaking and weeping in the contrition of my heart,' he says, 'when, lo! I heard from a neighbouring house a voice as of a child, chanting and oft repeating, "Take up and read, take up and read." Instantly my countenance altered; I began to think whether children were wont in play to sing such words, nor could I remember ever to have heard the like. So, checking my tears, I rose, taking it to be a command from God to open the book and read the first chapter I should find.' . . . There lay the volume of St. Paul's Epistles, which he had just begun to study. 'I seized it,' he says, 'I opened it, and in silence I read that passage on which my eyes first fell. "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lust thereof." No further could I read, nor needed I; for instantly at the end of this sentence, by a serene light infused into my soul, all the darkness of doubt vanished away.'

We need not follow the story further. We know how he broke off all his evil courses; how his mother's heart was rejoiced; how he was baptised by the great Ambrose; how the old tradition describes their singing together, as he came up from the baptismal waters, the alternate verses of the hymn called from its opening words *Te Deum Laudamus*. We know how the profligate African youth was thus transformed into the most illustrious saint of the Western Church, how he lived long as the light of his own generation, and how his works have been cherished and read by good men, perhaps more extensively than those of any Christian teacher since the

Apostles. It is a story instructive in many ways. It is an example, like the conversion of St. Paul, of the fact that from time to time God calls His servants not by gradual, but by sudden changes.

*The Last Encampment.**

Our last Sunday in Syria has arrived, and it has been enhanced to us this morning by the sight of those venerable trees which seemed to the Psalmist and the Prophets of old one of the chief glories and wonders of the creation. Two main ideas were conveyed to the minds of those who then saw them, which we may still bear away with us.

One is that of their greatness, breadth, solidity, vastness. 'The righteous,' says the Psalmist, 'shall flourish like a palm-tree.' That is one part of our life; to be upright, graceful, gentle, like that most beautiful of oriental trees. But there is another quality added—'He shall spread abroad like a cedar in Libanus.' That is, his character shall be sturdy, solid, broad; he shall protect others as well as himself; he shall support the branches of the weaker trees around him; he shall cover a vast surface of the earth with his shadow; he shall grow, and spread, and endure; he and his works shall make the place where he was planted memorable for future times.

The second feeling is the value of reverence. It was reverence for these great trees which caused them to be employed for the sacred service of Solomon's Temple, and which has insured their preservation for so long. It was reverence for Almighty God that caused these trees, and these only, to be brought down from this remote situation to be employed for the Temple of old. Reverence, we may be sure, whether to God or to the great things which God has made in the world, is one of the qualities most needful for every human being, if he means to pass through life in a manner worthy of the place which God has given him in the world.

But the sight of the Cedars, and our encampment here, recall to us that this is the close of a manner of life which in many respects calls to mind that of the ancient Israelites, as we read it in the Lessons of this and of last Sunday, in the Book of Numbers and of Deuteronomy, 'How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel'—so unlike our common life, so suggestive of thoughts which can hardly come to us again. It brings us back, even with all the luxuries which surround us, to something of the freshness, and rudeness, and simplicity of primitive life, which it is good for us all to feel at one time or other. It reminds us, though in a figure, of the uncertainty and instability of human existence, so often compared to the pitching and striking of a tent. The spots on which, day after day for the last six weeks, we have been encamped have again become a desolate open waste—'the spirit of the desert stalks in,' and their place will be known no more. How like the way in which happy homes rise, and sink, and vanish, and are lost. Only the great Rock or Tree of Life under which they have been pitched remains on from generation to generation. . . .

May I take this occasion of speaking of the importance of this one solemn ordinance of religion, never to be forgotten, wherever we are—morning and evening prayer? It is the best means of reminding ourselves of the presence of God. To place ourselves in his hands before we go forth on our journey, on our pleasure, on our work—to commit ourselves again to Him before we retire to rest; this is the best security for keeping up our faith and trust in Him in whom we all profess to believe, whom we all expect to meet after we leave this world. It is also the best security for our leading a good and a happy life. It has been well said twice over by the most powerful delineator of human character (with one exception) ever produced by our country, that prayer to the Almighty searcher of hearts is the best check to murmurs against Providence, or to the inroad of worldly passions, because nothing else brings before us so strongly their inconsistency and unreasonableness. We shall find it twice as difficult to fall into sin if we have prayed against it that very morning, or if we thank God for having kept it from us that very evening. It is the best means of gaining strength and refreshment, and courage and self-denial for the day.

* From a sermon preached in the encampment at Ehden, beneath the Mountain of the Cedars, May 11, 1862, during Dean Stanley's tour in the East with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

It is the best means of gaining content, and tranquillity, and rest for the night; for it brings us, as nothing else can bring us, into the presence of Him who is the source of all these things, and who gives them freely to those who truly and sincerely ask for them.

PROFESSOR MAURICE.

In metaphysics and theology, and in practical efforts for the education of the working-classes, the Rev. John Frederick Denison Maurice (1805–1872) was strikingly conspicuous. He was the son of a Unitarian minister, and educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He declined a Fellowship, not being able to declare himself a member of the Church of England; but he afterwards entered the church, and became chaplain of Lincoln's Inn and Professor of Divinity in King's College, London. In consequence of what were considered heterodox opinions, Mr. Maurice had to vacate his professorial chair, but without forfeiting his popularity. His views on the question of the atonement and the duration of future punishments lost him the Professorship of Theology. Among the works of this author are—'Lectures delivered at Queen's College, London,' published in 1849; 'The Religions of the World and their Relations to Christianity,' being the Boyle Lecture Sermons, 1846–47; 'Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy,' reprinted from the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana,' three volumes 1850–56 (characterised by Mr. Thomas Hughes as 'a mine of learning made living and human, and of original thought made useful for the humblest student, such as no other living man had produced'); 'Christian Socialism,' tracts and lectures by Maurice, Kingsley, and others, 1851; 'The Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament,' 1853; 'The Word "Eternal" and the Punishment of the Wicked,' a pamphlet, 1853; 'Lectures on Ecclesiastical History,' and 'The Doctrine of Sacrifice,' 1854; 'Learning and Working,' six lectures, and 'The Religion of Rome,' four lectures, 1855; 'Administrative Reform,' a pamphlet, 1855; 'Plan of a Female College,' 1855; with 'Theological Essays,' and several volumes of 'Sermons.' Maurice, like his friend Kingsley, had a high standard of duty and patriotism:

'The action in the heathen world,' he said, 'which has always inspired most of admiration in true minds, is the death of the three hundred Spartans who guarded the pass of Thermopylæ against the army of Xerxes (480 B.C.); and it was recorded on the graves of these three hundred, that they died in obedience to the laws of their country. They felt that it was their business to be there; that was all. They did not choose the post for themselves; they only did not desert the post which it behoved them to occupy. Our countrymen heartily respond to the doctrine. The notion of dying for glory is an altogether feeble one for them. They had rather stay by their comfortable and uncomfortable firesides, than suffer for what seems to them a fiction. But the words, "England expects every man to do his duty," are felt to be true and not fictitious words. There is

power in them. The soldier or sailor who hears them ringing through his heart will meet a charge, or go down in his ship, without dreaming that he shall ever be spoken of or remembered, except by a mother, or a child, or an old friend. So it is in private experience. Women are fond of sacrificing their lives, not under a sudden impulse of feeling, but through a long course of years, to their children and their husbands, who often requite them very ill; whose words are surly, who spend what affection they have on other objects. The silent devotion goes on; only one here and there knows anything of it; it is quite as likely that the world in general spends its compassion upon those to whom they are ministering; none count their ministries so entirely matters of course as themselves.'

BISHOP BLOMFIELD—REV. C. HARDWICK, ETC.

The scholarship of Cambridge was well supported by the late Bishop of London, Dr. Charles James Blomfield (1786–1857), a native of Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk, where his father was a schoolmaster. Having distinguished himself at Trinity College, Cambridge (of which he was elected Fellow), Dr. Blomfield evinced his philological and critical attainments by his editions of Æschylus and Callimachus (1810–1824), and by his editing the 'Adversaria Porsoni.' In 1828 he compiled a Greek Grammar for schools. He was author also of 'Lectures on the Acts of the Apostles' and of numerous sermons and charges. His efforts to increase the number of churches were most meritorious and highly successful. He began this pious labour when Bishop of Chester, and continued it in London with such energy, that during the time he held the see more churches were erected than had been built by any other bishop since the Reformation. In 1856 Dr. Blomfield resigned his bishopric, but was allowed to retain for life his palace at Fulham, with a pension of £6000 a year. A Memoir of the prelate was published by his son in 1863.

The Rev. Charles Hardwick, of St. Catharine's Hall, has written a 'History of the Thirty-nine Articles,' 1851; a valuable 'History of the Christian Church,' 1853; and 'Sermons,' 1853.—The Rev. William Goode, Rector of Allhallows, London, has been a vigorous opponent of the Oxford Tractarians, and author of other theological works—'The Gifts of the Spirit,' 1834; 'The Established Church,' 1834; 'The Divine Rule of Faith and Practice,' 1842; &c.

REV. W. J. CONYBEARE—DEAN HOWSON.

A complete guide to the knowledge of St. Paul's life and writings has been furnished by the large work—'The Life and Epistles of St. Paul,' by the Rev. W. J. Conybeare, M.A, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the Rev. J. S. Howson, two volumes quarto, 1852. The purpose of this work is described to be to give 'a living picture of St. Paul himself, and of the circumstances by

which he was surrounded.' The biography of the apostle must be compiled from two sources—his own letters and the narrative in the Acts. Mr. Conybeare translates the epistles and speeches of the apostle; and his coadjutor, Mr. Howson, contributes the narrative, archæological, and geographical portions. The difficulties of the task are thus stated by Mr. Conybeare:

The Varied Life of St. Paul.

To comprehend the influences under which he grew to manhood, we must realise the position of a Jewish family in Tarsus, 'the chief city of Cilicia;' we must understand the kind of education which the son of such a family would receive as a boy in his Hebrew home, or in the schools of his native city, and in his riper youth 'at the feet of Gamaliel' in Jerusalem; we must be acquainted with the profession for which he was to be prepared by this training, and appreciate the station and duties of an expounder of the law. And that we may be fully qualified to do all this, we should have a clear view of the state of the Roman empire at the time, and especially of its system in the provinces; we should also understand the political position of the Jews of the 'dispersion:' we should be, so to speak, hearers in their synagogues—we should be students of their rabbinical theology. And in like manner, as we follow the apostle, in the different stages of his varied and adventurous career, we must strive continually to bring out in their true brightness the half-effaced forms and colouring of the scene in which he acts; and while he 'becomes all things to all men, that he might by all means save some,' we must form to ourselves a living likeness of the *things* and of the *men* among whom he moved, if we would rightly estimate his work. Thus we must study Christianity rising in the midst of Judaism; we must realise the position of its early churches with their mixed society, to which Jews, proselytes, and heathens had each contributed a characteristic element; we must qualify ourselves to be umpires, if we may so speak, in their violent internal divisions; we must listen to the strifes of their schismatic parties, when one said, 'I am of Paul—and another, I am of Apollos;' we must study the true character of those early heresies which even denied the resurrection, and advocated impurity and lawlessness, claiming the right to sin 'that grace might abound,' 'defiling the mind and conscience' of their followers, and 'making them abominable and disobedient, and to every good work reprobate;' we must trace the extent to which Greek philosophy, Judaising formalism, and Eastern superstition blended their tainting influence with the pure fermentation of the new leaven which was at last to leaven the whole mass of civilised society.

To this formidable list of requirements must be added some knowledge of the various countries and places visited by Paul; and as relating to the wide range of illustration, Mr. Howson mentions a circumstance connected with our naval hero Nelson. In the account of the apostle's voyage to Italy, when overtaken by the storm (Acts xxvii.), it is mentioned that the ship was anchored by the stern; Mr. Howson cites some cases in which this has been done in modern times, adding: 'There is still greater interest in quoting the instance of Copenhagen, not only from the accounts we have of the precision with which each ship let go her anchors astern as she arrived nearly opposite her appointed station, but because it is said that Nelson stated after the battle, that he had that morning been reading the twenty-seventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.'

The Martyrdom of Paul.

As the martyr and his executioners passed on, their way was crowded with a motley multitude of goers and comers between the metropolis and its harbour—merchants hastening to superintend the unloading of their cargoes—sailors eager to

squander the profits of their last voyage in the dissipations of the capital—officials of the government, charged with the administration of the provinces, or the command of the legions on the Euphrates or the Rhine—Chaldean astrologers—Phrygian eunuchs—dancing-girls from Syria, with their painted turbans—mendicant priests from Egypt howling for Osiris—Greek adventurers, eager to coin their national cunning into Roman gold—representatives of the avarice and ambition, the fraud and lust, the superstition and intelligence, of the imperial world. Through the dust and tumult of that busy throng, the small troop of soldiers threaded their way silently, under the bright sky of an Italian midsummer. They were marching, though they knew it not, in a procession more truly triumphal than any they had ever followed, in the train of general or emperor, along the Sacred Way. Their prisoner, now at last and for ever delivered from his captivity, rejoiced to follow his Lord 'without the gate.' The place of execution was not far distant; and there the sword of the headsman ended his long course of sufferings, and released that heroic soul from that feeble body. Weeping friends took up his corpse, and carried it for burial to those subterranean labyrinths, where, through many ages of oppression, the persecuted church found refuge for the living and sepulchres for the dead.

Thus died the apostle, the prophet, and the martyr; bequeathing to the church, in her government and her discipline, the legacy of his apostolic labours; leaving his prophetic words to be her living oracles; pouring fo th his blood to be the seed of a thousand martyrdoms. Thenceforth, among the glorious company of the apostles, among the goodly fellowship of the prophets, among the noble army of martyrs, his name has stood pre-eminent. And wheresoever the holy church throughout all the world doth acknowledge God, there Paul of Tarsus is revered, as the great teacher of a universal redemption and a catholic religion—the herald of glad tidings to all mankind.

Mr. Conybeare, in 1855, published a volume of 'Essays Ecclesiastical and Social,' reprinted with additions from the 'Edinburgh Review.' In these he treats of the Mormons, the Welsh Clergy, Church Parties, Temperance, &c. His views on church parties and on the different phases of infidelity are further displayed in a novel —'Perversion,' three volumes, 1856—a very interesting and clever 'tale of the times.' The ingenious author died prematurely in 1857. The father of Dr. Conybeare, William Daniel Conybeare, Dean of Llandaff (1787–1857), was one of the earliest promoters of the Geological Society, and a frequent and distinguished contributor to its published Transactions. His papers on the Coal-fields were highly valuable; and he was the discoverer of the Plesiosaurus, that strange antediluvian animal, the most singular and the most anomalous in its structure, according to Cuvier, that had been discovered amid the ruins of former worlds. To the Bampton Lectures the Dean was also a contributor, having written a work 'On the Fathers during the Ante-Nicene Period,' 1839; with a series of 'Theological Lectures,' 1834.

Dean Howson, associated with the Rev. W. J. Conybeare in the valuable work on St. Paul, was born in 1816, educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, became Principal of the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool, in 1849, and Dean of Chester in 1867.

DEAN ALFORD.

The Rev. Dr. Henry Alford, of Trinity, Vicar of Wimeswould, Leicestershire, like Dr. Trench, commenced author as a poet—'Poems and Poetical Fragments,' 1831; 'The School of the Heart,'

1855; &c.—but his 'Hulsean Lectures,' 1841, his various collections of 'Sermons,' 'Greek Testament,' with notes, &c., gave him a reputation as a divine and a scholar. Dr. Alford was a contributor to various periodicals, and was cut off suddenly in the midst of a busy and useful life. This excellent divine was a native of London, born in 1810, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; from 1841 to 1857 he acted as Examiner in Logic and Moral Philosophy in the university of London; and in 1857 was appointed by Lord Palmerston to the deanery of Canterbury. He died January 12, 1871.

Dean Alford is believed to have had considerable effect, though indirectly, on the textual criticism of the country. According to Bishop Ellicott, his present and future fame both is and will be connected with his notes and exegesis. 'Here the fine qualities of his mind, his quickness, keenness of perception, interpretative instinct, lucidity, and singular fairness, exhibit themselves to the greatest possible advantage. Rarely, if ever, does he fail to place before the reader the exact difficulties of the case, and the true worth of the different principles of interpretation.'

The Prince Consort's Public Life.

He came to us in 1840 fresh from a liberal education; and in becoming one of us, and that in an undefined and exceedingly difficult position, he determined to bend the great powers of his mind, and to use the influence of his exalted station to do us good. The early days of his residence among us were cast upon troubled times—the gloomy years between 1840–1848. First, before we speak directly of his great national work, deserves mention the high example of that royal household, whose unstained purity, and ever cautious and punctual propriety in all civil and Christian duties, has been to this people a greater source of blessing than we can appreciate. At last the hour of trial came, and the eventful year 1848, which overturned so many thrones, passed powerless over our favoured land. Our royal house was beyond danger, for its foundations rested in the hearts and prayers of the people. And now a period of calm succeeded, during which our Prince's designs for the good of our people found scope and time to unfold themselves.

The Great Exhibition of 1851, the effects of which for good have been so many and so universally acknowledged, is believed to have been his own conception; and the plan of it, though filled in by many able hands, was sketched out by himself, and constantly presided over and brought to maturity by his unwearied care. The event of that year opened to us views with regard to the intercourse and interdependence of foreign nations and ourselves, unknown to English minds before, and suggested to us improvements which have shewn new paths of industry and advancement to thousands of families among us. To him we owe, as a direct consequence of this his plan, our schools of design, which have called out so many a dormant mind, and brought blessing and competence to so many a household in the lower ranks of life. Of one great society, the 'Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce,' he was to the last the active and indefatigable president.

Only a week before his death, he determined an important point connected with the building designed for the Exhibition. Besides these efforts, you will all remember the interest which he took in our agricultural progress, and in a matter of more vital import to our national wellbeing—the better construction, for decency and comfort, of the cottages of the labouring classes. He has left us his views to be carried out, his schemes to be completed, his example to be followed. Each citizen, each head of a family, ought long to remember, and will long remember, the lessons of his life; we shall not go back again from the higher level to which he has raised us, but shall, I am persuaded, go on in the same course, with more earnest endeavour,

with more scrupulous anxiety, because to all other motives is added that of not doing dishonour to his memory, nor violence to what were his own wishes.

Toll out thy towers, toll on, thou old Cathedral,
Filling the ambient air with softest pulses of sorrow;
Toll out a nation's grief, dole for the wail of the people.
Bursting hearts have played with words in the wildness of anguish,
Gathered the bitter herbs that grow in the valley of morning,
Turned the darksome flowers in wreaths for the wept, the lost one.
Toll for the tale that is told, but for the tale left untold;
Toll for the unreturning, but toll tenfold for the mourning;
Toll for the Prince that is gone, but more for the house that is widowed.

Recognition after Death.

With respect to the subject which furnished us matter for two or three conversations—the probability of meeting and recognising friends in heaven—I thought a good deal, and searched Scripture yesterday. The passage, 1 Thess. iv, 13–18, appears to me almost decisive. Tennyson says:

To search the secret is beyond our lore,
And man must rest till God doth furnish more.

Certainly if there has been one hope which has borne the hearts of Christians up more than another in trials and separations, it is this. It has in all ages been one of the loveliest in the checkered prospect of the future, nor has it been confined to Christians; I mean the idea. You will excuse me, nay, you will thank me, I know, for transcribing an exquisite passage from Cicero's treatise on 'Old Age.' It is as follows: 'O glorious day when I shall go to that divine assembly and company of spirits, and when I shall depart out of this bustle, this sink of corruption; for I shall go not only to those great men of whom I have before spoken, but also to my dear Cato [his son], than whom there never was a better man, or one more excellent in filial affection, whose funeral rites were performed by me, when the contrary was natural—namely, that mine should be performed by him. His soul not desiring me, but looking back on me, has departed into those regions where he saw that I myself must come; and I seem to bear firmly my affliction, not because I did not grieve for it, but I comforted myself, thinking that the separation and parting between us would not be for long duration.' The passage from Cicero is considered one of the finest, if not the finest passage in all the heathen authors. It certainly is very fine; but now, when you have admired it enough, turn to 2 Tim. iv. 6–8, and compare the two. Blessed be He indeed who has given us such a certainty of hope!

The Household of a Christian.—From 'Quebec Chapel Sermons.'

The household is not an accident of nature, but an ordinance of God. Even nature's processes, could we penetrate their secrets, figure forth spiritual truths; and her highest and noblest arrangements are but the representations of the most glorious of those truths. That very state out of which the household springs, is one, as Scripture and the Church declare to us, not to be taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly, seeing that it sets forth and represents to us the relation between Christ and his Church. The household is a representation, on a small scale, as regards numbers, but not as regards the interests concerned, of the great family in heaven and earth. Its whole relations and mutual duties are but reflections of those which subsist between the Redeemer and the people for whom He hath given Himself. The household, then, is not an institution whose duties spring from beneath—from the necessities of circumstances merely; but it is an appointment of God, whose laws are His laws, and whose members owe direct account to Him. The father of a household stands most immediately in God's place. His is the post of greatest responsibility, of greatest influence for good or for evil. His it is, in the last resort, to fix and determine the character which his household shall bear. According as he is good or bad, godly or ungodly, selfish or self-denying, so will for the most part the complexion of the household be also. As he values that which is good, not in his professions, for which no one cares, but in his practice, which all observe, so will it most

likely be valued also by his family as they grow up and are planted out in the world. Of all the influences which can be brought to bear on man, paternal influence may be made the strongest and most salutary; and whether so made or not, is ever of immense weight one way or the other. For remember, that paternal influence is not that which the father tries to exert merely, but that which in matter of fact he *does* exert. That superior life, ever moving in advance of the young and observing and imitative life of all of us, that source from which all our first ideas came, that voice which sounded deeper into our hearts than all other voices, day by day, year by year, through all our tender and plastic childhood, will all through life, almost in spite of ourselves, still keep in advance of us, still continue to sound: no other example will ever take so firm hold, no other superiority be ever so vividly and constantly felt. And again remember, this example goes for what it is really worth. Words do not set it—religious phrases do not give it its life and power—it is not a thing of display and effort, but of inner realities, and recurring acts and habits. It is not the raving of the wind around the precipice—not the sunrise and sunset, clothing it with golden glory—which moulded it and gave it its worn and rounded form: but the unmarked dropping of the silent waters, the melting of the yearly snows, the gushing of the inner springs. And so it will be, not that which the outward eye sees in him, not that which men repute him, not public praise, nor public blame, that will enhance or undo a father's influence in his household; but that which he really is in the hearts of his family: that which they know of him in private: the worth to which they can testify, but which the outer world never saw; the affections which flow in secret, of which they know the depth, but others only the surface. And so it will be likewise with a father's religion. None so keen to see into a man's religion as his own household. He may deceive others without; he may deceive himself: he can hardly long succeed in deceiving them. If religion with him be merely a thing put on; an elaborate series of outward duties, attended to for expediency's sake—something fitting his children, but not equally fitting him: oh, none will so soon and so thoroughly learn to appreciate this, as those children themselves: there is not any fact which, when discovered, will have so baneful an effect on their young lives, as such an appreciation. No amount of external devotion will ever counterbalance it: no use of religious phraseology, nor converse with religious people without. But if, on the other hand, his religion is really a thing in his heart: if he moves about day by day as seeing One invisible: if the love of Christ is really warming the springs of his inner life, then, however inadequately this is shewn in matter or in manner, it will be sure to be known and thoroughly appreciated by those who are ever living their lives around him.

DR. ROWLAND WILLIAMS.

This eminent Welsh scholar and divine was a native of Flintshire, Wales, born in 1817. He was educated at Eton and at King's College, Cambridge, in which he was distinguished as a classical scholar. He was elected to a Fellowship of his college, and was classical tutor in it for eight years—from 1842 to 1850. He then removed to St. David's College, Lampeter, in which he became Vice-principal and Professor of Hebrew, was appointed chaplain to the Bishop of Llandaff in 1850, and select preacher to the university of Cambridge in 1855. In the latter year he published a volume of his sermons under the title of 'Rational Godliness after the Mind of Christ and the written Voices of his Church.' His views on the subject of inspiration were considered unorthodox, and led him into controversy, ultimately causing his withdrawal from Lampeter, where he had lived twelve years, greatly benefiting the college there, and discharging his duties as parish minister with exemplary diligence and popular acceptance. In 1860 appeared the volume entitled 'Essays and

Reviews;' Dr. Williams was one of the writers, contributing an article on Bunsen's 'Biblical Researches,' for which he was prosecuted in the Court of Arches, and sentenced to a year's suspension. The Privy Council, however, reversed the decision, and Dr. Williams continued his pastoral labours and studies until his death in 1870. He died at a vicarage he held near Salisbury, but his friends in Wales sent flowers from the land of his birth to be laid on his coffin. The works of Dr. Williams are numerous. The best is his 'Hinduism and Christianity Compared,' 1856; a learned and able treatise. He was engaged in his latter years on a more elaborate work, part of which was published in 1866 under the title of 'The Prophets of Israel and Judah during the Assyrian Empire.' A second volume was published after his death, entitled 'The Hebrew Prophets, translated afresh from the Original,' 1872. He also wrote various essays on the Welsh Church, Welsh Bards, and Anglo-Saxon Antiquities. He was a various as well as a profound scholar, but chiefly excelled in Hebrew and in his ancient native tongue, the Cymric or Welsh. The 'Life and Letters of Dr. Williams' were published by his widow, two volumes, 1874; and Mrs. Williams claims for her husband having done good service by advocating an open Bible and free reverential criticism, and by maintaining these to be consistent with the standards of the English Church. He helped much to vindicate for the Anglican Establishment the wide boundary which he, Dean Stanley, and others considered to be her lawful inheritance.

'Dean Milman,' he says, 'once wrote to me, that what the world wants is a keener perception of the *poetical* character of parts, especially the earlier parts of the Bible. "This work," he added, "will be done slowly, but, in my opinion, surely." In other words, what the world seems to me to want, is a perception that the religion with which the Bible, as a whole, impresses us, is a true religion; but that in its associations, accidents, and personal shortcomings, it has had no supernatural exemption from those incidents of human nature which we find in the transmission of our moral sentiments in general, strengthened as these are by historical examples, but having a fresh germ in ourselves, and yet needing a constant glance heavenward, a tone of mind compounded of prayer and of resolve, in order to keep them sound, and free from all warping influences. Again, to vary the expression, the great object to be set always before our consciences is, "the Father of our spirits," the Eternal Being; and it is an infinite aid to have the records of words and deeds of men who have lived in a like spiritual faith, and who can kindle us afresh.'

REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

The Rev. F. W. Robertson of Brighton (1816–1853) was a clergyman of the Church of England whose life was devoted to the intellectual and spiritual improvement of the working-classes, and whose writings have enjoyed a degree of popularity rarely extended to ser-

mons and theological treatises. He was a native of London, son of an officer, Captain Robertson, R.A. He was educated at Edinburgh and Oxford, taking his degree of M.A. at Brasenose College in 1844. Having entered the Church, he was successively curate at Winchester and Cheltenham, and incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton. At the latter he continued six years till his death. In 1848 he assisted in establishing a working-man's Institute, and his address on this occasion, which was afterwards published, attracted, as he said, 'more notice than it deserved or he had expected: it was read by Her Majesty, distributed by nobles and Quakers, sneered at by Conservatives, praised by Tories, slanged by Radicals, and swallowed, with wry faces, by Chartists!' Within six months, it was said Mr. Robertson had put himself at variance with the whole accredited theological world of Brighton on the questions of the Sabbath, the Atonement, Inspiration, and Baptism! His talents, sincerity, and saint-like character were, however, acknowledged by all parties, and his death was mourned as a public calamity. His funeral was attended by more than two thousand persons. Four volumes of Mr. Robertson's 'Sermons' have been published; also his 'Life and Letters,' two volumes, by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke. Robertson's 'Sermons' have gone through numerous large editions both in England and America.

Christian Energy.

'Let us be going.' There were two ways open to Christ in which to submit to his doom. He might have waited for it: instead of which He went to meet the soldiers. He took up the cross, the cup of anguish was not forced between his lips. He took it with his own hands, and drained it quickly to the last drop. In after years the disciples understood the lesson, and acted on it. They did not wait till persecution overtook them; they braved the Sanhedrim, they fronted the world, they proclaimed aloud the unpopular and unpalatable doctrines of the Resurrection and the Cross. Now in this there lies a principle. Under no conceivable set of circumstances are we justified in sitting

> By the poisoned springs of life,
> Waiting for the morrow which shall free us from the strife.

Under no circumstances, whether of pain, or grief, or disappointment, or irreparable mistake, can it be true that there is not something to be *done*, as well as something to be suffered. And thus it is that the spirit of Christianity draws over our life, not a leaden cloud of remorse and despondency, but a sky—not perhaps of radiant, but yet of most serene and chastened and manly hope. There is a past which is gone for ever, but there is a future which is still our own.

The Bible.

It is the universal applicability of Scripture which has made the influence of the Bible universal. This book has spell-bound the hearts of nations in a way in which no single book has ever held men before. Remember too, in order to enhance the marvellousness of this, that the nation from which it emanated was a despised people. For the last eighteen hundred years, the Jews have been proverbially a by-word and a reproach. But that contempt for Israel is nothing new to the world, for before even the Roman despised them, the Assyrian and Egyptian regarded them with scorn. Yet the words which came from Israel's prophets have been the life-blood of the world's devotions. And the teachers, the psalmists, the prophets, and

the law-givers of this despised nation spoke out truths that have struck the key-note of the heart of man; and this, not because they were of Jewish, but because they were of universal application.

This collection of books has been to the world what no other book has ever been to a nation. States have been founded on its principles. Kings rule by a compact based on it. Men hold the Bible in their hands when they prepare to give solemn evidence affecting life, death, or property; the sick man is almost afraid to die unless the Book be within reach of his hands; the battle-ship goes into action with one on board whose office it is to expound it; its prayers, its psalms are the language which we use when we speak to God: eighteen centuries have found no holier, no diviner language. If ever there has been a prayer or a hymn enshrined in the heart of a nation, you are sure to find its basis in the Bible. The very translation of it has fixed language and settled the idioms of speech. Germany and England speak as they speak because the Bible was translated. It has made the most illiterate peasant more familiar with the history, customs, and geography of ancient Palestine than with the localities of his own country. Men who know nothing of the Grampians, of Snowdon, or of Skiddaw, are at home in Zion, the lake of Gennesareth, or among the rills of Carmel. People who know little about London, know by heart the places in Jerusalem where those blessed feet trod which were nailed to the Cross. Men who know nothing of the architecture of a Christian cathedral can yet tell you about the pattern of the holy Temple. Even this shews us the influence of the Bible. The orator holds a thousand men for half an hour breathless—a thousand men as one, listening to a single word. But the Word of God has held a thousand nations for thrice a thousand years spell-bound; held them by an abiding power, even the universality of its truth; and we feel it to be no more a collection of books, but *the* Book.

The Smiles and Tears of Life.

The sorrows of the past stand out most vividly in our recollections, because they are the keenest of our sensations. At the end of a long existence we should probably describe it thus: *Few and evil have the days of the years of thy servant been.* But the innumerable infinitesimals of happiness that from moment to moment made life sweet and pleasant are forgotten, and very richly has our Father mixed the materials of these with the homeliest actions and domesticities of existence. See two men meeting together in the streets, mere acquaintances. They will not be five minutes together before a smile will overspread their countenances, or a merry laugh ring off at the lowest amusement. This has God done. God created the smile and the laugh, as well as the sigh and the tear. The aspect of this life is stern, very stern. It is a very superficial account of it which slurs over its grave mystery, and refuses to hear its low deep undertone of anguish. But there is enough, from hour to hour, of bright sunny happiness, to remind us that its Creator's highest name is Love.

REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

The biographer of Mr. Robertson is himself a popular preacher and author. The REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M.A., incumbent of Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury, was sometime preacher in St. James's Chapel, York Street; and three volumes of 'Sermons' (first, second, and third series) delivered in York Street, have been published. Mr. Brooke is author also of 'Freedom in the Church of England,' six sermons suggested by the Voysey judgment, which were held to contain a fair statement of the views in respect to freedom of thought entertained by the liberal party in the Church of England. One volume of Mr. Brooke's Sermons, entitled 'Christ in Modern Life,' is now (1876) in its ninth edition. He has also published 'Theology in the English Poets, Cowper, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Burns;' the 'Life and Work of Frederick Denison Maurice,' a memorial ser

mon; and a little manual on 'English Literature,' forming one of a series of primers edited by Mr. J. R. Green. The last sentence in this manual is suggestive:

'Tennyson has always kept us close to the scenery, the traditions, the daily life, and the History of England; and his last drama of "Queen Mary," 1875, is written almost exactly twelve hundred years since the date of our first poem, Cædmon's Paraphrase. To think of one and then of the other, and of the great and continuous stream of literature that has flowed between them, is more than enough to make us all proud of the name of Englishmen.'

The Creation (*Genesis* i, 1).

It was necessary that a spiritual revelation should be given in harmony with the physical beliefs of the period; and when we demand that the revealed writings should be true to our physical knowledge in order that we should believe in inspiration, we are asking that which would have made all those for whom the Bible was originally written disbelieve at once in *all* it revealed to man. We ask too much: that book was written on wiser principles. It left these questions aside; it spoke in the language, and through the knowledge, of its time. It was content to reveal spiritual truth; it left men to find out scientific truth for themselves. It is inspired with regard to the first; it is not inspired with regard to the latter. It is inspired with regard to universal principles; it is not inspired with regard to details of fact. The proof that it is inspired with regard to principles is that those principles which it lays down or implies are not isolated but universal principles. They are true of national, social, political, intellectual, as well as of spiritual life, and above all, and this is the point which I especially wish to urge, they are identical with scientific principles. Let us test this in the case of this chapter.

The first principle to be inferred is that of the *unity of God*. One Divine Being is represented as the sole cause of the universe. Now this is the only foundation of a true religion for humanity. Starting from the Semitic peoples, it has gradually made its way over the whole of the Aryan family with the exception of the Hindus; and even among them, and wherever else the worship of many gods exists, it is gradually driving out polytheism and establishing itself as the *necessary* religion for humanity.

The next principle in this chapter is that *all noble work is gradual*. God is not represented as creating everything in a moment. He spent six days at His work, and then said it was very good. Now there is no principle more universal than this—that in proportion to the nobility of anything, is it long in reaching its perfection. The summer fly is born and dies in a few days; the more highly organised animal has a long youth and a mature age. The inferior plant rises, blooms, and dies in a year; the oak transforms the storms and sunshine of a century into the knotted fibres of its stem. The less noble powers of the human mind mature first; the more noble, such as imagination, comparison, abstract reasoning, demand the work of years. The greatest ancient nation took the longest time to develop its iron power; the securest political freedom in a nation did not advance by bounds, or by violent revolutions, but in England 'broadened slowly down from precedent to precedent.' The greatest modern society—the Church of Christ—grew as Christ prophesied, from a beginning as small as a grain of mustard-seed into a noble tree, and grows now more slowly than any other society has ever grown—so slowly, that persons who are not far-seeing say that it has failed. The same law is true of every individual Christian life.

The next truth to be inferred from this chapter is that the universe was prepared for the good and enjoyment of man. I cannot say that this is universal, for the stars exist for themselves, and the sun for other planets than ours; and it is a poor thing to say that the life of animals and plants is not for their own enjoyment as well as ours! but so far as they regard us, it is a universal truth, and the Bible was written for *our* learning. Therefore, in this chapter, the sun and stars are spoken of only in their relation to us, and man is set as master over all creation.

The next principle is the *interdependence of rest and work*. The Sabbath is the outward expression of God's recognition of this as a truth for man. It was commanded because it was necessary. 'The Sabbath was made for man,' said Christ. And the same principle ought to be extended over our whole existence The life of Christ, the type of the highest human life, was not all work. 'Come ye into the wilderness, and rest awhile.' Toil and refreshment were woven together. But as in this chapter there were six days of work to one of rest, so in His life, as it ought to be in ours, 'labour was the rule, relaxation the exception.' Labour always preceded rest; rest was only purchased by toil.

Lastly, there is one specially spiritual principle which glorifies this chapter, and the import of which is universal, 'God made man in His own image.' It is the divinest revelation in the Old Testament. In it is contained the reason of all that has ever been great in human nature or in human history. In it are contained all the sorrows of the race as it looks back to its innocence, and all the hope of the race as it aspires from the depths of its fall to the height of the imperial palace whence it came. In it is contained all the joy of the race as it sees in Christ this great first principle revealed again. In it are contained all the history of the human heart, all the history of the human mind, all the history of the human conscience, all the history of the human spirit. It is the foundation-stone of all written and unwritten poetry, of all metaphysics, of all ethics, of all religion.

These are the universal principles which are to be found in this chapter. And this, we are told, is not inspiration; this is not the work of a higher spirit than the spirit of defective and one-sided man. This illuminating constellation of all-embracing truths; stars which burn, eternal and unwavering, the guides and consolers of men in the heaven which arches over our spiritual life; their light for ever quiet with the conscious repose of truth, 'their seat the bosom of God, their voice the harmony of the world'—to which, obedience being given, nations are great, souls are free, and the race marches with triumphant music to its perfect destiny—this is not inspiration! Brethren, it *is* inspiration.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

Samuel Wilberforce, D.D., Bishop of Winchester (1805–1872), was the third son of the Christian philanthropist, William Wilberforce. After his education at Oriel College, Oxford, Mr. Wilberforce was ordained curate of Checkendon, Oxfordshire, and rose to be Bishop of Oxford in 1845. In 1869 he was translated to the see of Winchester. As a scholar, a prelate, and debater in the House of Lords, of gracious manner and winning address, Bishop Wilberforce was highly esteemed, and his accidental death by a fall from his horse was deeply lamented. He published several volumes of 'Sermons and Charges,' 'Agathos and other Sunday Stories,' 'History of the Episcopal Church in America,' 'Hebrew Heroes,' &c. Two volumes of 'Essays' contributed by the bishop to the 'Quarterly Review' were published in 1874.

The Reformation of the Church of England.

It bears the mark and impress of the intellectual or spiritual peculiarities of no single man. Herein at once it is marked off from the Lutheran, the Calvinist, the Zwinglian, and other smaller bodies. On each one of them lay, as the shadow on the sleeping water, the unbroken image of some master mind or imperial soul. The mind of that founder of the new faith, his mode of thought and argument, his religious principles, and his great defects, were reproduced in the body which he had formed, and which by a natural instinct appropriated and handed on his name. And so it might have been with us too, had there been amongst the English Reformers such a leader. If Wycliffe—the great forerunner of the Reformation, whose austere figure stands out above the crowd of notables in English history—if Wycliffe had lived a hundred and thirty years later than he did, his commanding intellect and

character might then have stamped upon the religion of England the essential characteristic of a sect. But from this the goodness of God preserved the Church of this land. Like the birth of the beautiful islands of the great Pacific Ocean, the foundations of the new convictions which were so greatly to modify and purify the medieval faith were laid slowly, unseen, unsuspected by ten thousand souls, who laboured they knew not for what, save to accomplish the necessities of their own spiritual belief. The mighty convulsion which suddenly cast up the submarine foundations into peak, and mountain, and crevasse, and lake, and plain, came not from man's devising, and obeyed not man's rule. Influences of the heaven above, and of the daily surrounding atmosphere, wrought their will upon the new-born islands. Fresh convulsions changed, modified, and completed their shape, and so the new and the old were blended together into a harmony which no skill of man could have devised. The English Reformers did not attempt to develop a creed or a community out of their own internal consciousness. Their highest aim was only to come back to what had been before. They had not the gifts which created in others the ambition to be the founders of a new system. They did not even set about their task with any fixed plan or recognised set of doctrines. Their inconsistencies, their variations, their internal differences, their very retractations witness to the gradualness with which the new light dawned upon them, and dispelled the old darkness. The charges of hypocrisy and time-serving which have been made so wantonly against Cranmer and his brethren are all honourably interpreted by the real changes which took place in their own opinions. The patient, loving, accurate study of Holy Scripture was an eminent characteristic of all these men. Thus the opinions they were receiving from others who had advanced far before them in the new faith, were continually modified by this continual voice of God's Word sounding in their ears, and by corresponding changes in their own views. Thus they were enabled by God's grace, out of the utter disintegration round them, to restore in its primitive proportions the ancient Church of England.

BISHOP ELLICOTT.

Dr. Charles John Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, a distinguished Scripture commentator and divine, was born in 1819, son of the Rev. C. S. Ellicott, Rector of Whitwell, near Stamford, Lincolnshire. He studied at St. John's College, Cambridge; obtained the Hulsean prize in 1843;* in 1858 was chosen to succeed Dr. French as Professor of Divinity in King's College, London; in 1860 was elected Hulsean Professor of Divinity in Cambridge; in 1861 was made Dean of Exeter; and in 1863 was promoted to the see of Gloucester and Bristol. Dr. Ellicott's first work was a 'Treatise on Analytical Science,' 1842, which was followed by the Hulsean lecture on the 'History and Obligation of the Sabbath,' 1844. His most important work is a series of 'Critical and Grammatical Commentaries on St. Paul's Epistles,' published separately (all of which have gone through several editions), namely, 'Galatians,' 'Ephesians,' 'Philippians,' 'Colossians,' 'Philemon,' 'Thessalonians;' also 'Pastoral Epistles.' A volume of 'Historical Lectures on the Life of Our Lord' by the bishop is now in its sixth edition; and he has also published 'Considerations on the Revision of the Authorised Version of the New Testament.' In the preface to his Lectures, Bishop Ellicott says:

'I neither feel nor affect to feel the slightest sympathy with the so-

*The Rev. John Hulse of Elworth, in the county of Chester, by his will, bearing date 1777, directed that the proceeds of certain estates should be given yearly to a disserator and a lecturer who should 'shew the evidence for revealed religion, and demonstrate the truth and excellence of Christianity.' The discourses were to be twenty in number but the Court of Chancery in 1830 reduced the number to eight

called popular theology of the present day, but I still trust that, in the many places in which it has been almost necessarily called forth in the present pages, no expression has been used towards sceptical writings stronger than may have been positively required by allegiance to catholic truth. Towards the honest and serious thinker who may feel doubts or difficulties in some of the questions connected with our Lord's life, all tenderness may justly be shewn.'

The Lectures do not aim at being a complete Life of our Saviour, but go over the leading incidents—the birth and infancy, the Judean, Eastern Galilee, and Northern Galilee ministries, the journeyings towards Jerusalem, the Last Passover, and the Forty Days. Copious notes from the great Greek commentators and German expositors are given. The critical and grammatical commentaries on St. Paul's Epistles are also copious and invaluable to students. A passage is here subjoined from the 'Historical Lectures.'

The Triumphant Entry into Jerusalem.

In the retirement of that mountain-hamlet of Bethany—a retirement soon to be broken in upon—the Redeemer of the world may with reason be supposed to have spent His last earthly Sabbath. There too, either in their own house or, as seems more probable, in the house of one who probably owed to our Lord his return to the society of his fellow-men, did that loving household 'make a supper' for their Divine Guest. Joyfully and thankfully did each one of that loving family instinctively do that which might seem most to tend to the honour and glorification of Him whom one of them had declared to be, and whom they all knew to be, the Son of God that was to come into the world. So Martha serves; Lazarus it is specially noticed takes his place at the table, the visible living proof of the omnipotence of his Lord; Mary performs the tender office of a mournfully foreseeing love, that thought nought too pure or too costly for its God—that tender office, which, though grudgingly rebuked by Judas and, alas! others than Judas, who could not appreciate the depths of such a devotion, nevertheless received a praise which it has been declared shall evermore hold its place on the pages of the Book of Life.

But that Sabbath soon passed away. Ere night came on, numbers even of those who were seldom favourably disposed to our Lord, now came to see both Him and the living monument of His merciful omnipotence. The morrow probably brought more of these half-curious, half-awed, yet, as it would now seem, in a great measure believing visitants. The deep heart of the people was stirred, and the time was fully come when ancient prophecy was to receive its fulfilment, and the daughter of Zion was to welcome her King. Yea and in kingly state shall he come. Begirt not only by the smaller band of His own disciples but by the great and now hourly increasing multitude, our Lord leaves the little wooded vale that had ministered to Him its Sabbath-day of seclusion and repose, and directs his way onward to Jerusalem. As yet, however, in but humble guise and as a pilgrim among pilgrims He traverses the rough mount in-track which the modern traveller can even now somewhat hopefully identify; every step bringing him nearer to the ridge of Olivet, and to that hamlet or district of Bethphage, the exact site of which it is so hard to fix, but which was separated perhaps only by some narrow valley from the road along which the procession was now wending its way. But the Son of David must not solemnly enter the city of David as a scarcely distinguishable wayfarer amid a mixed and wayfaring throng. Prophecy must have its full and exact fulfilment; the King must approach the city of the King with some meek symbols of kingly majesty. With haste, it would seem, two disciples are despatched to the village over against them, to bring to Him 'who had need of it' the colt 'whereon yet never man sat:' with haste the zealous followers cast upon it their garments, and all-unconscious of the significant nature of their act, place thereon their Master—the coming King. Strange it would have been if feelings such as now were eagerly stirring in every

heart had not found vent in words. Strange indeed if, with the Hill of Zion now breaking upon their view, the long prophetic past had not seemed to mingle with the present, and evoke those shouts of mysterious welcome and praise, which, first beginning with the disciples and those immediately round our Lord, soon were heard from every mouth of that glorifying multitude. And not from them alone. Numberless others there were fast streaming up Olivet, a palm-branch in every hand, to greet the raiser of Lazarus and the Conqueror of Death; and now all join. One common feeling of holy enthusiasm now pervades that mighty multitude, and displays itself in befitting acts. Garments are torn off and cast down before the Holy One; green boughs bestrew the way; Zion's King rides onward in meek majesty, a thousand voices before, and a thousand voices behind rising up to heaven with Hosannas and with mingled words of magnifying acclamation, some of which once had been sung to the Psalmist's harp, and some heard even from angelic tongues. . . . But the hour of triumph was the hour of deepest and most touching compassion. If, as we have ventured to believe, the suddenly opening view of Zion may have caused the excited feelings of that thronging multitude to pour themselves forth in words of exalted and triumphant praise, full surely we know from the inspired narrative, that on our Redeemer's nearer approach to the city, as it rose up, perhaps suddenly, in all its extent and magnificence before Him who even now beheld the trenches cast about it, and Roman legions mustering round its fated walls, tears fell from those Divine eyes—yea, the Saviour of the world wept over the city wherein He had come to suffer and die. . . . The lengthening procession again moves onward, slowly descending into the deep valley of the Cedron, and slowly winding up the opposite slope, until at length by one of the Eastern gates it passes into one of the now crowded thoroughfares of the Holy City. Such was the Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem.

BISHOP EDWARD HAROLD BROWNE.

The present learned Bishop of Winchester, son of the late Colonel Browne of Morton House, Bucks, was born in 1811, and was educated at Eton, and at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he was wrangler in 1832. His academical career was highly distinguished. In 1833 he obtained the Crosse theological scholarship, in 1834 the first Hebrew scholarship, and in 1835 the Norrisian prize for a theological essay. He became Fellow and tutor of his college. From 1843 to 1849 he was Vice-principal and Professor of Hebrew in St. David's College, Lampeter; in 1854 he was elected Norrisian Professor of Divinity in the university of Cambridge; in 1857 canon residentiary of Exeter Cathedral; in 1864 he was consecrated Bishop of Ely; and in 1874, Bishop of Winchester. The principal theological work of Bishop Browne is his 'Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles, Historical and Doctrinal,' which was published (1850–53) in two volumes, but is now compressed into one large volume of 864 pages (tenth edition, 1874). In his introduction (which is a clear and concise historical summary, relating to the Liturgy and Articles) the bishop has the following sensible remarks:

Interpretation of the Thirty-nine Articles.

In the interpretation of them, our best guides must be, first, their own natural, literal, grammatical meaning; next to this, a knowledge of the controversies which had prevailed in the Church, and made such articles necessary; then, the other authorised formularies of the Church; after them the writings and known opinions of such men as Cranmer, Ridley, and Parker, who drew them up; then, the doctrines of the primitive Church, which they professed to follow; and, lastly, the general sentiments of the distinguished English divines who have been content to subscribe

the Articles, and have professed their agreement with them for now three hundred years. These are our best guides for their interpretation. Their authority is derivable from Scripture alone.

On the subject of subscription, very few words may be sufficient. To sign any document in a non-natural sense seems neither consistent with Christian integrity nor with common manliness. But, on the other hand, a National church should never be needlessly exclusive. It should, we can hardly doubt, be ready to embrace, if possible, all who truly believe in God, and in Jesus Christ whom He hath sent. Accordingly, our own Church requires of its *lay* members no confession of their faith except that contained in the Apostles' Creed.

In the following pages an attempt is made to interpret and explain the Articles of the Church, which bind the consciences of her clergy, according to their natural and genuine meaning; and to prove that meaning to be both scriptural and catholic. None can feel so satisfied, nor act so straightforwardly, as those who subscribe them in such a sense. But if we consider how much variety of sentiment may prevail amongst persons who are, in the main, sound in the faith, we can never wish that a national Church, which ought to have all the marks of catholicity, should enforce too rigid and uniform an interpretation of its formularies and terms of union. The Church should be not only holy and apostolic, but as well, one and catholic. Unity and universality are scarcely attainable, where a greater rigour of subscription is required than such as shall insure an adherence and conformity to those great catholic truths which the primitive Christians lived by, and died for.

Besides his elaborate 'Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles,' Dr. Browne has published two volumes of Sermons, one on the 'Atonement and other Subjects,' 1859, and the second on 'Messiah as Foretold and Expected,' 1862. The latter is a vindication of the true predictive character of Messianic prophecy, derived chiefly from Jewish sources. He is author also of 'The Pentateuch and the Elohistic Psalms,' written in reply to Bishop Colenso in 1863; and 'The Deaconess,' a sermon preached in 1871. The bishop is also one of the writers in 'Aids to Faith,' in Smith's 'Dictionary of the Bible,' the 'Speakers' Commentary,' &c.

ARCHBISHOP THOMSON.

The Archbishop of York, DR. WILLIAM THOMSON, is a native of Whitehaven, Cumberland, born February 11, 1819. He was educated at Shrewsbury School and at Queen's College, Oxford, of which he was successively scholar, Fellow, and tutor. He took his degree of B.A. in 1840, was ordained priest in 1843, and was four years pastor at Guildford and Cuddesden; in 1848 he was appointed select preacher at Oxford, and in 1853 was chosen to preach the Bampton Lecture. The subject was the 'Atoning Work of Christ.' Two years afterwards (1855) he became incumbent of All-Souls, Marylebone; and in 1858 was chosen preacher of Lincoln's Inn. This appointment is generally held to be preliminary to the bishopric, and Dr. Thomson was in 1861 made Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. In 1863 he was promoted to the archiepiscopal see of York. His first work was a logical treatise, acute and learned, entitled 'An Outline of the Necessary Laws of Thought,' 1842. This was followed by the Bampton Lecture; by 'Sermons Preached in Lincoln's Inn Chapel,' 1861; 'Pastoral Letter,' 1864; 'Life in the Light of God's Word,' 1867;

'Limits of Philosophical Inquiry,' 1869; and by a Life of Christ and other articles in Dr. Smith's 'Dictionary of the Bible,' as well as contributions to reviews and other literary journals. One of the most valuable of Archbishop Thomson's professional labours was editing and assisting in the authorship of 'Aids to Faith,' a series of theological essays by several writers, designed as a reply to 'Essays and Reviews.' In this volume (third edition, 1870) Dean Mansel took up the subject of the 'Miracles;' the Bishop of Cork (Fitzgerald), the 'Evidences;' Dr. M'Caul, 'Prophecy' and the 'Mosaic Record of Creation;' Canon Cooke, 'Ideology and Subscription;' Professor Rawlinson, the 'Pentateuch;' Dr. Browne, Bishop of Ely, 'Inspiration;' Dr. Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, 'Scripture and its Interpretation;' while the archbishop himself, as editor, selected as the subject of his essay the 'Death of Christ,' or the doctrine of Reconciliation:

> What is there about this teaching that has provoked in times past and present so much disputation? Not, I am persuaded, the hardness of the doctrine, for none of the theories put in its place are any easier, but its want of logical completeness. Sketched out for us in a few broad lines, it tempts the fancy to fill it in and lend it colour; and we do not always remember that the hands that attempt this are trying to make a mystery into a theory, an infinite truth into a finite one, and to reduce the great things of God into the narrow limits of our little field of view. To whom was the ransom paid? What was Satan's share of the transaction? How can one suffer for another? How could the Redeemer be made miserable when He was conscious that His work was one which could bring happiness to the whole human race? Yet this condition of indefiniteness is one which is imposed on us in the reception of every mystery: prayer, the incarnation, the immortality of the soul, are all subjects that pass far beyond our range of thought. And here we see the wisdom of God in connecting so closely our redemption with our reformation. If the object were to give us a complete theory of salvation, no doubt there would be in the Bible much to seek. The theory is gathered by fragments out of many an exhortation and warning; nowhere does it stand out entire and without logical flaw. But if we assume that the New Testament is written for the guidance of sinful hearts, we find a wonderful aptness for that particular end. Jesus is proclaimed as the solace of our fears, as the founder of our moral life, as the restorer of our lost relation with our Father. If He had a cross, there is a cross for us; if He pleased not Himself, let us deny ourselves; if he suffered for sin, let us hate sin. And the question ought not to be, what do all these mysteries mean, but are these thoughts really such as will serve to guide our life, and to assuage our terrors in the fear of death? The answer is twofold—one from history and one from experience. The preaching of the Cross of the Lord even in this simple fashion converted the world. The same doctrine is now the ground of any definite hope that we find in ourselves, of forgiveness of sins and of everlasting life.

DR. WILLIAM SMITH.

Most of the divines who assisted Archbishop Thomson in his 'Aids to Faith' have been associated with Dr. William Smith in a 'Dictionary of the Bible,' its antiquities, biography, geography, and natural history (1860–1863). This work is a complete storehouse of information on every subject connected with the Bible. Dr. Smith has also edited Dictionaries of Greek and Roman Antiquities, Biography, Mythology, and Geography (1840–1852), and several students' manuals, grammars, and small dictionaries. In 1867 he became ed-

itor of the 'Quarterly Review.' This indefatigable scholar and littérateur is a native of London, born in 1815, and educated at the London University, in which he was Classical Examiner from 1853 till 1869. In 1870 he published, in conjunction with a friend (Mr. Hall), a 'Copious and Critical English-Latin Dictionary,' said to be the result of fifteen years' labour. In acknowledgment of his services to the cause of education and classical literature, the university of Oxford, in 1870, conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L. Perhaps no university honour was ever more worthily won.

DR. CHARLES JOHN VAUGHAN.

The Master of the Temple, CHARLES JOHN VAUGHAN, D.D., is author of a vast number of sermons and addresses, besides several works of a more elaborate character. His 'Expository Lectures on the Romans,' 'on Philippians,' 'the First Epistle to the Thessalonians,' 'the Acts,' 'the Revelation of St. John,' &c., are valuable and popular theological works. Some of his collected sermons were delivered in the chapel of Harrow School (two series, 1849 and 1853); in the parish church of St. Martin's, Leicester, 1853; 'Epiphany, Lent, and Easter Sermons,' 1860; 'Sermons at Doncaster,' 1863; 'The Book and the Life,' being four sermons at Cambridge, 1862; 'Twelve Sermons on Subjects connected with the Church of England,' 1867; 'Lessons of the Cross and the Passion' (six lectures), 1869; 'Earnest Words for Earnest Men,' 1869; 'Last words in the Parish Church of Doncaster;' &c. For thirty years or more, it may be said that not a single year has passed without some work from Dr. Vaughan; and his ministrations in the beautiful Temple Church in London (of old the church of the Knights Templars) are attended by large congregations. Dr. Vaughan was born about 1817, and having passed a brilliant university career at Trinity College, Cambridge (in 1837 Browne's medallist for the Greek ode and epigram, and gainer of the members' prize for Latin essay; in 1838, senior classic), he entered into holy orders, and became Vicar of St. Martin's, Leicester —a parish of which his father had been incumbent. He was next Head Master of Harrow School (1844–1859), refused the bishopric of Rochester in 1860, and shortly afterwards became Vicar of Doncaster. After a residence of nearly ten years at Doncaster, he accepted the Mastership of the Temple in 1869. As parish clergyman and as Master of the Temple, Dr. Vaughan has been distinguished equally for his affectionate earnestness and zeal and his unwearied activity, while his classical attainments have placed him in the first rank of English scholars.

Three Partings. — From 'Last Words in the Parish Church of Doncaster.'

Life is full of partings. Every day we see some one whom we shall never see again. Homes are full of these partings, and churches are full of these partings, and therefore Scripture also, the mirror of life, is full of these partings; tells us how

bitter they are—or takes that for granted, and tells us rather how solemn they are, how admonitory, how important—bids us regard them, use them, turn them to account.

First, I will speak of bodily partings. Those who were once near together in the flesh are no longer so. It is a thing of every-day experience. To-night there is a family in this congregation which before next Sunday will have left the town. If *I* had not gone, *they* would have gone. You will say it is a small event to chronicle in this manner. Still it shews, it serves as an example, how common are these local changes which make people who co-existed before co-exist no longer. It shews how hopeless it is to avoid such separations. They are part of our lot. They remind us of the great dispersion; they should make us long for the great reunion.

It is a serious thing to stand on the pier of some seaport town, and see a son or a brother setting sail for India or New Zealand. Such an experience marks, in a thousand homes, a particular day in the calendar with a peculiar, a life-long sadness. And when two hearts have grown into each other by a love real and faithful, and the hour of parting comes—comes under compulsion put upon them, whether by family arrangement or by God's providence—when they know that in all probability they can meet never again on this side the grave—tell us not that this is a light sorrow, a trifling pain; for the time, and it may be for all time, it is a grief, it is a bereavement. it is a death; long days and years may run their course, and yet the image is there; there, and not there—present in dream and vision, absent in converse and in communion. The Word of God is so tender to us, so full of sympathy, that it paints this kind of parting in all its bitterness. No passage of Scripture has been more fondly read and re-read by severed friends than that which contains the record of the love, 'passing the love of women,' between David and the king's son. That last farewell, of which the Prophet Samuel did not disdain to write the full, the almost photographic history, had in it no pang of unfaithfulness or broken vow: the two friends loved afterwards, in absence and distance; and it was given to one of them to bewail the death, in glorious though disastrous battle. of the other, in a strain of lyric lamentation which for beauty and pathos stands still unrivalled among the dirges and dead-marches of the most gifted minstrels and musicians of earth.

There are partings between souls. I speak still of this life. The sands of Tyre and Miletus were wet with tears when St. Paul there took leave of disciples and elders. But those separations were brightened by an immortal hope, and he could commend his desolate ones to the word of God's grace, as able to give them an inheritance at last with him and with the saved. I call that a tolerable, a bearable parting. God grant it to us! How different is it when souls part!

There are partings every day between souls. There are those who once knew each other intimately, called each other friends, who now scarcely know whether the once beloved be dead or living. There are those who have drifted asunder, not because one is a lawyer and the other a clergyman; not because one has had experience abroad of battles or sieges, and the other has led the home life of a merchant or a landowner; not even because seas and lands have permanently separated them, and hands once closely clasped in friendship can never meet again in loving embrace on this side the grave. They have parted, not in body but in spirit. Ghosts of old obsolete worn-out friendships haunt the chambers of this being. to remind us of the hollowness of human possessions, and the utter transitoriness of all affections save one.

Go on then from the partings of time to the death-parting which must come. Set yourselves in full view of that—take into your thought what it is—ask, in each several aspect of earth's associations and companionships, what will be for you the meaning of the text—'He saw him no more.'

The life-partings, and the soul-partings, all derive their chief force and significance from the latest and most awful—the one death-parting, which is not probably, but certainly, before each and all. 'He saw him no more.' That parting which the text itself describes was momentous, was memorable. That consecration of the prophet by the prophet—that original casting upon him of the mantle, by which his designation was announced to him—now fulfilled in the very falling upon him of the same mantle, as the chariot of fire made its way into the abyss of heaven above—turned a common life, a life of ploughing and farming, prosperous (it should seem)

and weathy, into a life of absolute unworldliness, a life of dedication to God's service, and to the highest interests of a generation. This parting was indeed a meeting. It brought two lives and two souls into one, as no length of bodily converse could have united them. The spirit of Elijah then began to rest on Elisha, when they were parted for ever as to the society and fellowship of the living. It has ever been so with those highest and most solemn unities in which man with man, and man with his God, finds the crown and consummation of his being. It is through the death-parting that the everlasting meeting begins.

The Ascension.

When a man's heart is crushed within him by the galling tyranny of sense; when, from the dawning of the day till the setting of the sun, and for hours beyond it, he is compelled to gather straw for Egypt's bricks, and to bake them in the world's scorching kiln, till the spring of life is dried up within, and he is ready to say, Let me but eat and drink and sleep, for there is nothing real but this endless task-work; then, how sweet to say to one's self: 'And a cloud received him out of their sight.' Yes, just out of sight, but as certainly as if the eye could pierce it, there is a heaven all bright, all pure, all real; there is One there who has my very nature, in it toiled as ceaselessly as the most care-worn and world-laden of us all, having no home, and no leisure so much as to eat. He is there—His warfare accomplished, His life's labour fulfilled; He is there, at rest, yet still working, working for me, bearing me upon His heart, feeling for and feeling with me in each trial and in each temptation; and not feeling only, but praying too, with that intercession which is not only near but inside God; and not interceding only, but also ministering grace hour by hour, coming into me with that very thought and recollection of good, that exact resolution and purpose and aspiration which is needed to keep me brave and to keep me pure. Only let my heart be fully set to maintain that connection, that spiritual marriage and union, which is between Christ above and the soul below; only let me cherish, by prayer and watching that spirit of soberness, that freedom (to use St. Peter's strong phrase in this day's Epistle) from the intoxications of sense, which makes a man in the world and yet not of it—and I too shall at last reach that blessed home where Christ already is, and is for me!

Thus, too, when sorrow comes, when the light of this life is quenched and annihilated by reason of some fond wish frustrated or some precious possession torn away; when I am beginning to say, take away now my life, for there is nothing left to live for—then I look upward and see, if not at this moment the bow in the cloud, the bow of hope and promise, yet at least the cloud—the cloud behind which Jesus is, Jesus the Man of Sorrows, having still a thought for every struggling sorrowing man, and holding in His hand the very medicine, the very balm, for the particular sorrow, the particular void, the particular stroke and pang, of each disconsolate desolate wayfarer towards the home and the rest.

Such is one part of the doctrine—let us say, one utterance of the voice—of the ascension. This is not your home. This life is not your all—no, not even now. Behind the cloud which witnessed the view of the ascending Lord, there, there is your country, your city, your church, your dwelling-place, even now. 'Ye are come,' the apostle says, 'to the city of the living God, to the spirits of the perfected just, to Jesus the Mediator, and to God the Father of all.'

Comfort is strength. The very word means it. But we separate the two—in idea at least—and the ascension has both for us. We want not soothing only, but invigoration too. The ascension has a voice of this kind. 'The Lord working with them.' They went forth everywhere, in the strength of the ascension—the Lord working with them. He who is Himself in heaven for us, will have us on earth for Him. We must be His witnesses.

Think we, all of us, of that coming day when the cloud which concealed shall be the cloud which reveals Him. It is a solemn and touching thing to gaze into the fathomless depth of a perfectly clear sunlit or starlit sky, and lose ourselves in wonder and awe, as we vainly search out its mysterious, its ever-growing and multiplying secrets. But scarcely less solemn or less touching, to one whose Bible is in his heart, to mark that little cloud, small as a man's hand, which just specks with white the otherwise blue expanse, and which, though it seems nearer, less ethereal, less celestial far than the other, is yet the token to Christian eyes of an ascension past

and an advent future. A cloud then received Him. Ye shall see Him coming in a cloud. Knit the two in your thoughts—knit the two in your prayers and your aspirations—live in the twofold light of the angels' ascension-day greeting. 'This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go.'

DR LIDDON.

The Rev. Henry Parry Liddon, D.D., D.C.L., Canon of St. Paul's, and Ireland Professor of Exegesis in the university of Oxford, is author of the Bampton Lectures for 1866, the subject being 'The Divinity of our Lord and Saviour;' also 'Sermons Preached before the University of Oxford,' 'Some Elements of Religion, being Lent Lectures,' &c. Dr. Liddon was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and took his degree of M.A. in 1852. From 1854 to 1859 he was Vice-principal of the Theological College of Cuddesden; in 1864 he was appointed a prebendary of Salisbury Cathedral. The volume of university sermons was originally published under the title 'Some Words for God,' but that title was soon dropped—wisely we think—as 'liable to misconstruction and in deference to the opinion of critics.' The author says his volume makes no pretention to be a volume of essays. 'An essay belongs to general literature; a sermon is the language of the Church.' Dr. Liddon, however, is an eloquent preacher, whose pulpit ministrations are highly prized, and appear to want no other graces of literature than those which he adopts.

Faith and Intellect (2 Cor. x. 5).

Here is an Apostle of the Lord Jesus who used the language of a soldier. He is planning a campaign; nay, rather he is making war: he glows with the fire of a genuine military enthusiasm. The original Greek which he uses has in it a vigour and point which is lost, to a great extent, in our English translation. The writer might almost be a Roman general, charged to sustain the honour of the Empire in a revolted province or beyond a remote frontier, and bent upon illustrating the haughty maxim which defined the duty of an imperial people—

To spare the vanquished, but to crush the proud.

Indeed, it has been urged that the recent history of Cilicia itself may have well suggested this language to St. Paul. The Apostle's native country had been the scene of some very fierce struggles in the wars against Mithridates and the pirates; and we are told that the latter war was only ended, not sixty years before the Apostle's birth, by the reduction of one hundred and twenty strongholds and the capture of more than ten thousand prisoners. The dismantled ruins may have easily and naturally impressed the boyish imagination of Saul of Tarsus with a vivid sense of the destructive energy of the military power of Rome; but the Apostle of the nations only remembers these earlier impressions to give them a spiritual application. The weapons of his warfare are not carnal; the standard under which he fights is a more sacred sign than that of the Cæsar; the operations which he projects are to be carried out in a territory more difficult of conquest than any which kept the conquerors of the world at bay. He is invading the region of human thought; and as he fights for God, he is sternly resolved upon conquest. He sees rising before him the lofty fortresses of hostile errors; they must be reduced and razed. Every mountain fastness to which the enemy of Light and Love can retreat must be scaled and destroyed; and all the thought of the human soul which is hostile to the authority of the Divine truth, must be 'led away as a prisoner of war' into the camp of Christ. Truly a vast and unaccountable ambition; a dream—if it were not, as it was, a necessity; a tyranny—if anything less

vigorous and trenchant had been consistent with the claims of the Truth of God, or equal to the needs of the soul of man.

The particular opposition to the work of Christ which the Apostle encountered at Corinth was indeed less intellectual in its form than the Galatian Judaism, or than the theosophic angel-worship which was popular at Colosse, or than the more sharply-defined heresies of a later time which, as we know from the pastoral epistles, threatened or infected the churches of Ephesus and Crete. St. Paul's Corinthian opponents resisted, deprecated, disowned, beyond everything else, the Apostle's own personal authority. This, however, was the natural course of things at a time when single apostles well-nigh impersonated the whole doctrinal action of the Church; and feeling this, St. Paul speaks not as one who was reasserting a personal claim of any sort, but merely and strictly as a soldier, as an organ, I might say, as a function, of the truth. The truth had an indefeasible right to reign in the intellect of man. The Apostle asserts that right, when he speaks of bringing the whole intelligence of man into the obedience of Christ. Now, as then, Christ's Church is militant here on earth, not less in the sphere of thought than in the sphere of outward and visible action; and St. Paul's burning words rise above the temporary circumstances which called them forth, and furnish a motto and an encouragement to us who, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, fight in the ranks of the same army and against the same kind of foes as he did.

Remark, first of all, that it is 'the undue exaltation of' intellect with which the Church of Christ is in energetic and perpetual conflict. With intellect itself, with really moral and reasonable intellect, with the thought of man recognising at once its power and its weakness, its vast range and its necessary limits, religion has, can have, no quarrel. It were a libel on the all-wise Creator to suppose that between intellect and spirit, between thought and faith, there could be any original relations other than those of perfect harmony. Paradise could have been the scene of no such unseemly conflict as that which we are considering; and here, as elsewhere in human nature, we are met with unmistakable traces of the fall of our first parent. A range of granite mountains, which towers proudly above the alluvial soil of a neighbouring plain and above the softer rocks at its immediate base, speaks to the geologist of a subterranean fire that at some remote epoch had thus upheaved the primal crust of the earth with convulsive violence. And the arrogant pretensions of human thought in the children of Adam speak no less truly of an ancient convulsion which has marred the harmony of the faculties of the soul, and has forced the mind of fallen man into an attitude which instinctively disputes the claims of revelation.

The Mysteries of Nature.

The wonderful world in which we men pass this stage of our existence, whether the higher world of faith be open to our gaze or not, is a very temple of many and august mysteries. You will walk, perhaps, to-morrow afternoon into the country; and here or there the swelling buds, or the first fresh green of the opening leaf, will remind you that already spring is about to re-enact before your eyes the beautiful spectacle of her yearly triumph. Everywhere around you are evidences of the existence and movement of a mysterious power which you can neither see, nor touch, nor define, nor measure, nor understand. This power lives speechless, noiseless, unseen, yet energetic, in every bough above your head, in every blade of grass beneath your feet. It bursts forth from the grain into the shoot, from the branch into the bud; it bursts into leaf, and flower, and fruit. It creates bark, and fibre; it creates height and bulk; it yields grace of form and lustre of colour. It is incessant in its labour; it is prodigal of its beauty; it is uniformly generous and bountiful in its gifts to man. Yet, in itself, what is it? You give it a name; you call it vegetation. And perhaps you are a botanist; you trace out and you register the variety of its effects, and the signs of its movement. But after all you have only labelled it. Although it is so common, it is not in reality familiar to you. Although you have watched it unthinkingly from your childhood upwards, and perhaps see in it nothing remarkable now, you may well pause in wonder and awe before it, for of a truth it is a mystery. What is it in itself—this power which is so certainly around you, yet which so perfectly escapes you when you attempt to detect or to detain it in your grasp? What is it,

this pervading force, this life-principle, this incomprehensible yet most certainly present fact, but an assertion of the principle of mystery which robes the soil of God's earth with life and beauty, that everywhere it may cheer the faith and rebuke the pride of man! Yes, when next you behold the green field or the green tree, be sure that you are in the presence of a very sacrament of nature; your eye rests upon the outward and visible sign of an inward and wholly invisible force.

Or look at those other forces with which you seem to be so much at home, and which you term attraction and gravitation. What do you really know about them? You name them, perhaps you can repeat a mathematical expression which measures their action. But after all you have only named and described an effect; you have not accounted for, you have not penetrated into, you have not unveiled its cause. Why, I ask, in the nature of things, should such laws reign around us? They do reign; but why? what is the power which determines gravitation? where does it reside? how is it to be seized, apprehended, touched, examined? There it is, but there, inaccessible to your keenest study, it remains veiled and buried. You would gladly capture and subdue and understand it; but, as it is, you are forced to confess the presence of something which you cannot even approach.

And you yourselves—fearfully and wonderfully made as you are—what are you but living embodiments, alike in your lower and your higher natures, and in the law of their union, of this all-pervading principle of mystery? The life-power which feels and moves in your bodies successfully eludes the knife of the anatomist, as he lays bare each nerve and each muscle that contributes to the perfection of feeling and movement. Yet how much more utterly mysterious is your human nature when you examine its higher aspects; when you analyse mind, and personality, and that marvellous mystery of language, wherein thought takes nothing less than a physical form, and passes by means of a sensible vehicle from one immaterial spirit to another!

ISAAC TAYLOR—DR. WARDLAW.

A long series of works on theology and mental philosophy—ingenious in argument, and often eloquent though peculiar in style—proceeded from the pen of Isaac Taylor (1787–1865). Mr. Taylor's father was an artist and engraver, a nonconformist, who afterwards became minister of an independent congregation at Colchester, and subsequently at Ongar in Essex (*ante*). Isaac Taylor was born at Lavenham in Suffolk. He first commenced writing in the 'Eclectic Review.' He seems to have early settled down to literature as a profession. In 1822 appeared 'Elements of Thought;' in 1825, 'The History of the Transmission of Ancient Books to Modern Times;' in 1826, 'The Process of Historical Proof;' in 1829, 'The Natural History of Enthusiasm.' At that time the belief that a bright era of renovation, union, and extension presently awaited the Christian Church was generally entertained. Mr. Taylor participated, he says, in the cheering hope, and his glowing language and unsectarian zeal found many admirers. The tenth edition of the volume is now before us. Discord, however, soon sprung up in Oxford; and Mr. Taylor, in some papers on 'Ancient Christianity,' published periodically, combated the arguments of the Tractarians, and produced a number of works, all of a kindred character, illustrating Christian faith or morals. These are—'Spiritual Despotism,' 1835; 'Physical Theory of Another Life,' 1839; 'Lectures on Spiritual Christianity,' 1841; 'Saturday Evening,' 1842; 'History of Fanaticism,' 1843; 'Loyola and Jesuitism,' 1849; 'Wesley and Methodism,' 1851; 'Home Education,'

1852; 'The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry,' 1853; 'The Restoration of Belief,' 1855; &c. In 1856, Mr. Taylor wrote for the 'North British Review' a long critical analysis of the works of Dr. Chalmers, which gave great offence to many of the leading supporters of the 'Review,' and led to its suspension for some time. With cordial admiration of the character and exertions of our great countryman, Mr. Taylor questioned if much of his writing would live. The works of Dr. Chalmers, he said, were deficient in method, in condensation, and style; his reasoning was also frequently inconsistent, and his opinions were hampered by adherence to creed, or to the systematic theology of Scotland. The following extracts will give an idea of the style and manner of Mr. Taylor.

Rapid Exhaustion of the Emotional Faculties.—From 'Physical Theory of Another Life.'

Every one accustomed to reflect upon the operations of his own mind, must be aware of a distinction between the intellectual and the moral faculties as to the rate at which they severally move: for while the reasoning power advances in a manner that might be likened to an increase according to the rule of arithmetical progression, and which consists in the adding of one proposition to another, and in the accumulation of equal quantities; it is, on the contrary, the characteristic of the passions, and of all intense sentiments, to rise with an accelerated movement, and to increase at the rate of a geometrical progression. Even the milder emotions of love and joy, and much more the vehement sensations, such as hatred, anger, jealousy, revenge, despair, tend always towards this sort of rapid enhancement, and fail to do so only as they are checked, either by a sense of danger connected with the indulgence of them, or by feelings of corporeal exhaustion, or by the interference of the incidents and interests of common life. Especially it is to be noticed that those of the emotions which kindle or are kindled by the imagination, are liable to an acceleration such as produces a physical excitement highly perilous both to mind and body, and needing to be speedily diverted. And although the purely moral emotions are not accompanied with precisely the same sort of corporeal disturbance, nevertheless, when they actually gain full possession of the soul, they rapidly exhaust the physical powers, and bring on a state of torpor, or of general indifference.

Now this exhaustion manifestly belongs to the animal organisation: nor can we doubt that if it were possible to retain the body in a state of neutrality, or of perfect quiescence, from the first to the last, during a season of profound emotion, then these same affections might advance much further, and become far more intense, than as it is, they ever can or may. The corporeal limitation of the passions becomes, in truth, a matter of painful consciousness whenever they rise to an unusual height, or are long continued; and there takes place then within the bosom, an agony, partly animal, partly mental, and a very uneasy sense of the inadequateness of our strongest emotions to the occasion that calls them out. We feel that we cannot feel as we should: emotions are frustrate, and the affections which should have sprung upward are detained in a paroxysm on earth. It is thus with the noblest sentiments, and thus with profound grief; and the malign and vindictive passions draw their tormenting force from this very sense of restraint, and they *rend* the soul because they can *move* it so little. Does there not arise amid these convulsions of our nature, a tacit anticipation of a future state, in which the soul shall be able to feel, and to take its full of emotion?

Selfishness of the Anchoret.—From 'The Natural History of Enthusiasm.'

The ancient monkery was a system of the most deliberate selfishness. That solicitude for the preservation of individual interests which forms the basis of the human constitution, is so broken up and counteracted by the claims and pleasures of domestic life, that though the principle remains, its manifestations are sup-

pressed, and its predominance effectually prevented, except in some few tempers peculiarly unsocial. But the anchoret is a selfist by his very profession; and like the sensualist, though his taste is of another kind, he pursues his personal gratification, reckless of the welfare of others. His own advantage or delight, or—to use his favourite phrase—the good of his soul is the sovereign object of his cares. His meditations, even if they embrace the compass of heaven, come round ever and again to find their ultimate issue in his own bosom; but can that be true wisdom which just ends at the point whence it started? True wisdom is a progressive principle. In abjuring the use of the active faculties, in reducing himself by the spell of vows to a condition of physical and moral annihilation, the insulated says to his fellows, concerning whatever might otherwise have been converted to their benefit, 'It is corban;' thus making void the law of love to our neighbour, by a pretended intensity of love to God.

That so monstrous an immorality should have dared to call itself by the name of Sanctity, and should have done so too in front of Christianity, is indeed amazing, and could never have happened if Christianity had not first been shorn of its life-giving warmth, as the sun is deprived of its power of heat when we ascend into the rarity of upper space.

The tendency of a taste for imaginative indulgences to petrify the heart, has been already adverted to, and it receives a signal illustration in the monkish life, especially in its more perfect form of absolute separation from the society of man. The anchoret was a disjoined particle, frozen deep into the mass of his own selfishness, and there embedded, below the touch of every human sympathy. This sort of meditative insulation is the ultimate and natural issue of all enthusiastic piety; and may be met with even in our own times, among those who have no inclination to run away from the comforts of common life.

Hebrew Figurative Theology.—From 'The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry.'

The Hebrew writers, one and all, with marvellous unanimity, speak of God *relatively only* or as He is related to the immediate religious purposes of their teaching. . . . It is the human spirit always that is the central or cohesive principle of the Hebrew Theology. The theistic affirmations that are scattered throughout the books of the Old Testament are not susceptible of a synthetic adjustment by any rule of logical distribution; and although they are never contradictory one of another, they may seem to be so, inasmuch as the principle which would shew their accordance stands remote from human apprehension: it must be so; and to suppose otherwise would be to affirm that the finite mind may grasp the infinite. The several elements of Theism are complementary one of another, only in relation to the needs and to the discipline of the human mind; not so in relation to its modes of speculative thought, or to its own reason. Texts packed in order will not build up a theology, in a scientific sense; what they will do is this: they meet the variable necessities of the spiritual life, in every mood, and in every possible occasion of that life. . . .

If we were to bring together the entire compass of the figurative theology of the Scriptures (and this must be the theology of the Old Testament), it would be easy to arrange the whole in periphery around the human spirit, as related to its manifold experiences; but a hopeless task it would be to arrange the same passages as if in circle around the hypothetic attributes of the Absolute Being. The human reason falters at every step in attempting so to interpret the Divine Nature; yet the quickened soul interprets for itself, and it does so anew every day, those signal passages upon which the fears, the hopes, the griefs, the consolations of years gone by have set their mark.

A son of Isaac Taylor, bearing the same name, and Vicar of Holy Trinity, Twickenham, is author of an interesting volume, 'Words and Places,' or etymological illustrations of history, ethnology, and geography (third edition, 1873). Mr. Taylor bids fair to add fresh lustre to the 'family pen.'

Dr. Ralph Wardlaw (1779–1853), of the Independent Church,

Glasgow, was author of 'Discourses on the Socinian Controversy,' 1814, which have been frequently reprinted, and which Robert Hall said completely exhausted the subject. Dr. Wardlaw published various sermons and theological essays, and was a learned, able divine, and a very impressive preacher. A Life of Dr. Wardlaw was published in 1856 by Dr. W. L. Alexander.

REV. THOMAS DALE, ETC.

The Rev. Thomas Dale, Canon of St. Paul's, Vicar of St. Pancras, and ultimately Dean of Rochester, was author of two volumes of 'Sermons,' the first preached at St. Bride, 1830, and the second before the university of Cambridge, 1832–36. The other publications of Mr. Dale are—'The Sabbath Companion,' 1844; 'Commentary on the Twenty-third Psalm,' 1845; 'The Domestic Liturgy and Family Chaplain,' 1846; &c. Mr. Dale, while at college in Cambridge, published some poetical narratives, 'The Widow of Nain,' 'The Outlaw of Tarsus,' and 'Irad and Adah,' afterwards collected into one volume, 1842. Mr. Dale was a native of London, born in 1797. He was for some time Professor of English Literature at the London University, and subsequently at King's College. He died in 1870.

The 'Bridgewater Treatises' form a valuable series of works on the theology of natural history. The Earl of Bridgewater (1758–1829) bequeathed a sum of £8000 to be invested in the public funds, and paid to persons appointed by the President of the Royal Society to write and publish works on the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God as manifested in the Creation. The works so produced are—'The Hand, its Mechanism and Vital Endowments, as evincing Design,' by Sir Charles Bell, Professor of Surgery in the university of Edinburgh (1774–1842); 'Geology and Mineralogy considered with Reference to Natural Theology,' by Dr. William Buckland, Dean of Westminster (1784–1856); 'The Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man,' by Dr. Thomas Chalmers (1780–1847); 'The Physical Condition of Man,' by Dr. John Kidd; 'The Habits and Instincts of Animals,' by the Rev. W. Kirby (1759–1851); 'Chemistry and Meteorology,' by Dr. W. Prout; 'Animal and Vegetable Physiology,' by Dr. P. M. Roget (1779–1869); 'Astronomy and General Physics,' by Dr. W. Whewell (1794–1866). The names here given afford sufficient evidence of the judicious administration of the trust. The President of the Royal Society called in to his aid, in selecting the writers, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London, and it is creditable to their liberality that the first of the treatises was assigned to a Presbyterian minister—Dr. Chalmers.

PROFESSOR JOWETT.

The Rev. Benjamin Jowett, a native of Camberwell, and born in 1817, was elected to a scholarship at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1835, and became a Fellow in 1838. In 1842 he commenced his career

as tutor, which he held till 1870, when he was elected Master of Balliol College. In the interval Mr. Jowett held several appointments and published several works. In 1855, on the recommendation of Lord Palmerston, he was appointed Regius Professor of Greek, and the same year he published a 'Commentary on the Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, Gallatians, and Romans.' In 1860 he contributed an essay on the 'Interpretation of Scripture' to the volume entitled 'Essays and Reviews.' In this essay, and also in his commentary on St. Paul's Epistles, Professor Jowett was charged with having promulgated heretical opinions, and the case was brought before the Church courts, but dismissed on the ground of the inapplicability of the statute under which the proceedings had been instituted. In 1871 the learned professor published the result of many years' labour, 'Plato's Dialogues translated into English, with Analyses and Introductions,' four volumes.

On the Interpretation of Scripture.

The difference of interpretation which prevails among ourselves is partly traditional, that is to say, inherited from the controversies of former ages. The use made of Scripture by Fathers of the Church, as well as by Luther and Calvin, affects our idea of its meaning at the present hour. Another cause of the multitude of interpretations is the growth or progress of the human mind itself. Modes of interpreting vary as time goes on; they partake of the general state of literature or knowledge. It has not been easily or at once that mankind have learned to realise the character of sacred writings—they seem almost necessarily to veil themselves from human eyes as circumstances change; it is the old age of the world only that has at length understood its childhood. (Or rather perhaps is beginning to understand it, and learning to make allowance for its own deficiency of knowledge; for the infancy of the human race, as of the individual, affords but few indications of the workings of the mind within.) More often than we suppose, the great sayings and doings upon the earth, 'thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,' are lost in a sort of chaos to the apprehension of those that come after. Much of past history is dimly seen, and receives only a conventional interpretation, even when the memorials of it remain. There is a time at which the freshness of early literature is lost; mankind have turned rhetoricians, and no longer write or feel in the spirit which created it. In this unimaginative period in which sacred or ancient writings are partially unintelligible, many methods have been taken at different times to adapt the ideas of the past to the wants of the present. One age has wandered into the flowery paths of allegory,

> In pious meditation fancy fed;

another has straightened the liberty of the Gospel by a rigid application of logic, the former being a method which was at first more naturally applied to the Old Testament, the latter to the New. Both methods of interpretation, the mystical and logical, as they may be termed, have been practised on the Vedas and the Koran, as well as on the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, the true glory and note of divinity in these latter being not that they have hidden mysterious or double meanings, but a simple and universal one, which is beyond them and will survive them. Since the revival of literature, interpreters have not unfrequently fallen into error of another kind from a pedantic and misplaced use of classical learning; the minute examination of words often withdrawing the mind from more important matters. A tendency may be observed within the last century to clothe systems of philosophy in the phraseology of Scripture. But 'new wine cannot thus be put into old bottles.' Though roughly distinguishable by different ages, these modes or tendencies also exist together; the remains of all of them may be remarked in some of the popular commentaries of our own day.

More common than any of these methods, and not peculiar to any age, is that which may be called by way of distinction the rhetorical one. The tendency to exaggerate or amplify the meaning of simple words for the sake of edification may indeed have a practical use in sermons, the object of which is to awaken not so much the intellect as the heart and conscience. Spiritual food, like natural, may require to be of a certain bulk to nourish the human mind. But this 'tendency to edification' has had an unfortunate influence on the interpretation of Scripture. For the preacher almost necessarily oversteps the limits of actual knowledge; his feelings overflow with the subject; even if he have the power, he has seldom the time for accurate thought or inquiry; and in the course of years spent in writing, perhaps without study, he is apt to persuade himself, if not others, of the truth of his own repetitions.

REV. JAMES MARTINEAU.

The Rev. James Martineau (brother of Harriet Martineau), born in 1805, was for some time pastor of dissenting congregations (Unitarian) in Dublin and Liverpool, and afterwards Professor of Moral Philosophy in New College, Manchester, and in London. In 1861, he accepted the appointment of preacher in a chapel in Little Portland Street. Mr. Martineau is an eloquent preacher and writer: his chief works are—'The Rationale of Religious Inquiry,' 1825; 'Endeavours after the Christian Life,' 1847; 'Studies of Christianity,' 1858; 'Essays, Philosophical and Theological,' two series, 1868–69; &c. We subjoin two passages from the 'Endeavours after the Christian Life.'

Nothing Human ever Dies.

Standing as each man does in the centre of a wide circumference of social influences, recipient as he is of innumerable impressions from the mighty human heart, his inward being may be justly said to consist far more in others' lives than in his own; without them and alone, he would have missed the greater part of the thoughts and emotions which make up his existence; and when he dies, he carries away their life rather than his own. He dwells still below, within their minds: their image in his soul (which perhaps is the best element of their being) passes away to the world incorruptible above.

All that is noble in the world's past history, and especially the minds of the great and good, are, in like manner, never lost.

The true records of mankind, the human annals of the earth, are not to be found in the changes of geographical names, in the shifting boundaries of dominion, in the travels and adventures of the baubles of royalty, or even in the undulations of the greater and lesser waves of population. We have learned nothing, till we have penetrated far beyond these casual and external changes, which are of interest only as the effect and symptoms of the great mental vicissitudes of our race. History is an account of the past experience of humanity; and this, like the life of the individual, consists in the ideas and sentiments, the deeds and passions, the truths and toils, the virtues and the guilt, of the mind and heart within. We have a deep concern in preserving from destruction the *thoughts* of the past, the leading conceptions of all remarkable forms of civilisation: the achievements of genius, of virtue, and of high faith. And in this nothing can disappoint us: for though these things may be individually forgotten, collectively they survive, and are in action still. All the past ages of the world were necessary to the formation of the present: they are essential ingredients in the events that occur daily before our eyes. One layer of time has Providence piled upon another for immemorial ages: we that live stand now upon this 'great mountain of the Lord:' were the strata below removed, the fabric and ourselves would fall in ruins. Had Greece, or Rome, or Palestine been other than they were, Christianity could not have been what it is: had Romanism been different, Protestantism could not have been the same, and we might not have been here this day. The separate civilisations of past countries may be of colours

singly indiscernible; but in truth they are the prismatic rays which, united, form our present light. And do we look back on the great and good, lamenting that they are gone? Do we bend in commemorative reverence before them, and wish that our lot had been cast in their better days? What is the peculiar function which Heaven assigns to such minds, when tenants of our earth? Have the great and the good any nobler office than to touch the human heart with deep veneration for greatness and goodness?—to kindle in the understanding the light of more glorious conceptions, and in the conscience the fires of a holier virtue? And that we grieve for their departure, and invoke their names, is proof that they are performing such blessed office still—that this their highest life for others, compared with which their personal agency is nothing, is not extinct. Indeed, God has so framed our memory that it is the infirmities of noble souls which chiefly fall into the shadows of the past; while whatever is fair and excellent in their lives, comes forth from the gloom in ideal beauty, and leads us on through the wilds and mazes of our mortal way. Nor does the retrospect, thus glorified, deceive us by any fallacy; for things present with us we comprehend far less completely, and appreciate less impartially, than things past. Nothing can become a clear object of our thought, while we ourselves are in it: we understand not our childhood till we have left it; our youth, till it has departed; our life itself, till it verges to its close; or the majesty of genius and holiness, till we look back on them as fled. Each portion of our human experience becomes in succession intelligible to us, as we quit it for a new point of view. God has stationed us at the intersecting line between the known and the unknown: He has planted us on a floating island of mystery, from which we survey the expanse behind in the clear light of experience and truth, and cleave the waves, invisible, yet ever breaking, of the unbounded future. Our very progress, which is our peculiar glory, consists in at once losing and learning the past; in gaining fresh stations from which to take a wiser retrospect, and become more deeply aware of the treasures we have used. We are never so conscious of the succession of blessings which God's providence has heaped on us, as when lamenting the lapse of years; and are then richest in the fruits of time, when mourning that time steals those fruits away.

Space and Time.

Who can deny the effect of wide space alone in aiding the conception of vast time? The spectator who, in the dingy cellar of the city, under the oppression of a narrow dwelling, watching the last moments of some poor mendicant, finds incongruity and perplexity in the thought of the eternal state, would feel the difficulty vanish in an instant, were he transplated to the mountain-top, where the plains and streams are beneath him, and the clouds are near him, and the untainted breeze sweeps by, and he stands alone with nature and with God. And when, in addition to the mere spectacle and love of nature, there is a knowledge of it too; when the laws and processes are understood which surround us with wonder and beauty every day, when the great cycles are known through which the material world passes without decay; then, in the immensity of human hopes, there appears nothing which needs stagger faith: it seems no longer strange, that the mind which interprets the material creation should survive its longest period, and be admitted to its remoter realms.

Some Scottish Presbyterian ministers remain to be mentioned:

DR. CANDLISH—DR. CUMMING.

Dr. Robert S. Candlish was one of the ministers of Edinburgh—son of an early friend of Burns the poet. He was born in Edinburgh in 1806. In 1834 he became minister of St George's, Edinburgh; but seceding from the Established Church in 1843 along with Dr. Chalmers and a large body of the clergy, he was an active and influential member of the Free Church, and an able debater in its courts. He wrote several theological works—'Exposition of the Book of Genesis,' 'Examination of Mr. Maurice's Theological Essays,' 'Discourses on the Resurrection,' &c. Dr. Candlish died in 1873.—Dr.

JOHN CUMMING, of the Scotch Church, London (born in Aberdeenshire in 1809), has distinguished himself by his zeal against popery, and by his interpretation of the Scriptures as to the duration of the world. He has written a great number of religious works—'Apocalyptic Sketches,' 'Voices of the Night,' 'Voices of the Day,' 'Voices of the Dead,' 'Expository Readings on the Old and New Testament,' and various controversial tracts. He is in theology what Mr. G. P. R. James was in fiction—as fluent and as voluminous. Amidst all the fluctuations of opinion on theology and forms of worship, Dr. Cumming has kept together a large congregation of various classes in London.

DR. GUTHRIE.

The REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE was born at Brechin, Forfarshire, July 12, 1803. His father was a banker and merchant. The son was educated for the Scottish Church. 'It occupied me,' he says, 'eight years to run my regular curriculum. I attended the university for two additional years before I became a licentiate, and other five years elapsed before I obtained a presentation to a vacant church, and became minister of the parish of Arbirlot. Here were fifteen years of my life spent—the greater part of them at no small cost—qualifying myself for a profession which, for all that time, yielded me nothing for my maintenance.' And Guthrie adds: 'The inadequate means of creditably supporting themselves and their families of which most ministers have to complain is a very serious matter, threatening, in an enterprising and commercial, and wealthy country such as ours, to drain away talent from the pulpit.' This point is well worthy of consideration. In 1837 Mr. Guthrie was appointed one of the ministers of Old Greyfriars parish in Edinburgh, and by his zeal and eloquence and philanthropy rose into high and general estimation. He left the Establishment at the period of the Disruption in 1843, and became one of the founders of the Free Church. His efforts to reclaim the wretched population of the worst parts of Edinburgh, and his exertions in the promotion of ragged schools, were appreciated by the public, and Dr. Guthrie became not only one of the most popular preachers, but one of the best-beloved citizens of Edinburgh. He was a man of a large heart and truly catholic spirit. As a pulpit orator he has rarely been surpassed. His sermons were marked by poetic imagery and illustration—perhaps too profusely—but generally striking, pathetic, and impressive in a high degree.

'He had all the external attractions of a pulpit orator; an unusually tall and commanding person, with an abundance of easy and powerful, because natural, gesture; a quickly and strongly expressive countenance, which age rendered finer as well as more comely; a powerful, clear, and musical voice, the intonations of which were varied and appropriate, managed with an actor's skill, though there was not the least appearance of art.'

The variety of his illustrations was immense, but he delighted

most, and was most successful, in those of a nautical character. A storm at sea and a shipwreck from Guthrie were paintings never to be forgotten. This eminent preacher and philanthropist died at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, February 24, 1873. His principal works are—'The Gospel in Ezekiel,' 1855; 'Christ and the Inheritance of the Saints,' 1858; 'The Way of Life,' 1862; 'The City, its Sins and Sorrows;' 'Pleas for Ragged Schools;' 'Saving Knowledge, addressed to Young Men;' and various other short religious treatises and tracts on intemperance.

Decadence of the Ancient Portion of Edinburgh.

There is a remarkable phenomenon to be seen on certain parts of our coast. Strange to say, it proves, notwithstanding such expressions as 'the stable and solid land,' that it is not the land but the sea which is the stable element. On some summer day, when there is not a wave to rock her, nor breath of wind to fill her sail or fan a cheek, you launch your boat upon the waters, and, pulling out beyond lowest tide-mark, you idly lie upon her bows to catch the silvery glance of a passing fish, or watch the movements of the many curious creatures that travel the sea's sandy bed, or creeping out of their rocky homes, wander amid its tangled mazes. If the traveller is surprised to find a deep-sea shell imbedded in the marbles of a mountain peak, how great is your surprise to see beneath you a vegetation foreign to the deep! Below your boat, submerged many feet beneath the surface of the lowest tide, away down in these green crystal depths, you see no rusting anchor, no mouldering remains of some shipwrecked one, but in the standing stumps of trees, the mouldering vestiges of a forest, where once the wild cat prowled, and the birds of heaven, singing their loves, had nestled and nursed their young. In counterpart to those portions of our coast where sea-hollowed caves, with sides the waves have polished, and floors still strewed with shells and sand, now stand high above the level of strongest stream-tides, there stand these dead, decaying trees—entombed in the deep. A strange phenomenon, which admits of no other explanation than this, that there the coast-line has sunk beneath its ancient level.

Many of our cities present a phenomenon as melancholy to the eye of a philanthrophist, as the other is interesting to a philosopher or geologist. In their economical, educational, moral, and religious aspects, certain parts of this city bear palpable evidence of a corresponding subsidence. Not a single house, nor a block of houses, but whole streets, once from end to end the homes of decency, and industry, and wealth, and rank, and piety, have been engulfed. A flood of ignorance, and misery, and sin now breaks and roars above the top of their highest tenements. Nor do the old stumps of a forest still standing up erect beneath the sea-wave, indicate a greater change, a deeper subsidence, than the relics of ancient grandeur, and the touching memorials of piety which yet linger about these wretched dwellings, like evening twilight on the hills—like some traces of beauty on a corpse. The unfurnished floor, the begrimed and naked walls, the stifling, sickening atmosphere, the patched and dusty window—through which a sunbeam, like hope, is faintly stealing—the ragged, hunger-bitten, and sad-faced children, the ruffian man, the heap of straw where some wretched mother, in muttering dreams, sleeps off last night's debauch, or lies unshrouded and uncoffined in the ghastliness of a hopeless death, are sad scenes. We have often looked on them. And they appear all the sadder for the restless play of fancy. Excited by some vestiges of a fresco-painting that still looks out from the foul and broken plaster, the massive marble rising over the cold and cracked hearthstone, an elaborately carved cornice too high for shivering cold to pull it down for fuel, some stucco flowers or fruit yet pendent on the crumbling ceiling, fancy, kindled by these, calls up the gay scenes and actors of other days—when beauty, elegance, and fashion graced these lonely halls, and plenty smoked on groaning tables, and where these few cinders, gathered from the city dust-heap, are feebly smouldering, hospitable fires roared up the chimney.

But there is that in and about these houses which bears witness to a deeper subsidence, a yet sadder change. Bent on some mission of mercy, you stand at the foot of a dark and filthy stair. It conducts you to the crowded rooms of a tenement,

where—with the exception of some old decent widow who has seen better days, and when her family are all dead, and her friends all gone still clings to God and her faith in the dark hour of adversity and amid the wreck of fortune—from the cellar-dens below to the cold garrets beneath the roof-tree, you shall find none either reading their Bible, or even with a Bible to read. Alas! of prayer, of morning or evening psalms, or earthly or heavenly peace, it may be said the place that once knew them knows them no more. But before you enter the doorway, raise your eyes to the lintel-stone. Dumb, it yet speaks of other and better times. Carved in Greek or Latin, or our own mother-tongue, you decipher such texts as these: 'Peace be to this house;' 'Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it;' 'We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;' 'Fear God;' or this, 'Love your neighbour.' Like the mouldering remnants of a forest that once resounded with the melody of birds, but hears nought now save the angry dash or melancholy moan of breaking waves these vestiges of piety furnish a gauge which enables us to measure how low in these dark localities the whole stratum of society has sunk.

Dr. Guthrie's First Interest in Ragged Schools.

My first interest in the cause of Ragged Schools was awakened by a picture which I saw in Anstruther, on the shores of the Firth of Forth. It represented a cobbler's room; he was there himself, spectacles on nose, an old shoe between his knees; that massive forehead and firm mouth indicating great determination of character; and from beneath his shaggy eyebrows benevolence gleamed out on a group of poor children, some sitting, some standing, but all busy at their lessons around him. Interested by this scene, we turned from his picture to the inscription below; and with growing wonder read how this man, by name John Pounds, by trade a cobbler in Portsmouth, had taken pity on the ragged children, whom ministers and magistrates, ladies and gentlemen, were leaving to run wild, and go to ruin on their streets; how, like a good shepherd, he had gone forth to gather in these outcasts, how he had trained them up in virtue and knowledge, and how, looking for no fame, no recompense from man, he, single-handed, while earning his daily bread by the sweat of his face, had, ere he died, rescued from ruin and saved to society no fewer than five hundred children.

I confess that I felt humbled. I felt ashamed of myself. I well remember saying to my companion, in the enthusiasm of the moment, and in my calmer and cooler hours I have seen no reason for unsaying it: 'That man is an honour to humanity. He has deserved the tallest monument ever raised on British shores!' Nor was John Pounds only a benevolent man. He was a genius in his way; at anyrate he was ingenious; and if he could not catch a poor boy in any other way, like Paul, he would win him by guile. He was sometimes seen hunting down a ragged urchin on the quays of Portsmouth, and compelling him to come to school, not by the power of a policeman, but a potato! He knew the love of an Irishman for a potato, and might be seen running alongside an unwilling boy with one held under his nose, with a temper as hot and a coat as ragged as his own. . . .

Strolling one day with a friend among the romantic scenery of the crags and green valleys around Arthur's Seat, we came at length to St. Anthony's well, and sat down on the great black stone beside it to have a talk with the ragged boys who pursue their calling there. Their 'tinnies' [tin dishes] were ready with a draught of the clear cold water in hope of a halfpenny. . . . We began to question them about schools. As to the boys themselves, one was fatherless, the son of a poor widow; the father of the other was alive, but a man of low habits and bad character. Both were poorly clothed. The one had never been at school; the other had sometimes attended a Sabbath-school. Encouraged by the success of Sheriff Watson, who had the honour to lead the enterprise, the idea of a Ragged School was then floating in my brain; and so, with reference to the scheme, and by way of experiment, I said: 'Wou'd you go to school if—besides your learning—you were to get breakfast, dinner, and supper there?' It would have done any man's heart good, to have seen the flash of joy that broke from the eyes of one of them, the flush of pleasure on his cheek, as—hearing of three sure meals a day—the boy leaped to his feet and exclaimed: 'Ay, will I, sir, and bring the hail land [the whole tenement or flat] too;' and then, as if afraid I might withdraw what seemed to him so large and munificent an offer, he exclaimed: 'I'll come for but my dinner, sir!'

DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

The Rev. Norman Macleod (1812–1872), a distinguished member of the Scottish Church, was a native of Campbelton, Argyleshire. He was descended from a family of Highland clergymen, of whose life and labours he has drawn an interesting picture in his 'Reminiscences of a Highland Parish,' 1867. His paternal grandfather was minister of Morven, where his uncle, the Rev. John Macleod, still labours. His father, an enthusiastic Celtic scholar and a shrewd able man, became minister of Campsie, in Stirlingshire, but Norman spent several of his boyish years at Morven, where he enjoyed an open-air life with the excitement of fishing and boating. A love of the sea and of ships and sailors remained with him throughout all his life, and was of importance to him in the way of oratorical illustration, both as a preacher and writer. He studied at Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities—not with any marked distinction—and is described as a special favourite with his fellow-students, 'ever ready with apt quotations from Shakspeare, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Keats.' He was a short time tutor to the son of a Yorkshire squire, with whom he visited Weimar. He sang well to the guitar, sketched cleverly, was as keen a waltzer as any *attache* in Weimar, and threw himself with a vivid sense of enjoyment into the gaieties of the little capital. But with it all, he held fast to his own convictions of right and truth, and only once attended the duke's court on Sunday. To the simple forms and service of the Presbyterian Church he was strongly attached, though he gradually dropped some of the strict Calvinistic doctrines, and inclined to the more genial theology of men like Stanley, Maurice, and others of what is termed the Broad Church. He thus describes a confirmation scene in York Cathedral: 'The scene was beyond all description. Fancy upwards of three thousand children under fifteen, the females dressed in white, with ladies and gentlemen, all assembled in that glorious minster—the thousand stained glass windows throwing a dazzling light of various hues on the white mass—the great organ booming through the never-ending arches! The ceremony is intensely simple: they come in forties and fifties and surround the bishop, who repeats the vows, and lays his hand successively on each head I could not help comparing this with a sacramental occasion in the Highlands, where there is no minster but the wide heaven, and no organ but the roar of the eternal sea, the church with its lonely churchyard and primitive congregation, and—think of my Scotch pride—I thought the latter scene more grand and more impressive.'

He received his first appointment in the church as minister of Loudon in Ayrshire, a district inhabited by a small proportion of Covenanting farmers and a large number of political weavers. With both, of course, he had his difficulties. The strict theologians examined him on the 'fundamentals,' and the weavers scoffed at religion,

and disputed his political opinions. Visiting one well-known Chartist, he was requested to sit down on a bench at the front of the door, and discuss the 'seven points.' The weaver, with his shirt sleeves turned up, his apron rolled about his waist, and his snuff-mull in his hand, vigorously propounded his favourite political dogmas.

'When he had concluded, he turned to the minister and demanded an answer. "In my opinion," was the reply, "your principles would drive the country into revolution, and create in the long-run national bankruptcy." "Nay-tion-al bankruptcy!" said the old man meditatively, and diving for a pinch. "Div—ye—think—sae?" then, briskly, after a long snuff, "Dod, I'd risk it!" The naiveté of this philosopher, who had scarcely a sixpence to lose, "risking" the nation for the sake of his theory was never forgotten by his companion.'

The frankness and geniality of the young minister melted down all opposition. From Campsie he removed to Dalkeith, and in 1851 he succeeded to the Barony parish, in Glasgow, with which in future his name was to be identified, and in which he laboured with unflagging zeal. His first publication was a volume entitled 'The Earnest Student,' being an account of the life of his brother-in-law, John Mackintosh. The proceeds of the work, amounting to £200, he sent as a contribution to the Indian missions of the Free Church, of which Mackintosh had been a student. In 1858 he received the honorary degree of D.D. He was appointed one of the deans of the Chapel Royal, and one of Her Majesty's chaplains for Scotland. From 1860 till his death, he was editor of 'Good Words,' a periodical projected by Mr. Strahan, the publisher, and which under Dr. Macleod became (as it now continues under his brother and biographer, the Rev. Donald Macleod) eminently successful. To its pages he contributed his stories, 'The Old Lieutenant,' 'The Highland Parish,' 'The Starling,' &c. He was more a man of action than a student, but these works—especially his reminiscences of the Highland parish of his youth—form pleasant and instructive reading. His 'Peeps in the Far East,' describing scenes he had visited, and sketches of society, during a mission to India, are of the same character. His mission to India greatly increased his popularity, and he was equally a favourite with the court and aristocracy and with the inmates of the darkest *closes* and miserable lodgings in Glasgow. He charmed all circles, and sympathised with all. He was honoured with the friendship of the Queen. 'I am never tempted,' he says, 'to conceal my convictions from the Queen, for I feel she sympathises with what is true, and likes the speaker to utter the truth exactly as he believes it.' In another place, he says: 'She has a reasoning, searching mind, anxious to get at the root and reality of things, and abhors all shams, whether in word or deed. . . . It was really grand to hear her talk on moral courage and living for duty.' The domestic life of her Majesty at Balmoral is indicated in

a little note which states that 'the Queen sat down to spin at a nice Scotch wheel, while I read Robert Burns to her—"Tam o' Shanter," and "A Man's a Man for a' that."' These particulars are given in a 'Memoir of Norman Macleod' by his brother (1876), a work executed with admirable taste and judgment. The Indian mission of Dr. Macleod and his incessant work at home, undermined his naturally robust constitution. On the 3d of June 1872 he completed his sixtieth year, and on the 16th he expired—leaving behind him a noble example of devotion to duty, and of self-sacrificing efforts to promote the good of mankind.

Life in a Highland Bothy Fifty Years Since.

When I was young, I was sent to live among the peasantry in the parish (in the West Highlands) so as to acquire a knowledge of the language, and living, as I did, very much like themselves, it was my delight to spend the long evenings in their huts, hearing their tales and songs. These huts were of the most primitive description. They were built of loose stones and clay; the walls were thick, the door low, the rooms numbered one only, or in more aristocratic cases two. The floor was clay; the peat-fire was built in the middle of the floor, and the smoke, when amiable and not bullied by a sulky wind, escaped quietly and patiently through a hole in the roof. The window was like a port-hole, part of it generally filled with glass and part with peat. One bed, or sometimes two (with clean home-made sheets, blankets, and counterpane), a 'dresser' with bowls and plates, a large chest, and a corner full of peat, filled up the space beyond the circle about the fire. Upon the rafters above, black as ebony from peat-reek, a row of hens and chickens with a stately cock roosted in a paradise of heat.

Let me describe one of these evenings. Round the fire are seated, some on stools, some on stones, some on the floor, a happy group. Two or three girls, fine healthy blue-eyed lassies, with their hair tied up with ribbon snood, are knitting stockings. Hugh, the son of Sandy, is busking hocks; big Archy is peeling willow-wands and fashioning them into baskets; the shepherd Donald, the son of Black John, is playing on the Jew's harp; while beyond the circle are one or two herd-boys in kilts, reclining on the floor, all eyes and ears for the stories. The performances of Donald begin the evening, and form interludes to its songs, tales, and recitations. He has two large Lochaber trumps, for Lochaber trumps were to the Highlands what Cremona violins were to musical Europe. He secures the end of each with his teeth, and grasping them with his hands so that the tiny instruments are invisible, he applies the little finger of each hand to their vibrating steel tongues. He modulates their tones with his breath, and brings out of them Highland reels, strathspeys, and jigs—such wonderfully beautiful, silvery, distinct, and harmonious sounds as would draw forth cheers and an encore even in St. James's Hall. But Donald, the son of Black John, is done, and he looks to bonny Mary Cameron for a blink of her hazel eye to reward him, while in virtue of his performance he demands a song from her. Now Mary has dozens of songs, so has Kirsty, so has Flory—love songs, shearing songs, washing songs, Prince Charlie songs, songs composed by this or that poet in the parish; and therefore Mary asks 'What song?' So until she can make up her mind, and have a little playful flirtation with Donald, she requests Hugh, the son of Sandy, to tell a story. Although Hugh has abundance of this material, he too protests that he has none. But having betrayed this modesty, he starts off with one of those which are given by Mr. Campbell ('Highland Tales'), to whose admirable and truthful volumes I refer the reader. When the story is done, improvisation is often tried, and amidst roars of laughter the aptest verses, the truest and most authentic specimens of tales, are made, sometimes in clever satire, sometimes with knowing illusions to the weakness or predilections of those round the fire. Then follow riddles and puzzles; then the trumps resume their tunes, and Mary sings her song, and Kirsty and Flory theirs, and all join in chorus, and who cares for the wind outside or the peet-reek inside! Never was a more innocent or happy group.

This fondness for music from trump, fiddle, or bagpipe, and for song-singing,

story-telling, and improvisation, was universal, and imparted a marvellous buoyancy and intelligence to the people.

These peasants were, moreover, singularly inquisitive and greedy of information. It was a great thing if the schoolmaster or any one else was present who could tell them about other people and other places. I remember an old shepherd who questioned me closely how the hills and rocks were formed, as a gamekeeper had heard some sportsmen talking about this. The questions which were put were no doubt often odd enough. A woman, for example, whose husband was anxious to emigrate to Australia, stoutly opposed the step until she could get her doubts solved on some geographical point that greatly disturbed her. She consulted the minister, and the tremendous question which chiefly weighed on her mind was, whether it was true that the feet of the people there were opposite to the feet of the people at home? And if so, what then?

Wee Davie.

'Wee Davie' was the only child of William Thorburn, blacksmith. He had reached the age at which he could venture, with prudence and reflection, on a journey from one chair to another; his wits kept alive by maternal warnings of 'Tak care, Davie; mind the fire, Davie.' When the journey was ended in safety, and he looked over his shoulders with a crow of joy to his mother, he was rewarded, in addition to the rewards of his own brave and adventurous spirit, by such a smile as equalled only his own, and by the well-merited approval of 'Weel done, Davie!'

Davie was the most powerful and influential member of the household. Neither the British fleet, nor the French army, nor the Armstrong gun had the power of doing what Davie did. They might as well have tried to make a primrose grow or a lark sing!

He was, for example, a wonderful stimulus to labour. The smith had been rather disposed to idleness before his son's arrival. He did not take to his work on cold mornings as he might have done, and was apt to neglect many opportunities, which offered themselves, of bettering his condition; and Jeanie was easily put off by some plausible objection when she urged her husband to make an additional honest penny to keep the house. But 'the bairn' became a new motive to exertion; and the thought of leaving him and Jeanie more comfortable, in case sickness laid the smith aside, or death took him away, became like a new sinew to his powerful arm, as he wielded the hammer and made it ring the music of hearty work on the sounding anvil. The meaning of benefit-clubs, sick-societies, and penny-banks was fully explained by 'wee Davie.'

Davie also exercised a remarkable influence on his father's political views and social habits. The smith had been fond of debates on political questions; and no more sonorous growl of discontent than his could be heard against 'the powers that be,' the injustice done to the masses, or the misery which was occasioned by class legislation. He had also made up his mind not to be happy or contented, but only to endure life as a necessity laid upon him, until the required reforms in church and state, at home and abroad, had been attained. But his wife, without uttering a syllable on matters which she did not even pretend to understand; by a series of acts *out* of Parliament; by reforms in household arrangements; by introducing good *bills* into her own House of Commons; and by a charter, whose points were chiefly very commonplace ones—such as a comfortable meal, a tidy home, a clean fireside, a polished grate, above all, a cheerful countenance and womanly love—by these *radical* changes she had made her husband wonderfully fond of his home. He was, under this teaching, getting too contented for a patriot, and too happy for a man in an ill-governed world. His old companions at last could not coax him out at night. He was lost as a member of one of the most philosophical clubs in the neighbourhood. 'His old pluck,' they said, 'was gone.' The wife, it was alleged by the patriotic bachelors, had 'cowed' him, and driven all the spirit out of him. But 'wee Davie' completed this revolution. I shall tell you how.

One failing of William's had hitherto resisted Jeanie's silent influence. The smith had formed the habit, before he was married, of meeting a few companions, 'just in a friendly way,' on pay-nights at a public-house. It was true that he was never 'what might be called a drunkard'—'never lost a day's work'—'never was the worst for liquor,' &c. But, nevertheless, when he entered the snuggery in Peter

Wilson's whisky-shop, with the blazing fire and comfortable atmosphere; and when, with half-a-dozen talkative, and, to him, pleasant fellows and old companions, he sat round the fire, and the glass circulated; and the gos ip of the week was discussed; and racy stories were told; and one or two songs sung, linked together by memories of old merry-meetings; and current jokes were repeated, with humour, of the tyrannical influence which some would presume to exercise over innocent social enjoyment'—then would the smith's brawny chest expand, and his face beam, and his feelings become malleable, and his sixpences begin to melt, and flow out in generous sympathy into Peter Wilson's fozy hand, to be counted greedily beneath his sodden eyes. And so it was that the smith's wages were always lessened by Peter's gains. His wife had her fears—her horrid anticipations—but did not like to 'even to' her husband anything so dreadful as what she in her heart dreaded. She took her own way, however, to win him to the house and to good, and gentle, insinuated wishes rather than expressed them. The smith, no doubt, she comforted herself by thinking, was only 'merry,' and never ill-tempered or unkind—'yet at times'—'and then, what if—!' Yes, Jeanie, you are right! The demon sneaks into the house by degrees, and at first may be kept out, and the door shut upon him; but let him only once take possession, then he will keep it, and shut the door against everything pure, lovely, and of good report—barring it against thee and 'wee Davie,' ay, and against One who is best of all—and will fill the house with sin and shame, with misery and despair! But 'wee Davie,' with his arm of might, drove the demon out. It happened thus:

One evening when the smith returned home so that 'you could *know it* on him,' Davie toddled forward; and his father, lifting him up, made him stand on his knee. The child began to play with the locks of the Samson, to pat him on the cheek, and to repeat with glee the name of 'dad-a.' The smith gazed on him intently, and with a peculiar look of love, mingled with sadness. 'Isn't he a bonnie bairn?' asked Jeanie, as she looked over her husband's shoulder at the child, nodding and smiling to him. The smith spoke not a word, but gazed intently upon his boy, while some sudden emotion was strongly working in his countenence.

'It's done!' he at last said, as he put his child down.

'What's wrang? what's wrang?' exclaimed his wife as she stood before him, and put her hands round his shoulders, bending down until her face was close to his.

'Everything is wrang, Jeanie.'

'Willy, what is't? are ye no weel?—tell me what's wrang wi' you!—oh, tell me!' she exclaimed, in evident alarm.

'It's a' richt noo,' he said, rising up and seizing the child. He lifted him to his breast, and kissed him. Then looking up in silence, he said: 'Davie has done it, along wi' you, Jeanie. Thank God, I am a free man!'

His wife felt awed, she knew not how.

'Sit doon,' he said, as he took out his handkerchief, and wiped away a tear from his eye, 'and I'll tell you a' about it.'

Jeanie sat on a stool at his feet, with Davie on her knee. The smith seized the child's little hand in one of his own, and with the other took his wife's.

'I hav'na been what ye may ca' a drunkard,' he said, slowly, and like a man abashed. 'but I hae been often as I shouldna hae been, and as, wi' God's help, I never, never will be again!'

'Oh!' exclaimed Jeanie.

'It's done, it's done!' he said: 'as I'm a leevan man, it's done! But dinna greet, Jeanie. Thank God for you and Davie, my best blessings.'

'Except Himsel'!' said Jeanie, as she hung on her husband's neck.

'And noo, woman,' replied the smith, 'nae mair about it; it's done. Gie wee Davie a piece, and get the supper ready.'

REV. DR. JOHN EADIE.

Dr. John Eadie (1813–1876), an eminent Biblical scholar and Professor of Hermeneutics and Christian Evidences to the United Presbyterian Church, was a voluminous writer. His principal works are—'An Analytical Concordance of the Holy Scriptures;' 'Biblical Cyclopædia;' 'Commentaries on the Greek Text of the Epistles of

Paul to the Colossians, Ephesians, and Philippians;' 'Early Oriental History' (issued as a volume of the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana): 'History of the English Bible,' and various other theological writings —lectures, sermons, biographical sketches, &c. His 'History of the English Bible,' published only a few weeks before his death, is an external and critical account of the various English translations of Scripture, and is completely exhaustive of the subject. From his celebrity as a Hebrew scholar and Biblical critic, Dr. Eadie was appointed a member of the committee engaged at Westminster in translating and revising the Scriptures, and regularly attended the monthly meetings of the committee. The Glasgow University (his *alma mater*) conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., and he received the degree of D.D. from the university of St. Andrews. As a professor, Dr. Eadie was highly popular, and in private life was greatly esteemed. He was liberal in many of his views, and differed from most of his Presbyterian brethren in being favourable to the introduction of instrumental music in churches, and in believing that the Scriptures did not forbid marriage with a deceased wife's sister. One interesting trait of the learned divine has been recorded: 'He was particularly fond of flowers and animals, especially birds, of which from his earliest years he kept many about him' (*Scotsman*). Dr. Eadie was a native of Alva in Stirlingshire. After studying at the university of Glasgow he was licensed as a preacher in 1835, and at the time of his death was minister of Lansdowne Church, Glasgow. In 1860, having attained his semi-jubilee as a pastor, his congregation honoured him with a substantial token of their good-will and veneration.

DR. JOHN TULLOCH—DR. JOHN CAIRD.

Dr. John Tulloch, Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, in 1855 received one of the Burnett prizes for a treatise on 'Theism, the Witness of Reason and Nature to an All-wise and All-beneficent Creator.' The Burnett Prize Essays are published under the bequest of an Aberdeen merchant, John Burnett (1739–1784), who left £1600 to be applied every forty years to the foundation of two premiums for essays on the Being and Character of God from Reason and Revelation. Dr. Tulloch, in 1859, published a volume of four lectures, delivered at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh—'Leaders of the Reformation,' or sketches of Luther, Calvin, Latimer, and Knox. He is also author of 'English Puritanism and its Leaders'—'Cromwell,' 'Milton,' &c. 1861; 'Beginning Life,' 'Chapters for Young Men,' 1862; 'Christ of the Gospels and Christ in Modern Criticism,' 1864; 'Studies in the Religious Thought of England,' 1867; 'Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in England in the Seventeenth Century,' two volumes, 1872. This last is an able work, supplying a desideratum in our literature. Also 'The Christian Doctrine of Sin,' 1876.

Liberal English Churchmen.

It was the merit of Hales, and Chillingworth, and Taylor (says Dr. Tulloch), attached as they were personally to one side in this struggle [between the two theories of church organisation], that they penetrated beneath the theoretical narrowness which enslaved both sides, and grasped the idea of the church more profoundly and comprehensively. They saw the inconsistency of a formal *jus divinum* with the essential spirit of Protestantism, imperfectly as this spirit had been developed in England, or indeed elsewhere. According to this spirit, the true idea of the church is moral and not ritual. It consists in certain verities of faith and worship, rather than in any formal unities of creed or order. The genuine basis of Christian communion is to be found in a common recognition of the great realities of Christian thought and life, and not in any outward adhesion to a definite ecclesiastical or theological system. All who profess the Apostles' Creed are members of the church, and the national worship should be so ordered as to admit of all who make this profession. The purpose of these churchmen, in short, was comprehension and not exclusion. While they held that that no single type of church government and worship was absolutely divine, they acknowledged in different forms of church order an expression more or less of the divine ideas which lie at the root of all Christian society, and which—and not any accident of external form—gave to that society its essential character. In a word, the church appeared to them the more divine, the more ample the spiritual activities it embraced, and the less the circle of heresy or dissent it cut off. This breadth and toleration separated them alike from Prelatists and Puritans.

Principal Tulloch is a native of the parish of Tibbermore, Perthshire, of which his father was minister. He was born in 1823. Besides the above works, he has contributed to the reviews and other periodicals, and holds a conspicuous place in the national church. He is author also of 'Religion and Theology, a Sermon for the Times,' 1876. The object of this discourse is to shew that religion and theology are two distinct things, and that a person may be devoutly religious without accepting a complicated creed:

> The knowledge that is essential to religion is a simple knowledge, like that which the loved has of the person who loves, the bride of the bridegroom, the child of the parent. It springs from the personal and spiritual, and not from the cognitive or critical side of our being; from the heart, and not from the head. Not merely so; but if the heart or spiritual sphere be really awakened in us—if there be a true stirring of life here, and a true seeking towards the light—the essence and strength of a true religion may be ours, although we are unable to answer many questions that may be asked, or to solve even the difficulties raised by our own intellect.

In the course of this argument, the preacher notes the fact that under the most various influences and the most diverse types, the same fruits of character appear.

Diverse Modes of Christian Thought.

As some men are said to be born Platonists, and some Aristotelians, so some are born Augustinians, and some Pelagians or Arminians. These names have been strangely identified with true or false views of Christianity. What they really denote is diverse modes of Christian thinking, diverse tendencies of the Christian intellect, which repeat themselves by a law of nature. It is no more possible to make men think alike in theology than in anything else where the facts are complicated and the conclusions necessarily fallible. The history of theology is a history of 'variations;' not indeed, as some have maintained, without an inner principle of movement, but with a constant repetition of oppositions underlying its necessary development. The same contrasts continually appear throughout its course, and seem never to wear themselves out. From the beginning there has always been the broader and the narrower type of thought—a St. Paul and St. John, as well as a St. Peter and St.

James; the doctrine which leans to the works and the doctrine which leans to grace; the milder and the severer interpretations of human nature and of the divine dealings with it—a Clement of Alexandria, an Origen and a Chrysostom, as well as a Tertullian, an Augustine, and a Cyril of Alexandria, an Erasmus no less than a Luther, a Castalio as well as a Calvin, a Frederick Robertson as well as a John Newman. Look at these men and many others equally significant on the spiritual side as they look to God, or as they work for men, how much do they resemble one another! The same divine life stirs them all. Who will undertake to settle which is the truer Christian? But look at them on the intellectual side, and they are hopelessly disunited. They lead rival forces in the march of Christian thought—forces which may yet find a point of conciliation, and which may not be so widely opposed as they seem, but whose present attitude is one of obvious hostility. Men may meet in common worship and in common work, and find themselves at one. The same faith may breathe in their prayers, and the same love fire their hearts. But men who think can never be at one in their thoughts on the great subjects of the Christian revelation. They may own the same Lord, and recognise and reverence the same types of Christian character, but they will differ so soon as they begin to define their notions of the Divine, and draw conclusions from the researches either of ancient or of modern theology. Of all the false dreams that have ever haunted humanity, none is more false than the dream of catholic unity in this sense. It vanishes in the very effort to grasp it, and the old fissures appear within the most carefully compacted structures of dogma.

The Rev. Dr. John Caird, in the year 1855, preached a sermon before the Queen in the parish church at Crathie, which was published by a royal command, and attracted great attention and admiration, and was translated under the auspices of Chevalier Bunsen. This popular discourse was of a practical nature, and was entitled 'The Religion of Common Life.' In 1858 Dr. Caird published a volume of 'Sermons,' which also was widely circulated. He is one of the most eloquent of divines. Dr. Caird is a native of Greenock, born in 1823. In 1873 he was elected Principal of the university of Glasgow.

Character and Doctrine.

Actions in many ways teach better than words, and even the most persuasive oral instruction is greatly vivified when supplemented by the silent teaching of the life.

Consider, for one thing, that actions are *more intelligible* than words. All verbal teaching partakes more or less of the necessary vagueness of language, and its intelligibility is dependent, in a great measure, on the degree of intellectual culture and ability in the mind of the hearer. Ideas, reflections, deductions, distinctions, when presented in words, are liable to misapprehension; their power is often modified or lost by the obscurity of the medium through which they are conveyed, and the impression produced by them is apt very speedily to vanish from the mind. Many minds are inaccessible to any form of teaching that is not of the most elementary character; and there are comparatively few to whom an illustration is not more intelligible than an argument.

But whatever the difficulty of understanding words, deeds are almost always intelligible. Let a man not merely speak but act the truth: let him reveal his soul in the inarticulate speech of an earnest, pure, and truthful life, and this will be a language which the profoundest must admire, while the simplest can appreciate. The most elaborate discourse on sanctification will prove tame and ineffective in comparison with the eloquence of a humble, holy walk with God. In the spectacle of a penitent soul pouring forth the broken utterance of its contrition at the Saviour's feet, there is a nobler sermon on repentance than eloquent lips ever spoke. Instruct your children in the knowledge of God's great love and mercy, but let them see that love cheering, animating, hallowing your daily life; describe to them the divinity and glory of the Saviour's person and work, but let them note how daily you think of Him, hear with what profoundest reverence you name His name, see how the sense of a divine

presence sheds a reflected moral beauty around your own—and this will be a living and breathing theology to them, without which formal teaching will avail but little. Sermons and speeches, too, may weary; they may be listened to with irksomeness, and remembered with effort: but living speech never tires: it makes no formal demand on the attention, it goes forth in feelings and emanations that win their way insensibly into the secret depths of the soul. The medium of verbal instruction, moreover, is conventional, and it can be understood only where one special form of speech is vernacular, but the language of action and life is instinctive and universal. The living epistle needs no translation to be understood in every country and clime; a noble act of heroism or self-sacrifice speaks to the common heart of humanity; a humble, gentle, holy, Christlike life preaches to the common ear all the world over. There is no speech nor language in which this voice is not heard, and its words go forth to the world's end

The Rev. John Ker, D.D., minister of a United Presbyterian church in Glasgow, has published a volume of 'Sermons,' 1868, which has gone through several editions, and forms a valuable contribution to our works of practical divinity. Fine literary taste and power are combined with the illustration of Christian doctrine and duty. We subjoin some passages from a sermon on the 'Eternal Future.'

'It doth not yet Appear what We shall Be.'

The first step of the soul into another state of being is a mystery. No doubt it continues conscious, and its conscious existence, in the case of God's children, is most blessed. *To depart and be with Christ is far better.* But the existence of the soul separate from the body, and from all material organs, is incomprehensible.

The place of our future life is obscure. How there can be relation to place without a body, we do not know; and even when the body is restored, we cannot tell the locality of the resurrection-world. Nothing in reason, and nothing certain in revelation, connects it with any one spot in God's universe. It may be far away from earth, in some central kingdom, the glittering confines of which we can perceive in thick-sown stars, that are the pavement of the land which has its dust of gold. It may be, as our hearts would rather suggest, in this world renewed and glorified—a world sacred as the scene of Christ's sufferings, and endeared to us as the cradle of our immortal life. Or that great word, *Heaven*—the heaven of heavens—may gather many worlds around this one as the centre of God's most godlike work—it may inclose the new and old, the near and far, in its wide embrace. *It doth not yet appear.*

The outward manner of our final existence is also uncertain. That it will be blessed and glorious, freed from all that can hurt or annoy, we may well believe. We may calculate that, in the degree in which the incorruptible and immortal body shall excel the body of sin and death, our final home, with its scenes of beauty and grandeur, its landscapes and skies, shall surpass our dwelling-place on this earth. Whether we may possess merely our present faculties, enlarged and strengthened, as a child's mind expands into a man's, or whether new faculties of perception may not be made to spring forth, as if sight were given to a blind man, we find it impossible to affirm. . . .

There are some minds which trouble themselves with the fear lest their present life and its natural affections should be irrecoverably lost in the future world. The place and circumstances seem so indefinite, and must be so different from the present, that they are tossed in uncertainty. Will they meet their friends again so as to know them, or will they not be separated from them by the vast expanses of that world, and by the varied courses they may have to pursue? We may have our thoughts about these things tranquillised, if we bring them into connection with Christ. Our eternal life begins in unison with Him, and it must for ever so continue. If we are gathered round Him in heaven, and know Him, and are known of Him, this will insure acquaintance with one another. It is strange that it could ever be made matter of doubt. And when we think that He gave us human hearts and took one into His own breast—that He bestowed on us human homes and affections, and solaced Himself

with them—we need not fear that He will deny us our heart's wish, where it is natural and good. Variety of pursuit and temperament need no more separate us there than it does here, and his own name for heaven—the Father's house of many mansions—speaks of unity as well as diversity, of one home, one roof, one paternal presence.

Mind above Matter.

It is the presence of life, above all, of intelligent life, which gives significance to creation, and which stands like the positive digit in arithmetic, before all its blank ciphers. The most beautiful landscape wants its chief charm till we see, or fancy in it, the home of man.

This may be charged as egotism, but it is the law of our being by which we must judge the world. We must look out on God's universe with the eyes and heart that its Maker has bestowed upon us, and we must believe that they were meant to guide us truly. The eras of geology receive their interest as they become instinct with animation, and as they foreshadow the entrance of the intelligent mind, which was at last to appear among them to be their interpreter. It is the reason of man which has reconstructed them out of their dead ashes. It is that same reason which gives to the present living world all that it has of meaning and unity. The forms of beauty and grandeur which matter puts on are only the clothing furnished by mind. The Alps and Andes are but millions of atoms till thought combines them and stamps on them the conception of the everlasting hills. Niagara is a gush of water-drops till the soul puts into it that sweep of resistless power which the beholder feels. The ocean, wave behind wave, is only great when the spirit has breathed into it the idea of immensity. If we analyse our feelings we shall find that thought meets us wherever we turn. The real grandeur of the world is in the soul which looks on it, which sees some conception of its own reflected from the mirror around it—for mind is not only living, but life-giving, and has received from its Maker a portion of his own creative power: it breathes into dead matter the breath of life, and it becomes a living soul.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

RICHARD SHARP.

This gentleman, commonly called 'Conversation Sharp' (1759–1835), after mingling in all the distinguished society of London, from the days of Johnson and Burke to those of Byron, Rogers, and Moore, in 1834 published—at first anonymously—a small volume of 'Letters and Essays in Prose and Verse.' Rogers though tthe volume hardly equal to Sharp's reputation; but his reputation was founded on his conversational powers, and the higher order of genius is not—as Sir Walter Scott observed—favourable to this talent. 'For forming a good converser,' adds Scott, 'good taste, and extensive information and accomplishment are the principal requisites, to which must be added an easy and elegant delivery, and a well-toned voice.' Mackintosh, however, termed Sharp the best critic he had ever known, and Byron also bears testimony to his ability. Macaulay said he never talked scandal. From commercial concerns Mr. Sharp had realized a large fortune—he left £250,000—and had a seat in parliament. The 'Essays' evince knowledge of the world and sound sense. A few of his maxims and reflections are subjoined:

Satirical writers and talkers are not half so clever as they think themselves, nor as they ought to be. They do winnow the corn, 'tis true, but 'tis to feed upon the chaff. I am sorry to add that they who are always speaking ill of others are also very apt to be doing ill to them. It requires some talent and some generosity to find out talent and generosity in others; though nothing but self-conceit and malice are needed to discover or to imagine faults. The most gifted men that I have known have been the least addicted to depreciate either friends or foes. Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, and Mr. Fox were always more inclined to overrate them. Your shrewd, sly, evil-speaking fellow is generally a shallow personage, and frequently he is as venomous and as false when he flatters as when he reviles—he seldom praises John but to vex Thomas.

Trifling precautions will often prevent great mischiefs; as a slight turn of the wrist parries a mortal thrust.

Untoward accidents will sometimes happen; but after many, many years of thoughtful experience, I can truly say, that nearly all those who began life with me have succeeded or failed as they deserved.

Even sensible men are too commonly satisfied with tracing their thoughts a little way backwards; and they are, of course, soon perplexed by a profounder adversary. In this respect, most people's minds are too like a child's garden, where the flowers are planted without their roots. It may be said of morals and of literature, as truly as of sculpture and painting, that to understand the outside of human nature, we should be well acquainted with the inside.

It appears to me indisputable that benevolent intention and beneficial tendency must combine to constitute the moral goodness of an action. To do as much good and as little evil as we can, is the brief and intelligible principle that comprehends all subordinate maxims. Both good tendency and good will are indispensable; for conscience may be erroneous as well as callous, may blunder as well as sleep. Perhaps a man cannot be thoroughly mischievous unless he is honest. In truth, practice is also necessary, since it is one thing to be able to see that a line is crooked, and another thing to be able to draw a straight one. It is not quite so easy to do good as those may imagine who never try.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

William Maginn (1793–1842), one of the most distinguished periodical writers of his day, a scholar and wit, has left scarcely any permanent memorial of his genius or acquirements. He was born at Cork, and at an early period of life assisted his father in conducting an academy in that city. He received his degree of LL.D. in his twenty-fourth year. In 1819 Maginn commenced contributing to 'Blackwood's Magazine.' His papers were lively, learned, and libellous—an alliterative enumeration which may be applied to nearly all he wrote. He was a keen political partisan, a Tory of the old Orange stamp, who gave no quarter to an opponent. At the same time there was so much scholarly wit and literary power about Maginn's contributions, that all parties read and admired him. For nine years he was one of the most constant writers in 'Blackwood,' and his Odoherty papers (prose and verse) were much admired. He had removed to London in 1823, and adopted literature as a profession. In 1824 Mr. Murray the publisher commenced a daily newspaper, 'The Representative.' Mr. Disraeli was reported to be editor, but he has contradicted the statement. He was then too young to be intrusted with such a responsibility. Maginn, however, was engaged as foreign or Paris correspondent. His residence in France was short; the

'Representative' soon went down, and Maginn returned to London to 'spin his daily bread out of his brains.' He was associated with Dr. Giffard in conducting the 'Standard' newspaper, and when 'Fraser's Magazine' was established in 1830, he became one of its chief literary supporters. One article in this periodical, a review of 'Berkeley Castle,' led to a hostile meeting between Maginn and the Hon. Grantley Berkeley Mr. Berkeley had assaulted Fraser, the publisher of the offensive criticism, when Maginn wrote to him, stating that he was the author. Hence the challenge and the duel. The parties exchanged shots three several times, but without any serious results. Happily, such scenes and such literary personalities have passed away. The remainder of Maginn's literary career was irregular. Habits of intemperance gained ground upon him; he was often arrested and in jail; but his good-humour seems never to have forsaken him. He wrote a series of admirable Shakspeare papers for 'Blackwood' in 1837, and in the following year he commenced a series of Homeric ballads, which extended to sixteen in number. In 1842 he was again in prison, and his health gave way. One of his friends wrote to Sir Robert Peel, acquainting him with the lamentable condition of Dr. Maginn, and the minister took steps for the relief of the poor author, at the same time transmitting what has been termed a 'splendid gift,' but which Maginn did not live to receive. He died on the 29th of August 1842. The sort of estimation in which he was held by his contemporaries may be gathered from the following rhyming epitaph on him by Lockhart:

Here, early to bed, lies kind WILLIAM MAGINN,
Who, with genius, wit, learning, life's trophies to win,
Had neither great lord nor rich cit of this kin,
Nor discretion to set himself up as to tin;
So his portion soon spent—like the poor heir of Lynn—
He turned author ere yet there was beard on his chin,
And, whoever was out, or whoever was in,
For your Tories his fine Irish brains he would spin,
Who received prose and rhyme with a promising grin—
'Go ahead, you queer fish, and more power to your fin,'
But to save from starvation stirred never a pin.
Light for long was his heart, though his breeches were thin.
Else his acting for certain was equal to Quin;
But at last he was beat, and sought help of the bin—
All the same to the doctor from claret to gin—
Which led swiftly to jail and consumption therein.
It was much when then the bones rattled loose in the skin,
He got leave to die here out of Babylon's din.
Barring drink and the girls, I ne'er heard a sin:
Many worse, better few, than bright, broken MAGINN.

FRANCIS MAHONY (FATHER PROUT).

The REV. FRANCIS MAHONY (1804–1866) was also a native of Cork, and equally noted for scholarship and conviviality. He was educated at St. Acheul, the college of the Jesuits at Amiens. Among the Jesuits he lived, as he said, in an atmosphere of Latin, and became a first-rate Latin scholar. He studied afterwards at Rome, and

having taken priest's orders, he officiated in London and at Cork. He broke off from the Jesuits, and became one of the writers in 'Fraser's Magazine' (about 1834), and contributed a series of papers, afterwards collected and published as 'The Reliques of Father Prout,' 1836. From the gay tavern life of the 'Frasérians,' Mahony went abroad and travelled for some years. He became Roman correspondent of the 'Daily News,' and his letters were in 1847 collected and published as 'Facts and Figures from Italy, by Don Jeremy Savonarola, Benedictine Monk.' For the last eight years of his life he lived chiefly in Paris, and was the correspondent of the 'Globe,' his letters forming the chief attraction of that London evening journal. A volume of 'Final Memorials of Father Prout' (or Mahony) was published in 1876 by Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, who has recorded Mahony's wonderful facility in Latin composition, his wit, quaint sayings, genial outbursts of sentiment, reverence for religion among all his convivialities, and his genuine goodness of heart. James Hannay said of this Irish humorist: 'Mahony's fun is essentially Irish—fanciful, playful, odd, irregular, and more grotesque, than Northern fun. In one of his own phrases, he is an Irish potato, seasoned with Attic salt.

The Shandon Bells.

With deep affection
And recollection,
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder,
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I 've heard bells chiming,
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine;
While at a glibe rate,
Brass tongues would vibrate—
But all their music
Spoke nought like thine;
For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I 've heard bells tolling
Old 'Adrian's Mole' in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican;
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame.
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly—
O the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There 's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk O,
In Saint Sophia,
The Turkman gets;
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summits
Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there is an anthem
More dear to me—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

SIR GEORGE AND SIR FRANCIS BOND HEAD.

The elder of these brothers—sons of an English gentleman, James Roper Head, Esq.—was author of 'Forest Scenes in North America,' 1829, and 'Home Tours in England,' 1835–37. The 'Home Tours' were made in the manufacturing districts, through which the author travelled as a Poor-law Commissioner, and were written in a light, pleasing style. He afterwards applied himself to a laborious topographical and antiquarian account of 'Rome' in three volumes, 1849, and he translated Cardinal Pacca's 'Memoirs' and 'Apuleius' Metamorphoses.' He died in 1855, aged seventy-three.

His brother, FRANCIS BOND HEAD (born at Rochester, January 1, 1793), had more vivacity and spirit as an author, though retaining many of the family characteristics. While a captain in the army, he published 'Rough Notes taken during some Rapid Journeys across the Pampas and among the Andes,' 1826. The work was exceedingly popular, and the reputation of 'Galloping Head,' as the gay captain was termed, was increased by his 'Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau.' He was appointed governor of Upper Canada in 1835, and created a baronet in 1837; but his administrative was not equal to his literary talent, and he was forced to resign in 1838. He published a narrative of his administration, which was more amusing than convincing. Turning again to purely literary pursuits, Sir Francis wrote 'The Emigrant,' 1852, and essays in the 'Quarterly Review,' afterwards republished in a collected form with the title of 'Stokers and Pokers—Highways and Byways.' He wrote a 'Life of Bruce, the Traveller,' for the 'Family Library.' The national defences of this country appearing to Sir Francis lamentably deficient, he issued a note of warning, 'The Defenceless State of Great Britain,' 1850. Visits to Paris and Ireland produced 'A Faggot of French Sticks, or Paris in 1851,' and 'A Fortnight in Ireland,' 1852. In 1869 he produced a practical work, 'The Royal Engineer.' The judgments and opinions of the author are often rash and prejudiced, but he is seldom dull, and commonplace incidents are related in a picturesque and attractive manner. Sir Francis died at Croydon in 1875.

Description of the Pampas.

The great plain, or pampas, on the east of the Cordillera, is about nine hundred miles in breadth, and the part which I have visited, though under the same latitude, is divided into regions of different climate and produce. On leaving Buenos Ayres, the first of these regions is covered for one hundred and eighty miles with clover and thistles; the second region, which extends for four hundred and fifty miles, produces long grass; and the third region, which reaches the base of the Cordillera, is a grove of low trees and shrubs. The second and third of these regions have nearly the same appearance throughout the year, for the trees and shrubs are evergreens, and the immense plain of grass only changes its colour from green to brown: but the first region varies with the four seasons of the year in a most extraordinary manner. In winter the leaves of the thistles are large and luxuriant, and the whole surface of the country has the rough appearance of a turnip-field. The clover in this season is extremely rich and strong; and the sight of the wild

cattle grazing in full liberty on such pasture is very beautiful. In spring the clover has vanished, the leaves of the thistles have extended along the ground, and the country still looks like a rough crop of turnips. In less than a month the change is most extraordinary: the whole region becomes a luxuriant wood of enormous thistles, which have suddenly shot up to a height of ten or eleven feet, and are all in full bloom. The road or path is hemmed in on both sides; the view is completely obstructed; not an animal is to be seen; and the stems of the thistles are so close to each other, and so strong, that, independent of the prickles with which they are armed, they form an impenetrable barrier. The sudden growth of these plants is quite astonishing; and though it would be an unusual misfortune in military history, yet it is really possible that an invading army, unacquainted with this country, might be imprisoned by these thistles before it had time to escape from them. The summer is not over before the scene undergoes another rapid change: the thistles suddenly lose their sap and verdure, their heads droop, the leaves shrink and fade, the stems become black and dead, and they remain rattling with the breeze one against another, until the violence of the pampero or hurricane levels them with the ground, where they rapidly decompose and disappear—the clover rushes up, and the scene is again verdant.

A French Commissionnaire.

In Paris this social luxury has been so admirably supplied, that, like iced water at Naples, the community could now hardly exist without it. Accordingly, at the intersection of almost all the principal streets, there is posted by the police an intelligent, respectable-looking man—there are about twelve thousand of them—cleanly dressed in blue velveteen trowsers, and a blue corduroy jacket, on the breast of which is affixed a brass ticket, invariably forfeited by misconduct, bearing his occupation and number. The duties of this commissionnaire are not only at various fixed prices to go messages in any direction and at determined rates to perform innumerable other useful services, but he is especially directed to assist aged and infirm people of both sexes in crossing streets crowded with carriages, and to give to strangers, who may inquire their way, every possible assistance. The luxury of living, wherever you may happen to lodge, within reach of a person of this description, is very great. For instance, within fifty yards of my lodgings, there was an active, honest, intelligent, dark-blue fellow, who was to me a living book of useful knowledge. Crumpling up the newspaper he was usually reading, he could in the middle of a paragraph, and at a moment's notice, get me any sort of carriage—recommend me to every description of shop—tell me the colour of the omnibus I wanted—where I was to find —where I was to leave it—how I ought to dress to go here, there, or anywhere; what was done in the House of Assembly last night—who spoke best—what was said of his speech—and what the world thought of things in general.

The Electric Wires, and Tawell the Murderer.

Whatever may have been his fears—his hopes—his fancies—or his thoughts—there suddenly flashed along the wires of the electric telegraph, which were stretched close beside him, the following words: 'A murder has just been committed at Salthill, and the suspected murderer was seen to take a first-class ticket for London by the train which left Slough at 7 h. 42 m. P.M. He is in the garb of a Quaker, with a brown greatcoat on, which reaches nearly down to his feet. He is in the last compartment of the second first-class carriage.'

And yet, fast as these words flew like lightning past him, the information they contained, with all its details, as well as every secret thought that had preceded them, had already consecutively flown millions of times faster; indeed, at the very instant that, within the walls of the little cottage at Slough, there had been uttered that dreadful scream, it had simultaneously reached the judgment-seat of heaven!

On arriving at the Paddington station, after mingling for some moments with the crowd, he got into an omnibus, and as it rumbled along, taking up one passenger and putting down another, he probably felt that his identity was every minute becoming confounded and confused by the exchange of fellow-passengers for strangers that was constantly taking place. But all the time he was thinking, the cad of the omnibus—a policeman in disguise—knew that he held his victim like a rat in a cage. Without,

however, apparently taking the slightest notice of him, he took one sixpence, gave change for a shilling, handed out this lady, stuffed in that one, until, arriving at the bank, the guilty man, stooping as he walked towards the carriage-door, descended the steps, paid his fare; crossed over to the Duke of Wellington's statue, where pausing for a few moments, anxiously to gaze around him, he proceeded to the Jerusalem Coffee-house, thence over London Bridge to the Leopard Coffee-house in the Borough, and finally to a lodging-house in Scott's Yard, Cannon Street.

He probably fancied that, by making so many turns and doubles, he had not only effectually puzzled all pursuit, but that his appearance at so many coffee-houses would assist him, if necessary, in proving an *alibi*; but whatever may have been his motives or his thoughts, he had scarcely entered the lodging when the policeman—who, like a wolf, had followed him every step of the way—opening the door, very calmly said to him—the words no doubt were infinitely more appalling to him even than the scream that had been haunting him—'Haven't you just come from Slough?' The monosyllable 'No,' confusedly uttered in reply, substantiated his guilt.

The policeman made him his prisoner; he was thrown into jail; tried; found guilty of wilful murder; and hanged.

A few months afterwards, we happened to be travelling by rail from Paddington to Slough, in a carriage filled with people all strangers to one another. Like English travellers, they were all mute. For nearly fifteen miles no one had uttered a single word, until a short-bodied, short-necked, short-nosed, exceedingly respectable-looking man in the corner, fixing his eyes on the apparently fleeting posts and rails of the electric telegraph, significantly nodded to us as he muttered aloud: 'Them's the cords that hung John Tawell!'

T. C. HALIBURTON.

Thomas Chandler Haliburton (1796–1865), long a judge in Nova Scotia, is author of a series of amusing works illustrative of American and colonial manners, marked by shrewd, sarcastic remarks on political questions, the colonies, slavery, domestic institutions and customs, and almost every familiar topic of the day. The first series—which had previously been inserted as letters in a Nova Scotia paper—appeared in a collected form under the title of 'The Clockmaker, or the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville.' A second series was published in 1838, and a third in 1840. 'Sam Slick' was a universal favourite, and in 1843 the author conceived the idea of bringing him to England. 'The Attaché, or Sam Slick in England,' gives an account of the sayings and doings of the clockmaker when elevated to the dignity of the 'Honourable Mr. Slick, Attaché of the American Legation to the court of St James's.' There is the same quaint humour, acute observation, and laughable exaggeration in these volumes as in the former, but, on the whole, Sam is most amusing on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Haliburton has also written an 'Account of Nova Scotia,' 1828; 'Bubbles of Canada,' 1839; 'The Old Judge, or Life in a Colony,' and 'Letter-bag of the Great Western,' 1839; 'Rule and Misrule of the English in America,' 1851; 'Yankee Stories, and Traits of American Humour,' 1852; 'Nature and Human Nature,' 1855.

We must do our publishers the justice to say, that the first periodical in Great Britain which noticed Mr. Haliburton's works was 'Chambers's Journal.'

Soft Sawder and Human Natur.

In the course of a journey which Mr. Slick performs in company with the reporter of his humours, the latter asks him how, in a country so poor as Nova Scotia, he contrives to sell so many clocks. 'Mr. Slick paused,' continues the author, 'as if considering the propriety of answering the question, and looking me in the face, said, in a confidential tone: "Why, I don't care if I do tell you, for the market is glutted, and I shall quit this circuit. It is done by a knowledge of *soft sawder* and *human natur*. But here is Deacon Flint's," said he; "I have but one clock left, and I guess I will sell it to him." At the gate of a most comfortable-looking farm-house stood Deacon Flint, a respectable old man, who had understood the value of time better than most of his neighbours, if one might judge from the appearance of everything about him. After the usual salutation, an invitation to alight was accepted by Mr. Slick, who said "he wished to take leave of Mrs. Flint before he left Colchester." We had hardly entered the house, before the Clockmaker pointed to the view from the window and addressing himself to me, said: "If I was to tell them in Connecticut there was such a farm as this away down east here in Nova Scotia, they wouldn't believe me—why, there ain't such a location in all New England. The deacon has a hundred acres of dike" * ——— "Seventy," said the deacon—"only seventy." "Well, seventy; but then there is your fine deep bottom; why, I could run a ramrod into it. Then there is that wa er-privilege, worth three or four thousand dollars, twice as good as what Governor Cass paid fifteen thousand for. I wonder, deacon, you don't put up a carding-mill on it: the same works would carry a turning-lathe, a shingle machine, a circular saw, grind bark, and"——— "Too old," said the deacon—"too old for all those speculations." "Old!" repeated the Clockmaker—"not you; why, you are worth half a dozen of the young men we see nowadays." The deacon was pleased. "Your beasts, dear me, your beasts must be put in and have a feed;" saying which, he went out to order them to be taken to the stable. As the old gentleman closed the door after him, Mr. Slick drew near to me, and said in an undertone: "That is what I call *soft sawder*. An Englishman would pass that man as a sheep passes a hog in a pasture—without looking at him. Now I find"——— Here his lecture on soft sawder was cut short by the entrance of Mrs. Flint. "Jist come to say good-bye, Mrs. Flint." "What! have you sold all your clocks?" "Yes, and very low, too, for money is scarce, and I wished to close the consarn; no, I am wrong in saying all, for I have just one left. Neighbour Steel's wife asked to have the refusal of it, but I guess I won't sell it. I had but two of them, this one and the feller of it, that I sold Governor Lincoln. General Green, secretary of state for Maine, said he'd give me fifty dollars for this here one—it has composition wheels and patent axles; it is a beautiful article—a real first chop—no mistake, genuine superfine; but I guess I'll take it back; and, beside, Squire Hawk might think it ha d that I did not give him the offer." "Dear me," said Mrs. Flint. "I should like to see it; where is it?" "It is in a chest of mine over the way, at Tom Tape's store; I guess he can ship it on to Eastport." "That 's a good man," said Mrs. Flint, "jist let 's look at it." Mr Slick, willing to oblige, yielded to these entreaties, and soon produced the clock—a gaudy, highly varnished, trumpery-looking affair. He placed it on the chimney-piece, where its beauties were pointed out and duly appreciated by Mrs. Flint, whose admiration was about ending in a proposal, when Mr. Flint returned from giving his directions about the care of the horses. The deacon praised the clock; he, too, thought it a handsome one; but the deacon was a prudent man: he had a watch, he was sorry, but he had no occasion for a clock. "I guess you 're in the wrong furrow this time, deacon: in ain't for sale," said Mr. Slick; "and if it was, I reckon neighbor Steel's wife would have it, for she gives me no peace about it." Mrs. Flint said that Mr. Steel had enough to do, poor man, to pay his interest, without buying clocks for his wife. "It's no consarn of mine," said Mr. Slick, "as long as he pays me, what he has to do: but I guess I don't want to sell it; and beside, it comes too high: that clock can't be made at Rhode Island under forty dollars.—Why, it an't possible!" said the Clockmaker, in apparent surprise, looking at his watch; "why, as I'm alive, it is four o'clock, and if I haven't been two hours here—how on arth shall I reach River Philip to-night? I'll tell you what Mrs. Flint: I'll leave the clock in your care till I return on my way

* Flat rich land diked in from the sea.

to the States—I 'll set it agoing, and put it to the right time." As soon as this operation was performed, he delivered the key to the deacon with a sort of serio-comic injunction to wind up the clock every Saturday night, which Mrs. Flint said she would take care should be done, and promised to remind her husband of it, in case he should chance to forget it.

"That," said the Clockmaker, as soon as we were mounted, "that I call *human natur!* Now, that clock is sold for forty dollars—it cost me just six dollars and fifty cents. Mrs. Flint will never let Mrs. Steel have the refusal—nor will the deacon learn until I call for the clock, that having once indulged in the use of a superfluity, it is difficult to give it up. We can do without any article of luxury we have never had, but when once obtained, it is not in *human natur* to surrender it voluntarily. Of fifteen thousand sold by myself and partners in this province, twelve thousand were left in this manner, and only ten clocks were ever returned—when we called for them, they invariably bought them. We trust to soft sawder to get them into the house, and to human natur that they never come out of it."'

THOMAS MILLER—W. HONE—MISS COSTELLO.

Among the littérateurs inspired—perhaps equally—by the love of nature and admiration of the writings of Miss Mitford and the Howitts, was THOMAS MILLER (1809–1874), a native of Gainsborough, one of the humble, happy, industrious self-taught sons of genius. He was brought up to the trade of a basket-maker, and while thus obscurely labouring 'to consort with the muse and support a family,' he attracted attention by his poetical effusions. Through the kindness of Mr. Rogers, our author was placed in the more congenial situation of a bookseller, and had the gratification of publishing and selling his own writings. Mr. Miller was the author of various works: 'A Day in the Woods,' 'Royston Gower,' 'Fair Rosamond,' 'Lady Jane Grey,' and other novels. Several volumes of rural descriptions and poetical effusions also proceeded from his pen.

The 'Every-day Book,' 'Table Book,' and 'Year Book,' by WILLIAM HONE (1779–1842), published in 1833, in four large volumes, with above five hundred wood-cut illustrations, form a calendar of popular English amusements, sports, pastimes, ceremonies, manners, customs, and events incident to every day in the year. Mr. Southey has said of these works: 'I may take the opportunity of recommending the "Every-day Book" and "Table Book" to those who are interested in the preservation of our national and local customs: by these very curious publications their compiler has rendered good service in an important department of literature.' Charles Lamb was no less eulogistic. Some political parodies written by Hone led to his prosecution by the government of the day, in which the government was generally condemned. Hone was acquitted and became popular; the parodies are now forgotten, but the above works will preserve his name.

A number of interesting narratives of foreign travel were published by MISS LOUISA STUART COSTELLO, who died in 1870; she commenced her literary career in 1825 with 'Specimens of the Early Poetry of France.' Her principal works are—'A Summer among the Bocages and Vines,' 1840; 'A Pilgrimage to Auvergne, from

Picardy to Le Velay,' 1842 ; 'Béarn and the Pyrences,' 1844 ; 'The Falls, Lakes, and Mountains of North Wales,' 1845 ; 'A Tour to and from Venice by the Vaudois and the Tyrol,' 1846 ; &c. Miss Costello was also one of the band of lady-novelists, having written 'The Queen Mother,' 'Clara Fane,' &c. ; and in 1840 she published a series of 'Memoirs of Eminent Englishwomen,' commencing with the reign of Elizabeth.

MRS. JAMESON.

On subjects of art and taste, and generally in what may be termed elegant literature, the writings of MRS. ANNA JAMESON (1797–1860) occupy a prominent place. They are very numerous, including—'The Diary of an Ennuyée, (memoranda made during a tour in France and Italy), 1826; 'Loves of the Poets,' two volumes, 1829; 'Lives of Celebrated Female Sovereigns,' two volumes, 1831; 'Characteristics of Women,' two volumes, 1832; 'Beauties of the Court of Charles II.' (memoirs accompanying engravings from Lely's portraits), two volumes, 1833; 'Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad,' two volumes, 1834; 'Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada,' three volumes, 1838; 'Rubens, his Life and Genius,' translated from the German of Dr. Waagen, 1840; 'Pictures of the Social Life of Germany, as represented in the Dramas of the Princess Amelia of Saxony,' 1840; 'Hand-book to the Public Galleries of Art,' two volumes, 1842; 'Companion to Private Galleries of Art in and near London,' 1844; 'Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters,' two volumes, 1845; 'Memoirs and Essays on Art, Literature and Social Morals,' 1846; 'Sacred and Legendary Art,' two volumes, 1848; 'Legends of the Monastic Orders,' 1850; 'Legends of the Madonna,' 1852; 'Commonplace Book of Thoughts, Memories and Fancies,' 1854; 'Sisters of Charity,' a lecture, 1855; 'The Communion of Labour,' a lecture, 1856; with various communications to literary journals. In such a variety of works, all, of course, cannot be equal—some bear the appearance of task-work; but generally we may apply to Mrs. Jameson the warm eulogium of Prof. Wilson: she is 'one of the most eloquent of our female writers; full of feeling and fancy; a true enthusiast with a glowing soul.' On the subject of art, her writing is next to that of Ruskin; to intense love of the beautiful, she adds a fine discriminating and cultivated taste, with rich stores of knowledge. Mrs. Jameson was a native of Dublin, daughter of Mr. Murphy, an artist of ability. Having married a barrister named Jameson, who accepted an official appointment in Canada, she resided there for some time, but her marriage proving unhappy, a separation took place, and Mrs. Jameson returned to England and devoted herself to literature—especially the literature of art. Her latest work (which she did not live to complete, but which was finished by Lady Eastlake) was an account of the 'Scriptural and Legendary History of our Lord, as represented in Christian Art.'

Counsel to Young Ladies.—An Eastern Apologue.

It is a common observation, that girls of lively talents are apt to grow pert and satirical. I fell into this danger when about ten years old. Sallies at the expense of certain people, ill-looking, or ill-dressed, or ridiculous, or foolish, had been laughed at and applauded in company, until, without being naturally malignant, I ran some risk of becoming so from sheer vanity.

The fables which appeal to our high moral sympathies may sometimes do as much for us as the truths of science. So thought our Saviour when he taught the multitude in parables. A good clergyman who lived near us, a famous Persian scholar, took it into his head to teach me Persian—I was then about seven years old—and I set to work with infinite delight and earnestness. All I learned was soon forgotten; but a few years afterwards, happening to stumble on a volume of Sir William Jones's works—his Persian Grammar—it revived my orientalism, and I began to study it eagerly. Among the exercises given was a Persian fable or poem—one of those traditions of our Lord which are preserved in the East. The beautiful apologue of *St. Peter and the cherries*, which Goethe has versified or imitated, is a well-known example. This fable I allude to was something similar, but I have not met with the original these forty years, and must give it here from memory.

'Jesus,' says the story, 'arrived one evening at the gates of a certain city, and he sent his disciples forward to prepare supper, while he himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets into the market-place. And he saw at the corner of the market some people gathered together looking at an object on the ground: and he drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog, with a halter round his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt; and a viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing, never met the eyes of man. And those who stood by looked on with abhorrence. "Faugh!" said one, stopping his nose; "it pollutes the air." "How long," said another, "shall this foul beast offend our sight?" "Look at his torn hide," said a third; "one could not even cut a shoe out of it." "And his ears," said a fourth, "all draggled and bleeding!" "No doubt," said a fifth, "he hath been hanged for thieving!" And Jesus heard them, and looking down compassionately on the dead creature, he said: "Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth!" Then the people turned towards him with amazement, and said among themselves: "Who is this? this must be Jesus of Nazareth, for only He could find something to pity and approve even in a dead dog;" and being ashamed, they bowed their heads before him, and went each on his way.'

I can recall, at this hour, the vivid, yet softening and pathetic impression left on my fancy by this old Eastern story. It struck me as exquisitely humorous, as well as exquisitely beautiful. It gave me a pain in my conscience, for it seemed thenceforward so easy and so vulgar to say satirical things, and so much nobler to be benign and merciful, and I look the lesson so home, that I was in great danger of falling into the opposite extreme—seeking the beautiful even in the midst of the corrupt and the repulsive.

Pictures of the Madonna.

Of the pictures in our galleries, public or private—of the architectural adornments of those majestic edifices which sprung up in the middle ages (where they have not been despoiled or desecrated by a zeal as fervent as that which reared them), the largest and most beautiful portion have reference to the Madonna—her character, her person, her history. It was a theme which never tired her votaries—whether, as in the hands of great and sincere artists, it became one of the noblest and loveliest, or, as in the hands of superficial, unbelieving, time-serving artists, one of the most degraded. All that human genius, inspired by faith, could achieve best—all that fanaticism, sensualism, atheism, could perpetuate of worst, do we find in the cycle of those representations which have been dedicated to the glory of the Virgin. And, indeed, the ethics of the Madonna worship, as evolved in art, might be not unaptly likened to the ethics of human love: so long as the object of sense remained in subjection to the moral idea—so long as the appeal was to the best of our faculties and affections—so long was the image grand or refined, and the influences to be ranked with those which have helped to humanise and civilise our race; but so soon as the object became a mere idol, then worship and worshippers, art and artists, were together degraded.

The Loves of the Poets.

The theory which I wish to illustrate, as far as my limited powers permit, is this, that where a woman has been exalted above the rest of her sex by the talents of a lover, and consigned to enduring fame and perpetuity of praise, the passion was real, and was merited; that no deep or lasting interest was ever founded in fancy or in fiction; that truth, in short, is the basis of all excellence in amatory poetry as in everything else; for where truth is, there is good of some sort, and where there is truth and good, there must be beauty, there must be durability of fame. Truth is the golden chain which links the terrestrial with the celestial, which sets the seal of Heaven on the things of this earth, and stamps them to immortality. Poets have risen up and been the mere fashion of a day, and have set up idols which have been the idols of a day. If the worship be out of date, and the idols cast down, it is because those adorers wanted sincerity of purpose and feeling; their raptures were feigned; their incense was bought or adulterate. In the brain or in the fancy, one beauty may eclipse another—one coquette may drive out another, and, tricked off in airy verse, they float away unregarded like morning vapours, which the beam of genius has tinged with a transient brightness; but let the heart be once touched, and it is not only wakened but inspired; the lover kindled into the poet presents to her he loves his cup of ambrosial praise; she tastes—and the woman is transmuted into a divinity. When the Grecian sculptor carved out his deities in marble, and left us wondrous and godlike shapes, impersonations of ideal grace unapproachable by modern skill, was it through such mechanical superiority? No; it was the spirit of faith within which shadowed to his imagination what he would represent. In the same manner, no woman has ever been truly, lastingly deified in poetry, but in the spirit of truth and love.

The Studious Monks of the Middle Ages.

But for the monks, the light of liberty, and literature, and science, had been for ever extinguished; and for six centuries there existed for the thoughtful, the gentle, the inquiring, the devout spirit, no peace, no security, no home but the cloister. There, Learning trimmed her lamp; there, Contemplation 'pruned her wings;' there, the traditions of art, preserved from age to age by lonely studious men, kept alive, in form and colour, the idea of a beauty beyond that of earth—of a might beyond that of the spear and the shield—of a Divine sympathy with suffering humanity. To this we may add another and a stronger claim to our respect and moral sympathies. The protection and the better education given to women in these early communities; the venerable and distinguished rank assigned to them when, as governesses of their order, they became in a manner dignitaries of the church; the introduction of their beautiful and saintly effigies, clothed with all the insignia of sanctity and authority, into the decoration of places of worship and books of devotion—did more, perhaps, for the general cause of womanhood than all the boasted institutions of chivalry.

Venice—Canaletti and Turner.

It is this all-pervading presence of light, and this suffusion of rich colour glowing through the deepest shadows, which make the very life and soul of Venice; but not all who have dwelt in Venice, and breathed her air and lived in her life, have felt their influences; it is the want of them which renders so many of Canaletti's pictures false and unsatisfactory—to me at least. All the time I was at Venice I was in a rage with Canaletti. I could not come upon a palace, or a church, or a corner of a canal which I had not seen in one or other of his pictures. At every moment I was reminded of him. But how has he painted Venice! Just as we have the face of a beloved friend reproduced by the daguerreotype, or by some bad conscientious painter—some fellow who gives us eyes, nose, and mouth by measure of compass, and leaves out all sentiment, all countenance; we cannot deny the identity, and we cannot endure it. Where in Canaletti are the glowing evening skies—the transparent gleaming waters—the bright green of the vine-shadowed *Traghetto*—the freshness and the glory—the dreamy, aërial, fantastic splendour of this city of the sea? Look at one of his pictures—all is real, opaque, solid, stony, formal; even his skies and water—and is *that* Venice? 'But,' says my friend, 'if you

would have Venice, seek it in Turner's pictures!' True, I may seek it, but shall I find it? Venice is like a dream—but this dream upon the canvas, do you call *this* Venice? The exquisite precision of form, the wondrous beauty of detail, the clear, delicate lines of the flying perspective—so sharp and defined in the midst of a flood of brightness—where are they? Canaletti gives us the forms without the colour or light. Turner, the colour and light without the forms. But if you would take into your soul the very soul and inward life and spirit of Venice—breathe the same air—go to Titian; there is more of Venice in his 'Cornaro Family,' or his 'Pesaro Madonna,' than in all the Canalettis in the corridor at Windsor. Beautiful they are, I must needs say it; but when I think of Enchanting Venice, the most beautiful are to me like prose translations of poetry—petrifactions, materialities; 'We start, for life is wanting there!' I know not how it is, but certainly things that would elsewhere displease, delight us at Venice. It has been said, for instance, 'put down the church of St. Mark anywhere but in the Piazza, it is barbarous:' here, where east and west have met to blend together, it is glorious. And again, with regard to the sepulchral effigies in our churches—I have always been of Mr. Westmacott's principles and party; always on the side of those who denounce the intrusion of monuments of human pride insolently paraded in God's temple; and surely cavaliers on prancing horses in a church should seem the very acme of such irreverence and impropriety in taste; but here the impression is far different. O those awful, grim, mounted warriors and dogs, high over our heads against the walls of the San Giovanni e Paolo and the Frari!—man and horse in panoply of state, colossal, lifelike—suspended, as it were, so far above us, that we cannot conceive how they came there, or are kept there, by human means alone. It seems as though they had been lifted up and fixed on their airy pedestals as by a spell. At whatever hour I visited those churches, and that was almost daily, whether morn, or noon, or in the deepening twilight, still did those marvellous effigies—man and steed, and trampled Turk; or mitred doge, upright and stiff in his saddle—fix me as if fascinated; and still I looked up at them, wondering every day with a new wonder, and scarce repressing the startled exclamation, 'Good heavens, how came they there?' And not to forget the great wonder of modern times—I hear people talking of a railway across the Lagune, as if it were to unpoetise Venice; as if this new approach were a malignant invention to bring the syren of the Adriatic into the 'dull catalogue of common things,' and they call on me to join the outcry, to echo sentimental denunciations, quoted out of 'Murray's Handbook;' but I cannot—I have no sympathy with them. To me, that tremendous bridge, spanning the sea, only adds to the wonderful one wonder more; to great sources of thought one yet greater. Those persons, methinks, must be strangely prosaic *au fond* who can see poetry in a Gothic pinnacle, or a crumbling temple, or a gladiator's circus, and in this gigantic causeway and its seventy-five arches, traversed with fiery speed by dragons, brazen-winged, to which neither alp nor ocean can oppose a barrier—nothing but a commonplace. I must say I pity them. *I* see a future fraught with hopes for Venice.

Twining memories of old time
With new virtues more sublime!

CHARLES WATERTON.

The 'Wanderings' and 'Essays' of CHARLES WATERTON (1782–1865), a Yorkshire squire, form very interesting and delightful reading. Mr. Waterton set out from his seat of Walton Hall, Wakefield, in 1812, to wander 'through the wilds of Demerara and Essequibo, with the view to reach the inland frontier fort of Portuguese Guiana; to collect a quantity of the strongest Wourali poison; and to catch and stuff the beautiful birds which abound in that part of South America.' He made two more journeys to the same territories—in 1816 and 1820—and in 1825 published his 'Wanderings in South America, the North-west of the United States, and the Antilles.' His fatigues and dangers were numerous.

'In order to pick up matter for natural history, I have wandered through the wildest parts of South America's equinoctial regions. I have attacked and slain a modern python, and rode on the back of a cayman close to the water's edge; a very different situation from that of a Hyde-Park dandy on his Sunday prancer before the ladies. Alone and barefoot I have pulled poisonous snakes out of their lurking-places; climbed up trees to peep into holes for bats and vampires; and for days together hastened through sun and rain to the thickest parts of the forest to procure specimens I had never seen before.'

The adventures of the python and cayman—or the snake and crocodile—made much noise and amusement at the time, and the latter feat formed the subject of a caricature. Mr. Waterton had long wished to obtain one of those enormous snakes called Coulacanara, and at length he saw one coiled up in his den. He advanced towards it stealthily, and with his lance struck it behind the neck and fixed it to the ground.

Adventure with the Snake.

That moment the negro next to me seized the lance and held it firm in its place, while I dashed head foremost into the den to grapple with the snake, and to get hold of his tail before he could do any mischief.

On pinning him to the ground with the lance, he gave a tremendous loud hiss, and the little dog ran away, howling as he went. We had a sharp fray in the den, the rotten sticks flying on all sides, and each party struggling for the superiority. I called out to the second negro to throw himself upon me, as I found I was not heavy enough. He did so, and his additional weight was of great service. I had now got firm hold of his tail, and after a violent struggle or two he gave in, finding himself overpowered. This was the moment to secure him. So while the first negro continued to hold the lance firm to the ground, and the other was helping me, I contrived to unloose my braces, and with them tied up the snake's mouth.

The snake, now finding himself in an unpleasant situation, tried to better himself, and set resolutely to work, but we overpowered him. [It measured fourteen feet, and was of great thickness.] We contrived to make him twist himself round the shaft of the lance, and then prepared to convey him out of the forest. I stood at his head and held it firm under my arm, one negro supported the belly, and the other the tail. In this order we began to move slowly towards home, and reached it after resting ten times.

On the following day, Mr. Waterton killed the animal, securing its skin for Walton Hall. The crocodile was seized on the Essequibo. He had been tantalised for three days with the hope of securing one of the animals. He baited a shark-hook with a large fish, and at last was successful. The difficulty was to pull him up. The Indians proposed shooting him with arrows; but this the 'Wanderer' resisted. 'I had come above three hundred miles on purpose to catch a cayman uninjured, and not to carry back a mutilated specimen.' The men pulled, and out he came—Mr. Waterton standing armed with the mast of the canoe, which he proposed to force down the animal's throat.

Riding on a Crocodile.

By the time the cayman was within two yards of me, I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation; I instantly dropped the mast, sprung up and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat with my face in a

right position. I immediately seized his fore-legs, and by main force twisted them on his back; thus they served me for a bridle. He now seemed to have recovered from his surprise, and, probably fancying himself in hostile company, he began to plunge furiously, and lashed the sand with his long and powerful tail. I was out of reach of the strokes of it, by being near his head. He continued to plunge and strike, and made my seat very uncomfortable. It must have been a fine sight for an unoccupied spectator. The people roared out in triumph, and were so vociferous, that it was some time before they heard me tell them to pull me and my beast of burden further inland. I was apprehensive the rope might break, and then there would have been every chance of going down to the regions under water with the cayman. That would have been more perilous than Arion's marine morning ride—

Delphini insidens, vada cærula sulcat Arion.

The people now dragged us above forty yards on the sand: it was the first and last time I was ever on a cayman's back. Should it be asked how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer, I hunted some years with Lord Darlington's fox-hounds.

The cayman, killed and stuffed, was also added to the curiosities of Walton Hall. Mr. Waterton's next work was 'Essays on Natural History, chiefly Ornithology, with an Autobiography of the Author and a view of Walton Hall,' 1838—reprinted with additions in 1851. His account of his family—an old Roman Catholic family that had suffered persecution from the days of Henry VIII. downwards—is a quaint, amusing chronicle; and the notes on the habits of birds shew minute observation, as well as a kindly genial spirit on the part of the eccentric squire.

ELIOT WARBURTON.

As a traveller, novelist, and historical writer, Mr. Eliot Warburton, an English barrister (1810–1852), was a popular though incorrect author. He had a lively imagination and considerable power of description, but these were not always under the regulation of taste or judgment. His first work, 'The Crescent and the Cross, or Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel,' 1844, is the best of his productions. To ride on a crocodile was Mr. Waterton's unparalleled feat, and Mr. Warburton thus describes his first shot at a crocodile, which, he said, was an epoch in his life.

Crocodile Shooting in the Nile.

We had only now arrived in the waters where they abound, for it is a curious fact that none are ever seen below Mineyeh, though Herodotus speaks of them as fighting with the dolphins at the mouths of the Nile. A prize had been offered for the first man who detected a crocodile, and the crew had now been for two days on the alert in search of them. Buoyed up with the expectation of such game, we had latterly reserved our fire for them exclusively, and the wild duck and turtle, nay, even the vulture and the eagle, had swept past or soared above us in security. At length, the cry of 'Timseach, timseach!' was heard from half-a-dozen claimants of the proffered prize, and half-a-dozen black fingers were eagerly pointed to a spit of sand, on which were strewn apparently some logs of trees. It was a covey of crocodiles! Hastily and silently the boat was run in-shore. R—— was ill, so I had the enterprise to myself, and clambered up the steep bank with a quicker pulse than when I first levelled a rifle at a Highland deer. My intended victims might have prided themselves on their superior nonchalance; and, indeed, as I approached them, there seemed to be a sneer on their ghastly mouths and winking eyes. Slowly they rose, one after the other, and waddled to the water, all but one, the most gallant or most gorged of the party. He lay still until I was within a hundred yards of him; then slowly ris-

ing on his finlike legs, he lumbered towards the river, looking askance at me with an expression of countenance that seemed to say: 'He can do me no harm; however, I may as well have a swim.' I took aim at the throat of this supercilious brute, and, as soon as my hand steadied, the very pulsation of my finger pulled the trigger. Bang! went the gun; whiz! flew the bullet; and my excited ear could catch the *thud* with which it plunged into the scaly leather of his neck. His waddle became a plunge, the waves closed over him, and the sun shone on the calm water, as I reached the brink of the shore, that was still indented by the waving of his gigantic tail. But there is blood upon the water, and he rises for a moment to the surface. 'A hundred piasters for the timseach!' I exclaimed, and half-a-dozen Arabs plunged into the stream. There! he rises again, and the blacks dash at him as if he had n't a tooth in his head. Now he is gone, the waters close over him, and I never saw him since. From that time we saw hundreds of crocodiles of all sizes, and fired shots enough at them for a Spanish revolution; but we never could get possession of any, even if we hit them, which to this day remains uncertain. I believe each traveller, who is honest enough, will make the same confession.

In the same work is a striking incident illustrative of savage life:

Nubian Revenge.

There appears to be a wild caprice amongst the institutions, if such they may be called, of all these tropical nations. In a neighbouring state to that of Abyssinia, the king, when appointed to the regal dignity, retires into an island, and is never again visible to the eyes of men but once—when his ministers come to strangle him; for it may not be that the proud monarch of Behr should die a natural death. No men, with this fatal exception, are ever allowed even to set foot upon the island, which is guarded by a band of Amazons. In another border country, called Habeesh, the monarch is dignified with the title of Tiger. He was formerly Malek of Shendy, when it was invaded by Ismael Pasha, and was even then designated by this fierce cognomen. Ismael, Mehemet Ali's second son, advanced through Nubia, claiming tribute and submission from all the tribes. Nemmir—which signifies Tiger—the king of Shendy, received him hospitably, as Mahmoud, our dragoman, informed us, and, when he was seated in his tent, waited on him to learn his pleasure. 'My pleasure is,' replied the invader, 'that you forthwith furnish me with slaves, cattle, and money to the value of one hundred thousand dollars.' 'Pooh!' said Nemmir, 'you jest; all my country could not produce what you require in one hundred moons.' 'Ha! Wallah!' was the young pasha's reply, and he struck the Tiger across the face with his pipe. If he had done so to his namesake of the jungle, the insult could not have roused fiercer feelings of revenge, but the human animal did not shew his wrath at once. 'It is well,' he replied; 'let the pasha rest; *to-morrow he shall have nothing more to ask.*' The Egyptian, and the few Mameluke officers of the staff, were tranquilly smoking towards evening, entertained by some dancing-girls, whom the Tiger had sent to amuse them; when they observed that a huge pile of dried stacks of Indian corn was rising rapidly round the tent. 'What means this?' inquired Ismael angrily; 'am not I pasha?' 'It is but forage for your highness's horses,' replied the Nubian, 'for, were your troops once arrived, the people would fear to approach the camp.' Suddenly, the space is filled with smoke, the tent curtains shrivel up in flames, and the pasha and his comrades find themselves encircled in what they well know is their funeral pyre. Vainly the invader implores mercy, and assures the Tiger of his warm regard for him and all his family; vainly he endeavours to break through the fiery fence that girds him round; a thousand spears bore him back into the flames, and the Tiger's triumphant yell and bitter mockery mingle with his dying screams. The Egyptians perished to a man. Nemmir escaped up the country, crowned with savage glory, and married the daughter of a king, who soon left him his successor, and the Tiger still defies the old pasha's power. The latter, however, took a terrible revenge upon his people: he burned all the inhabitants of the village nearest to the scene of his son's slaughter, and cut off the right hands of five hundred men besides. So much for African warfare.

The other works of Mr. Eliot Warburton are—'Hochelaga, or

England in the New World,' 1846 (Hochelaga is an aboriginal Indian name for Canada); 'Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers,' 1849; 'Reginald Hastings' and 'Darien,' novels, and a 'Memoir of the Earl of Peterborough'—the famous earl (1658-1735). The last was a posthumous work, published in 1853. Mr. Warburton had been deputed by the Atlantic and Pacific Junction Company to visit the tribes of Indians who inhabit the Isthmus of Darien, with a view to effect a friendly understanding with them, and to make himself thoroughly acquainted with their country. He sailed in the *Amazon* steamer, and was among the passengers who perished by fire on board that ill-fated ship. That awful catastrophe carried grief into many families, and none of its victims were more lamented than Eliot Warburton.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

The 'Confessions of an English Opium-Eater,' originally printed in the 'London Magazine,' and published in a separate form in 1822, describe the personal experiences of a scholar and man of genius who, like Coleridge, became a slave to the use of opium. To such an extent had he carried this baneful habit that in 'the meridian stage of his career' his daily ration was eight thousand drops of laudanum. He had found, he says, that the solid opium required a length of time to expand its effects sensibly, oftentimes not less than four hours, whereas the tincture, laudanum, manifested its presence instantaneously. The author of the 'Confessions' was THOMAS DE QUINCEY, son of an English merchant, and born August 15, 1785, at Greenhay, near Manchester. His father died while his children were young, leaving to his widow a fortune of sixteen hundred pounds a year. Thomas was educated at Bath, and subsequently at Worcester College, Oxford. When about sixteen, he made his way to London, and tried to raise a sum of two hundred pounds on his expectations from the paternal estate. He was reduced to extreme destitution by his dealings with the Jews, and by his want of any profession or remunerative employment. He was saved from perishing on the streets by a young woman he knew—one of the unfortunate *waifs* of the city—who restored him to consciousness with some warm cordial, after he had fainted from exhaustion. This 'youthful benefactress' he tried in vain to trace in his after-years.

It is strange, as Miss Martineau has remarked, and as indeed occurred to himself when reflecting on this miserable period of his life, 'that while tortured with hunger in the streets of London for many weeks, and sleeping (or rather lying awake with cold and hunger) on the floor of an empty house, it never once occurred to him to earn money. As a classical corrector of the press, and in other ways, he might no doubt have obtained employment, but it was not

till afterwards asked why he did not, that the idea ever entered his mind.' His friends, however, discovered him before it was too late, and he proceeded to Oxford. He was then in his eighteenth year. In the following year (1804) De Quincey seems to have first tasted opium. He took it as a cure for toothache, and indulged in the pleasing vice, as he then considered it, for about eight years. He continued his intellectual pursuits, married, and took up his residence in the Lake country, making occasional excursions to London, Bath, and Edinburgh. Pecuniary difficulties at length embarrassed him, and, enfeebled by opium, he sank into a state of misery and torpor. From this state he was roused by sharp necessity, and by the success of his contributions to the 'London Magazine,' which were highly prized, and seemed to open up a new source of pleasure and profit. He also contributed largely to 'Blackwood's' and 'Tait's' magazines, in which his 'Autobiographic Sketches,' 'Recollections of the Lakes,' and other papers appeared. Next to Macaulay, he was perhaps the most brilliant periodical writer of the day. After many years' residence at Grasmere, De Quincey removed to Scotland, and lived at Lasswade, near Edinburgh. He died in Edinburgh, December 8, 1859, in his seventy-fifth year.

Besides the 'Confessions,' Mr. De Quincey published the 'Dialogues of Three Templars on Political Economy,' 1824; and twenty years later he produced a volume on the same science—'The Logic of Political Economy,' 1844. The highest authority on political economy—Mr. M'Culloch—has eulogised these treatises of Mr. De Quincey as completely successful in exposing the errors of Malthus and others in applying Ricardo's theory of value. A collected edition of the works of De Quincey has been published in sixteen volumes, distributed in the main, he says, into three classes: first, papers whose chief purpose is to interest and amuse (autobiographic sketches, reminiscences of distinguished contemporaries, biographical memoirs, whimsical narratives, and such like); secondly, essays, of a speculative, critical, or philosophical character, addressing the understanding as an insulated faculty (of these there are many); and, thirdly, papers belonging to the order of what may be called prose-poetry—that is, fantasies or imaginations in prose—including the 'Suspiria de Profundis,' originally published in 'Blackwood's Magazine'—and which are remarkable for pathos and eloquence. In all departments, De Quincey must rank high, but he would have been more popular had he practised the art of condensation. His episodical digressions and diffuseness sometimes overrun all limits—especially when, like Southey (in the 'Doctor'), he takes up some favourite philosophical theory or scholastic illustration, and presents it in every possible shape and colour. The exquisite conversation of De Quincey was of the same character—in 'linked sweetness long drawn out,' but rich and various in an extraordinary degree. His autobiographic and personal sketches are almost as minute and

unreserved as those of Rousseau, but they cannot be implicitly relied upon. He spared neither himself nor his friends, and has been accused of unpardonable breaches of confidence and exaggerations, especially as respects the Wordsworth family. It has been said that if his life were written truthfully no one would believe it, so strange the tale would seem.*

The following is part of the melancholy yet fascinating 'Confessions.' One day a Malay wanderer had called on the recluse author in his cottage at Grasmere, and De Quincey gave him a piece of opium.

Dreams of the Opium-Eater.

May 18.—The Malay has been a fearful enemy for months. Every night, through his means, I have been trasported into Asiatic scenery. I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point, but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep, and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Indostan, &c. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, history, modes of faith, &c., is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of castes that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life; the great *Officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires, also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence and want of sympathy placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyse. I could sooner live with lunatics or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of oriental imagery and mythological tortures impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are to be found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by parroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas, and was fixed for centuries at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was wor-

* *Memoir of Professor Wilson*, by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon. 'I remember,' says Mrs. Gordon, 'his (De Quincey's) coming to Gloucester Place one stormy night. He remained hour after hour, in vain expectation that the waters would assuage, and the hurly-burly cease. There was nothing for it but that our visitor should remain all night. The Professor (Wilson) ordered a room to be prepared for him, and they found each other such good company, that this accidental detention was prolonged without further difficulty, for the greater part of a year. He rarely appeared at the family meals, preferring to dine in his own room, at his own hour, not unfrequently turning night into day. An ounce of laudanum per diem prostrated animal life in the early part of day. It was no unfrequent sight to find him lying upon the rug in front of the fire, his head resting upon a book, with his arms crossed over his breast, plunged in profound slumber.' He was most brilliant at supper parties, sitting till three or four in the morning.

shipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brahma, through all the forests of Asia; Vishnu hated me; Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris; I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers, at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles, and was laid, confounded with all unutterable abortions, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

Some slight abstraction I thus attempt of my oriental dreams, which filled me always with such amazement at the monstrous scenery, that horror seemed absorbed for a while in sheer astonishment. Sooner or later came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a killing sense of eternity and infinity. Into these dreams only it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles, especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than all the rest. I was compelled to live with him, and (as was always the case in my dreams) for centuries. Sometimes I escaped, and found myself in Chinese houses. All the feet of the tables, sofas, &c., soon became instinct with life: the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into ten thousand repetitions; and I stood loathing and fascinated. So often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way. I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping), and instantly I awoke; it was broad noon, and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bedside, come to shew me their coloured shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. No experience was so awful to me, and at the same time so pathetic, as this abrupt translation from the darkness of the infinite to the gaudy summer air of highest noon, and from the unutterable abortions of miscreated gigantic vermin to the sight of infancy and innocent *human* natures.

June 1819.—I have had occasion to remark, at various periods of my life, that the deaths of those whom we love, and, indeed, the contemplation of death generally, is (*cæteris paribus*) more affecting in summer than in any other season of the year. And the reasons are these three, I think: first, that the visible heavens in summer appear far higher, more distant, and (if such a solecism may be excused) more infinite; the clouds by which chiefly the eye expounds the distance of the blue pavilion stretched over our heads are in summer more voluminous, more massed, and are accumulated in far grander and more towering piles; secondly, the light and the appearances of the declining and the setting sun are much more fitted to be types and characters of the infinite; and, thirdly (which is the main reason), the exuberant and riotous prodigality of life naturally forces the mind more powerfully upon the antagonist thought of death, and the wintry sterility of the grave. For it may be observed generally, that wherever two thoughts stand related to each other by a law of antagonism, and exist, as it were, by mutual repulsion, they are apt to suggest each other. On these accounts it is that I find it impossible to banish the thought of death when I am walking alone in the endless days of summer; and any particular death, if not actually more affecting, at least haunts my mind more obstinately and besiegingly, in that season. Perhaps this cause, and a slight incident which I omit, might have been the immediate occasions of the following dream, to which, however, a predisposition must always have existed in my mind; but, having been once roused, it never left me, and split into a thousand fantastic variations, which often suddenly re-combined, locked back into a startling unity, and restored the original dream.

I thought that it was a Sunday morning in May; that it was Easter Sunday, and as yet very early in the morning. I was standing, as it seemed to me, at the door of my own cottage. Right before me lay the very scene which could really be commanded from that situation, but exalted, as was usual, and solemnised by the power of dreams. There were the same mountains, and the same lovely valley at their feet; but the mountains were raised to more than Alpine height, and there was interspace far larger between them of savannahs and forest lawns; the hedges were rich with white roses; and no living creature was to be seen, excepting that in the green churchyard there were cattle tranquilly reposing upon the verdant graves, and particularly round about the grave of a child whom I had once tenderly loved, just

as I had really beheld them, a little before sunrise, in the same summer when that child died. I gazed upon the well-known scene, and I said to myself: 'It yet wants much of sunrise; and it is Easter Sunday; and that is the day on which they celebrate the first fruits of Resurrection. I will walk abroad; old griefs shall be forgotten to-day: for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high, and stretch away to heaven; and the churchyard is as verdant as the forest lawns, and the forest lawns are as quiet as the churchyard; and with the dew I can wash the fever from my forehead; and then I shall be unhappy no longer.' I turned, as if to open my garden gate, and immediately I saw upon the left a scene far different; but which yet the power of dreams had reconciled into harmony. The scene was an oriental one; and there also it was Easter Sunday, and very early in the morning. And at a vast distance were visible, as a stain upon the horizon, the domes and cupolas of a great city—an image or faint abstraction, caught perhaps in childhood from some picture of Jerusalem. And not a bow-shot from me, upon a stone, shaded by Judean palms, there sat a woman; and I looked, and it was—Ann! She fixed her eyes upon me earnestly; and I said to her at length, 'So, then, I have found you at last.' I waited; but she answered me not a word. Her face was the same as when I saw it last; the same, and yet, again, how different! Seventeen years ago, when the lamp-light of mighty London fell upon her face, as for the last time I kissed her lips (lips, Ann, that to me were not polluted!), her eyes were streaming with tears. The tears were now no longer seen. Sometimes she seemed altered; yet again sometimes *not* altered; and hardly older. Her looks were tranquil, but with unusual solemnity of expression, and I now gazed upon her with some awe. Suddenly her countenance grew dim; and, turning to the mountains, I perceived vapours rolling between us; in a moment all had vanished; thick darkness came on; and in the twinkling of an eye I was far away from mountains, and by lamp-light in London, walking again with Ann—just as we had walked, when both children, eighteen years before, along the endless terraces of Oxford Street.

Then suddenly would come a dream of far different character—a tumultuous dream—commencing with a music such as now I often heard in sleep—music of preparation and of awakening suspense. The undulations of fast-gathering tumults were like the opening of the Coronation Anthem; and like *that*, gave the feeling of a multitudinous movement, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of ultimate hope for human nature, then suffering mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, but I knew not where—somehow, but I knew not how—by some beings, but I knew not by whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was travelling through all its stages—was evolving itself, like the catastrophe of some mighty drama, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable, from deepening confusion as to its local scene, its cause, its nature, and its undecipherable issue. I (as is usual in dreams where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement) had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. 'Deeper than ever plummet sounded,' I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake, some mightier cause, than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurryings to and fro, trepidations of innumerable fugitives; I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me: and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, with heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and, with a sigh such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of Death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! And again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud, 'I will sleep no more!'

'In the same impassioned and melodious prose, De Quincey talks of dreams 'moulding themselves eternally like the billowy sands of the desert, as beheld by Bruce, into towering columns.' They 'soar upwards to a giddy altitude, then stalk about for a minute all aglow

with fiery colour, and finally unmould and dislimn with a collapse as sudden as the motions of that eddying breeze under which their vapoury architecture had arisen.' De Quincey had a peculiar vein of humour or irony, often breaking out where least expected, and too long continued. This is exemplified in his paper on 'Murder as one of the Fine Arts,' which fills above a hundred pages, and in other essays and reviews; but the grand distinction of De Quincey is his subtle analytical faculty, and his marvellous power of language and description.

Joan of Arc.

What is to be thought of *her*? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd-girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd-boy from the hills and forests of Judea—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious *act*, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender: but so did they to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them *from a station of good-will*, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose—to a splendour and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a by-word amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with them the songs that rose in her native Domrémy, as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* side, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honours from man. Coronets for thee! O no! Honours, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, king of France, but she will not hear thee! Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honour, but she will be found *en contumace*. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd-girl that gave up all for her country—thy ear, young shepherd-girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; to *do*—never for thyself, always for others; to *suffer*—never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own: that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. 'Life,' thou saidst, 'is short, and the sleep which is in the grave is long. Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long.' This poor creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death: she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aërial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints; these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard for ever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it: but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her*; but, on the contrary, that she was for *them*; not she by them, but they by her, should

rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them: but well Joanna knew, early at Domrémy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her*. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom would ever bloom for *her*.

On the Wednesday after Trinity Sunday in 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, the Maid of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted before midday, guarded by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden bulets, supported by hollow spaces in every direction, for the creation of air-currents. 'The pile struck terror,' says M. Michelet, 'by its height.' . . . There would be a certainty of calumny rising against her—some people would impute to her a willingness to recant. No innocence could escape *that*. Now, had she really testified this willingness on the scaffold, it would have argued nothing at all but the weakness of a genial nature shrinking from the instant approach of torment. And those will often pity that weakness most, who in their own persons would yield to it least. Meantime there never was a calumny uttered that drew less support from the recorded circumstances. It rests upon no positive testimony, and it has a weight of contradicting testimony to stem. . . What else but her meek, saintly demeanour won, from the enemies that till now had believed her a witch, tears of rapturous admiration? 'Ten thousand men,' says M. Michelet himself, 'ten thousand men wept; and of these ten thousand the majority were political enemies knitted together by cords of superstition. What else was it but her constancy, united with her angelic gentleness, that drove the fanatic English soldier—who had sworn to throw a fagot on her scaffold as *his* tribute of abhorrence, that *did* so, that fulfilled his vow—suddenly to turn away a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove rising upon wings to heaven from the ashes where she had stood? What else drove the executioner to kneel at every shrine for pardon to *his* share in the tragedy? And if all this were insufficient, then I cite the closing act of her life as valid on her behalf, were all other testimonies against her. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose up in billowy columns. A Dominican monk was then standing almost at her side. Wrapped up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for *him*, the one friend that would not forsake her, and not for herself; bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave *her* to God. That girl, whose latest breath ascended in this sublime expression of self-oblivion, did not utter the word *recant* either with her lips or in her heart. No, she did not, though one should rise from the dead to swear it.

JOHN WILSON CROKER.

The last and most indefatigable of the original corps of the 'Quarterly Review' was Mr. John Wilson Croker (1780–1857). He was a native of Galway, his father being surveyor-general of customs and excise in Ireland, and he was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. His first literary attempts were satirical—'Familiar Epistles on the Irish Stage,' 1804; and an 'Intercepted Letter from Canton,' or a satire on certain politicians and magnates in the city of Dublin, 1805. These local productions were followed by 'Songs of Trafalgar,' 1806, and a pamphlet, entitled 'A Sketch of Ireland, Past and Present,' 1807. Sir Walter Scott, in his 'Life of Swift,' has copied one passage from this 'Sketch,' which appears to be an imitation of the style of Grattan.

Character of Swift.

On this gloom one luminary rose, and Ireland worshipped it with Persian idolatry; her true patriot—her first—almost her last. Sagacious and intrepid, he saw—he dared; above suspicion, he was trusted; above envy, he was beloved; above rivalry,

he was obeyed. His wisdom was practical and prophetic—remedial for the present, warning for the future. He first taught Ireland that she might become a nation, and England that she must cease to be a despot. But he was a churchman; his gown impeded his course, and entangled his efforts. Guiding a senate, or heading an army, he had been more than Cromwell, and Ireland not less than England. As it was, he saved her by his courage, improved her by his authority, adorned her by his talents, and exalted her by his fame. His mission was but of ten years, and for ten years only did his personal power mitigate the government; but though no longer feared by the great, he was not forgotten by the wise; his influence, like his writings, has survived a century; and the foundations of whatever prosperity we have since erected are laid in the disinterested and magnanimous patriotism of Swift.

Mr. Croker studied law at Lincoln's Inn, but getting into parliament for the borough of Down-patrick (1807) he struck into that path of public life which he was fitted to turn to the best advantage. In 1809 he took a prominent part in defending the Duke of York during the parliamentary investigation into the conduct of His Royal Highness, and shortly afterwards he was made Secretary to the Admiralty, an office which he held for nearly twenty-two years, until 1830, when he retired with a pension of £1500 per annum. In 1808 he published anonymously 'The Battles of Talavera,' a poem in the style of Scott, and which Sir Walter reviewed in the second volume of the 'Quarterly Review.' In the same style Mr. Croker commemorated the 'Battle of Albuera,' 1811. This seems to have been the last of his poetical efforts. He was now busy with the 'Quarterly Review.' Criticism, properly so called, he never attempted. His articles were all personal or historical, confined to attacks on Whigs and Jacobins, or to the rectification of dates and facts regarding public characters and events. He was the reviewer of Keats's 'Endymion' in 1818, to which Byron playfully alluded:

> Who killed John Keats?
> I, says the 'Quarterly,'
> So savage and Tartarly,
> 'Twas one of my feats.

But this deadly article is only a piece of abuse of three pages, in which Keats is styled a copyist of Leigh Hunt, 'more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype.' Lady Morgan's 'Italy' is despatched in the same trenchant style. But one of Mr. Croker's greatest 'feats' in this way was mortifying the vanity of Fanny Burney or Madame D'Arblay, who wished to have it believed that she was only seventeen when her novel of 'Evelina' was published. She is said to have kept up the delusion without exactly giving the date; but the reviewer, knowing that she was born at Lynn, in Norfolk, had the parish-register examined, and found that the fair novelist was baptised in June 1752, and consequently was between twenty-five and twenty-six years of age when 'Evelina' appeared, instead of being a prodigy of seventeen. Mr. Croker's success in this species of literary statistics led him afterwards to apply it to the case of the Empress Josephine and Napoleon; he had the French registers examined,

and from them proved that both Josephine and Napoleon had falsified their ages. This fact, with other disparaging details, the reviewer brought out in a paper which appeared on the occasion of the late emperor's visit to England—no doubt to mortify the new Napoleon dynasty. In the same spirit he assailed Soult when he visited this country—recounting all his military errors and defeats, and reminding him that the Duke of Wellington had deprived him of his dinner at Oporto in 1809 and at Waterloo in 1815. The duke is said to have been seriously displeased with the reviewer on account of this mistimed article. Two of the later contributions to the 'Review' by Mr. Croker made considerable noise. We refer to those on Macaulay's History and Moore's Memoirs. In the case of the former, Mr. Rogers said Croker 'attempted murder, but only committed suicide.' With Moore the reviewer had been on friendly terms. They were countrymen and college acquaintances; and when Lord John Russell published the poet's journals for the benefit of his widow, a generous man, who had known the deceased, would have abstained from harsh comments. Croker applied the scalpel without mercy; Lord John ventured a remark on the critic's 'safe malignity;' and Croker retaliated by shewing that Moore had been recording unfavourable notices of him in his journal at the very time that he was cultivating his acquaintance by letters, and soliciting favours at his hands. Lord John's faults as an editor were also unsparingly exposed; and on the whole, in all but good feeling, Croker was triumphant in this passage-at-arms. No man with any heart would have acted as Croker did, but he was blinded by his keen partisanship and pride. He was a political gladiator bound to do battle against all Whigs and innovators in literature. Mr. Disraeli has satirised him under the name of 'Rigby' in his novel of 'Coningsby.' Mr. Croker, however, did service to literature by his annotated edition of Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' and his publication of the Suffolk Papers, the Letters of Lady Hervey, and Lord Hervey's 'Memoirs of the Court of George II.' He wrote 'Stories from the History of England for Children,' which had the merit of serving as a model for Sir Walter Scott's 'Tales of a Grandfather,' and he collected some of his contributions to the 'Review,' and published them under the title of 'Essays on the Early Period of the French Revolution.' At the time of his death he was engaged in preparing an edition of Pope's works, which has since passed into the abler hands of the Rev. Whitworth Elwin.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

The following notice of MISS MARTINEAU appeared in Horne's 'Spirit of the Age:' 'Harriet Martineau was born in the year 1802, one of the youngest among a family of eight children. Her father was a proprietor of one of the manufactories in Norwich, in which place his

family, originally of French origin, had resided since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. She was indebted to an uncle, a surgeon in Norwich, for her education. She has herself ascribed her taste for literary pursuits to the extreme delicacy of her health in childhood; to the infirmity (deafness) with which she has been afflicted ever since, which, without being so complete as to deprive her absolutely of all intercourse with the world, yet obliged her to seek occupations and pleasures within herself; and to the affection which subsisted between her and the brother nearest her own age, the Rev. James Martineau, whose fine mind and talents are well known. The occupation of writing, first begun to gratify her own taste and inclination, became afterwards to her a source of honorable independence, when, by one of the disasters so common in trade, her family became involved in misfortunes. She was then enabled to reverse the common lot of unmarried daughters in such circumstances, and cease to be in any respect a burden. She realised an income sufficient for her simple habits, but still so small as to enhance the integrity of the sacrifice which she made to principle in refusing the pension offered to her by government in 1840. Her motive for refusing it was, that she considered herself in the light of a political writer, and that the offer did not proceed from the people, but from the government, which did not represent the people.' It is said in another account that when pressed on this subject by Lord Melbourne, she declined to accept a pension, the proceeds of a system of taxation which she had condemned in her works.

The literary career of Miss Martineau displayed unwearied application, as well as great versatility of talent and variety of information. It commenced in 1823, when she published 'Devotional Exercises for Young Persons.' From this time till 1831 she issued a number of tracts and short moral tales, and wrote some prize essays, which were published by the Unitarian Association. Two works on social questions, 'The Rioters' and 'The Turn Out,' were among the first attempts to expound in a popular form the doctrines of political economy. In 1832–34 she produced more valuable 'Illustrations of Political Economy,' 'Taxation,' and 'Poor Laws.' A visit to America next led to 'Society in America,' 1837; and 'Retrospect of Western Travel,' 1838, both able and interesting works. In the same year she published a 'Letter to the Deaf,' and two small 'Guides to Service,' to which she afterwards added two more domestic manuals. To 1838 also belongs a small tract, 'How to Observe.' In 1839 appeared 'Deerbrook,' a novel, containing striking and eloquent passages, one of which we subjoin:

Effects of Love and Happiness on the Mind.

There needs no other proof that happiness is the most wholesome moral atmosphere, and that in which the immortality of man is destined ultimately to thrive, than the elevation of soul, the religious aspiration, which attends the first assurance, the first sober certainty of true love. There is much of this religious aspiration

amidst all warmth of virtuous affections. There is a vivid love of God in the child that lays its cheek against the cheek of its mother, and clasps its arms about her neck. God is thanked—perhaps unconsciously—for the brightness of his earth, on summer evenings, when a brother and sister, who have long been parted, pour out their heart-stores to each other, and feel their course of thought bright ning as it runs. When the aged parent hears of the honours his children have won, or looks round upon their innocent faces as the glory of his decline, his mind reverts to Him who in them prescribed the purpose of his life, and bestowed its grace. But religious as is the mood of every good affection, none is so devotional as that of love, especially so called. The soul is then the very temple of adoration, of faith, of holy purity, of heroism, of charity. At such a moment the human creature shoots up into the angel; there is nothing on earth too defiled for its charity—nothing in hell too appalling for its heroism—nothing in heaven too glorious for its sympathy. Strengthened, sustained, vivified by that most mysterious power, union with another spirit, it feels itself set well forth on the way of victory over evil, sent out conquering and to conquer. There is no other such crisis in human life. The philosopher may experience uncontrollable agitation in verifying his principle of balancing systems of worlds, feeling, perhaps, as if he actually saw the creative hand in the act of sending the planets forth on their everlasting way; but this philosopher, solitary seraph as he may be regarded amidst a myriad of men, knows at such a moment no emotions so divine as those of the spirit becoming conscious that it is beloved—be it the peasant-girl in the meadow, or the daughter of the sage reposing in her father's confidence, or the artisan beside his loom, or the man of letters musing by his fireside. The warrior about to strike the decisive blow for the liberties of a nation, however impressed with the solemnity of the hour, is not in a state of such lofty resolution as those who, by joining hearts, are laying their joint hands on the whole wide realm of futurity for their own. The statesman who, in the moment of success, feels that an entire class of social sins and woes is annihilated by his hand, is not conscious of so holy and so intimate a thankfulness as they who are aware that their redemption is come in the presence of a new and sovereign affection. And these are many—they are in all corners of every land. The statesman is the leader of a nation, the warrior is the grace of an age, the philosopher is the birth of a thousand years; but the lover, where is he not? Wherever parents look round upon their children, there he has been; wherever children are at play together, there he will soon be; wherever there are roofs under which men dwell, wherever there is an atmosphere vibrating with human voices, there is the lover, and there is his lofty worship going on, unspeakable, but revealed in the brightness of the eye, the majesty of the presence, and the high temper of the discourse.

The democratic opinions of the authoress—for in all but her anti-Malthusian doctrines Miss Martineau was a sort of female Godwin—are strikingly brought forward, and the characters are well drawn. 'Deerbrook' is a story of English domestic life. The next effort of Miss Martineau was 'The Hour and the Man,' 1840, a novel or romance founded on the history of the brave Toussaint L'Ouverture; and with this *man* as hero, Miss Martineau exhibits as the *hour* of action the period when the slaves of St. Domingo threw off the yoke of slavery. There is much passionate as well as graceful writing in this tale; its greatest defect is, that there is too much disquisition, and too little connected or regular fable. Among the other works of Miss Martineau are several for children, as 'The Peasant and the Prince,' 'The Settlers at Home,' 'Feats on the Fiord,' and 'The Crofton Boys'—all pleasing and instructive little tales. Her next work, 'Life in the Sick-Room, or Essays by an Invalid,' 1844, presents many interesting and pleasing sketches, full of acute and delicate thought and elegant description.

Sea View from the Window of the Sick-Room at Tynemouth.

Think of the difference to us between seeing from our sofas the width of a street, even if it be Sackville Street, Dublin, or Portland Place, in London, and thirty miles of sea view, with its long boundary of rocks, and the power of sweeping our glance over half a county, by means of a telescope! But the chief ground of preference of the sea is less its space than its motion, and the perpetual shifting of objects caused by it. There can be nothing in inland scenery which can give the sense of life and motion and connection with the worldlike sea changes. The motion of a water-fall is too continuous—too little varied—as the breaking of the waves would be, if that were all the sea could afford. The fitful action of a windmill, the waving of trees, the ever-changing aspects of mountains are good and beautiful; but there is something more lifelike in the going forth and return of ships, in the passage of fleets, and in the never-ending variety of a fishery. But, then, there must not be too much sea. The strongest eyes and nerves could not support the glare and oppressive vastness of an unrelieved expanse of waters. I was aware of this in time, and fixed myself where the view of the sea was inferior to what I should have preferred if I had come to the coast for a summer visit. Between my window and the sea is a green down, as green as any field in Ireland; and on the nearer half of this down, haymaking goes forward in its season. It slopes down to a hollow, where the Prior of old preserved his fish, there being sluices formerly at either end, the one opening upon the river, and the other upon the little haven below the Priory, whose ruins still crown the rock. From the Prior's fishpond, the green down slopes upwards again to a ridge: and on the slope are cows grazing all summer, and half-way into the winter. Over the ridge, I survey the harbour and all its traffic, the view extending from the light-houses far to the right, to a horizon of sea to the left. Beyond the harbour lies another county, with, first, its sandy beach, where there are frequent wrecks—too interesting to an invalid—and a fine stretch of rocky shore to the left; and above the rocks, a spreading heath, where I watch troops of boys flying their kites, lovers and friends taking their breezy walk on Sundays; the sportsman with his gun and dog: and the washerwomen converging from the farmhouses on Saturday evenings, to carry their loads, in company, to the village on the yet further height. I see them now talking in a cluster, as they walk each with a white burden on her head, and now in file, as they pass through the narrow lane; and, finally, they part off on the village-green, each to some neighbouring house of the gentry. Behind the village and the heath stretches the railway; and I watch the train triumphantly careering along the level road, and puffing forth its steam above hedges and groups of trees, and then labouring and panting up the ascent, till it is lost between two heights, which at last bound my view. But on these heights are more objects; a windmill, now in motion, and now at rest; a lime-kiln, in a picturesque rocky field; an ancient church tower, barely visible in the morning, but conspicuous when the setting sun shines upon it; a colliery, with its lofty wagon-way and the self-moving wagons running hither and thither, as if in pure wilfulness; and three or four farms, at various degrees of ascent, whose yards, paddocks, and dairies I am better acquainted with than their inhabitants would believe possible. I know every stack of the one on the heights. Against the sky I see the stacking of corn and hay in the season, and can detect the slicing away of the provender, with an accurate eye, at the distance of several miles. I can follow the sociable farmer in his summer evening ride, pricking on in the lane where he is alone, in order to have more time for the unconscionable gossip at the gate of the next farmhouse, and for the second talk over the paddock-fence of the next, or for the third or fourth before the porch, or over the wall, when the resident farmer comes out, pipe in mouth, and puffs away amidst his chat, till the wife appears, with a shawl over her cap, to see what can detain him so long; and the daughter follows, with her gown turned over her head—for it is now chill evening—and at last the sociable horseman finds he must be going, looks at his watch, and with a gesture of surprise, turns his steed down a steep broken way to the beach, and canters home over the sands, left hard and wet by the ebbing tide, the white horse making his progress visible to me through the dusk. Then, if the question arises, which has most of the gossip spirit, he or I? there is no shame in the answer. Any such small amusement is better than harmless—is salutary—which carries the sick pris-

oner abroad into the open air, among country-people. When I shut down my window, I feel that my mind has had an airing.

For four years she was an inmate of this sick room. A series of tales, illustrative of the evils springing from the Game Laws (1845), are marked by Miss Martineau's acuteness and fine clear style, but are overcoloured in tone and sentiment. Another short tale, 'The Billow and the Rock,' 1846, founded on the incidents of Lady Grange's captivity, is interesting, without any attempt at conveying a political lesson. In 1845 appeared 'Eastern Life, Past and Present,' three volumes—a very interesting book of travels, but disfigured by wild speculative opinions on Scripture history and character, and on mesmerism and clairvoyance. A volume on 'Household Education' appeared in 1849, and the 'History of England' from 1816 to 1846, in 1850. This is an admirable account of the thirty years' peace. In 1851 Miss Martineau published a collection of letters between herself and Mr. H. G. Atkinson, 'On the Laws of Man's Nature and Development'—a work which met with universal condemnation. Miss Martineau's friend, Charlotte Brontë, grieved sadly over this declension on the part of one whom she admired as combining the highest mental culture with the nicest discharge of feminine duties. The book, she said, was 'the first exposition of avowed atheism and materialism she had ever read—the first unequivocal declaration of disbelief of God or a future life.' Hundreds, she said, had deserted Miss Martineau on account of this book, but this the authoress has denied. 'I am not aware,' says Miss Martineau, 'of having lost any friends whatever by that book, *while I have gained a new world of sympathy.*' In fact, most persons regarded this singular lady as *sui generis*, and would never dream of binding her by the 'fixed and settled rules.' Her next performance was a translation and condensation of the 'Positive Philosophy' of Augustus Comte, two volumes, 1853. M. Comte's work is a complete account of science and scientific method, as developed at the time he wrote, beginning with mathematics, and ending with social physics or sociology; but it is also, says Mr. Brimley, 'a fierce polemic against theology and metaphysics, with all the notions and sentiments that have their root in them'—a 'strict limitation of the human faculties to phenomenal knowledge.' Hence the system 'not only fails to provide an aim for the action of man and of society; but if an aim were conceded to it, has no moral force to keep men steady, no counteracting power to the notorious selfishness and sensuality against which we have ever to be on our guard.' In 1854 Miss Martineau published a 'Complete Guide to the Lakes.' Many years since she fixed her residence in the beautiful Lake country at Ambleside, where she managed her little farm of two acres with the skill of a practical agriculturalist, and was esteemed an affectionate friend and good neighbor. She was a regular contributor of

political and social articles to the 'Daily News' and other journals. In 1869 she reproduced in one volume all the short memoirs, royal, political, professional, scientific, social and literary, which she had written for the 'Daily News' from her first connection with the paper in 1852. These form a very interesting and instructive work—high-toned in principle, and felicitous in expression. She is occasionally unjust, as in the case of Macaulay, and inaccurate in others, but she is never dull. Miss Martineau also contributed articles to 'Once a Week' and other periodicals. It was impossible for her to be idle so long as a shred of health remained. She died on the evening of the 27th of June 1876, having entered on her 75th year. Immediately after her death the 'Daily News' printed an autobiography sent to that journal by Miss Martineau when she believed she was near death in 1855. It is a remarkably frank, unaffected production. As a writer of fiction, she says of herself: 'None of her novels or tales have, or ever had, in the eyes of good judges or in her own, any character of permanence. The artistic aim and qualifications were absent; she had no power of dramatic construction; nor the poetic inspiration on the one hand, nor critical cultivation on the other, without which no work of the imagination can be worthy to live. Two or three of her Political Economy Tales are perhaps her best achievement in fiction—her doctrine furnishing the plot which she was unable to create, and the brevity of space duly restricting the indulgence in detail which injured her longer narratives, and at last warned her to leave off writing them. It was fortunate for her that her own condemnation anticipated that of the public. To the end of her life she was subject to solicitations to write more novels and more tales; but she for the most part remained steady in her refusal.'

Of her book on 'Society in America,' while claiming credit for it as a trustworthy account of the political structure and relations of the Federal and State Governments, she says: 'On the whole, the book is not a favourable specimen of Harriet Martineau's writings, either in regard to moral or artistic taste. It is full of affectations and preachments.' As to religion, she describes herself as being, in early life, an earnest Unitarian. But she says that her 'Eastern Life, Past and Present,'—which she ranks as the best of her writings—shewed that at that time (1849) 'she was no longer a Unitarian, or a believer in revelation at all.' With regard to the 'Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development,' she observes: 'This book brought upon its writers, as was inevitable, the imputation of atheism from the multitude who cannot distinguish between the popular and the philosophical sense of the word—between the disbelief in the popular theology which has caused a long series of religious men to be called atheists, and the disbelief in a First Cause—a disbelief which is expressly disclaimed in the book.'

Miss Martineau thus accounts for her choice of rural instead of London life: 'She felt that she could not be happy, or in the best

way useful, if the declining years of her life were spent in lodgings in the morning and drawing-rooms in the evening. A quiet home of her own, and some few dependent on her for their domestic welfare, she believed to be essential to every true woman's peace of mind; and she chose her plan of life accordingly.'

The Napiers.

Two generations of Englishmen have rejoiced in the felt and lively presence of a family who seemed born to perpetuate the associations of a heroic age, and to elevate the national sentiment at least to the point reached in the best part of the military period of our civilisation, while our mere talkers were bemoaning the material tendencies and the sordid temper of our people in our own century. The noble old type of the British knight, lofty in valour and in patriotism, was felt to exist in its full virtue while we had the Napiers in our front, conspicuous in the eyes of an observing world. We have every reason to hope that the type will not be lost, whatever may be the destiny of Europe as to war or peace. . . . We have many gallant men left, as we always have had, and always shall have; but there never have been any, and there never can be any like the Napiers. They were a group raised from among the medieval dead, and set in the midst of us, clothed in a temperament which admitted all the ameliorating influences of our period of civilisation. They were a great and never-to-be-forgotten sight to our generation; and our posterity will see them in the mirror of tradition for ages to come. We are wont to say that tradition is old and has left off work; but it is not often now that tradition has such a theme as the Napiers. It will not willingly be let die till tradition itself is dead.

The Royal Marriage Law (1857.)

There was a strong hope that when our young Queen Victoria, who was at full liberty as sovereign to please herself in marriage, had made her choice, this wretched and demoralising Marriage Act, always reprobated by the wisest and best men of the time, would be repealed. There were then none left of the last generation who could be pointed at, or in any way affected by such a repeal; and it was thought that it would be wise to do the thing before there was a new generation to introduce difficulty into the case. The opportunity has almost been allowed to slip from us. The royal children have ceased to be children, at least the elder ones. Meantime there is, as we all know, a strong and growing popular distrust in our own country and in others of the close dynastic connections which are multiplying by means of the perpetual intermarriages of a very few families. The political difficulties recently, and indeed constantly experienced from the complication of family interests involving almost every throne in Europe, are a matter of universal feeling and conversation. There is no chance for the physical and intellectual welfare of coming generations when marriages take place among blood relations; and there is no chance for morality and happiness when, under legal or state compulsion, young people love in one direction and marry in another. No evils that could possibly arise from marriages out of the royal pale can for a moment compare with the inevitable results of a marriage law like ours, perpetuated through other generations, than the unhappy one that is gone. Royalty will have quite difficulties enough to contend with, all through Europe, in coming times, without the perils consequent on this law. Its operation will expose all the intermarried royal families in Europe to criticism and ultimate rejection by peoples who will not be governed by a coterie of persons diseased in body through narrow intermarriage, enfeebled in mind—strong only in their prejudices, and large only in their self-esteem and in requirements. There is yet time to save the thrones of Europe—or at least the royal palaces of England—from the consequences of a collision between the great natural laws ordained by Providence, and the narrow and mischievous artificial law ordained by a wilful king of England. That king is in his grave, and the last of his children is now gone to join him there. Let the time be laid hold of to bury his evil work in the tomb which is now to be sealed over him and his for ever; and the act will be gratefully acknowledged by a long line of future princes and princesses, who will be spared the bitter suffering of those who have gone before. It can never be, as was said by wise men eighty years ago, that

royal personages who are declared of age at eighteen will have no will of their own. in such a matter as marriage, at five-and-twenty. Marriage is too solemn and sacred a matter to be treated as a piece of state politics; and the ordinance which is holy in the freedom of private life may be trusted with the domestic welfare of prince and peasant alike.

Postal Reform—Anecdote of Coleridge.—From 'History of the Thirty Years' Peace' (1816–1846).

Coleridge, when a young man, was walking through the Lake district, when he one day saw the postman deliver a letter to a woman at a cottage door. The woman turned it over and examined it, and then returned it, saying that she could not pay the postage. which was a shilling. Hearing that the letter was from her brother, Coleridge paid the postage, in spite of the manifest unwillingness of the woman. As soon as the postman was out of the house, she shewed Coleridge how his money had been wasted, as far as she was concerned. The sheet was blank. There was an agreement between her brother and herself, that as long as all went well with him, he should send a blank sheet in this way once a quarter, and she had thus tidings of him without expense of postage.

Most people would have remembered this incident as a curious story to tell; but there was one mind which wakened up at once to a sense of the significance of the fact. It struck Mr. Rowland Hill that there must be something wrong in a system which drove a brother and sister to cheating, in order to gratify their desire to hear of one another's welfare. It was easy enough in those days to collect a mass of anecdotes of such cheating. Parents and children, brothers and sisters, lovers and friends, must have tidings of each other, where there is any possibility of obtaining them; and those who had not shillings to spend in postage—who could no more spend shillings in postage than the class above them could spend hundreds of pounds on pictures—would resort to any device of communication, without thinking there was any harm in such cheating, because no money was kept back from government which could have been paid. There was curious dotting in newspapers, by which messages might be spelled out. Newspapers being franked by writing on the covers the names of members of parliament, a set of signals was arranged by which the names selected were made to serve as a bulletin. Men of business so wrote letters as that several might go on one sheet, which was to be cut up and distributed. The smuggling of letters by carriers was enormous. After all expenditure of time and ingenuity, there remained, however, a terrible blank of enforced silence. We look back now with a sort of amazed compassion to the old crusading times when warrior-husbands and their wives, gray-headed parents and their brave sons, parted with the knowledge that it must be months or years before they could hear even of one another's existence. We wonder how they bore the depth of silence. And we feel the same now about the families of Polar voyagers. But, till a dozen years ago, it did not occur to many of us how like this was the fate of the largest classes in our own country. The fact is, there was no full and free epistolary intercourse in the country, except between those who had the command of franks. There were few families in the wide middle class who did not feel the cost of postage a heavy item in their expenditure; and if the young people sent letters home only once a fortnight, the amount at the year's end was rather a serious matter. But it was the vast multitude of the lower orders who suffered like the crusading families of old, and the geographical discoverers of all time. When once their families parted off from home, it was a separation almost like that of death. The hundreds of thousands of apprentices, of shopmen, of governesses, of domestic servants, were cut off from family relations as if seas or deserts lay between them and home. If the shilling for each letter could be saved by the economy of weeks or months at first, the rarity of the correspondence went to increase the rarity; new interests hastened the dying out of old ones; and the ancient domestic affections were but too apt to wither away, till the wish for intercourse was gone. The young girl could not ease her heart by pouring out her cares and difficulties to her mother before she slept, as she can now when the penny and the sheet of paper are the only condition of the correspondence. The young lad felt that a letter home was a somewhat serious and formal matter, when it must

cost his parents more than any indulgence they ever thought of for themselves: and the old fun and light-heartedness were dropped from such domestic intercourse as there was. The effect upon morals of this kind of restraint is proved beyond a doubt by the evidence afforded in the army. It was a well-known fact, that in regiments where the commanding officer was kind and courteous about franking letters for the privates, and encouraged them to write as often as they pleased, the soldiers were more sober and manly, more virtuous and domestic in their affections, than where difficulty was made by the indolence or stiffness of the franking officer. To some persons, this aspect has ever appeared the most important of the various interesting aspects of the postage reform achieved by Mr. Rowland Hill. As for others, it is impossible to estimate the advantage of the change. In reading Cowper's life, how strange now seems his expenditure of time, thought, and trouble about obtaining franks for the manuscripts and proof of his Homer; now, when every mail carries packets between authors, printers, and publishers, for a few pence, without any teasing solicitation for franks, or dependence upon anybody's good offices! What a mass of tradesmen's patterns and samples, of trade circulars, of bills and small sums of money, of music and books, of seeds and flowers, of small merchandise and friendly gifts, of curious specimens passing between men of science, of bulletins of health to satisfy anxious hearts, is every day sent abroad over the land: and now spreading over wide oceans and across continents, through Rowland Hill's discovery of a way to throw down the old barriers and break through the ancient silence! It was truly a beneficent legislation which made this change.

It was not easy, however, to make the change. Long after the case was made clear—long after the old evils and the new possibility were made as evident as facts and figures can make any proposition—there was difficulty—vexatious, even exasperating difficulty—in carrying the reform. One great obstacle at the outset was that the post-office has, through all time, declared itself perfect. As the Duke of Wellington declared of our representative system that it could not be improved, while the grass and trees of Old Sarum were sending two members to parliament, so the post-office declared itself perfect when carts and saddle-horses carried its bags: and again, when Mr. Palmer's mail-coaches—declared an impossible creation in 1797—brought the Bath letters to London in eighteen hours, and could take no notice of out-of-the-way towns and small villages; and again, when a letter from Uxbridge, posted on Friday night, could not reach Gravesend till Tuesday morning; and, finally, when the state of postal communication in Great Britain was what has been indicated above. No postal reforms of a comprehensive character have ever originated in the Post-office itself. This is natural, because its officers are wholly occupied with its interior affairs, and cannot look abroad so as to compare its provisions with the growing needs of society. It required a pedestrian traveller in the Lake District, making his wayside observations, and following up the suggestion; an investigator who could ascertain something of the extent of the smuggling of letters; a man of an open heart, who could enter into family sympathies; a man of philosophical ingenuity, who could devise a remedial scheme; and a man of business, who could fortify such a scheme with an impregnable accuracy, to achieve such a reform. The man was among us, and the thing was done.

Mr. Hill ascertained that 'the cost of mere transit incurred upon a letter sent from London to Edinburgh, a distance of four hundred miles, is not more than one thirty-sixth part of a penny.' When this was once made clearly known to the people of London and Edinburgh, it was not likely that they would be long content to pay a shilling or upwards. It was not likely that rich merchants would be content; and much less the multitude to whom a shilling was a prohibitory duty on correspondence. It would strike them all that if government received such a profit as this on the transmission of letters, the government must be getting much too rich at the expense of letter-writers, and to the injury of persons who would fain write letters if they could. If it appeared, however, that the revenue from the post-office was unaccountably small—that it was diminishing in actual amount instead of increasing with the spread of population—it was clear that the Post-office could not be so perfect as it thought itself; that it was not answering its purpose; that whatever might be its mismanagement and consequent expensiveness, there must also be an enormous amount of smuggling letters. And the facts were so. Between the years 1815 and 1835, the Post-office annual revenue had declined; while, on its own existing terms,

it ought, from the increase of population, to have risen £507,700—from the mere increase of population it ought to have risen thus much, without regard to the improvement of education, and the spread of commerce, which had taken place in these twenty years.

The way to deal with smuggling is now very well understood. To extinguish smuggling it is necessary to lower duties to the point which makes smuggling not worth while. In some of the most populous districts of England it was believed that the number of letters illegally conveyed by carriers, and delivered in an awkward and irregular sort of way at the cost of a penny each, far exceeded that of the letters sent through the Post-office. The penny posts established in towns were found to answer well. Putting together these and a hundred other facts with that of the actual cost of transmission of an Edinburgh letter, Mr. Hill proposed to reduce the cost of all letters not exceeding half an ounce in weight to a penny. The shock to the Post-office of such an audacious proposal was extreme; and so was the amazement of the public at the opening of such a prospect. As the actual cost of transmission to any part of the kingdom reached by the mail was less than a farthing, the penny rate might be made uniform—to the saving of a world of time and trouble—and still the profit or tax would be two hundred per cent. Mr. Hill's calculation was, that if the postage could be paid in advance so as to save time and trouble in delivery, and other facilities of communication be established, which he pointed out, and the postage be reduced to a penny for half-ounce letters, the increase in the number of letters, by the stoppage of smuggling, and the new cheapness must soon be fourfold. When it became fourfold, the net revenue, after defraying the expense of conveying franks and newspapers, would amount to £1,278 000 per annum—a sum only £280,000 less than the existing revenue. As no one supposed that the increase would ultimately be so little as fourfold, there was every prospect that the Post office revenue would, in a few years, recover its then present amount directly; while it was certain that, under other heads, the revenue must be largely increased through the stimulus given to commerce by improved communication.

When Mr. Hill proposed his plan, the revenue was in a flourishing state—in a state which would justify such an experiment as this for such ends. It was well that none foresaw the reverse which was at hand, and the long depression which must ensue; for none might have had courage to go into the enterprise. But that reverse served admirably as a test of the reform; and through the long depression which ensued, Mr. Hill's plan, though cruelly majmed, and allowed at first no fair chance, worked well while everything else was working ill. The revenue from the Post-office went on steadily increasing, while every other branch of the national income was declining or stationary. . . .

And from our own country the blessing is reaching many more; and cheap postage is becoming established in one nation after another, extending the benefits of the invention among myriads of men who have not yet heard the name of its author. The poet's shilling given in the Lake District was well laid out!

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

A love of natural history and poetry, great industry, and a happy talent for description, distinguish these popular writers, originally members of the Society of Friends. Mary Botham was a native of Uttoxeter, county of Stafford; William Howitt was born in 1795, at Heanor, in Derbyshire. They were married in 1823, and the same year they published, in conjunction, 'The Forest Minstrel,' a series of poems. In the preface is the following statement: 'The history of our poetical bias is simply what we believe, in reality, to be that of many others. Poetry has been our youthful amusement, and our increasing daily enjoyment in happy, and our solace in sorrowful hours. Amidst the vast and delicious treasures of our national literature, we have revelled with growing and unsatiated delight; and at the same time, living chiefly in the quietness of the country,

we have watched the changing features of nature; we have felt the secret charm of those sweet but unostentatious images which she is perpetually presenting, and given full scope to those workings of the imagination and of the heart, which natural beauty and solitude prompt and promote. The natural result was the transcription of those images and scenes.'

A poem in this volume serves to complete a happy picture of studies pursued by a married pair in concert:

Away with the pleasure that is not partaken?
There is no enjoyment by one only ta'en:
I love in my mirth to see gladness awaken
On lips, and in eyes, that reflect it again.
When we sit by the fire that so cheerily blazes
On our cozy hearthstone, with its innocent glee,
Oh! how my soul warms, while my eye fondly gazes,
To see my delight is partaken by thee.

And when, as how often, I eagerly listen
To stories thou read'st of the dear olden day,
How delightful to see our eyes mutually glisten,
And feel that affection has sweetened the lay.
Yes, and love—and when wandering even at morning,
Through forest or wild, or by waves foaming white,
I have fancied new beauties the landscape adorning,
Because I have seen thou wast glad in the sight.

And how often in crowds, where a whisper offendeth,
And we fain would express what there might not be said,
How dear is the glance that none else comprehendeth,
And how sweet is the thought that is secretly read!
Then away with the pleasure that is not partaken!
There is no enjoyment by one only ta'en:
I love in my mirth to see gladness awaken
On lips, and in eyes, that reflect it again.

Mrs. Howitt has since published a great variety of works—'The Seven Temptations,' a dramatic poem, 1834; 'Wood Leighton,' a novel; 'The Heir of West Wayland;' and several volumes both in prose and verse for children. The attention of Mr. and Mrs. Howitt having been drawn to the Swedish language, they studied it with avidity, and Mrs. Howitt has translated the tales of Frederika Bremer and the 'Improvisatore' of Hans Christian Andersen, all of which have been exceedingly popular, and now circulate extensively both in England and America. Mr. Howitt has been a still more voluminous writer. His happiest works are those devoted to rural description. The 'Book of the Seasons,' 1831, delineates the picturesque and poetical features of the months, and all the objects and appearances which the year presents in the garden, the field, and the waters. An enthusiastic lover of his subject, Mr. Howitt is remarkable for the fullness and variety of his pictorial sketches, the richness and purity of his fancy, and the occasional force and eloquence of his language.

Love of the Beautiful.

If I could but arouse in other minds (he says) that ardent and ever-growing love of the beautiful works of God in the creation, which I feel in myself—if I could but make it in others what it has been to me—

> The nurse,
> The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
> Of all my moral being—

if I could open to any the mental eye which can never be again closed, but which finds more and more clearly revealed before it beauty, wisdom, and peace in the splendours of the heavens, in the majesty of seas and mountains, in the freshness of winds, the everchanging lights and shadows of fair landscapes, the solitude of heaths, the radiant face of bright lakes, and the solemn depths of woods, then, indeed, should I rejoice. Oh that I could but touch a thousand bosoms with that melancholy which often visits mine, when I behold little children endeavouring to extract amusement from the very dust, and straws, and pebbles of squalid alleys, shut out from the free and glorious countenance of nature, and think how differently the children of the peasantry are passing the golden hours of childhood, wandering with bare heads and unshod feet, perhaps, but singing a 'childish, wordless melody' through vernal lanes, or prying into a thousand sylvan leafy nooks, by the liquid music of running waters, amidst the fragrant heath, or on the flowery lap of the meadow, occupied with winged wonders without end. Oh that I could but baptise every heart with the sympathetic feeling of what the city-pent child is condemned to lose; how blank, and poor, and joyless must be the images which fill its infant bosom, to that of the country one, whose mind

> Will be a mansion for all lovely forms,
> His memory be a dwelling-place
> For all sweet sounds and harmonies!

I feel, however, an animating assurance that nature will exert a perpetually increasing influence, not only as a most fertile source of pure and substantial pleasures—pleasures which, unlike many others, produce, instead of satiety, desire, but also as a great moral agent: and what effects I anticipate from this growing taste may be readily inferred, when I avow it is one of the most fearless articles of my creed, that it is scarcely possible for a man in whom its power is once firmly established, to become utterly debased in sentiment or abandoned in principle. His soul may be said to be brought into habitual union with the Author of Nature—

> Haunted forever by the Eternal Mind.

In this spirit Mr. Howitt has written 'The Rural Life of England,' two volumes, 1838; 'The Boy's Country Book;' and 'Visits to Remarkable Places,' two volumes; the latter work giving an account of old English halls, battle-fields, and the scenes of striking passages in English history and poetry. Another work of the same kind, 'The Homes and Haunts of the Poets,' 1847, is greatly inferior, being disfigured by inaccuracies and rash dogmatic assertions. Mr. Howitt was for some years in business in the town of Nottingham, and a work from his fertile pen, the nature of which is indicated by its name, the 'History of Priestcraft,' 1834, so recommended him to the Dissenters and reformers of that town, that he was made one of their aldermen. Disliking the bustle of public life, Mr. Howitt retired from Nottingham, and resided for three years at Esher, in Surrey. Mr. and Mrs. Howitt then removed to Germany, and after three years' residence in that country, the former published a work on the 'Social and Rural Life of Germany,' which the natives admitted to

be the best account of that country ever written by a foreigner. Our industrious author has also translated a work written expressly for him, 'The Student Life of Germany.' After his return, Mr. Howitt embarked in periodical literature as a proprietor, but neither 'The People's Journal' nor 'Howitt's Journal' was a successful speculation. He then sailed for Australia, and a two years' residence in that colony enabled him to publish an interesting and comprehensive work, in two volumes, entitled 'Land, Labour, and Gold, or Two Years in Victoria, with visits to Sydney and Van Diemen's Land.' He has also published 'The Ruined Castles and Abbeys of Great Britain,' 1861; 'History of the Supernatural;' 'Letters on Transportation,' 1863; 'Discovery in Australia,' &c., 1865; 'The Mad War Planet, and other Poems,' 1871. The last was a decided failure. But few writers have displayed greater intellectual activity than Mary and William Howitt, and to the young they have been special benefactors.

Mountain Children.—By MARY HOWITT.

Dwellers by lake and hill!
Merry companions of the bird and bee!
Go gladly forth and drink of joy your fill,
With unconstrained step and spirits free!

No crowd impedes your way,
No city wall impedes your further bounds;
Where the wild flock can wander ye may stray
The long day through, 'mid summer sights and sounds.

The sunshine and the flowers,
And the old trees that cast a solemn shade;
The pleasant evening, the fresh dewy hours,
And the green hills whereon your fathers played.

The gray and ancient peaks
Round which the silent clouds hang day and night;
And the low voice of water as it makes,
Like a glad creature, murmurings of delight.

These are your joys! Go forth—
Give your hearts up unto their mighty power;
For in his spirit God has clothed the earth,
And speaketh solemnly from tree and flower.

The voice of hidden rills
Its quiet way into your spirits finds;
And awfully the everlasting hills
Address you in their many-toned winds.

Ye sit upon the earth
Twining its flowers, and shouting full of glee,
And a pure mighty influence 'mid your mirth,
Moulds your unconscious spirits silently.

Hence is it that the lands
Of storm and mountain have the noblest sons;
Whom the world reverences. The patriot bands
Were of the hills like you, ye little ones!

Children of pleasant song
Are taught within the mountain solitudes;
For hoary legions to your wilds belong,
And yours are haunts where inspiration broods.

Then go forth—earth and sky
To you are tributary; joys are spread
Profusely, like the summer flowers that lie
In the green path, beneath your gamesome tread!

Mountains.—From 'The Book of the Seasons.'

There is a charm connected with mountains, so powerful that the merest mention of them, the merest sketch of their magnificent feature, kindles the imagination, and carries the spirit at once into the bosom of their enchanted regions. How the mind is filled with their vast solitude! how the inward eye is fixed on their silent, their sublime, their everlasting peaks! How our heart bounds to the music of their solitary cries, to the tinkle of their gushing rills, to the sound of their cataracts! How inspiriting are the odours that breathe from the upland turf, from the rock-hung flower, from the hoary and solemn pine! how beautiful are those lights and shadows thrown abroad, and that fine, transparent haze which is diffused over the valleys and lower slopes, as over a vast, inimitable picture!

At this season of the year [autumn] the ascents of our own mountains are most practicable. The heat of summer has dried up the moisture with which winter rains saturate the spongy turf of the hollows; and the atmosphere, clear and settled, admits of the most extensive prospects. Whoever has not ascended our mountains knows little of the beauties of this beautiful island. Whoever has not climbed their long and heathy ascents, and seen the trembling mountain-flowers, the glowing moss, the richly tinted lichens at his feet; and scented the fresh aroma of the uncultivated sod, and of the spicy shrubs; and heard the bleat of the flock across their solitary expanses, and the wild cry of the mountain plover, the raven, or the eagle; and seen the rich and russet hues of distant slopes and eminences, the livid gashes of ravines and precipices, the white glittering line of falling waters, and the cloud tumultuously whirling round the lofty summit; and then stood panting on that summit, and beheld the clouds alternately gather and break over a thousand giant peaks and ridges of every varied hue, but all silent as images of eternity; and cast his gaze over lakes and forests, and smoking towns, and wide lands to the very ocean, in all their gleaming and reposing beauty—knows nothing of the treasures of pictorial wealth which his own country possesses.

But when we let loose the imagination from even these splendid scenes, and give it free charter to range through the far more glorious ridges of continental mountains, through Alps, Apennines, or Andes, how is it possessed and absorbed by all the awful magnificence of their scenery and character! The skyward and inaccessible pinnacles, the

Palaces where Nature thrones
Sublimity in icy halls!

the dark Alpine forests, the savage rocks and precipices, the fearful and unfathomable chasms filled with the sound of ever-precipitating waters; the cloud, the silence, the avalanche, the cavernous gloom, the terrible visitation of Heaven's concentrated lightning, darkness, and thunder; or the sweeter features of living, rushing streams, spicy odours of flower and shrub, fresh spirit-elating breezes sounding through the dark pine-grove; the ever-varying lights and shadows, and aërial hues, the wide prospects, and, above all, the simple inhabitants.

We delight to think of the people of mountainous regions; we please our imaginations with their picturesque and quiet abodes; with their peaceful and secluded lives, striking and unvarying costumes, and primitive manners. We involuntarily give to the mountaineer heroic and elevated qualities. He lives amongst noble objects, and must imbibe some of their nobility; he lives amongst the elements of poetry, and must be poetical; he lives where his fellow-beings are far, far separated from their kind, and surrounded by the sternness and the perils of savage nature; his social affections must therefore be proportionably concentrated, his home-ties

lively and strong; but, more than all, he lives within the barriers, the strongholds, the very last refuge which Nature herself has reared to preserve alive liberty in the earth, to preserve to man his highest hopes, his noblest emotions, his dearest treasures, his faith, his freedom, his hearth, and his home. How glorious do those mountain-ridges appear when we look upon them as the unconquerable abodes of free hearts; as the stern, heaven-built walls from which the few, the feeble, the persecuted, the despised, the helpless child, the delicate woman, have from age to age, in their last perils, in all their weaknesses and emergencies, when power and cruelty were ready to swallow them up, looked down and beheld the million waves of despotism break at their feet; have seen the rage of murderous armies, and tyrants, the blasting spirit of ambition, fanaticism and crushing domination recoil from their bases in despair. 'Thanks be to God for mountains!' is often the exclamation of my heart as I trace the history of the world. From age to age they have been the last friends of man. In a thousand extremities they have saved him. What great hearts have throbbed in their defiles from the days of Leonidas to those of Andreas Hofer! What lofty souls, what tender hearts, what poor and persecuted creatures have they sheltered in their stony bosoms from the weapons and tortures of their fellow-men!

> Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold!

was the burning exclamation of Milton's agonised and indignant spirit, as he beheld those sacred bulwarks of freedom for once violated by the disturbing demons of the earth; and the sound of his fiery and lamenting appeal to Heaven will be echoed in every generous soul to the end of time.

Thanks be to God for mountains! The variety which they impart to the glorious bosom of our planet were no small advantage; the beauty which they spread out to our vision in their woods and waters, their crags and slopes, their clouds and atmospheric hues, were a splendid gift; the sublimity which they pour into our deepest souls from their majestic aspects; the poetry which breathes from their streams, and dells, and airy heights, from the sweet abodes, the garbs and manners of their inhabitants, the songs and legends which have awoke in them, were a proud heritage to imaginative minds; but what are all these when the thought comes, that without mountains the spirit of man must have bowed to the brutal and the base, and probably have sunk to the monotonous level of the unvaried plain.

When I turn my eyes upon the map of the world, and behold how wonderfully the countries where our faith was nurtured, where our liberties were generated, where our philosophy and literature, the fountains of our intellectual grace and beauty, sprang up, were as distinctly walled out by God's hand with mountain ramparts from the eruptions and interruptions of barbarism, as if at the especial prayer of the early fathers of man's destinies. I am lost in an exulting admiration. Look at the bold barriers of Palestine! see how the infant liberties of Greece were sheltered from the vast tribes of the uncivilised North by the heights of Hæmus and Rhodope! behold how the Alps describe their magnificent crescent, inclining their opposite extremities to the Adriatic and Tyrrhene Seas, locking up Italy from the Gallic and Teutonic hordes till the power and spirit of Rome had reached their maturity, and she had opened the wide forest of Europe to the light, spread far her laws and language, and planted the seeds of many mighty nations!

Thanks to God for mountains! Their colossal firmness seems almost to break the current of time itself; the geologist in them searches for traces of the earlier world: and it is there, too, that man, resisting the revolutions of lower regions, retains through innumerable years his habits and his rights. While a multitude of changes has remoulded the people of Europe, while languages, and laws, and dynasties, and creeds, have passed over it like shadows over the landscape, the children of the Celt and the Goth, who fled to the mountains a thousand years ago, are found there now, and shew us in face and figure, in language and garb, what their fathers were: shew us a fine contrast with the modern tribes dwelling below and around them: and shew us, moreover, how adverse is the spirit of the mountain to mutability, and that there the fiery heart of freedom is found for ever.

Country Rambles—The South of England—From 'The Rural Life of England.'

Cross only the south of England, and how delightful were the route to him who has the love of nature and of his country in his heart; and no imperious cares to dispute it with them. Walk up, as I have said, from Salisbury to Stonehenge. Sit down amid that solemn circle, on one of its fallen stones: contemplate the gigantic erection, reflect on its antiquity, and what England has passed through and become while those stones have stood there. Walk forth over that beautiful and immense plain—see the green circles, and lines, and mounds, which ancient superstition or heroism has everywhere traced upon it, and which nature has beautified with a carpet of turf as fine and soft as velvet. Join those simple shepherds, and talk with them. Reflect, poetical as our poets have made the shepherd and his life—what must be the monotony of that life in lowland counties—day after day, and month after month, and year after year—never varying, except from the geniality of summer to winter; and what it must be then, how dreary its long reign of cold, and wet, and snow!

When you leave them, plunge into the New Forest in Hampshire. There is a region where a summer month might be whiled away as in a fairy-land. There, in the very heart of that old forest, you find the spot where Rufus fell by the bolt of Tyrell, looking very much as it might look then. All around you lie forest and moorland for many a mile. The fallow and red deer in thousands herd there as of old. The squirrels gambol in the oaks above you; the swine rove in the thick fern and the deep glades of the forest as in a state of nature. The dull tinkle of the cattle-bell comes through the wood; and ever and anon, as you wander forward, you catch the blue smoke of some hidden abode, curling over the tree tops; and come to sylvan bowers, and little bough-overshadowed cottages, as primitive as any that the reign of the Conqueror himself could have shewn. What haunts are in these glades for poets; what streams flow through their bosky banks, to soothe at once the ear and eye enamoured of peace and beauty! What endless groupings and colourings for the painter! At Boldre you may find a spot worth seeing, for it is the parsonage once inhabited by the venerable William Gilpin—the descendant of Barnard Gilpin, the apostle of the north—the author of 'Forest Scenery;' and near it is the school, which he built and endowed for the poor from the sale of his drawings. Not very distant from this stands the rural dwelling of one of England's truest-hearted women, Caroline Bowles—and not far off you have the woods of Netley Abbey, the Isle of Wight, the Solent, and the open sea.

But still move on through the fair fields of Dorset and Somerset, to the enchanted land of Devon. If you want stern grandeur, follow its north-western coast; if peaceful beauty, look down into some one of its rich vales, green as an emerald, and pastured by its herds of red cattle; if all the summer loveliness of woods and rivers, you may ascend the Tamar or the Tavy, or many another stream; or you may stroll on through valleys that for glorious solitudes, or fair English homes amid their woods and hills, shall leave you nothing to desire. If you want sternness and loneliness, you may pass into Dartmoor. There are wastes and wilds, crags of granite, views into far-off districts, and the sounds of waters hurrying away over their rocky beds, enough to satisfy the largest hungering and thirsting after poetical delight. I shall never forget the feelings of delicious entrancement with which I approached the outskirts of Dartmoor. I found myself amongst the woods near Haytor Crags. It was an autumn evening. The sun, near its setting, threw its yellow beams amongst the trees, and lit up the ruddy tors on the opposite side of the valley into a beautiful glow. Below, the deep dark river went sounding on its way with a melancholy music, and as I wound up the steep road all beneath the gnarled oaks, I ever and anon caught glimpses of the winding valley to the left, all beautiful with wild thickets and half shrouded faces of rock, and still on high those glowing ruddy tors standing in the blue air in their sublime silence. My road wound up, and up, the heather and the bilberry on either hand shewing me that cultivation had never disturbed the soil they grew in; and one sole woodlark from the far-ascending forest to the right, filled the wide solitude with his wild autumnal note. At that moment I reached an eminence, and at once saw the dark crags of Dartmoor high aloft before me, and one large solitary house in the valley beneath the woods. So fair, so silent—save for the woodlark's note and the moaning river—so unearthly did the whole scene seem, that my imagination delighted to look upon

it as an enchanted land, and to persuade itself that that house stood as it would stand for ages, under the spell of silence, but beyond the reach of death and change.

But even there you need not rest—there lies a land of gray antiquity, of desolate beauty still before you—Cornwall. It is a land almost without a tree. That is, all its high and wild plains are destitute of them, and the bulk of its surface is of this character. Some sweet and sheltered vales it has, filled with noble wood, as that of Tresillian near Truro; but over a great portion of it extend gray heaths. It is a land where the wild furze seems never to have been rooted up, and where the huge masses of stone that lie about its hills and valleys are clad with the lichen of centuries. And yet how does this bare and barren land fasten on your imagination! It is a country that seems to have retained its ancient attachments longer than any other. The British tongue here lingered till lately—as the ruins of King Arthur's palace still crown the stormy steep of Tintagel; and the saints that succeeded the heroic race, seem to have left their names on almost every town and village.

It were well worth a journey there merely to see the vast mines which perforate the earth, and pass under the very sea; and the swarming population that they employ. It were a beautiful sight to see the bands of young maidens, that sit beneath long sheds, crushing the ore, and singing in chorus. But far more were it worth the trip to stand at the Land's-End, on that lofty, savage, and shattered coast, with the Atlantic roaring all around you. The Hebrides themselves, wild and desolate, and subject to obscuring mists as they are, never made me feel more shipped into a dream-land than that scenery. At one moment the sun shining over the calm sea, in whose transparent depths the tawny rocks were seen far down. Right and left extend the dun cliffs and cavernous precipices, and at their feet the white billows playing gracefully to and fro over the nearly sunken rocks, as through the manes of huge sea-lions. At the next moment all wrapt in the thickest obscurity of mist; the sea only cognisable by its sound; the dun crags looming through the fog vast and awfully, and all round you on the land nothing visible, as you trace back your way, but huge gray stones that strew the whole earth. In the midst of such a scene I came to a little deserted hut, standing close by a solitary mere amongst the rocks, and the dreamy effect became most perfect. What a quick and beautiful contrast was it to this, as the very same night I pursued my way along the shore, the clear moon hanging on the distant horizon, the waves of the ocean on one hand coming up all luminous and breaking on the strand in billows of fire, and on the other hand the sloping turf sown with glow-worms for some miles, thick as the stars overhead.

I speak of the delight which a solitary man may gather up for ever from such excursions; that will come before him again and again in all their beauty from his past existence, into many a crowd and many a solitary room; but how much more may be reaped by a congenial band of affectionate spirits in such a course. To them, a thousand different incidents or odd adventures, flashes of wit and moments of enjoyment combine to quicken both their pleasures and friendship. The very flight from a shower, or the dining on a turnip-pie, no very uncommon dish in the rural inns of Cornwall, may furnish merriment for the future. And if this one route would be a delicious summer's ramble, with all its coasting and its seaports into the bargain, how many such stretch themselves in every direction through England. The fair orchard-scenes of Hereford and Worcester, in spring all one region of bloom and fragrance—the hills of Malvern and the Wrekin. The fairy dales of Derbyshire; the sweet forest and pastoral scenes of Staffordshire; the wild dales, the scars and tarns of Yorkshire; the equally beautiful valleys and hills of Lancashire, with all those quaint old halls that are scattered through it, memorials of past times, and all connected with some incident or other of English history. And then there is Northumberland—the classic ground of the ancient ballad—the country of the Percy—of Chevy Chace—of the Hermit of Warkworth—of Otterburn and Humbledown—of Flodden, and many another stirring scene. And besides all these are the mountain regions of Cumberland, of Wales, of Scotland, and Ireland, that by the power of steam, are being brought every day more within the reach of thousands. What an inexhaustible wealth of beauty lies in those regions! These, if every other portion of the kingdom were reduced by ploughing and manufacturing and steaming to the veriest commonplace, these, in the immortal strength of their nature, bid defiance to the efforts of any antagonist or reducing spirit. These will still remain wild and fair, the refuge and haunt of the painter and the poet—of all lovers of beauty, and

breathers after quiet and freshness. Nothing can pull down their lofty and scathed heads; nothing can dry up those everlasting waters, that leap down their cliffs and run along their vales in gladness; nothing can certainly exterminate those dark heaths, and drain off those mountain lakes, where health and liberty seem to dwell together; nothing can efface the loveliness of those regions, save the hand of Him who placed them there. I rejoice to think that while this great nation remains, whatever may be the magnitude of the designs for the good of the world in which Providence purposes to employ it—however populous it may be necessary for it to become—whatever the machinery and manufactories that may be needfully at work in it; that while Cumberland, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland continue, there will continue regions of indestructible beauty—of free and unpruned nature, so fair that those who are not satisfied therewith, would not be satisfied with the whole universe. More sublimity other countries may boast, more beauty has fallen to the lot of none on God's globe.

REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

This gentleman (born at Comrie, in Perthshire, in 1813) is author of a number of works, critical and biographical. The best known of these is his 'Gallery of Literary Portraits,' the first portion published in 1845, a second in 1849, and a third in 1855. In the interval between the successive appearance of these volumes, Mr. Gilfillan published 'The Bards of the Bible,' 1850; 'The Book of British Poesy,' 1851; 'The Martyrs, Heroes, and Bards of the Scottish Covenant,' 1852; &c. In 1856 he published 'The History of a Man'—a singular melange of fancy sketches and biographical facts; and in the following year, 'Christianity and our Era;' in 1864, 'Martyrs and Heroes of the Scottish Covenant;' in 1867, 'Night' (a poem in blank verse, by no means a happy effort of the author); and the same year a volume of biographies, entitled 'Remoter Stars in the Church Sky;' in 1869, 'Modern Christian Heroes;' in 1871, 'Life of Sir Walter Scott.' Mr. Gilfillan has also been a large contributor to periodical works, and has edited a series of the British Poets. At the same time he discharges the duties of a pastor of the United Presbyterian Church in Dundee, and has published several volumes of sermons and discourses. The industry of Mr. Gilfillan is a remarkable and honourable feature in his character; and his writings, though too often disfigured by rash judgments and a gaudy rhetorical style, have an honest warmth and glow of expression which attest the writer's sincerity, while they occasionally present striking and happy illustrations. From his very unequal pages, many felicitous images and metaphors might be selected.

Lochnagar and Byron.

We remember a pilgrimage we made some years ago to Lochnagar. As we ascended, a mist came down over the hill, like a veil dropped by some jealous beauty over her own fair face. At length the summit was reached, though the prospect was denied us. It was a proud and thrilling moment. What though darkness was all around? It was the *very* atmosphere that suited the scene. It was 'dark Lochnagar.' And only think how fine it was to climb up and clasp its cairn—to lift a stone from it, to be in after-time a memorial of our journey—to sing the song which made it terrible and dear, in its own proud drawing-room, with those great fog-curtains floating around—to pass along the brink of its precipices—to snatch a fearful joy, as we leaned over and hung down, and saw far beneath the gleam of eternal snow shin-

ing up from its hollows, and columns, or rather perpendicular seas of mist, streaming up upon the wind—

Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell,
Where every wave breaks on a living shore—

tinged, too, here and there, on their tops, by gleams of sunshine, the farewell beams of the dying day. It was the grandest moment in our lives. We had stood upon many hills—in sunshine and in shade, in mist and in thunder—but never had before, nor hope to have again, such a feeling of the grandeur of this lower universe—such a sense of horrible sublimity. Nay, we question if there be a mountain in the empire, which, though seen in similar circumstances, could awaken the same emotions in our minds. It is not its loftiness, though that be great—nor its bold outline, nor its savage loneliness, nor its mist-loving precipices, but the associations which crown its crags with a 'peculiar diadem;' its identification with the image of a poet, who, amid all his fearful errors, had perhaps more than any of the age's bards the power of investing all his career—yea, to every corner which his fierce foot ever touched, or which his genius ever sung—with profound and melancholy interest. We saw the name Byron written in the cloud-characters above us. We saw his genius sadly smiling in those gleams of stray sunshine which gilded the darkness they could not dispel. We found an emblem of his poetry in that flying rack, and of his character in those lowering precipices. We seemed to hear the wail of his restless spirit in the wild sob of the wind, fainting and struggling up under its burden of darkness. Nay, we could fancy that this hill was designed as an eternal monument to his name, and to image all those peculiarities which make that name for ever illustrious. Not the loftiest of his country's poets, he is the most sharply and terribly defined. In magnitude and round completeness, he yields to many—in jagged, abrupt, and passionate projection of his own shadow over the world of literature, to none. The genius of convulsion, a dire attraction, dwells around him, which leads many to hang over, and some to leap down his precipices. Volcanic as he is, the coldness of wintry selfishness too often collects in the hollows of his verse. He loves, too, the cloud and the thick darkness, and comes 'veiling all the lightnings of his song in sorrow.' So, like Byron beside Scott and Wordsworth, does Lochnagar stand in the presence of his neighbour giants, Ben-mac-Dhui, and Ben-y-boord, less lofty, but more fiercely eloquent in its jagged outline, reminding us of the *via* of the forked lightning, which it seems dumbly to mimic, projecting its cliffs like quenched batteries against earth and heaven, with the cold of snow in its heart, and with a coronet of mist round its gloomy brow.

No poet since Homer and Ida has thus, everlastingly, shot his genius into the heart of one great mountain, identifying himself and his song with it. Not Horace with Soracte—not Wordsworth with Helvellyn—not Coleridge with Mont Blanc—not Wilson with the Black Mount—not even Scott with the Eildons—all these are still common property, but Lochnagar is Byron's own—no poet will ever venture to sing it again. In its dread circle none dare walk but he. His allusions to it are not numerous, but its peaks stood often before his eye: a recollection of its grandeur served more to colour his line than the glaciers of the Alps, the cliffs of Jura, or the thunder hills of fear, which he heard in Chimari; even from the mountains of Greece he was carried back to Morven, and

Lochnagar, with Ida, looked o'er Troy.

From a graphic sketch of a once popular divine by Mr. Gilfillan we make an extract:

The Rev. Edward Irving.

We come, in fine, to the greatest of them all, Edward Irving. And first, let us glance at the person of the man. In reference to other literary men you think, or at least, speak of their appearance last. But so it was of this remarkable man, that most people put his face and figure in the foreground, and spoke of his mental and moral faculties as belonging to them, rather than of them as belonging to the man. In this respect, he bore a strong resemblance to the two heroes of the French Revolution, Mirabeau and Danton. Irving was a Danton spiritualised. Had he been born in

France, and subjected to its desecrating influences, and hurled head foremost into the vortex of its revolution, he would, in all probability, have cut some such tremendous figure as the Mirabeau of the Sans-culottes; he would have laid about him as wildly at the massacres of September, and carried his huge black head as high in the death-cart, and under the guillotine. Had he been born in England in certain circles, he had perhaps emerged from obscurity in the shape of an actor, the most powerful that ever trod the stage, combining the statuesque figure and sonorous voice of the Kemble family, with the energy, the starts, and bursts and inspired fury of Kean, added to some qualities peculiarly his own. Had he turned his thought to the tuneful art, he had written rugged and fervent verse, containing much of Milton's grandeur, and much of Wordsworth's oracular simplicity. Had he snatched the pencil, he would have wielded it with the savage force of Salvator Rosa, and his conceptions would have partaken now of Blake's fantastic quaintness, and now of Martin's gigantic monotony. Had he lived in the age of chivalry, he would have stood side by side in glorious and well-foughten field with Cœur de Lion himself, and died in the steel harness full gallantly. Had he lived in an age of persecution, he had been either a hardy martyr, leaping into the flames as into his wedding suit, or else a fierce inquisitor, aggravating by his portentous frown, and more portentous squint, the agonies of his victim. Had he been born in Calabria, he had been as picturesque a bandit as ever stood on the point of a rock between a belated painter and the red evening sky, at once an object of irresistible terror and irresistible admiration, leaving the poor artist in doubt whether to take to his pencil or to his heels. But, in whatever part or age of the world he had lived, he must have been an extraordinary man. . .

No mere size, however stupendous, or expression of face, however singular, could have uplifted a common man to the giddy height on which Irving stood for a while, calm and collected as the statue upon its pedestal. It was the correspondence, the reflection of his powers and passions upon his person; independence stalking in his stride, intellect enthroned on his brow, imagination dreaming on his lips, physical energy stringing his frame, and athwart the whole a cross ray, as from Bedlam, shooting in his eye! It was this which excited such curiosity, wonder, awe, rapture, and tears, and made his very enemies, even while abusing, confess his power, and tremble in his presence. It was this which made ladies flock and faint, which divided attention with the theatres, eclipsed the oratory of parliament, drew demireps to hear themselves abused, made Canning's fine countenance flush with pleasure, 'as if his veins ran lightning,' accelerated in an alarming manner the twitch in Brougham's dusky visage, and elicited from his eye those singular glances, half of envy and half of admiration, which are the truest tokens of applause, and made such men as Hazlitt protest, on returning half squeezed to death from one of his displays, that a monologue from Coleridge, a recitation of one of his own poems from Wordsworth, a burst of puns from Lamb, and a burst of passion from Kean, were not to be compared to a sermon from Edward Irving.

His manner also contributed to the charm. His aspect, wild, yet grave, as of one labouring with some mighty burden; his voice, deep, clear, and with crashes of power alternating with cadences of softest melody; his action, now graceful as the wave of the rose-bush in the breeze, and now fierce and urgent as the motion of the oak in the hurricane. Then there was the style, curiously uniting the beauties and faults of a sermon of the seventeenth century with the beauties and faults of a parliamentary harangue or magazine article of the nineteenth—quaint as Browne, florid as Taylor, with the bleak wastes which intersect the scattered green spots of Howe mixed here with sentences involved, clumsy, and cacophonous as the worst of Jeremy Bentham's, and interspersed there with threads from the magic loom of Coleridge. It was a strange amorphous Babylonish dialect, imitative, yet original, rank with a prodigious growth of intertangled beauties and blemishes, inclosing amid wide tracts of jungle little bits of clearest and purest loveliness, and throwing out sudden volcanic bursts of real fire, amid jets of mere smoke and hot water. It had great passages, but not one finished sermon or sentence. It was a thing of shreds, and yet a web of witchery. It was perpetually stumbling the least fastidious hearer or reader, and yet drawing both impetuously on. And then, to make the medley 'thick and slab,' there was the matter, a grotesque compound, including here a panegyric on Burns, and there a fling at Byron; here a plan of future punishment, laid out with as much minuteness as if he had been projecting a bridewell,

and there a ferocious attack upon the 'Edinburgh Review;' here a glimpse of the gates of the Celestial City, as if taken from the top of Mount Clear, and there a description of the scenery and of the poet of the Lakes; here a pensive retrospect to the days of the Covenant, and there a dig at the heart of Jeremy Bentham; here a ray of prophecy, and there a bit of politics; here a quotation from the Psalms, and there from the 'Rime of the Ancient Mariner.' Such was the strange, yet overwhelming exhibition which our hero made before the gaping, staring, wondering, laughing, listening, weeping, and thrilling multitudes of fashionable, political, and literary London.

He was, in fact, as De Quincey one called him to us, a 'demon of power.' We must not omit, in merest justice, his extraordinary gift of prayer. Some few of his contemporaries might equal him in preaching, but none approached to the very hem of his garment while wrapt up into the heaven of devotion. It struck you as the prayer of a great being conversing with God. Your thoughts were transported to Sinai, and you heard Moses speaking with the Majesty on high, under the canopy of darkness, amid the quaking of the solid mountain and the glimmerings of celestial fire; or you thought of Elijah praying in the cave in the intervals of the earthquake, and the fire and the still small voice. The solemnity of the tones convinced you that he was conscious of an unearthly presence, and speaking to it, not to you. The diction and imagery shewed that his faculties were wrought up to their highest pitch, and tasked to their noblest endeavour, in that 'celestial colloquy sublime.' And yet the elaborate intricacies and swelling pomp of his preaching were exchanged for deep simplicity. A profusion of Scripture was used; and never did inspired language better become lips than those of Irving. His public prayers told to those who could interpret their language of many a secret conference with Heaven—they pointed to wrestlings all unseen, and groanings all unheard—they drew aside, involuntarily, the veil of his secret retirements, and let in a light into the sanctuary of the closet itself. Prayers more elegant, and beautiful, and melting, have often been heard; prayers more urgent in their fervid importunity have been uttered once and again (such as those which were sometimes heard with deep awe to proceed from the chamber where the perturbed spirit of Hall was conversing aloud with its Maker till the dawning of the day); but prayers more organ-like and Miltonic, never. The fastidious Canning, when told by Sir James Mackintosh, of Irving praying for a family of orphans as 'cast upon the fatherhood of God,' was compelled to start, and own the beauty of the expression.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

An American traveller and miscellaneous writer, BAYARD TAYLOR, a native of Pennsylvania, born in 1825, was apprenticed to a printer, and afterwards devoted himself to literature and foreign travel. His publications are numerous, including 'Ximena, and other Poems,' 1844; 'Views Afoot, or Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff,' 1846; 'A Voyage to California,' &c., 1850; 'The Lands of the Saracen,' 1854; 'A Visit to India, China, and Japan,' 1855; 'Travels in Greece and Russia,' 1859; 'At Home and Abroad,' (sketches of Life and scenery), two volumes, 1859–1862; 'The Poet's Journal,' a poetical domestic autobiography, 1862; 'Hannah Thurston,' a story of American life, 1863; 'John Godfrey's Fortunes,' a novel, 1864; 'The Story of Kennet,' a tale of American life, 1866; 'Colorado,' 1867; 'By-ways of Europe,' 1869; &c. A collective edition of the poems of Bayard Taylor was published at Boston in 1864, and a collective edition of his travels in ten volumes, by Putnam of New York, in 1869. This enterprising traveller in 1862 was appointed secretary to the American legation at the Court of St. Petersburg.

Student Life in Germany.—From 'Views Afoot.'

Receiving a letter from my cousin one bright December morning, the idea of visiting him struck me, and so, within an hour, B—— and I were on our way to Heidelberg. It was delightful weather; the air was mild as the early days of spring, the pine forests around wore a softer green, and though the sun was but a hand's-breadth high, even at noon, it was quite warm on the open road. We stopped for the night at Bensheim; and the next morning was as dark as a cloudy day in the north can be, wearing a heavy gloom I never saw elsewhere. The wind blew the snow down from the summits upon us, but, being warm from walking, we did not heed it. The mountains looked higher than in summer, and the old castles more grim and frowning. From the hard roads and freezing wind, my feet became very sore, and after limping along in excruciating pain for a league or two, I poured some brandy into my boots, which deadened the wounds so much, that I was enabled to go on in a kind of trot, which I kept up, only stopping ten minutes to dinner, until we reached Heidelberg. But I have not yet recovered from the lameness which followed this performance.

The same evening there was to be a general *commers*, or meeting of the societies among the students, and I determined not to omit witnessing one of the most interesting and characteristic features of student life. So, borrowing a cap and coat, I looked the student well enough to pass for one of them, although the former article was somewhat of the *Philister* form. Baader, a young poet of some note, and president of the 'Palatia' Society, having promised to take us to the commers, we met at eight o'clock at an inn frequented by the students, and went to the rendezvous, near the Markt Platz.

A confused sound of voices came from the inn, as we drew near, and groups of students were standing around the door. In the entrance-hall we saw the Red Fisherman, one of the most conspicuous characters about the University. He is a small, stout man, with bare neck and breasts, red hair—whence his name—and a strange mixture of roughness and benevolence in his countenance. He has saved many persons, at the risk of his own life, from drowning in the Neckar, and on that account is leniently dealt with by the faculty whenever he is arrested for assisting the students in any of their unlawful proceedings. Entering the room I could scarcely see at first, on account of the smoke that ascended from a hundred pipes. All was noise and confusion. Near the door sat some half-dozen musicians, who were getting their instruments ready for action, and the long room was filled with tables, all of which seemed to be full, yet the students were still pressing in. The tables were covered with great stone jugs and long beer-glasses; the students were talking and shouting and drinking. One who appeared to have the arrangement of the meeting, found seats for us together, and having made a slight acquaintance with those sitting next us, we felt more at liberty to witness their proceedings. They were all talking in a sociable, friendly way, and I saw no one who appeared to be intoxicated. The beer was a weak mixture, which I should think would make one fall over from its weight, rather than its intoxicating properties. Those sitting near me drank but little, and that principally to make or return compliments. One or two at the other end of the table were more boisterous, and more than one glass was overturned upon their legs. Leaves containing the songs for the evening lay at each seat, and at the head, where the president sat, were two swords crossed, with which he occasionally struck upon the table to preserve order. Our president was a fine, romantic-looking young man, dressed in the old German costume—black beaver and plume, and velvet doublet with slashed sleeves. I never saw in any company of young men so many handsome, manly countenances. If their faces were any index of their characters, there were many noble, free souls among them. Nearly opposite to me sat a young poet, whose dark eyes flashed with feeling as he spoke to those near him. After some time passed in talking and drinking together, varied by an occasional air from the musicians, the president beat order with the sword, and the whole company joined in one of their glorious songs, to a melody at the same time joyous and solemn. Swelled by so many manly voices it arose like a hymn of triumph—all other sounds were stilled. Three times during the singing all rose to their feet, clashed their glasses together around the tables and drank to their fatherland, a health and blessing to the patriot, and honour to those who struggle in the cause of freedom.

After this song, the same order was continued as before, except that students from the different societies made short speeches, accompanied by some toast or sentiment. One spoke of Germany—predicting that all her dissensions would be overcome, and she would arise at last, like a phœnix, among the nations of Europe; and at the close, gave 'strong, united, regenerated Germany!' Instantly all sprang to their feet, and clashing the glasses together, gave a thundering '*hoch!*' This enthusiasm for their country is one of the strongest characteristics of the German students; they have ever been first in the field for her freedom, and on them mainly depends her future redemption.

Cloths were passed around, the tables wiped off, and preparations made to sing the 'Landsfather,' or consecration song. This is one of the most important and solemn of their ceremonies, since by performing it the new students are made *burschen*, and the bands of brotherhood continually kept fresh and sacred. All became still a moment, then commenced the lofty song:

Silent bending, each one lending
To the solemn tones his ear,
Hark, the song of songs is sounding—
Back from joyful choir resounding,
Hear it, German brothers, hear!

German, proudly rise it, loudly
Singing of your fatherland.
Fatherland! thou land of story,
To the altars of thy glory
Consecrate us, sword in hand!

Take the beaker, pleasure seeker,
With thy country's drink brimmed o'er!
In thy left the sword is blinking,
Pierce it through the cap, while drinking
To thy Fatherland once more!

With the first line of the last stanza, the presidents sitting at the head of the table take their glasses in their right hands, and at the third line the sword in their left, at the end striking their glasses together and drinking.

In left hand gleaming, thou art beaming,
Sword from all dishonour free!
Thus I pierce the cap, while swearing,
It in honour ever wearing,
I a valiant Bursch will be!

They clash their swords together till the third line is sung, when each takes his cap, and piercing the point of the sword through the crown, draws it down to the guard. Leaving their caps on the swords, the presidents stand behind the two next students, who go through the same ceremony, receiving the swords at the appropriate time, and giving them back loaded with their caps also. This ceremony is going on at every table at the same time. These two stanzas are repeated for every pair of students, till all have performed it and the presidents have arrived at the bottom of the table, with their swords strung full of caps. Here they exchange swords, while all sing:

Come, thou bright sword, now made holy,
Of free men the weapon free;
Bring it, solemnly and slowly,
Heavy with pierced caps to me!
From its burden now divest it;
Brothers, be ye covered all,
And till our next festival,
Hallowed and unspotted rest it!

Up, ye feast companions! ever
Honour ye our holy band!
And with heart and soul endeavour
E'er as high-souled men to stand!
Up to feast, ye men united!
Worthy be your fathers' fame,
And the sword may no one claim,
Who to honour is not plighted!

Then each president, taking a cap off his sword, reaches it to the student opposite, and they cross their swords, the ends resting on the two students' heads, while they sing the next stanza:

So take it back; thy head I now will cover,
And stretch the bright sword over.
Live also then this Bursche, hoch!
Wherever we may meet him,
Will we, as Brother, greet him—
Live also this, our Brother, hoch!

This ceremony was repeated till all the caps were given back, and they then concluded with the following:

Rest, the Burschen-feast is over,
Hallowed sword, and thou art free!
Each one strive a valiant lover
Of his fatherland to be!
Hail to him, who glory-haunted,
Follows stills his fathers bold;
And the sword may no one hold
But the noble and undaunted!

The Landsfather being over, the students were less orderly; the smoking and drinking began again, and we left, as it was already eleven o'clock, glad to breathe the pure cold air.

HERMAN MELVILLE.

A native of New York, born in 1819, HERMAN MELVILLE was early struck with a passion for the sea, and in his eighteenth year made a voyage as a common sailor from New York to Liverpool. A short experience of this kind usually satisfies youths who dream of the perils and pleasures of sea life; but Herman Melville liked his rough nautical novitiate, and after his return home sailed in a whaling vessel for the Pacific. This was in 1841. In the following year the vessel arrived at Nukuheva, one of the Marquesa Islands.

'Those who for the first time visit the South Seas, generally are surprised at the appearance of the islands when beheld from the sea. From the vague accounts we sometimes have of their beauty, many people are apt to picture to themselves enamelled and softly swelling plains, shaded over with delicious groves, and watered by purling brooks, and the entire country but little elevated above the surrounding ocean. The reality is very different: bold rock-bound coasts, with the surf beating high against the lofty cliffs, and broken here and there into deep inlets, which open to the view thickly-wooded valleys, separated by the spurs of mountains clothed with tufted grass, and sweeping down towards the sea from an elevated and furrowed interior, form the principal features of these islands.'

Melville and a brother sailor, Toby, disgusted with the caprice and tyranny of the captain, clandestinely left the ship, and falling into the hands of a warlike cannibal-race who inhabit the Typee Valley, were detained for four months. Melville was rescued by the crew of a Sidney whaler, and after some time spent in the Society and Sandwich Islands, he arrived at Boston, in October 1844, having been nearly three years absent from home. The adventurer now settled down in Massachusetts, married, and commenced author. In 1846 appeared 'Typee: a Peep at Polynesian Life, or Four Months' residence in a Valley of the Marquesas.' The narrative was novel and striking. It was the first account of the natives of those islands by one who had lived familiarly amongst them, and the style of the writer was lively and graphic. Some remarks unfavourable to the missionaries gave offence, but Melville maintained they were based on facts, and protested that he had no feeling of animosity in the matter. The success of 'Typee' soon led to another volume of similar sketches. In 1847 was published 'Omoo, a Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas.' This also enjoyed great popularity. The subsequent works of the author were not so successful; though fresh and vigorous in style, they wanted novelty and continuous interest. These are—'Mardi, and a Voyage Thither,' 1849; 'Redburn, his first Voyage,' 1849; 'White Jacket,' 1850; 'Moby Dick,' 1851; 'Pierre,' 1852; 'Israel Potter,' 1855; 'Piazza Tales,' 1856; 'The Confidence Man in Masquerade,' 1857. 'The Refugee,' 1865; and a volume of poems, entitled 'Battle Pieces and Aspects of War,' 1866. About 1860, Melville left his farm in Massachusetts and made a voyage round the world in a whaling vessel. The rambling propensity was too strong to be resisted.

Scenery of the Marquesas—Valley of Tior.

The little space in which some of these clans pass away their days would seem almost incredible. The glen of Tior will furnish a curious illustration of this. The inhabited part is not more than four miles in length, and varies in breadth from half a mile to less than a quarter. The rocky vine-clad cliffs on one side tower almost perpendicularly from their base to the height of at least fifteen hundred feet; while across the vale—in striking contrast to the scenery opposite—grass-grown elevations rise one above another in blooming terraces. Hemmed in by these stupendous barriers, the valley would be altogether shut out from the rest of the world, were it not that it is accessible from the sea at one end, and by a narrow defile at the other.

The impression produced upon my mind, when I first visited this beautiful glen, will never be obliterated.

I had come from Nukuheva by water in the ship's boat, and when we entered the bay of Tior it was high noon. The heat had been intense, as we had been floating upon the long smooth swell of the ocean, for there was but little wind. The sun's rays had expended all their fury upon us; and to add to our discomfort, we had omitted to supply ourselves with water previous to starting. What with heat and thirst together, I became so impatient to get ashore, that when at last we glided towards it, I stood up in the bow of the boat ready for a spring. As she shot two-thirds of her length high upon the beach, propelled by three or four strong strokes of the oars, I leaped among a parcel of juvenile savages, who stood prepared to give us a kind reception; and with them at my heels, yelling like so many imps, I rushed forward

across the open ground in the vicinity of the sea, and plunged, diver fashion, into the recesses of the first grove that offered.

What a delightful sensation did I experience! I felt as if floating in some new element, while all sort of gurgling, trickling liquid sounds fell upon my ear. People may say what they will about the refreshing influences of a cold-water bath, but commend me when in a perspiration to the shade baths of Tior, beneath the cocoanut trees, and amidst the cool delightful atmosphere which surrounds them.

How shall I describe the scenery that met my eye, as I looked out from this verdant recess! The narrow valley, with its steep and close adjoining sides draperied with vines, and arched overhead with a fretwork of interlacing bougns, nearly hidden from view by masses of leafy verdure, seemed from where I stood like an immense arbour disclosing its vista to the eye, whilst as I advanced it insensibly widened into he loveliest vale eye ever beheld.

It so happened that the very day I was in Tior the French admiral, attended by all the boats of his squadron, came down in state from Nukuheva to take formal possession of the place. He remained in the valley about two hours, during which time he had a ceremonious interview with the king.

The patriarch-sovereign of Tior was a man very far advanced in years; but though age had bowed his form and rendered him almost decrepid, his gigantic frame retained all its original magnitude and grandeur of appearance. He advanced slowly and with evident pain, assisting his tottering steps with the heavy war-spear he held in his hand, and attended by a group of gray-bearded chiefs, on one of whom he occasionally leaned for support. The admiral came forward with head uncovered and extended hand, while the old king saluted him by a stately flourish of his weapon. The next moment they stood side by side, these two extremes of the social scale—the polished, splendid Frenchman, and the poor tattooed savage. They were both tall and noble-looking men; but in other respects how strikingly contrasted! Du Petit Thouars exhibited upon his person all the paraphernalia of his naval rank. He wore a richly-decorated admiral's frock-coat, a laced chapeau bras, and upon his breast were a variety of ribbons and orders; while the simple islander, with the exception of a slight cincture about his loins, appeared in all the nakedness of nature.

At what an immeasurable distance, thought I, are these two beings removed from each other. In the one is shewn the result of long centuries of progressive civilisation and refinement, which have gradually converted the mere creature into the semblance of all that is elevated and grand; while the other, after the lapse of the same period, has not advanced one step in the career of improvement. 'Yet, after all,' quoth I to myself, 'insensible as he is to a thousand wants, and removed from harassing cares, may not the savage be the happier of the two?' Such were the thoughts that arose in my mind as I gazed upon the novel spectacle before me. In truth it was an impressive one, and little likely to be effaced. I can recall even now with vivid distinctness every feature of the scene. The umbrageous shades where the interview took place—the glorious tropical vegetation around—the picturesque grouping of the mingled throng of soldiery and natives—and even the golden-hued bunch of bananas that I held in my hand at the time, and of which I occasionally partook while making the aforesaid philosophical reflections.

First Interview with the Natives.

It was now evening, and by the dim light we could just discern the savage countenances around us, gleaming with wild curiosity and wonder; the naked forms and tattooed limbs of brawny warriors, with here and there the slighter figures of young girls, all engaged in a perfect storm of conversation, of which we were of course the one only theme; whilst our recent guides were fully occupied in answering the innumerable questions which every one put to them. Nothing can exceed the fierce gesticulation of these people when animated in conversation, and on this occasion they gave loose to all their natural vivacity, shouting and dancing about in a manner that well-nigh intimidated us.

Close to where we lay, squatting upon their haunches, were some eight or ten noble-looking chiefs—for such they subsequently proved to be—who, more reserved than the rest, regarded us with a fixed and stern attention, which not a little discomposed our equanimity. One of them in particular, who appeared to be the high-

est in rank, placed himself directly facing me; looking at me with a rigidity of aspect under which I absolutely quailed. He never once opened his lips, but maintained his severe expression of countenance, without turning his face aside for a single moment. Never before had I been subjected to so strange and steady a glance; it revealed nothing of the mind of the savage, but appeared to be reading my own.

After undergoing this scrutiny till I grew absolutely nervous, with a view of diverting it if possible, and conciliating the good opinion of the warrior, I took some tobacco from the bosom of my frock and offered it to him. He quietly rejected the proffered gift, and, without speaking, motioned me to return it to its place.

In my previous intercourse with the natives of Nukuheva and Tior. I had found that the present of a small piece of tobacco would have rendered any of them devoted to my service. Was this act of the chief a token of his enmity? Typee or Happar? I asked within myself. I started, for at the same moment this identical question was asked by the strange being before me. I turned to Toby; the flickering light of a native taper shewed me his countenance pale with trepidation at this fatal question. I paused for a second, and I know not by what impulse it was that I answered 'Typee.' The piece of dusky statuary nodded in approval, and then murmured 'Mortarkee!' 'Mortarkee,' said I, without further hesitation—'Typee Mortarkee.'

What a transition! The dark figures around us leaped to their feet, clapped their hands in transport, and shouted again and again the talismanic syllables, the utterance of which appeared to have settled everything.

When this commotion had a little subsided, the principal chief squatted once more before me, and throwing himself into a sudden rage, poured forth a string of philippics, which I was at no loss to understand, from the frequent recurrence of the word Happar, as being directed against the natives of the adjoining valley. In all these denunciations my companion and I acquiesced, while we extolled the character of the warlike Typees. To be sure our panegyrics were somewhat laconic, consisting in the repetition of that name, united with the potent adjective 'mortarkee.' But this was sufficient, and served to conciliate the good-will of the natives, with whom our congeniality of sentiment on this point did more towards inspiring a friendly feeling than anything else that could have happened.

At last the wrath of the chief evaporated, and in a few moments he was as placid as ever. Laying his hand upon his breast, he now gave me to understand that his name was 'Mehevi,' and that, in return, he wished me to communicate my appellation. I hesitated for an instant, thinking that it might be difficult for him to pronounce my real name, and then with the most praiseworthy intentions intimated that I was known as 'Tom.' But I could not have made a worse selection; the chief could not master it: 'Tommo,' 'Tomma,' 'Tommee,' everything but plain 'Tom.' As he persisted in garnishing the word with an additional syllable, I compromised the matter with him at the word 'Tommo;' and by that name I went during the entire period of my stay in the valley. The same proceeding was gone through with Toby, whose mellifluous appellation was more easily caught.

An exchange of names is equivalent to a ratification of good-will and amity among these simple people; and as we were aware of this fact, we were delighted that it had taken place on the present occasion.

Reclining upon our mats, we now held a kind of levee, giving audience to successive troops of the natives, who introduced themselves to us by pronouncing their respective names, and retired in high good humour on receiving ours in return. During this ceremony the greatest merriment prevailed, nearly every announcement on the part of the islanders being followed by a fresh sally of gaiety, which induced me to believe that some of them at least were innocently diverting the company at our expense, by bestowing upon themselves a string of absurd titles, of the humour of which we were of course entirely ignorant.

All this occupied about an hour, when the throng having a little diminished, I turned to Mehevi and gave him to understand that we were in need of food and sleep. Immediately the attentive chief addressed a few words to one of the crowd, who disappeared, and returned in a few moments with a calabash of 'poee-poee,' and two or three young cocoa-nuts stripped of their husks, and with their shells partly broken. We both of us forthwith placed one of these natural goblets to our lips, and drained it in a moment of the refreshing draught it contained. The poee-poee was then placed before us, and even famished as I was, I paused to consider in what manner to convey it to my mouth.

This staple article of food among the Marquese islanders is manufactured from the produce of the bread-fruit tree. It somewhat resembles in its plastic nature our bookbinders' paste, is of a yellow colour, and somewhat tart to the taste.

Such was the dish, the merits of which I was now eager to discuss. I eyed it wistfully for a moment, and then unable any longer to stand on ceremony, plunged my hand into the yielding mass, and to the boisterous mirth of the natives drew it forth laden with the poee-poee, which adhered in lengthy strings to every finger. So stubborn was its consistency, that in conveying my heavily-freighted hand to my mouth, the connecting links almost raised the calabash from the mats on which it had been placed. This display of awkwardness—in which, by-the-bye, Toby kept me company—convulsed the by-standers with uncontrollable laughter.

As soon as their merriment had somewhat subsided, Mehevi, motioning us to be attentive, dipped the forefinger of his right hand in the dish, and giving it a rapid and scientific twirl, drew it out coated smoothly with the preparation. With a second peculiar flourish he prevented the poee-poee from dropping to the ground as he raised it to his mouth, into which the finger was inserted and drawn forth perfectly free from any adhesive matter. This performance was evidently intended for our instruction; so I again essayed the feat on the principles inculcated, but with very ill success.

A starving man, however, little heeds conventional proprieties, especially on a South-Sea Island, and accordingly Toby and I partook of the dish after our own clumsy fashion, beplastering our faces all over with the glutinous compound, and daubing our hands nearly to the wrist. This kind of food is by no means disagreeable to the palate of a European, though at first the mode of eating it may be. For my own part, after the lapse of a few days I became accustomed to its singular flavour, and grew remarkably fond of it.

So much for the first course; several other dishes followed it, some of which were positively delicious. We concluded our banquet by tossing off the contents of two more young cocoa-nuts, after which we regaled ourselves with the soothing fumes of tobacco, inhaled from a quaintly carved pipe which passed round the circle.

During the repast, the natives eyed us with intense curiosity, observing our minutest motions, and appearing to discover abundant matter for comment in the most trifling occurrence. Their surprise mounted the highest, when we began to remove our uncomfortable garments, which were saturated with rain. They scanned the whiteness of our limbs, and seemed utterly unable to account for the contrast they presented to the swarthy hue of our faces, embrowned from a six months' exposure to the scorching sun of the Line. They felt our skin, much in the same way that a silk-mercer would handle a remarkably fine piece of satin; and some of them went so far in their investigation as to apply the olfactory organ.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

In almost every department of literature this author has distinguished himself, but is comparatively little known out of his own country. Dr. Simms is a native of Charleston, South Carolina, born in 1806, and admitted to the bar of that state in 1827. The same year he published two volumes of 'Lyrical Poems and Early Lays,' which were followed by 'The Vision of Cortes, and other Poems,' 1829; 'The Tri-Colour,' 1830; 'Atalantis, a Drama of the Sea,' 1832; 'Passages and Pictures,' 1839; and several other small volumes of poems, descriptive, dramatic and legendary. Dr. Simms has written several volumes of novelettes, colonial romances, revolutionary romances, and border romances, illustrative of North American history and manners. A uniform edition of the 'Revolutionary' and 'Border Romances' (completed in 1859) is published in eighteen volumes, and the collected poems of Dr. Simms in two volumes. A 'History

of South Carolina,' 'Lives of Francis Marion,' 'Captain Smith (founder of Virginia),' 'Chevalier Bayard,' and 'Nathaniel Greene,' various critical disquisitions, and political pamphlets, have also been published by this versatile author.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The most original and popular of American philosophers and essayists is RALPH WALDO EMERSON, born at Boston in the year 1803. His father was a Unitarian minister, and after the usual course of education at Harvard College, young Emerson was ordained minister of the second Unitarian church in Boston. He held this charge for about three years (1829–1832), and resigning it in consequence of some change in his religious views, he devoted himself to a life of study, living chiefly at Concord, New Hampshire. His prose works consist of orations, lectures and essays. Those published previous to 1870 were collected and printed in two volumes at Boston. He has also produced two volumes of 'Poems.' His principal works are six orations—'Man Thinking,' 1837; 'Address to the Senior Class in Divinity College, Cambridge, U. S.,' 1838; 'Literary Ethics,' 1838; 'The Method of Nature,' 1841; 'Man the Reformer,' 1841; and 'The Young American,' 1844. Mr. Emerson has also published four series of essays—small volumes, issued in the years 1841, 1844, 1870 and 1871. In 1848 he delivered a course of lectures in Exeter Hall, London. 'The logicians have an incessant triumph over him,' said Harriet Martineau, 'but their triumph is of no avail; he conquers minds as well as hearts.' In 1849 he delivered another course of lectures on 'Representative Men'—namely, Plato, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Shakspeare, Napoleon, and Goethe. This selection of 'representative men,' was probably suggested by Mr. Carlyle's lectures on hero worship delivered in 1840, and Mr. Emerson has been termed 'the American Carlyle,' though he is by no means a slavish imitator of his English friend. For four years (1840–1844) Mr. Emerson was associated with Margaret Fuller, Countess d'Ossoli, in conducting a literary journal, entitled 'The Dial;' and on the death of the countess he joined with Mr. W. H. Channing in writing a memoir of that learned and remarkable woman, which was published in 1852. The other works of Mr. Emerson are—'English Traits,' 1856; 'The Conduct of Life,' 1860; an 'Oration on the Death of President Lincoln,' 1865; 'Society and Solitude,' twelve chapters or essays, 1870; 'Parnassus,' Selected Poems;' a volume of 'Essays,' 1875; &c. In 1866 the university of Harvard conferred upon Mr. Emerson the honorary degree of LL.D.

Civilisation.—From 'Society and Solitude.'

Poverty and industry with a healthy mind read very easily the laws of humanity, and love them; place the sexes in right relations of mutual respect, and a severe

morality gives that essential charm to woman which educates all that is delicate, poetic, and self-sacrificing, breeds courtesy and learning, conversation and wit in her rough mate; so that I have thought a sufficient measure of civilisation is the influence of good women.

Another measure of culture is the diffusion of knowledge, overturning all the old barriers of caste, and, by the cheap press, bringing the university to every poor man's door in the newsboy's basket. Scraps of science, of thought, of poetry, are in the coarsest sheet, so that in every house we hesitate to burn a newspaper until we have looked it through.

The ship, in its latest complete equipment, is an abridgement and compound of a nation's arts: the ship steered by compass and chart—longitude reckoned by lunar observation and by chronometer—driven by steam; and in wildest sea-mountains, at vast distances from home—

> The pulses of her iron heart
> Go beating through the storm.

No use can lessen the wonder of this control, by so weak a creature, of forces so prodigious. I remember I watched, in crossing the sea, the beautiful skill whereby the engine in its constant working was made to produce two hundred gallons of fresh-water out of salt-water every hour—thereby supplying all the ship's wants.

The skill that pervades complex details; the man that maintains himself; the chimney taught to burn its own smoke; the farm made to produce all that is consumed on it; the very prison compelled to maintain itself and yield a revenue, and, better still, made a reform school and a manufactory of honest men out of rogues, as the steamer made fresh-water out of salt—all these are examples of that tendency to combine antagonisms, and utilise evil, which is the index of high civilisation.

Civilisation is the result of highly complex organisation. In the snake, all the organs are sheathed; no hands, no feet, no fins, no wings. In bird and beast, the organs are released, and begin to play. In man, they are all unbound, and full of joyful action. With this unswaddling he receives the absolute illumination we call reason, and thereby true liberty.

Beauty.—From 'The Conduct of Life.'

The poets are quite right in decking their mistresses with the spoils of the landscape, flower-gardens, gems, rainbows, flushes of morning, and stars of night, since all beauty points at identity, and whatsoever thing does not express to me the sea and sky, day and night, is somewhat forbidden and wrong. Into every beautiful object there enters somewhat immeasurable and divine, and just as much bounded by outlines, like mountains on the horizon, as into tones of music or depths of space. Polarised light shewed the secret architecture of bodies; and when the *second-sight* of the mind is opened, now one colour, or form, or gesture, and now another, has a pungency, as if a more interior ray had been emitted, disclosing its deep holdings in the frame of things.

The laws of this translation we do not know, or why one feature or gesture enchants, why one word or syllable intoxicates, but the fact is familiar that the fine touch of the eye, or a grace of manners, or a phrase of poetry, plants wings at our shoulders; as if the Divinity, in his approaches, lifts away mountains of obstruction, and designs to draw a truer line, which the mind knows and owns. This is that haughty force of beauty, *vis superba formæ*, which the poets praise—under calm and precise outline, the immeasureable and divine,—beauty hiding all wisdom and power in its calm sky.

All high beauty has a moral element in it, and I find the antique sculpture as ethical as Marcus Antoninus, and the beauty ever in proportion to the depth of thought. Gross and impure natures, however decorated, seem impure shambles; but character gives splendour to youth, and awe to wrinkled skin and gray hairs. An adorer of truth we cannot choose but obey, and the woman who has shared with us the moral sentiment—her locks must appear to us sublime. Thus, there is a climbing scale of culture, from the first agreeable sensation which a sparkling gem or a scarlet stain affords the eye, up through fair outlines and details of the landscape, features of the human face and form, signs and tokens of thought and character in manners, up to the ineffable mysteries of the human intellect. Wherever we begin, thither our steps

tend: an ascent from the joy of a horse in his trappings up to the perception of Newton, that the globe on which we ride is only a larger apple falling from a larger tree; up to the perception of Plato, that globe and universe are rude and early expressions of an all-dissolving unity—the first stair on the scale to the temple of the mind.

Old Age.—From 'Society and Solitude.'

When life has been well spent, age is a loss of what it can well spare—muscular strength, organic instincts, gross bulk, and works that belong to these. But the central wisdom, which was old in infancy, is young in fourscore years, and, dropping off obstructions, leaves in happy subjects the mind purified and wise. I have heard that whoever loves is in no condition old. I have heard that, whenever the name of man is spoken, the doctrine of immortality is announced; it cleaves to his constitution. The mode of it baffles our wit, and no whisper comes to us from the other side. But the inference from the working of intellect, hiving knowledge, hiving skill—at the end of life just ready to be born—affirms the inspirations of affection and of the moral sentiment.

MR. RUSKIN.

JOHN RUSKIN, author of several works on art, was born in London in 1819, the only son of a wealthy wine-merchant. He was entered at Christ Church College, Oxford, where he graduated, and in 1839 took the Newdegate prize for English poetry. Impressed with the idea that art was his vocation in life, he studied painting under Copley Fielding and J. D. Harding; but the pencil has long since become merely the auxiliary of the pen. In 1843 appeared the first portion of his 'Modern Painters, by an Oxford Graduate,' which, though published when the author was only twenty four years of age, bears the impress of deep thought, and is written with rare eloquence and in choice English. The second part was published in 1846, and the third and fourth volumes ten years later, 1856 Many other works appeared in the interval. Indeed, Mr. Ruskin is now one of the most voluminous writers of the day; but it may be questioned if he has ever risen to the level of the first two volumes of the 'Modern Painters.' Latterly his works have been little more than hurriedly written pamphlets, reviews, and revisals of popular lectures, which, though often rising into passages of vivid description and eloquence, and possessing the merit of great clearness, are generally loose and colloquial in style. The 'Seven Lamps of Architecture,' 1849; and the 'Stones of Venice,' three volumes,' 1851–53, are the principal of Mr. Ruskin's works, besides the 'Modern Painters;' but we may also mention the following: 'Letters in Defence of the Pre-Raphaelites,' published at various times since 1851; 'The Construction of Sheepfolds' (the discipline of the church), 1851; 'The Opening of the Crystal Palace,' 1854; 'Notes on the Academy Exhibitions,' published in the month of May for the last few years; 'The Elements of Drawing' 1857; 'The Political Economy of Art,' 1858; 'The Two Paths,' 1859; besides contributions to the 'Quarterly Review,' the 'Art Journal,' the 'Scotsman,' &c. In 1861 a selection from the works of Mr. Ruskin was published in one volume—a treasure to all young literary students and lovers of art.

His subsequent works have been numerous: 'Lectures on Civilisation,' 1866; 'The Queen of the Air, being a Study of the Greek Myths of Cloud and Storm,' 1869; 'Lectures on Art,' delivered before the university of Oxford in 1870, &c. Mr. Ruskin made a munificent offer of £5000 for the endowment of a master of drawing in Oxford, which was accepted by the university authorities in November 1871.

Mr. Ruskin's influence upon art and art literature has been remarkable. The subject has received a degree of consideration among general readers that it had not previously enjoyed in our day, or perhaps in any period of our history; and to Mr. Ruskin's veneration for every work of creation, inculcated in all his writings, may be ascribed the origin of the society of young artists known as the Pre-Raphaelites. Protesting against what they conceived to be lax conventionalism in the style of most modern painters, the innovators went back, as they said, to Nature, preferring her in all her moods and phases, to ideal visions of what she occasionally might, or ought to appear. Mr. Ruskin seems often to contradict himself; but on this point his own mind is easy. 'I never met with a question yet,' he says in the inaugural address to the Cambridge School of Art, 'which did not need, for the right solution of it, at least one positive and one negative answer, like an equation of the second degree. Mostly, matters of any consequence are three-sided, or four-sided, or polygonal; and the trotting round a polygon is severe work for people any way stiff in their opinions. For myself, I am never satisfied that I have handled a subject properly till I have contradicted myself at least three times.' With this clever apology we may pass over apparent incongruities in the details of his system, and rest satisfied with the great principles which he so eloquently inculcates. These are singularly pure and lofty. The aim and object of his teaching, he says, is to declare that 'whatever is great in human art is the expression of man's delight in God's work,' and he insists upon a pure heart and earnest mind as essential to success.

The Sky.

It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organisation; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered if, once in three days or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with, perhaps, a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And, instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature is not producing, scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain that it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure, and every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has

this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them: he injures them by his presence; he ceases to feel them if he be always with them. But the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not too bright nor good for human nature's daily food;' it is fitted, in all its functions, for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart; for the soothing it, and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful; never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost Divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential. And yet we never attend to it: we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration. If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that gilded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits, until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds, when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it, like withered leaves? All has passed unregretted or unseen; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake nor in the fire, but in the still small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty; the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual: that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood; things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet very eternally, which are never wanting, and never repeated; which are to be found always, yet each found but once. It is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught and the blessing of beauty given.

The Two Paths.

Ask yourselves what is the leading motive which actuates you while you are at work. I do not ask what your leading motive is for working—that is a different thing; you may have families to support—parents to help—brides to win; you may have all these, or other such sacred and pre-eminent motives, to press the morning's labour and prompt the twilight thought. But when you are fairly *at* the work, what is the motive which tells upon every touch of it? If it is the love of that which your work represents—if, being a landscape painter, it is love of hills and trees that moves you—if, being a figure painter, it is love of human beauty and human soul that moves you—if, being a flower or animal painter, it is love, and wonder, and delight in petal and in limb that move you, then the spirit is upon you, and the earth is yours, and the fullness thereof. But if, on the other hand, it is petty self-complacency in your own skill, trust in precepts and laws, hope for academical or popular approbation, or avarice of wealth—it is quite possible that by steady industry, or even by fortunate chance, you may win the applause, the position, the fortune that you desire: but one touch of true art you will never lay on canvas or on stone as long as you live.

The following eloquent passage is from 'Modern Painters:'

The Dangers of National Security.

That is to everything created pre-eminently useful which enables it rightly and fully to perform the functions appointed to it by its Creator. Therefore, that we may determine what is chiefly useful to man, it is necessary first to determine the

use of man himself. Man's use and function (and let him who will not grant me this, follow me no further; for this I purpose always to assume) is to be the witness of the glory of God, and to advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness.

Whatever enables us to fulfil this function is in the pure and first sense of the word useful to us. Pre-eminently, therefore, whatever sets the glory of God more brightly before us. But things that only help us to exist are in a secondary and mean sense useful; or rather, if they be looked for alone they are useless and worse; for it would be better that we should not exist than that we should guiltily disappoint the purposes of existence. And yet people speak in this working-age, when they speak from their hearts, as if houses and lands, and food and raiment, were alone useful, and as if sight, thought, and admiration were all profitless; so that men insolently call themselves utilitarians, who would turn, if they had their way, themselves and their race into vegetables. Men who think, as far as such can be said to think, that the meat is more than the life and the raiment than the body, who look to this earth as a stable and to its fruit as fodder; vine-dressers and husbandmen who love the corn they grind, and the grapes they crush, better than the gardens of the angels upon the slopes of Eden; hewers of wood and drawers of water, who think that the wood they hew, and the water they draw, are better than the pine forests that cover the mountain like the shadow of God, and than the great rivers that move like His eternity. And so comes upon us that woe of the Preacher, that though God 'hath made everything beautiful in his time: also he hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end.' This Nebuchadnezzar curse, that sends us to grass like oxen, seems to follow but too closely on the excess or continuance of national power and peace. In the perplexities of nations in their struggles for existence, in their infancy, their impotence, or even their disorganisation, they have higher hopes and nobler passions. Out of the suffering comes the serious mind; out of the salvation, the grateful heart; out of endurance, fortitude; out of deliverance, faith. But when they have learned to live under providence of laws, and with decency and justice of regard for each other; and when they have done away with violent and external sources of suffering, worse evils seem arising out of their rest—evils that vex less and mortify more, that suck the blood, though they do not shed it, and ossify the heart, though they do not torture it. And deep though the causes of thankfulness must be to every people at peace with others, and at unity in itself, there are causes of fear also—a fear greater than that of sword and sedition—that dependence on God may be forgotten because the bread is given and the water is sure, that gratitude to Him may cease because His constancy of protection has taken the semblance of a natural law, that heavenly hope may grow faint amidst the full fruition of the world, that selfishness may take place of undemanded devotion; compassion be lost in vainglory, and love in dissimulation; that enervation may succeed to strength, apathy to patience, and the noise of jesting words and foulness of dark thoughts to the earnest purity of the girded loins and the burning lamp. About the river of human life there is a wintry wind, though a heavenly sunshine; the iris colours its agitation, the frost fixes upon its repose. Let us beware that our rest become not the rest of stones, which so long as they are torrent-tossed and thunder-stricken maintain their majesty; but when the stream is silent and the storm passed, suffer the grass to cover them, and the lichen to feed upon them, and are ploughed down into dust.

And though I believe we have salt enough of ardent and holy mind amongst us to keep us in some measure from this moral decay, yet the signs of it must be watched with anxiety in all matters however trivial, in all directions however distant. And at this time . . . . there is need, bitter need, to bring back, if we may, into men's minds, that to live is nothing unless to live be to know Him by whom we live, and that He is not to be known by marring His fair works, and blotting out the evidence of His influences upon His creatures, not amidst the hurry of crowds and crash of innovation, but in solitary places, and out of the glowing intelligences which He gave to men of old. He did not teach them how to build for glory and for beauty; He did not give them the fearless, faithful, inherited energies that worked on and down from death to death, generation after generation, that we, foul and sensual as we are, might give the carved work of their poured-out spirit to the axe and the hammer; He has not cloven the earth with rivers, that their white wild waves might

turn wheels and push paddles, nor turned it up under, as it were fire, that it might heat wells and cure diseases; He brings not up His quails by the east wind only to let them fall in flesh about the camp of men; He has not heaped the rocks of the mountain only for the quarry, nor clothed the grass of the field only for the oven.

We give another extract from the same work:

What is Truly Practical.

All science and all art may be divided into that which is subservient to life and which is the object of it + —, practical —, or theoretical + +. Yet the step between practical and theoretic science is the step between the miner and the geologist, the apothecary and the chemist, and the step between practical and theoretic art is that between the bricklayer and the architect, between the plumber and the artist; and this is a step allowed on all hands to be from less to greater, so that the so-called useless part of each profession does by the authoritative and right instinct of mankind assume the superior and more noble place. Only it is ordained that, for our encouragement, every step we make in the more exalted range of science, adds something also to its practical applicabilities; that all the great phenomena of nature, the knowledge of which is desired by the angels only, by us partly as it reveals to further vision the being and the glory of Him in whom they rejoice and we live, dispense yet such kind influences and so much of material blessing as to be joyfully felt by all inferior creatures, and to be desired by them with such single desire as the imperfection of their nature may admit; that the strong torrents which in their own gladness fill the hills with hollow thunder and the vales with winding light, have yet their bounden charge of field to feed and barge to bear; that the fierce flames to which the Alps owes its upheaval and the volcano its terror, temper for us the metal vein and quickening spring; and that for our incitement, I say not our reward, for knowledge is its own reward, herbs have their healing, stones their preciousness, and stars their times.

It would appear, therefore, that those pursuits which are altogether theoretic, whose results are desirable or admirable in themselves, and for their own sake, and in which no further end to which their productions or discoveries are referred, can interrupt the contemplation of things as they are, by the endeavour to discover of what selfish uses they are capable (and of this order are painting and sculpture), ought to take rank above all pursuits which have any taint in them of subserviency to life, in so far as all such tendency is the sign of less eternal and less holy function.

The Beautiful alone not Good for Man.

I believe that it is not good for man to live amongst what is most beautiful; that he is a creature incapable of satisfaction by anything upon earth; and that to allow him habitually to possess, in any kind whatsoever, the utmost that earth can give, is the surest way to cast him into lassitude or discontent.

If the most exquisite orchestral music could be continued without a pause for a series of years, and children were brought up and educated in the room in which it was perpetually resounding, I believe their enjoyment of music, or understanding of it, would be very small. And an accurately parallel effect seems to be produced upon the powers of contemplation by the redundant and ceaseless loveliness of the high mountain districts. The faculties are paralysed by the abundance, and cease, as we before noticed of the imagination, to be capable of excitement, except by other subjects of interest than those which present themselves to the eye. So that it is, in reality, better for mankind than the forms of their common landscape should offer no violent stimulus to the emotions—that the gentle upland, browned by the bending furrows of the plough, and the fresh sweep of the chalk down, and the narrow winding of the cops -clad dingle, should be more frequent scenes of human life than the Arcadias of cloud-capped mountain or luxuriant vale; and that, while humbler (though always infinite) sources of interest are given to each of us around the homes to which we are restrained for the greater part of our lives, these mightier and stranger glories should become the objects of adventure—at once the cynosures of the fancies of childhood, and themes of the happy memory and the winter's tale of age.

Nor is it always that the inferiority is felt. For, so natural is it to the human

heart to fix itself in hope rather than in present possession, and so subtle is the charm which the imagination casts over what is distant or denied, that there is often a more touching power in the scenes which contain far-away promise of something greater than themselves, than in those which exhaust the treasures and powers of Nature in an unconquerable and excellent glory, leaving nothing more to be by the fancy pictured or pursued.

Precipices of the Alps.

Dark in colour, robed with everlasting mourning, for ever tottering like a great fortress shaken by war, fearful as much in their weakness as in their strength, and yet gathered after every fall into darker frowns and unhumiliating threatening; for ever incapable of comfort or healing from herb or flower, nourishing no root in their crevices, touched by no hue of life on buttress or ledge, but to the utmost desolate; knowing no shaking of leaves in the wind, nor of grass beside the stream—no other motion but their own mortal shivering, the dreadful crumbling of atom from atom in their corrupting stones; knowing no sound of living voice or living tread, cheered neither by the kid's bleat nor the marmot's cry; haunted only by uninterrupted echoes from afar off, wandering hither and thither among their walls unable to escape, and by the hiss of angry torrents, and sometimes the shriek of a bird that flits near the face of them, and sweeps frightened back from under their shadow into the gulf of air; and sometimes, when the echo has fainted, and the wind has carried the sound of the torrent away, and the bird has vanished, and the mouldering stones are still for a little time—a brown moth, opening and shutting its wings upon a grain of dust, may be the only thing that moves or feels in all the waste of weary precipice darkening five thousand feet of the blue depth of heaven.

The Fall of the Leaf.

If ever, in autumn, a pensiveness falls upon us as the leaves drift by in their fading, may we not wisely look up in hope to their mighty monuments? Behold how fair, how far prolonged in arch and aisle, the avenues of the valleys, the fringes of the hills! So stately—so eternal; the joy of man, the comfort of all living creatures, the glory of the earth—they are but the monuments of those poor leaves that flit faintly past us to die. Let them not pass without our understanding their last counsel and example; that we also, careless of monument by the grave, may build it in the world—monument by which men may be taught to remember, not where we died, but where we lived.

JOHN STERLING.

John Sterling (1806-1844) was born at Kaimes Castle, Isle of Bute. His father, Captain Sterling, became editor of the 'Times' daily journal, and his son John, after being educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, was early familiar with literary society. Frederick Maurice, Coleridge, Carlyle, and other distinguished men of that period, were among his friends. He contributed essays, tales, and poems to the periodicals, all marked by fine taste and culture. Having taken holy orders in the church, he officiated for eight months as curate at Hurstmonceaux, in Sussex, where Mr. Hare was rector. Delicate health, and some change in his religious opinions, induced him to resign this charge, and he continued afterwards to reside chiefly abroad or in the south of England, occupying himself with occasional contributions in prose and verse to 'Blackwood's Magazine' and the 'Westminster Review.' He published also a volume of 'Poems,' 1839; 'The Election,' a poem, 1841; and 'Stafford,' a tragedy, 1843. He charmed every society into which he entered by his conversation and the amiable qualities of his mind and heart. His prose works have been collected and edited in two volumes, 1848, with a memoir

of his life by his friend, Archdeacon Hare. That memoir, with the letters it contains, and the subsequent memoir by Mr. Carlyle, have given an interest and fame to John Sterling, which his writings alone would have failed to produce.

The Miseries of Old Age and the Misfortunes of Early Death.

There are two frequent lamentations which might well teach us to doubt the wisdom of popular opinions: men bewail in themselves the miseries of old age, and in others the misfortune of an early death. They do not reflect that life is made up of emotions and thoughts, some cares and doubts and hopes and scattered handfuls of sorrow and pleasure, elements incapable of being measured by rule or dated by an almanac. It is not from the calendar or the parish-register that we can justly learn for what to grieve, and wherefore to rejoice; and it is rather an affected refinement than a sage instinct, to pour out tears in proportion as our wasting days, or those of our friends, are marked by clepsydra. And even as old age, if it be the fruit of natural and regular existence, is full, not of aches and melancholy, but of lightness and joy; so there are men who perform their course in a small circle of years, whose maturity is to be reckoned, not by the number of their springs and summers, but of their inward seasons of greenness and glory, and who by a native kindliness have enjoyed, during a brief and northern period, more sunshine of the soul than ever came to the clouded breast of a basking Ethiop.

Yet the many men of exalted genius who have died in early life, have all been lamented, as if they had perished by some strange and unnatural chance, and as if He, without whose will no sparrow falls to the ground, only suspended His providence with regard to the eagle ministers of truth and beauty. Happy indeed, thrice happy, are such beings as Sophocles and Titian, in whom the golden chain runs out to the last link, and whose hearts are fed by a bright calm current until they fall asleep in a fresh and blooming antiquity. But happy also were Raphael, Sidney, and Schiller, who accomplished in the half of man's permitted term, the fulfilment of their aim, and gained sight of the rising stars, when others were still labouring in the heats of noon. Happy we may even call the more disturbed and incomplete career of Byron and Shelley and Burns, who were so much clogged by earthly impediments, and vexed with mental disease, nourished by the disease of the material frame, that death would rather seem, if we may humbly speak what perhaps we but ignorantly and wildly fancy, a setting free to further improvement, than a final cutting off in the midst of imperfection.

The Worth of Knowledge.

Read the oldest records of our race, and you will find the writers holding up to admiration, or relating with heart-felt emotion, the facts that we ourselves most delight in. The fidelity of Joseph to his master, the love of Hector for his wife and child, come home to our hearts as suddenly as to those of the ancient Hebrew among the Syriac mountains, or the pagan Greek in the islands of the Ægean Sea. In the Indian code of Menu, said to be at least three thousand years old—as old as Homer—we find that the husband and all the male relations are strictly enjoined to honour the women: 'where women are dishonoured, all religious acts become fruitless. Where a husband is contented with his wife and she with her husband, in that house will fortune assuredly be permanent.' A hundred generations of mankind have not changed this.

The first Chaldean who observed that the planets seem to journey among the other stars, and not merely to rise and set with them, that Jupiter and Sirius follow different laws, knew a truth which is now the foundation of astronomy in London and Paris no less than of old in Babylon. The first Egyptian who, meditating on curved figures, discerned that there is one in which all the lines from one point to the circumference are equal, gained the idea of a circle, such as it has presented itself to every later mind of man from Thales and Euclid down to Laplace and Herschel. Nay, in truth, those who most exalt the acquirements of our age compared with the past—and they can hardly be too much exalted—must admit that all progress implies

continuity—that we can take a step forward only by having firm footing for the step behind it.

According to a well-known story, some Sidonian mariners, probably at least a thousand years before our era, were carrying a cargo of natron or native carbonate of soda, extensively used for its cleansing properties, as wood-ashes are now. They were sailing along the coast of Syria, and landed to cook their food at the mouth of a stream flowing down from the Mount Carmel of Scripture. They took some lumps of the natron from their boat, and used them as stones to set their cauldron on. The fire which they kindled beneath melted the soda and the flint sand of the shore, and to the astonishment of these Sidonians, formed a shining liquid, which cooled and hardened, and was found to be transparent. This was the first invention of glass. It was soon manufactured by the Egyptians, and is found abundantly in their tombs.

There is a story in the history of England, told, I think, originally by Bede, so justly called the Venerable, which is as striking and affecting in its way as any of those deeds of heroic patriotism that enrich the annals of Greece and Rome.

More than twelve hundred years ago, when the north-eastern part of England was occupied by the pagan Angles, or people of Jutland and Holstein, who had conquered it from the old Celtic population, a Christian missionary from Rome endeavoured to introduce his better faith among these rude and bloody men. The council of the chiefs was assembled round their king. Paulinus spoke; and at last one of the warriors said: 'The soul of man is like a sparrow, which in a winter night, when the king with his men is sitting by the warm fire, enters for a moment from the storm and darkness, flits through the lighted hall, and then passes again into the black night. Thus,' he said, 'our life shoots across the world; but whence it comes and whither it goes we cannot tell. If, then, the new doctrine can give us any certainty, O king, let us receive it with joy.' In this simple and earnest fashion does the unappeasable longing of man for knowledge speak itself out of the dim barbarian soul.

EDWARD WILLIAM LANE, ETC.

This able oriental scholar (1801–1876) was a native of Hereford, son of a prebendary in the cathedral there. He made three visits to Egypt, one result of which was his work, 'The Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians,' 1836, which was highly successful. He next gave the public a translation, 'drawn chiefly from the most copious Eastern sources,' of 'The Arabian Nights' Entertainments.' But his greatest work was the construction of a complete 'Arabic-English Lexicon,' one volume of which was published in 1863, and four others at intervals of three or four years. Though incomplete at the time of his death, Mr. Lane had left materials for three more volumes, which will complete this great work, which all scholars at home and abroad consider as an honour to England.

Frank Trevelyan Buckland (born in 1826), son of Dr. Buckland the eminent geologist, studied at Christ Church, Oxford. Mr. Buckland is an Inspector of Salmon Fisheries for England and Wales. He has written 'Curiosities of Natural History,' and other works, and edited White's 'Selbourne,' enriching it with copious additions. As a naturalist and pleasing writer, Mr. Buckland has done much to encourage the study of nature and increase our knowledge of the habits of animals.

Charles Knight (1790–1872), a native of Windsor, both as publisher and author, did good service to the cause of cheap popular literature. His 'Etonian,' and 'Knight's Quarterly Magazine,' drew forth many accomplished young scholars as contributors—including Ma-

caulay—and his Pictorial England, the Pictorial Bible, shilling volumes, and other serial works, supplied a fund of excellent reading and information. As editor of Shakspeare, Mr. Knight took higher ground, and acquitted himself with distinction, though resting the text too exclusively on the folio of 1623. A collection of essays was published by Mr. Knight under the title of 'Once upon a Time,' 1833, and another is named 'The Old Printer and the Modern Press.' His 'Passages of a Working Life during Half a Century,' 1863–65, is an interesting autobiography, illustrating the literary life of the period. His playful epitaph by Douglas Jerrold, '*Good* Knight,' describes his character.

The 'Biographical and Critical Essays' of MR. ABRAHAM HAYWARD, Queen's Counsel, published in 1858–1865, are lively, interesting papers, originally communicated to the 'Edinburgh Review.' Mr. Hayward has also translated Goethe's 'Faust,' and is author of a number of professional treatises.

ALBANY FONBLANQUE (1793–1872), a distinguished journalist, for many years editor of the 'Examiner,' published in 1837 three volumes of political papers under the title of 'England under Seven Administrations.' He was a witty sparkling writer, careful and fastidious. In his early days he frequently wrote an article ten times over before he had it to his mind. In 1873, a further selection from his editorial writings, with a sketch of his life, was published by his nephew, E. B. Fonblanque.

DR. DORAN.

In the department of light parlour-books or Ana, the works of DR. JOHN DORAN have been successful. His 'Table Traits, and Something on Them,' 1854, is chiefly on the art of dining, and evinces a great extent of curious reading and observation. His next work, 'Habits and Men, with Remnants of Record touching the Makers of Both' (also 1854), is full of anecdotes, illustrative of eminent persons, customs, manners, dress, &c. Next year the author produced 'Lives of the Queens of England of the House of Hanover,' two volumes. This work is also chiefly anecdotical, and presents interior pictures of the courts of the three Georges—the last happily forming a strong contrast to the coarseness and licentiousness of George I. and George II. 'Knights and their Days,' 1856, is a chronicle of knighthood from Falstaff downwards, with anecdotes, quaint stories, whimsical comments, and episodes of all kinds. 'Monarchs Retired from Business,' two volumes, 1857, is a work of the same complexion, relating to kings and rulers who voluntarily or involuntarily—Louis Philippe being among the latter—abandoned the cares and state of government. The 'History of Court Fools,' 1858, embraces a good deal of historical anecdote and illustration; and a few months afterwards the indefatigable doctor was ready with 'New Pictures and

Old Panels,' another collection of Ana, relating to authors, actors, actresses, preachers, and vanities of all sorts. Dr. Doran's next appearance was as an editor: 'Journal of the Reign of King George III., from the Year 1771 to 1783, by Horace Walpole; being a Supplement to his Memoirs, now first published from the Original Manuscripts; edited with Notes;' two volumes, 1859. As an historian, Horace Walpole was not to be trusted; he was rather a brilliant gossip with strong prejudices; but he could not have had a better editor than Dr. Doran, who could trace him into all his recesses and books, and was familiar with the characters and events of which he treated. The editor's notes, indeed, are very much like the author's text, and he had applied himself assiduously to his task. In 1860, Dr. Doran produced 'Lives of the Princes of Wales;' in 1861, 'The Bentley Ballads;' in 1863, a 'History of the English Stage;' and in 1868, 'Saints and Sinners.'

The Style Royal and Critical—the Plural 'We.'

With respect to the style and title of kings, it may be here stated that the royal 'We' represents, or was supposed originally to represent, the source of the national power, glory, and intellect in the august person of a sovereign. 'Le Roi le veut'—the King will have it so—sounded as arrogantly as it was meant to sound in the royal Norman mouth. It is a mere form, now that royalty in England has been relieved of responsibility. In haughtiness of expression it was matched by the old French formula at the end of a decree: 'For such is our good pleasure.' The royal subscription in Spain, 'Yo, el Re'—I, the King—has a thundering sort of echo about it too. The only gallant expression to be found in royal addresses was made by the kings of France—that is, by the *married* kings. Thus, when the French monarch summoned a council to meet upon affairs of importance, and desired to have around him the princes of the blood and the wiser nobility of the realm, his majesty invariably commenced his address with the words, 'Having previously consulted on this matter with the queen,' &c. It is very probable, almost certain, that the king had done nothing of the sort; but the assurance that he *had*, seemed to give a certain sort of dignity to the consort in the eyes of the grandees and the people at large. Old Michel de Marolles was proud of this display of gallantry on the part of the kings of France. 'According to my thinking,' says the garrulous old abbé of Villeloin, 'this is a matter highly worthy of notice, although few persons have condescended to make remarks thereon down to this present time.' It may here be added, with respect to English kings, that the first 'king's speech' ever delivered was by Henry I, in 1107. Exactly a century later, King John first assumed the royal 'We;' it had never before been employed in England. The same monarch has the credit of having been the first English king who claimed for England the sovereignty of the seas. 'Grace,' and 'My Liege,' were the ordinary titles by which our Henry IV. was addressed. 'Excellent Grace' was given to Henry VI., who was not the one, nor yet had the other; Edward IV. was 'Most High and Mighty Prince;' Henry VII. was the first English 'Highness;' Henry VIII. was the first complimented by the title of 'Majesty;' and James I. prefixed to the last title 'Sacred and Most Excellent.'

Visit of George III. and Queen Charlotte to the City of London.

The Queen was introduced to the citizens of London on Lord-Mayor's Day; on which occasion they may be said emphatically to have 'made a day of it.' They left St. James's Palace at noon, and in great state, accompanied by all the royal family, escorted by guards, and cheered by the people, whose particular holiday was thus shared in common. There was the usual ceremony at Temple Bar of opening the gates to royalty, and giving it welcome; and there was the once usual address made at the east end of St. Paul's Churchyard, by the senior scholar of Christ's Hospita,

school. Having survived the cumbrous formalities of the first, and smiled at the flowery figures of the second, the royal party proceeded on their way, not to Guild-hall, but to the house of Mr. Barclay, the patent-medicine vendor, an honest Quaker whom the king respected, and ancestor to the head of the firm whose name is not unmusical to Volscian ears—Barclay, Perkins, & Co. Robert Barclay, the only surviving son of the author of the same name, who wrote the celebrated 'Apology for the Quakers,' and who was now the king's entertainer, was an octogenarian, who had entertained in the same house two Georges before he had given welcome to the third George and his Queen Charlotte. The hearty old man, without abandoning Quaker simplicity, went a little beyond it, in order to do honour to the young queen; and he hung his balcony and rooms with a brilliant crimson damask, that must have scattered blushes on all who stood near—particularly on the cheeks of the crowds of 'Friends' who had assembled within the house to do honour to their sovereigns. . . .

Queen Charlotte and George III. were the last of our sovereigns who thus honoured a Lord-Mayor's show. And as it *was* the last occasion, and that the young Queen Charlotte was *the* heroine of the day, the opportunity may be profited by to shew how that royal lady looked and bore herself in the estimation of one of the Miss Barclays, whose letter, descriptive of the scene, appeared forty-seven years subsequently, in 1808. The following extracts are very much to our purpose: 'About one o'clock papa and mamma, with sister Western to attend them, took their stand at the street-door, where my two brothers had long been to receive the nobility, more than a hundred of whom were then waiting in the warehouse. As the royal family came, they were conducted into one of the counting-houses, which was transformed into a very pretty parlour. At half-past two their majesties came, which was two hours later than they intended. On the second pair of stairs was placed our own company, about forty in number, the chief of whom were of the Puritan order, and all in their orthodox habits. Next to the drawing-room doors were placed our own selves, I mean papa's children, none else, to the great mortification of visitors, being allowed to enter: for as kissing the king's hand without kneeling was an unexampled honour, the king confined that privilege to our own family, as a return for the trouble we had been at. After the royal pair had shewn themselves at the balcony, we were all introduced, and you may believe, at that juncture, we felt no small palpitations. The king met us at the door—a condescension I did not expect—at which place he saluted us with great politeness. Advancing to the upper end of the room, we kissed the queen's hand, at the sight of whom we were all in raptures, not only from the brilliancy of her appearance, which was pleasing beyond description, but being throughout her whole person possessed of that inexpressible something that is beyond a set of features, and equally claims our attention. To be sure, she has not a fine face, but a most agreeable countenance, and is vastly genteel, with an air, notwithstanding her being a little woman, truly majestic; and I really think, by her manner is expressed that complacency of disposition which is truly amiable: and though I could never perceive that she deviated from that dignity which belongs to a crowned head, yet on the most trifling occasions she displayed all that easy behaviour that negligence can bestow. Her hair, which is of a light colour, hung in what is called coronation-ringlets, encircled in a band of diamonds, so beautiful in themselves, and so prettily disposed, as will admit of no description. Her clothes, which were as rich as gold, silver, and silk could make them, was a suit from which fell a train supported by a little page in scarlet and silver. The lustre of her stomacher was inconceivable. The king I think a very personable man. All the princes followed the king's example in complimenting each of us with a kiss. The queen was up-stairs three times, and my little darling, with Patty Barclay, and Priscilla Ball, were introduced to her. I was present, and not a little anxious on account of my girl, who kissed the queen's hand with so much grace that I thought the princess-dowager would have smothered her with kisses. Such a report was made of her to the king, that Miss was sent for, and afforded him great amusement by saying, 'that she loved the king, though she must not love fine things, and her grandpapa would not allow her to make a courtesy.' Her sweet face made such an impression on the Duke of York, that I rejoiced she was only five instead of fifteen. When he first met her, he tried to persuade Miss to let him introduce her to the queen: but she would by no means consent till I informed her he was a prince, upon which her little female heart relented, and she gave him her

hand—a true copy of the sex. The king never sat down, nor did he taste anything during the whole time. Her majesty drank tea, which was brought her on a silver waiter by brother John, who delivered it to the lady-in-waiting, and she presented it kneeling. The leave they took of us was such as we might expect from our equals; full of apologies for our trouble for their entertainment—which they were so anxious to have explained, that the queen came up to us, as we stood on one side of the door, and had every word interpreted. My brothers had the honour of assisting the queen into her coach. Some of us sat up to see them return, and the king and queen took especial notice of us as they passed. The king ordered twenty-four of his guard to be placed opposite our door all night, lest any of the canopy should be pulled down by the mob, in which [the canopy, it is to be presumed] there were one hundred yards of silk damask.'

In Allibone's 'Dictionary of British and American Authors,' 1859, we find the following biographical particulars relative to the above author: 'John Doran, LL.D., born 1807 in London—family originally of Drogheda, in Ireland. He was educated chiefly by his father. His literary bent was manifested at the age of fifteen, when he produced the melodrama of the 'Wandering Jew,' which was first played at the Surrey Theatre in 1822 for Tom Blanchard's benefit. His early years were spent in France. He was successively tutor in four of the noblest families in Great Britain.' Dr. Doran has contributed largely to the literary journals.

WILLIAM JOHN THOMS.

In 1849 was commenced a weekly journal, 'Notes and Queries,' a medium of inter-communication for literary men, artists, antiquaries, genealogists, &c. The projector and editor of this excellent little periodical was Mr. William John Thoms, born in Westminster in 1803, and librarian in the House of Lords. Mr. Thoms has published a 'Collection of Early Prose Romances,' 1828; 'Lays and Legends of Various Nations,' 1834; 'Notelets on Shakspeare,' and several historical treatises. Having retired from the editorship of 'Notes and Queries,' a complimentary dinner was given to Mr. Thoms on the 1st November, 1872, Earl Stanhope chairman, at which about one hundred and twenty friends and admirers of the retiring editor were present. Mr. Thoms has been succeeded in the editorial chair by Dr. Doran.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

Several works of a thoughtful and earnest character, written in what Mr. Ruskin has termed 'beautiful and quiet English,' have been published (most of them anonymously) by Arthur Helps, afterwards Sir Arthur, this popular author having been honoured in 1872 by the title of K.C.B. Sir Arthur was born in 1814, educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1838, and having been successively private secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Lord Monteagle) and to the Chief Secretary for Ireland (Lord Morpeth), he was appointed Clerk of the Privy Council in the year 1859. His works are—'Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd,' 1835; 'Essays written in the Intervals of Business,' 1841; 'King

Henry II.,' a historical drama, and 'Catherine Douglas,' a tragedy, 1843; 'The Claims of Labour,' 1844; 'Friends in Council, a Series of Readings and Discourses,' 1847; 'Companions of my Solitude,' 1851; 'Conquerors of the New World, and their Bondsmen,' two volumes, 1848–52; 'History of the Spanish Conquest of America,' 1855; a second series of 'Friends in Council,' 1859; 'The Life of Pizarro,' 1869; 'Casimir Maremma,' and 'Brevia, or Short Essays,' in 1870; 'Conversations on War and General Culture,' 'The Life of Hernando Cortes and the Conquest of Mexico,' and 'Thoughts upon Government,' in 1871; in 1872, the 'Life of Mr. Brassey the Engineer.' The essays and dialogues of this author evince a fine moral feeling and discriminating taste. They have all gone through numerous editions, and their purity of expression, as well as justness of thought, must have had a beneficial effect on many minds. Sir Arthur died March 7, 1875.

Advantages of Foreign Travel.

This, then, is one of the advantages of travel, that we come upon new ground, which we tread lightly, which is free from associations that claim too deep and constant an interest from us; and not resting long in any one place, but travelling onwards, we maintain that desirable lightness of mind; we are spectators, having for the time no duties, no ties, no associations, no responsibilities; nothing to do but to look on, and look fairly. Another of the great advantages of travel lies in what you learn from your companions; not merely from those you set out with, or so much from them as from those whom you are thrown together with on the journey. I reckon this advantage to be so great, that I should be inclined to say, that you often get more from your companions in travel than from all you come to see. People imagine they are not known, and that they shall never meet again with the same company—which is very likely so—they are free for the time from the trammels of their business, profession, or calling; the marks of the harness begin to wear out; and altogether they talk more like men than slaves with their several functions hanging like collars round their necks. An ordinary man on travel will sometimes talk like a great imaginative man at home, for such are never utterly enslaved by their functions. Then the diversities of character you meet with instruct and delight you. The variety in language, dress, behaviour, religious ceremonies, mode of life, amusements, arts, climate, governments, lays hold of your attention and takes you out of the wheel-tracks of your everyday cares. He must, indeed, be either an angel of constancy and perseverance, or a wonderfully obtuse Caliban of a man, who, amidst all this change, can maintain his private griefs or vexations exactly in the same place they held in his heart while he was packing for his journey. The change of language is alone a great delight. You pass along, living only with gentlemen and scholars, for you rarely detect what is vulgar or inept in the talk around you. Children's talk in another language is not childish to you, and indeed everything is literature, from the announcement at a railway-station to the advertisements in a newspaper. Read the Bible in another tongue, and you will perhaps find a beauty in it you have not thoroughly appreciated for years before.

The Course of History.

The course of history is like that of a great river wandering through various countries; now, in the infancy of its current, collecting its waters from obscure small springs in splashy meadows, and from unconsidered rivulets which the neighbouring rustics do not know the name of; now, in its boisterous youth, forcing its way straight through mountains; now, in middle life, going with equable current busily by great towns, its waters sullied yet enriched with commerce; and now, in its burdened old age, making its slow and difficult way with great broad surface, over which

the declining sun looms grandly to the sea. The uninstructed or careless traveller generally finds but one form of beauty or of meaning in the river: the romantic gorge or wild cascade is, perhaps, the only kind of scenery which delights him. And so it has often been in our estimate of history. Well-fought battles, or the doings of gay courts, or bloody revolutions, have been the chief sources of attraction; while less dressed events, but not of less real interest or import, have often escaped all notice.

Discovery of the Pacific Ocean by Vasco Nuñez.

Early in September 1513 he set out on his renowned expedition for finding 'the other sea,' accompanied by a hundred and ninety men well armed, and by dogs, which were of more avail than men, and by Indian slaves to carry the burdens. He went by sea to the territory of his father-in-law, King Careta, by whom he was well received, and, accompanied by whose Indians, he moved on into Poncha's territory. The cacique took flight, as he had done before, seeking refuge amongst his mountains; but Vasco Nuñez, whose first thought in his present undertaking was discovery and not conquest, sent messengers to Poncha, promising not to hurt him. The Indian chief listened to these overtures, and came to Vasco Nuñez with gold in his hands. It was the policy of the Spanish commander on this occasion to keep his word: we have seen how treacherous he could be when it was not his policy; but he now did no harm to Poncha, and, on the contrary, he secured his friendship by presenting him with looking-glasses, hatchets, and hawk-bells, in return for which he obtained guides and porters from among this cacique's people, which enabled him to prosecute his journey. Following Poncha's guides, Vasco Nuñez and his men commenced the ascent of the mountains, until he entered the country of an Indian chief called Quarequa, whom they found fully prepared to resist them. The brave Indian advanced at the head of his troops, meaning to make a vigorous attack; but they could not withstand the discharge of the firearms; indeed they believed the Spaniards to have thunder and lightning in their hands—not an unreasonable fancy—and, flying in the utmost terror from the place of battle, a total rout ensued. The rout was a bloody one, and is described by an author, who gained his information from those who were present at it, as a scene to remind one of the shambles. The king and his principal men were slain, to the number of six hundred. In speaking of these people, Peter Martyr makes mention of the sweetness of their language, and how all the words might be written in Latin letters, as was also to be remarked in that of the inhabitants of Hispaniola. This writer also mentions, and there is reason for thinking that he was rightly informed, that there was a region not two days' journey from Quarequa's territory, in which Vasco Nuñez found a race of black men, who were conjectured to have come from Africa, and to have been shipwrecked on this coast. Leaving several of his men, who were ill, or overweary, in Quarequa's chief town, and taking with him guides from this country, the Spanish commander pursued his way up the most lofty sierras there, until, on the 25th of September 1513, he came near to the top of a mountain from whence the South Sea was visible. The distance from Poncha's chief town to this point was forty leagues, reckoned then six days' journey, but Vasco Nuñez and his men took twenty-five days to do it in, suffering much from the roughness of the ways and from the want of provisions. A little before Vasco Nuñez reached the height, Quarequa's Indians informed him of his near approach to it. It was a sight which any man would wish to be alone to see. Vasco Nuñez bade his men sit down while he alone ascended and looked down upon the vast Pacific, the first man of the Old World, so far as we know, who had done so. Falling on his knees, he gave thanks to God for the favour shewn to him in his being the first man to discover and behold this sea: then with his hand he beckoned to his men to come up. When they had come, both he and they knelt down and poured forth their thanks to God. He then addressed them in these words: 'You see here, gentlemen and children mine, how our desires are being accomplished, and the end of our labours. Of that we ought to be certain, for as it has turned out true what King Comogre's son told of this sea to us, who never thought to see it, so I hold for certain that what he told us there being incomparable treasures in it will be fulfilled. God and his blessed mother who have assisted us, so that we should arrive here and behold this sea, will favour us that we may enjoy all that there is in it.' Every great

and original action has a prospective greatness, not alone from the thoughts of the man who achieves it, but from the various aspects and high thoughts which the same action will continue to present and call up in the minds of others to the end, it may be, of all time. And so a remarkable event may go on acquiring more and more significance. In this case, our knowledge that the Pacific, which Vasco Nuñez then beheld, occupies more than one-half of the earth's surface, is an element of thought which in our minds lightens up and gives an awe to this first gaze of his upon those mighty waters. To him the scene might not at that moment have suggested much more than it would have done to a mere conqueror; indeed, Peter Martyr likens Vasco Nuñez to Hannibal shewing Italy to his soldiers.

Great Questions of the Present Age.—From 'Companions of my Solitude.'

What patient labour and what intellectual power is often bestowed in coming to a decision on any cause which involves much worldly property. Might there not be some great hearing of any of the intellectual and spiritual difficulties which beset the paths of all thoughtful men in the present age? Church questions, for example, seem to require a vast investigation. As it is, a book or pamphlet is put forward on one side, and somehow the opposing facts and arguments seldom come into each other's presence. And thus truth sustains great loss.

My own opinion is, if I can venture to say that I have an opinion, that what we ought to seek for is a church of the utmost width of doctrine, and with the most beautiful expression that can be devised for that doctrine—the most beautiful expression, I mean, in words, in deeds, in sculpture, and in sacred song; which should have a simple easy grandeur in its proceedings that should please the elevated and poetical mind, charm the poor, and yet not lie open to just cavilling on the part of those somewhat hard, intellectual worshippers who must have a reason for everything; which should have vitality and growth in it; and which should attract and not repel those who love truth better than any creature.

Pondering these things in the silence of the downs, I at last neared home; and found that the result of all my thoughts was that any would-be teacher must be contented and humble, or to try to be so, in his efforts of any kind; and that if the great questions can hardly be determined by man (divided, too, as he is from his brother in all ways), he must still try and do what he can on lower levels, hoping ever for more insight, and looking forward to the knowledge which may be gained by death.

Advice to Men in Small Authority.

It is a great privilege to have an opportunity many times in a day, in the course of your business, to do a real kindness which is not to be paid for. Graciousness of demeanour is a large part of the duty of any official person who comes in contact with the world. Where a man's business is, there is the ground for his religion to manifest itself.

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS ('MARK TWAIN').

This humorous writer and lecturer is a native of Florida, Monroe county, Missouri, where he was born in 1835. He has been successively a printer, a steamboat pilot, a miner, and a newspaper editor—the last in San Francisco. In 1867 he published a story of the Californian gold mines, entitled 'The Jumping Frog,' which instantly became popular. In the same year he went on a pleasure trip to Spain, Italy, Greece, Egypt, &c., and the result was two volumes of amusing incidents and description—the first, entitled 'Innocents Abroad,' giving the details of the journey from New York to Naples; and the second, under the title of the 'New Pilgrim's Progress,' describing the Holy Land and the Grecian and Syrian shores. Mr. Clemens is author of various other works—'Burlesque

Autobiography,' 'Eye-openers,' 'Good Things,' 'Screamers,' 'A Gathering of Scraps,' 'Roughing It,' &c.

The Noblest Delight.

What is it that confers the noblest delight? What is that which swells a man's breast with pride above that which any other experience can bring to him? Discovery! To know that you are walking where none others have walked; that you are beholding what human eye has not seen before; that you are breathing a virgin atmosphere. To give birth to an idea—to discover a great thought—an intellectual nugget, right under the dust of a field that many a brain-plough had gone over before. To find a new planet, to invent a new hinge, to find a way to make the lightnings carry your messages. To be the *first*—that is the idea. To do something, say something, see something, before *anybody* else—these are the things that confer a pleasure compared with which other pleasures are tame and commonplace, other ecstacies cheap and trivial. Morse, with his first message, brought by his servant, the lightning; Fulton, in that long-drawn century of suspense, when he placed his hand upon the throttle-valve, and lo, the steamboat moved; Jenner, when his patient with the cow's virus in his blood walked through the small-pox hospitals unscathed; Howe, when the idea shot through his brain that for a hundred and twenty generations the eye had been bored through the wrong end of the needle; the nameless lord of art who laid down his chisel in some old age that is forgotten now, and gloated upon the finished Laocoon; Daguerre, when he commanded the sun, riding in the zenith, to print the landscape upon his insignificant silvered plate, and he obeyed; Columbus, in the *Pinta's* shrouds, when he swung his hat above a fabled sea and gazed abroad upon an unknown world! These are the men who have really *lived*—who have actually comprehended what pleasure is—who have crowded long lifetimes of ecstacy into a single moment.

Puzzling an Italian Guide.

The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans so much wonder, and deal so much in sentiment and emotion before any relic of Columbus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He was full of animation—full of impatience. He said: 'Come wis me, genteelmen! come! I show you ze letter writing by Christopher Colombo. Write it himself!—write it wis his own hand!—come!'

He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressive fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide's eyes sparkled. He danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger.

'What I tell you, genteelmen! Is it not so? See! handwriting Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!'

We looked indifferent—unconcerned. The doctor examined the document very deliberately, during a painful pause. Then he said, without any show of interest: 'Ah, Ferguson, what—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?'

'Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!'

Another deliberate examination. 'Ah—did he write it himself, or—or how?'

'He write it himself!—Christopher Colombo! he's own handwriting, write by himself!'

Then the doctor laid the document down, and said: 'Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that.'

'But zis is ze great Christo'——

'I don't care who it is! It's the worst writing I ever saw. Now you mustn't think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are not fools, by a good deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out! and if you haven't, drive on!'

We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he made one more venture. He had something which he thought would overcome us. He said: 'Ah, genteelmen, you come wis me! I shew you beautiful, oh, magnificent bust Christopher Colombo!—splendid, grand, magnificent!'

He brought us before the beautiful bust—for it *was* beautiful—and sprang back and struck an attitude.

'Ah, look, gentleemen!—beautiful, grand—bust Christopher Colombo!—beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!'

The doctor put up his eye-glass—procured for such occasions. 'Ah—what did you say this gentleman's name was?'

'Christopher Colombo—ze great Christopher Colombo!'

'Christopher Colombo—the great Christopher Colombo. Well, what did *he* do?'

'Discover America!—discover America. Oh, ze devil!'

'Discover America. No—that statement will hardly wash. We are just from America ourselves. We heard nothing about it. Christopher Colombo—pleasant name—is—is he dead?'

'Oh, corpo di Baccho!—three hundred year!'

'What did he die of?'

'I do not know!—I cannot tell.'

'Small-pox, think?'

'I do not know, gentleemen!—I do not know *what* he die of!'

'Measles, likely?'

'Maybe—maybe—I do *not* know—I think he die of somethings.'

'Parents living?'

'Im-posseeble!'

'Ah—which is the bust and which is the pedestal?'

'Santa Maria!—*zis* ze bust!—*zis* ze pedestal!'

'Ah, I see. I see—happy combination—very happy combination, indeed. Is—is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?'

That joke was lost on the foreigner—guides cannot master the subtleties of the American joke.

We have made it interesting to this Roman guide. Yesterday we spent three or four hours in the Vatican, again—that wonderful world of curiosities. We came very near expressing interest, sometimes—even admiration—it was very hard to keep from it. We succeeded though. Nobody else ever did it in the Vatican museums. The guide was bewildered—nonplussed. He walked his legs off, nearly, hunting up extraordinary things and exhausted all his ingenuity on us, but it was a failure; we never shewed any interest in anything. He had reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder till the last—a royal Egyptian mummy, the best preserved in the world perhaps. He took us there. He felt so sure this time, that some of his old enthusiasm came back to him:

'See, gentleemen!—Mummy! Mummy!'

The eye-glass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.

'Ah—Ferguson—what did I understand you to say the gentleman's name was?'

'Name?—he got no name?—Mummy!—'Gyptian mummy!'

'Yes, yes. Born here?'

'No! *'Gyptian* mummy!'

'Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume?'

'No!—*not* Frenchman, not Roman!—born in Egypta!'

'Born in Egypta. Never heard of Egypta before. Foreign locality, likely, Mummy—mummy. How calm he is—how self-possessed. Is, ah—is he dead?'

'Oh, *sacré bleu*, been dead three thousan' year!'

The doctor turned on him savagely—

'Here, now, what do you mean by such conduct as this! Playing us for Chinamen because we are strangers and trying to learn! Trying to impose your vile second-hand carcasses on *us!*—thunder and lightning. I've a notion to—to—if you've got a nice *fresh* corpse, fetch him out!—or by George we'll brain you!'

DR. JOHN BROWN—MR. M. M'LENNAN.

John Brown, son of the distinguished theological professor in connection with the Associate Synod (*ante*), and an accomplished member of the literary society of Edinburgh, was born in 1810, studied medicine, and settled down as a medical practitioner in the Scottish capital. In 1858 he published 'Horæ Subsecivæ,' a vol-

ume of essays on Locke and Sydenham, with other occasional papers. One of Dr. Brown's objects in this publication he thus explains:

To give my vote for going back to the old manly, intellectual, and literary culture of the days of Sydenham, Arbuthnot, and Gregory; when a physician fed, enlarged, and quickened his entire nature; when he lived in the world of letters as a freeholder, and reverenced the ancients, while at the same time he pushed on among his fellows, and lived in the present, believing that his profession and his patients need not suffer, though his *horæ subsecivæ* were devoted occasionally to miscellaneous thinking and reading, and to a course of what is elsewhere called 'fine confused feeding,' or though, as his Gaelic historian says of Rob Roy at his bye hours, he be 'a man of incoherent transactions.' As I have said, system is not always method, much less progress.

He adds, as of more important and general application:

Physiology and the laws of health are the interpreters of disease and cure, over whose porch we may best inscribe *hinc sanitas*. It is in watching nature's methods of cure in ourselves and in the lower animals, and in a firm faith in the self-regulative, recuperative powers of nature, that all our therapeutic intentions and means must proceed, and that we should watch and obey their truly divine voice and finger with reverence and godly fear, as well as with diligence and worldly wisdom—humbly standing by while He works, guiding and stemming or withdrawing His current, and acting as his ministers and helps.

One story in this volume, 'Rab and his Friends,' has been exceedingly popular, and, being published in a separate form, has had as wide a circulation as any of the novels of Scott or Dickens. It is a short and simple tale of a poor Scotch carrier and his dog Rab:

Rab had the dignity and simplicity of great size; and having fought his way all along the road to absolute supremacy, he was as mighty in his own line as Julius Cæsar or the Duke of Wellington, and he had the gravity of all great fighters. A Highland gamekeeper, when asked why a certain terrier, of singular pluck, was so much graver than the other dogs, said: 'Oh, sir, life's full o' sairiousness to him—he can just never get enuff o' fechtin.'

The carrier's wife Ailie, a gentle, delicate old woman, had to submit to an operation for cancer in the breast. It was performed in the Edinburgh Hospital, Rab and his master being present, and the scene is painted with a truth and dramatic vividness which go directly to the heart. Ailie dies; her husband caught a low fever prevailing in the village, and died also. Rab is present at both interments; there was deep snow on the ground; and after the second of the burials he slunk home to the stable, whence he could neither be tempted or driven, and ultimately he had to be killed. On this homely and slender basis of fact, the story of 'Rab and his Friends' has been constructed, and its mixture of fancy, humour, and pathos—all curiously blended, and all thoroughly national in expression and feeling—is quite inimitable. No right-hearted Scotsman ever read the little story without tears. In 1861 Dr. Brown published a second series of 'Horæ Subsecivæ,' containing twelve sketches ('our dogs' not being forgotten), one of which we subjoin:

Queen Mary's Child-Garden.

If any one wants a pleasure that is sure to please, one over which he needn't growl the sardonic beatitude of the great Dean, let him, when the mercury is at 'Fair,' take the nine A.M. train to the north and a return ticket for Callander, and when he arrives at Stirling, let him ask the most obliging and knowing of station-masters to telegraph to the Dreadnought for a carriage to be in waiting. When passing Dunblane Cathedral, let him resolve to write to the 'Scotsman,' advising the removal of a couple of shabby trees which obstruct the view of that beautiful triple end window which Mr. Ruskin and everybody else admires, and by the time he has written this letter in his mind, and turned the sentences to it, he will find himself at Callander and the carriage all ready. Giving the order for the Port of Monteith, he will rattle through this hard-featured, and to our eye, comfortless village, lying ugly amid so much grandeur and beauty, and let him stop on the crown of the bridge, and fill his eyes with the perfection of the view up the Pass of Leny—the Teith lying diffuse and asleep, as if its heart were in the Highlands and it were loath to go, the noble Ben Ledi imaged in its broad stream. Then let him make his way across a bit of pleasant moorland—flushed with maiden-hair and white with cotton grass, and fragrant with the *Orchis conopsia* well deserving its epithet *odoratissima*.

He will see from the turn of the hillside the Blair of Drummond waving with corn and shadowed with rich woods, where eighty years ago there was a black peat-moss; and far off, on the horizon, Damyat and the Touch Fells; and at his side the little loch of Ruskie, in which he may see five Highland cattle, three tawny brown and two brindled, standing in the still water—themselves as still, all except their switching tails and winking ears—the perfect images of quiet enjoyment. By this time he will have come in sight of the Lake of Monteith, set in its woods, with its magical shadows and soft gleams. There is a loveliness, a gentleness and peace about it more like 'lone St. Mary's Lake,' or Derwent Water, than of any of its sister lochs. It is lovely rather than beautiful, and is a sort of gentle prelude, in the *minor* key, to the coming glories and intenser charms of Loch Ard and the true Highlands beyond.

You are now at the Port, and have passed the secluded and cheerful manse, and the parish kirk with its graves, close to the lake, and the proud aisle of the Grahams of Gartmore washed by its waves. Across the road is the modest little inn, a Fisher's Tryst. On the unruffled water lie several islets, plump with rich foliage, brooding like great birds of calm. You somehow think of them as on, not in the lake, or like clouds lying in a nether sky—'like ships waiting for the wind.' You get a coble, and a *yauld* old Celt, its master, and are rowed across to Inchmahome, 'the Isle of Rest.' Here you find on landing huge Spanish chestnuts, one lying dead, others standing stark and peeled, like gigantic antlers, and others flourishing in their *viridis senectus*, and in a thicket of wood you see the remains of a monastery of great beauty, the design and workmanship exquisite. You wander through the ruins, overgrown with ferns and Spanish filberts, and old fruit-trees, and at the corner of the old monkish garden you come upon one of the strangest and most touching sights you ever saw—an oval space of about eighteen feet by twelve, with the remains of a double row of boxwood all round, the plants of box being about fourteen feet high, and eight or nine inches in diameter, healthy, but plainly of great age.

What is this? It is called in the guide-books Queen Mary's Bower; but besides its being plainly not in the least a bower, what could the little Queen, then five years old, and 'fancy free,' do with a bower? It is plainly, as was, we believe, first suggested by our keen-sighted and diagnostic Professor of Clinical Surgery, *the Child-Queen's Garden*, with her little walk, and its rows of boxwood, left to themselves for three hundred years. Yes, without doubt, 'here is that first garden of her simpleness.' Fancy the little, lovely royal child, with her four Marys, her playfellows, her child maids of honour, with their little hands and feet, and their innocent and happy eyes, pattering about that garden all that time ago, laughing, and running, and gardening as only children do and can. As is well known, Mary was placed by her mother in this Isle of Rest before sailing from the Clyde for France. There is something that 'tirls the heart-strings a' to the life' in standing and looking on this unmistakable living relic of that strange and pathetic old time. Were we Mr. Tennyson, we would write an Idyll of that child Queen, in that garden of hers, eating her bread and honey—getting her teaching from the holy men, the monks of old, and

running off in wild mirth to her garden and her flowers, all unconscious of the black, lowering thunder-cloud on Ben Lomond's shoulder.

Oh, blessed vision! happy child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild;
I think of thee with many fears,
Of what may be thy lot in future years.
I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,
Lord of thy house and hospitality.
And Grief, uneasy lover! never rest
But when she sat within the touch of thee.
What hast thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of to-morrow?

You have ample time to linger there amid

The gleams, the shadows and the peace profound,

and get your mind informed with quietness and beauty, and fed with thoughts of other years, and of her whose story, like Helen of Troy's, will continue to move the hearts of men as long as the gray hills stand round about that gentle lake, and are mirrored at evening in its depths.

A volume illustrative of Scotch rustic life—true in speech, thought, and action—appeared anonymously in 1870, under the title of 'Peasant Life: Being Sketches of the Villagers and Field-labourers of Glenaldie.' There is a degree of force and reality in these homely sketches, drawn directly from nature, equal to the pictures of Crabbe. Professor Wilson's 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life' are purely Arcadian. The author of 'Peasant Life' (understood to be a solicitor in Caithness, Mr. MALCOLM M'LENNAN) enlists our sympathy for coarse farm labourers and 'bondagers' or field-workers, and shews that pure and natural love, and pure and natural emotion, are best studied under thatched roofs and in untutored hearts. The author published a second work, 'Dr. Benoni,' but it is inferior to the 'Peasant Life.'

WILLIAM RATHBONE GREG.

This gentleman is author of various works, political and literary—'Political Problems for our Age and Country;' 'The Creed of Christendom;' 'Literary and Social Judgments;' 'Truth versus Edification;' 'Enigmas of Life;' 'Rocks Ahead, or the Warnings of Cassandra;' &c. Mr. Greg is a man of intellectual power and fine aspirations. Though unorthodox in opinion, he is sound at heart, religious in feeling, and a sincere well-wisher of humanity. He is most popular on directly practical questions, with a philanthropic turn. Mr. Greg (born in Liverpool about 1810) succeeded John Ramsay M'Culloch in 1864 as Comptroller of H.M. Stationery Office. The following extracts are from the most eloquent of his writings—the 'Enigmas of Life:'

Glorified Spirits.

Whether in the lapse of ages and in the course of progressive being, the more dormant portions of each man's nature will be called out, and his desires, and therefore the elements of his heaven, change; whether the loving will learn to thirst for

knowledge, and the fiery and energetic to value peace, and the active and earnest to grow weary of struggle and achievement, and to long for tenderness and repose and the rested to begin a new life of aspiration, and those who had long lain satisfied with the humble constituents of the beatific state, to yearn after the conditions of a loftier being, we cannot tell. Probably. It may be, too, that the tendency of every thought and feeling will be to gravitate towards the great centre, to merge in one mighty and all-absorbing emotion The thirst for knowledge may find its ultimate expression in the contemplation of the Divine Nature—in which indeed all may be contained. It may be that all longings will be finally resolved into striving after a closer union with God, and all human affections merged in the desire to be a partaker in His nature. It may be that in future stages of our progress, we shall become more and more severed from the human, and joined to the divine; that, starting on the threshold of the eternal world with the one beloved being who has been the partner of our thoughts and feelings on this earth, we may find, as we go forward to the goal, and soar upward to the throne, and dive deeper and deeper into the mysteries and immensities of creation, that *affection* will gradually emerge in *thought*, and the cravings and yearnings of the heart be calmed and superseded by the sublimer interests of the perfected intelligence; that the hands which have so long been joined in love may slowly unclasp, to be stretched forth towards the approaching glory; that the glance of tenderness which we cast on the companion at our side may become faint, languid, and hurried before the earnest gaze with which we watch 'the light that shall be revealed.' We might even picture to ourselves that epoch in our progress through successively loftier and more purified existences, when those who on earth strengthened each other in every temptation, sustained each other under every trial, mingled smiles at every joy and tears at every sorrow; and who, in succeeding varieties of being, hand in hand, heart with heart, thought for thought, penetrated together each new secret, gained each added height, glowed with each new rapture, drank in each successive revelation, shall have reached that point where all lower affections will be merged in one absorbing Presence; when the awful nearness of the perfect love will dissolve all other ties and swallow up all other feelings; and when the finished and completed soul, before melting away into that sea of light which will be its element for ever, shall turn to take a last fond look of the now glorified but thereby lost companion of so much anguish and so many joys! But we cannot *yet* contemplate the prospect without pain: therefore it will not be *yet;* not till we can contemplate it without joy: for heaven is a scene of bliss and recompense, not of sorrow and bereavement.

Human Development.

Two glorious futures lie before us: the progress of the race here, the progress of the man hereafter. History indicates that the individual man needs to be transplanted in order to excel the past. He appears to have reached his perfection centuries ago. Men lived then whom we have never yet been able to surpass, rarely even to equal. Our knowledge has, of course, gone on increasing, for that is a material capable of indefinite accumulation. But for power, for the highest reach and range of mental and spiritual capacity in every line, the lapse of two or three thousand years has shewn no sign of increase or improvement. What sculptor has surpassed Phidias? What poet has transcended Eschylus, Homer, or the author of the Book of Job? What devout aspirant has soared higher than David or Isaiah? What statesman have modern times produced mightier or grander than Pericles? What patriot martyr truer or nobler than Socrates? Wherein, save in mere acquirements, was Bacon superior to Plato? or Newton to Thales or Pythagoras? Very early in our history individual men beat their wings against the allotted boundaries of their earthly dominions; early in history God gave to the human race the types and patterns to imitate and approach, but never to transcend. Here, then, surely we see clearly imitated to us our appointed work—namely, to raise the masses to the true standard of harmonious human virtue and capacity, not to strive ourselves to overleap that standard: not to put our own souls or brains into a hot-bed, but to put all our fellow men into a fertile and a wholesome soil. If this be so, both our practical course and our speculative difficulties are greatly cleared. The timid fugitives from the duties and temptations of the world, the selfish coddlers and nursers of their own souls, the sedulous cultivators either of

a cold intellect or of a fervent spiritualism, have alike deserted or mistaken their mission, and turned their back upon the goal. The philanthropists, in the measure of their wisdom and their purity of zeal, are the real fellow-workmen of the Most High. This principle may give us the clue to many dispensations which at first seem dark and grievous, to the grand scale and the distracting slowness of nature's operations; to her merciless inconsideration for the individual when the interests of the race are in question:

> So careful of the type she seems,
> So careless of the single life.—*In Memoriam.*

Noble souls are sacrificed to ignoble masses; the good champion often falls, the wrong competitor often wins: but the great car of humanity moves forward by those very steps which revolt our sympathies and crush our hopes, and which, if we could, we would have ordered otherwise.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, ETC.

Mr. Arnold is perhaps better known as a critic and theologian than as a poet (*ante*). He has published 'Essays on Criticism,' 1865; 'Lectures on the Study of Celtic Literature,' 1867; 'Culture and Anarchy,' 1870; 'St. Paul and Protestantism,' 'Literature and Dogma,' 'God and the Bible,' a review of objections to 'Literature and Dogma,' 1875; &c. Without subscribing to Mr. Arnold's theological opinions, we may note the earnest, reverential tone with which he discusses such subjects, and the amount of thought and reading he has brought to bear on them. He says: 'Why meddle with religion at all? why run the risk of breaking a tie which it is so hard to join again? And the risk is not to be run lightly, and one is not always to attack people's illusions about religion merely because illusions they are. But at the present moment two things about the Christian religion must surely be clear to anybody with eyes in his head. One is, that men cannot do without it; the other, that they cannot do with it as it is.'

Two volumes, partly biographical and partly critical—'A Manual of English Prose Literature,' 1872; and 'Characteristics of English Poets from Chaucer to Shirley,' 1874—have been published by William Minto, M.A., now editor of 'The Examiner.' The first work 'endeavours to criticise upon a methodical plan,' and selects certain authors (De Quincey, Macaulay, and Carlyle) for 'full criticism and exemplification.' The second volume, besides describing the characteristics of the poets, traces how far each was influenced by his literary predecessors and his contemporaries. The two works are valuable for students of our literature, and are interesting to all classes of readers. Mr. Minto is, we believe, a native of Aberdeen, and promises to take a high place among our critical and political writers—a place worthy the successor of Leigh Hunt, Albany Fonblanque, and John Forster.

Something similar to Mr. Minto's volumes are two by Mr. Leslie Stephens, editor of the 'Cornhill Magazine,' entitled 'Hours in a Library,' being a series of sketches of favourite authors, drawn with taste and discrimination, and bearing the impress of a true lover of

literature. Another editor, Mr. R. H. HUTTON of the 'Spectator,' has collected two volumes of his 'Essays Theological and Literary,' in which there is more of analytical criticism and ingenious dogmatic discussion than in the above.

SCIENTIFIC WRITERS.

The progresss of physical and mental science, up to the nineteenth century, was traced with eminent ability in the dessertations written for the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' Ethical philosophy was treated by Dugald Stewart and Mackintosh, as already stated, and a third dissertation was added by Archbishop Whately, exhibiting a general view of the rise, progress, and corruptions of Christianity. Mathematical and physical science was taken up by PROFESSOR JOHN PLAYFAIR (1748–1819), distinguished for his illustrations of the Huttonian theory, and for his biographies of Hutton and Robison. Playfair treated of the period which closed with Newton and Leibnitz, and the subject was continued through the course of the eighteenth century by SIR JOHN LESLIE, who succeeded to Playfair in the chair of Natural Philosophy in the university of Edinburgh. Sir John (1766–1832) was celebrated for his ardour in physical research, and for his work, an 'Experimental Inquiry into the Nature and Propagation of Heat,' 1804. A sixth dissertation was added in 1856 by the Professor of Natural Philosophy in the university of Edinburgh, DR. JAMES DAVID FORBES, who continued the general view of the progress of mathematical and physical science principally from 1755 to 1850.

'If we look for the distinguishing characteristic of the centenary period just elapsed (1750–1850), we find it,' says Professor Forbes, 'in this, that it has drawn far more largely upon experiment as a means of arriving at truth than had previously been done. By a natural conversion of the process, the knowledge thus acquired has been applied with more freedom and boldness to the exigencies of mankind, and to the further investigation of the secrets of nature. If we compare the now extensive subjects of heat, electricity, and magnetism, with the mere rudiments of these sciences as understood in 1750; or if we think of the astonishing revival of physical and experimental optics—which had well-nigh slumbered for more than a century—during the two short lives of Young and Fresnel, we shall be disposed to admit the former part of the statement; and when we recollect that the same period has given birth to the steam-engine of Watt, with its application to shipping and railways—to the gigantic telescopes of Herschel and Lord Rosse, wonderful as works of art as well as instruments of sublime discovery—to the electric telegraph, and to

the tubular bridge—we shall be ready to grant the last part of the proposition, that science and art have been more indissolubly united than at any previous period.'

A series of 'Lectures on Some Recent Advances in Physical Science,' 1876, by PROFESSOR TAIT of the university of Edinburgh, continues the history of modern progress, and describes fully the marvels of the spectrum analysis, one of the triumphs of the present generation.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

A great chemist and a distinguished man of letters, HUMPHRY DAVY, was born at Penzance, in Cornwall, in 1778. He was educated at the school of Truro, and afterwards apprenticed to a surgeon at Penzance. He was an enthusiastic reader and student. 'His was an ardent boyhood,' says Professor Forbes: 'Educated in a manner somewhat irregular, and with only the advantages of a remote country town, his talents appeared in the earnestness with which he cultivated at once the most various branches of knowledge and speculation. He was fond of metaphysics; he was fond of experiment; he was an ardent student of nature; and he possessed at an early age poetic powers, which, had they been cultivated, would, in the opinion of competent judges, have made him as eminent in literature as he became in science. All these tastes endured throughout life. Business could not stifle them—even the approach of death was unable to extinguish them. The reveries of his boyhood on the sea-worn cliffs of Mount's Bay may yet be traced in many of the pages dictated during the last year of his life amidst the ruins of the Coliseum. But the physical sciences—those more emphatically called at that time chemical—speedily attracted and absorbed his most earnest attention. The philosophy of the imponderables—of light, heat, and electricity—was the subject of his earliest, and also that of his happiest essays.' Of his splendid discoveries, the most useful to mankind have been his experiments on breathing the gases, his lectures on agricultural chemistry, his invention of the safety-lamp, and his protectors for ships.

At the early age of twenty-two, Davy was appointed lecturer to the Royal Institution of London. In 1803 he commenced lecturing on agriculture, and his lectures were published in 1813, under the title of 'Elements of Agricultural Chemistry.' His lecture 'On Some Chemical Agents of Electricity' is considered one of the most valuable contributions ever made to chemical science. Dr. Paris, the biographer of Davy, observes that, 'since the account given by Newton of his first discoveries in optics, it may be questioned whether so happy and successful an instance of philosophical induction has ever been afforded as that by which Davy discovered the composition of the fixed alkalis.' In 1812 he published 'Elements of Chemical Philosophy.' About 1815 he entered on the investigation of fire-damp,

which is the cause of explosions in mines. The result was his invention of the safety-lamp, for which he was rewarded with a baronetcy by the prince regent in 1818, and the coal-owners of the north of England presented him with a service of plate worth £2000. In 1820 Davy was elected President of the Royal Society, in the room of Sir Joseph Banks, deceased.

It is mortifying to think that this great man, captivated by the flatteries of the fashionable world, and having married (1812) a rich Scottish lady, Mrs. Apreece, lost much of the winning simplicity of his early manner, and of his pure devotion to science. In 1826 Sir Humphry had a paralytic attack, and went abroad for the recovery of his health. He composed an interesting little volume, 'Salmonia, or Days of Fly-fishing,' 1828; and he wrote also 'Consolations in Travel, or the last Days of a Philosopher,' which appeared after his death. He died at Geneva on the 29th May 1829, and the Genevese government honoured him with a public funeral.

The posthumous volume of 'Consolations' contains some finely written speculations on moral and ethical questions, with descriptions of Italian scenery. The work is in the form of dialogues between a liberal and accomplished Roman Catholic and an English patrician, poetical and discursive, whose views on religion entered the verge of scepticism. The former he calls Ambrosio; the latter Onuphrio. Another interlocutor is named Philalethes. We subjoin part of their dialogues.

The Future State of Human Beings.

Ambrosio. Revelation has not disclosed to us the nature of this state, but only fixed its certainty. We are sure from geological facts, as well as from sacred history, that man is a recent animal on the globe, and that this globe has undergone one considerable revolution, since the creation, by water; and we are taught that it is to undergo another, by fire, preparatory to a new and glorified state of existence of man; but this is all we are permitted to know, and as this state is to be entirely different from the present one of misery and probation, any knowledge respecting it would be useless, and indeed almost impossible.

Philalethes. My genius has placed the more exalted spiritual natures in cometary worlds, and this last fiery revolution may be produced by the appulse of a comet.

Amb. Human fancy may imagine a thousand ways in which it may be produced; but on such notions it is absurd to dwell. I will not allow your genius the slightest approach to inspiration, and I can admit no verisimility in a reverie which is fixed on a founda ion you now allow to be so weak. But see, the twilight is beginning to appear in the orient sky, and there are some dark clouds on the horizon opposite to the crater of Vesuvius, the lower edges of which transmit a bright light, shewing the sun is already risen in the country beneath them. I would say that they may serve as an image of the hopes of immortality derived from revelation: for we are sure from the light reflected in those clouds that the lands below us are in the brightest sunshine, but we are entirely ignorant of the surface and the scenery; so, by revelation, the light of an imperishable and glorious world is disclosed to us; but it is in eternity, and its objects cannot be seen by mortal eye or imaged by mortal imagination.

Phil. I am not so well read in the Scriptures as I hope I shall be at no very distant time; but I believe the pleasures of heaven are mentioned more distinctly than you allow in the sacred writings. I think I remember that the saints are said to be

crowned with palms and amaranths, and that they are described as perpetually hymning and praising God.

AMB. This is evidently only metaphorical; music is the sensual pleasure which approaches nearest to an intellectual one, and probably may represent the delight resulting from the perception of the harmony of things and of truth seen in God. The palm as an evergreen tree, and the amaranth a perdurable flower, are emblems of immortality. If I am allowed to give a metaphorical allusion to the future state of the blest, I should image it by the orange-grove in that sheltered glen, on which the sun is now beginning to shine, and of which the trees are at the same time loaded with sweet golden fruit and balmy silver flowers. Such objects may well portray a state in which hope and fruition become one eternal feeling.

Indestructibility of Mind.

The doctrine of the materialists was always, even in my youth, a cold, heavy, dull and insupportable doctrine to me, and necessarily tending to atheism. When I had heard, with disgust, in the dissecting rooms, the plan of the physiologist, of the gradual accretion of matter, and its becoming endowed with irritability, ripening into sensibility, and acquiring such organs as were necessary by its own inherent forces, and at last issuing into intellectual existence, a walk into the green fields or woods, by the banks of rivers, brought back my feelings from nature to God. I saw in all the powers of matter the instruments of the Deity. The sunbeams, the breath of the zephyr, awakening animation in forms prepared by divine intelligence to receive it, the insensate seed, the slumbering eggs which were to be vivified, appeared, like the new-born animal, works of a divine mind; I saw love as the creative principle in the material world, and this love only as a divine attribute. Then my own mind I felt connected with new sensations and indefinite hopes—a thirst for immortality; the great names of other ages and of distant nations appeared to me to be still living around me, and even in the fancied movements of the heroic and the great, I saw, as it were, the decrees of the indestructibility of mind. These feelings, though generally considered as poetical, yet, I think, offer a sound philosophical argument in favour of the immortality of the soul. In all the habits and instincts of young animals, their feelings and movements, may be traced an intimate relation to their improved perfect state; their sports have always affinities to their modes of hunting or catching their food: and young birds, even in the nests, shew marks of fondness which, when their frames are developed, become signs of actions necessary to the reproduction and preservation of the species. The desire of glory, of honour, of immortal fame, and of constant knowledge, so usual in young persons of well-constituted minds, cannot, I think, be other than symptoms of the infinite and progressive nature of the intellect—hopes which, as they cannot be gratified here, belong to a frame of mind suited to a nobler state of existence.

Religion, whether natural or revealed, has always the same beneficial influence on the mind. In youth, in health and prosperity, it awakens feelings of gratitude and sublime love, and purifies at the same time that it exalts. But it is in misfortune, in sickness, in age, that its effects are most truly and beneficially felt; when submission in faith and humble trust in the divine will, from duties become pleasures, undecaying sources of consolation. Then, it creates powers which were believed to be extinct; and gives a freshness to the mind, which was supposed to have passed away for ever, but which is now renovated as an immortal hope. Then it is the Pharos, guiding the wave-tossed mariner to his home—as the calm and beautiful still basins or fiords, surrounded by tranquil groves and pastoral meadows, to the Norwegian pilot escaping from a heavy storm in the North Sea—or as the green and dewy spot, gushing with fountains, to the exhausted and thirsty traveller in the midst of the desert. Its influence outlives all earthly enjoyments, and becomes stronger as the organs decay and the frame dissolves. It appears as that evening-star of light in the horizon of life, which, we are sure, is to become, in another season, a morning-star; and it throws its radiance through the gloom and shadow of death.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

The more popular treatises of this eminent astronomer—the 'Preliminary Discourse on Natural Philosophy,' 1830, and 'Treatise on

Astronomy,' 1833, have been widely circulated. Sir John subsequently collected a series of 'Essays which appeared in the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, with Addresses and other Pieces,' 1857. Profoundly versed in almost every branch of physics, Sir John Herschel occasionally sported with the Muses, but in the garb of the ancients—in hexameter and pentameter verses. The following stanzas are at least equal to Southey's hexameters, and the first was made in a dream in 1841, and written down immediately on waking:

Throw thyself on thy God, nor mock him with feeble denial;
Sure of his love, and oh! sure of his mercy at last,
Bitter and deep though the draught, yet shun not the cup of thy trial,
But in its healing effect, smile at its bitterness past.

Pray for that holier cup while sweet with bitter lies blending,
Tears in the cheerful eye, smiles on the sorrowing cheek,
Death expiring in life, when the long-drawn struggle is ending;
Triumph and joy to the strong, strength to the weary and weak.

The abstruse studies and triumphs of Sir John Herschel—his work on the Differential Calculus, his Catalogues of Stars and Nebulæ, and his Treatises on Sound and Light are well known; but perhaps the most striking instance of his pure devotion to science was his expedition to the Cape of Good Hope, and his sojourn there for four years, solely at his own expense, with the view of examining under the most favourable circumstances the southern hemisphere. This completed a telescopic survey of the whole surface of the visible heavens, commenced by Sir William Herschel above seventy years ago, assisted by his sister Caroline and his brother Alexander, and continued by him almost down to the close of a very long life.* Sir William

* 'Herschel, a musician residing at Bath, though a native of Hanover, which he had left in early youth, devoted his leisure to the construction and improvement of reflecting telescopes, with which he continued ardently to survey the heavens. His zeal and assiduity had already drawn the notice of astronomers, when he announced to Dr. Maskelyne, that, on the night of the 13th March, 1781, he observed a shifting star, which, from its smallness, he judged to be a comet, though it was distinguished neither by a nebulosity nor a tail. The motion of the star, however, was so slow as to require distant observations to ascertain its path. The president Saron, an expert and obliging calculator, was the first who conceived it to be a planet, having inferred, from the few observations communicated to him, that it described a circle with a radius of about twelve times the mean distance of the earth from the sun. Lexell removed all doubt, and before the close of the year, he computed the elements of the new planet with considerable accuracy, making the great axis of its orbit nineteen times greater than that of the earth, and the period of its revolution eighty-four years. Herschel proposed, out of gratitude to his royal patron (George III.), to call the planet he had found by the barbarous appellation of Georgium Sidus; but the classical name of *Uranus*, which Bode afterwards applied, is almost universally adopted. Animated by this happy omen, he prosecuted his astronomical observations with unwearied zeal and ardour, and continued, during the remainder of a long life, to enrich science with a succession of splendid discoveries.'—SIR JOHN LESLIE. Herschel's discoveries were chiefly made by means of his forty-feet reflector, to construct which funds were advanced by the king. An Irish nobleman, the Earl of Rosse, after many years' labour to improve the telescope, completed in 1844, and erected at Parsonstown, a telescope of six feet aperture and fifty-three or fifty-four feet of focal length. The result of Lord Rosse's observations with his six-feet speculum has been to resolve many nebulæ into stars.

died in 1822, aged eighty-four. In 1876 was published a 'Memoir of Caroline Herschel,' the sister of Sir William and aunt of Sir John, who died in 1848, aged ninety-seven years and ten months. The author of this memoir, Mrs. John Herschel, says of Caroline: 'She stood beside her brother, William Herschel, sharing his labours, helping his life. In the days when he gave up a lucrative career that he might devote himself to astronomy, it was owing to her thrift and care that he was not harassed by the rambling vexations of money matters. She had been his helper and assistant in the days when he was a leading musician; she became his helper and assistant when he gave himself up to astronomy. By sheer force of will and devoted affection, she learned enough of mathematics and of methods of calculation, which to those unlearned seem mysteries, to be able to commit to writing the results of his researches. She became his assistant in the workshop; she helped him to grind and polish his mirrors; she stood beside his telescope in the nights of mid-winter, to write down his observations when the very ink was frozen in the bottle. She kept him alive by her care; thinking nothing of herself, she lived for him. She loved him, and believed in him, and helped him with all her heart and with all her strength.'

This devoted lady discovered eight comets! The survey of the heavens begun by Sir William Herschel was resumed in 1825 by his son, Sir John, who published the results in 1847. On his return from the Cape, the successful astronomer was honoured with a baronetcy, the university of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of D.C.L., and the Astronomical Society—of which he was president—voted him a testimonial for his work on the Southern Hemisphere. Besides the works to which we have referred, Sir John Herschel published 'Outlines of Astronomy,' 1849, of which a fifth edition, corrected to the existing state of astronomical science, was published in 1858; and he edited 'A Manual of Scientific Inquiry,' 1849, prepared by authority of the Admiralty for the use of the navy.

Sir John Herschel was born at Slough, near Windsor, in 1792, and studied at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his Bachelor's Degree in 1813, coming out as Senior Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman. His first work was a 'Collection of Examples of the Application of the Calculus to Finite Differences,' 1813. He contributed various papers to the 'Edinburgh Philosophical Journal' and the Royal Society of Edinburgh (1819–24), and he was employed for eight years in re-examining the nebulæ and cluster of stars discovered by his father. The result was published in the 'Philosophical Transactions' for 1832; the nebulæ were about 2300 in number, and of these 525 were discovered by Sir John himself. He also discovered between three and four thousand double stars. Sir John received from William IV. the Hanoverian Guelphic order of knighthood, and Queen Victoria in 1838 conferred upon him a baronetcy. He

was literally covered with honorary distinctions from learned societies and foreign academies. From 1850 till 1855 he held the office of Master of the Mint, which he was forced to resign from ill-health. On the 11th of May 1871, this most illustrious of European men of science died at his seat, Collingwood, near Hawkhurst, Kent, aged seventy-nine.

Tendency and Effect of Philosophical Studies.

Nothing can be more unfounded than the objection which has been taken, *in limine*, by persons, well meaning perhaps, certainly narrow minded, against the study of natural philosophy—that it fosters in its cultivators an undue and overweening self-conceit, leads them to doubt of the immortality of the soul, and to scoff at revealed religion. Its natural effect, we may confidently assert, on every well-constituted mind, is, and must be, the direct contrary. No doubt, the testimony of natural reason, on whatever exercised, must of necessity stop short of those truths which is the object of revelation to make known; but while it places the existence and principal attributes of a Deity on such grounds as to render doubt absurd and atheism ridiculous, it unquestionably opposes no natural or necessary obstacle to further progress: on the contrary, by cherishing as a vital principle an unbounded spirit of inquiry and ardency of expectation, it unfetters the mind from prejudices of every kind, and leaves it open and free to every impression of a higher nature which it is susceptible of receiving, guarding only against enthusiasm and self-deception by a habit of strict investigation, but encouraging, rather than suppressing, everything that can offer a prospect or a hope beyond the present obscure and unsatisfactory state. The character of the true philosopher is to hope all things not unreasonable. He who has seen obscurities which appeared impenetrable in physical and mathematical science suddenly dispelled, and the most barren and unpromising fields of inquiry converted, as if by inspiration, into rich and inexhaustible springs of knowledge and power, or a simple change of our point of view, or by merely bringing them to bear on some principle which it never occurred before to try, will surely be the very last to acquiesce in any dispiriting prospects of either the present or the future destinies of mankind; while on the other hand, the boundless views of intellectual and moral, as well as material relations which open on him on all hands in the course of these pursuits, the knowledge of the trivial place he occupies in the scale of creation, and the sense continually pressed upon him of his own weakness and incapacity to suspend or modify the slightest movement of the vast machinery he sees in action around him, must effectually convince him that humility of pretension, no less than confidence of hope, is what best becomes his character. . . .

The question '*cui bono*'—to what practical end and advantage do your researches tend?—is one which the speculative philosopher who loves knowledge for its own sake, and enjoys, as a rational being should enjoy, the mere contemplation of harmonious and mutually dependent truths, can seldom hear without a sense of humiliation. He feels that there is a lofty and disinterested pleasure in his speculations which ought to exempt them from such questioning; communicating as they do to his own mind the purest happiness (after the exercise of the benevolent and moral feelings) of which human nature is susceptible, and tending to the injury of no one, he might surely allege *this* as a sufficient and direct reply to those who, having themselves little capacity, and less relish for intellectual pursuits, are constantly repeating upon him this inquiry.

A Taste for Reading.

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it, of course, only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office, and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles, but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and

the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest—with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters that have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilisation from having constantly before one's eyes the way in which the best-bred and best-informed have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle but perfectly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading well directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It cannot, in short, be better summed up than in the words of the Latin poet:

Emollit mores, nec *sinit* esse feros.

It civilises the conduct of men, and *suffers* them not to remain barbarous.

MRS. MARY SOMERVILLE.

Another distinguished astronomer, a worthy contemporary of Caroline Herschel, was MARY SOMERVILLE, who died at Naples, November 28, 1872, aged ninety-two. She had attained to the highest proficiency and honours in physical science, was a member of various learned societies at home and abroad, had received the approbation of Laplace, Humboldt, Playfair, Herschel, and other eminent contemporaries, and at the age of ninety-two was engaged in solving mathematical problems! Mrs. Somerville was born in the manse or parsonage of Jedburgh; her father, Sir William George Fairfax, Vice-admiral of the Red, was Lord Duncan's captain at the battle of Camperdown in 1797. His daughter Mary was educated at a school in Musselburgh, and before she was fourteen, it was said, she had studied Euclid, and Bonnycastle's and Euler's Algebra, but concealed as much as possible her acquirements. In 1804 she was married to her cousin, Captain Samuel Greig, son of Admiral Greig, who served many years in the Russian navy, and died Governor of Cronstadt. Captain Grieg died two years after their union.

In 1812 his widow married another cousin, Dr. William Somerville, son of the minister of Jedburgh, author of two historical works—the histories of the Revolution and of the reign of Queen Anne—and of memoirs of his own 'Life and Time.' The venerable minister (1741–1813) records, with pride, that Miss Fairfax had been born and nursed in his house, her father being at that time abroad on public service; that she long resided in his family, and was occasionally his scholar, being remarkable for her ardent thirst of knowledge and her assiduous application to study. Dr. William Somerville, the son, attained the rank of Inspector of the Army Medical Board, and Physician to the Royal Hospital at Chelsea. He took great pains to foster the intellectual pursuits of his wife, and lived to witness her success and celebrity, dying at Florence in 1860, at the great age of ninety-one. Mrs. Somerville first attracted notice by experiments on the

magnetic influence of the violet rays of the solar spectrum. Lord Brougham then solicited her to prepare for the Society for Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, a popular summary of the 'Mécanique Céleste' of Laplace. She complied, and her manuscript being submitted to Sir John Herschel, he said he was delighted with it—that it was a book for posterity, but quite above the class for which Lord Brougham's course was intended. Mrs. Somerville herself modestly said of it: 'I simply translated Laplace's work from algebra into common language.' However, she consented to publish it as an independent work, under the title of 'The Mechanism of the Heavens,' 1831, and it at once fixed her reputation as one of the ablest cultivators of physical science. The Royal Society admitted her a member, and commissioned a bust of her, which was executed by Chantrey, and placed in the hall of the Society in Somerset House. It is said that Mrs. Somerville, meeting one day with Laplace, in Paris, the great geometer said: 'There have been only three women who have understood me—yourself, Caroline Herschel, and a Mrs. Greig, of whom I have never been able to learn anything.' 'I was Mrs. Greig,' said the modest little woman. 'So, then, there are only two of you!' exclaimed the philosopher. The learned Frenchman did not live to see Mrs. Somerville's version of his great work, as he died in 1827. In 1834 Mrs. Somerville published 'The Connection of the Physical Sciences,' a work which affords a condensed view of the phenomena of the universe, and has enjoyed great popularity; it is now in the ninth edition. Her next work was her 'Physical Geography,' published in 1848. This work was chiefly written in Rome, and while resident there, Mrs. Somerville met with a little adventure which she thus describes in her 'Personal Recollections:'

Scene in the Campagna.

I had very great delight in the Campagna of Rome: the fine range of Apennines bounding the plain, over which the fleeting shadows of the passing clouds fell, ever changing and always beautiful, whether viewed in the early morning, or in the glory of the setting sun. I was never tired of admiring: and whenever I drove out, preferred a country drive to the more fashionable Villa Borghese. One day Somerville and I and our daughters went to drive towards the Tavolato, on the road to Albano. We got out of the carriage and went into a field, tempted by the wild-flowers. On one side of this field ran the aqueduct; on the other, a deep and wide ditch full of water. I had gone towards the aqueduct, leaving the others in the field. All at once, we heard a loud shouting, when an enormous drove of the beautiful Campagna gray cattle, with their wide-spreading horns, came rushing wildly between us, with their heads down and their tails erect, driven by men with long spears, mounted on little spirited horses at full gallop. It was so sudden and so rapid, that only after it was over did we perceive the danger we had run. As there was no possible escape, there was nothing for it but standing still, which Somerville and my girls had presence of mind to do, and the drove dividing, rushed like a whirlwind to the right and left of them. The danger was not so much of being gored, as of being run over by the excited and terrified animals, and round the walls of Rome places of refuge are provided for those who may be passing when the cattle are driven.

Near where this occurred there is a house with the inscription, 'Casa Dei Spirit;' but I do not think the Italians believe in either ghosts or witches; their chief superstition seems to be the 'Jettature' or evil eye, which they have inherited from the

the early Romans, and, I believe, Etruscans. They consider it a bad omen to meet a monk or priest on first going out in the morning. My daughters were engaged to ride with a large party, and the meet was at our house. A Roman, who happened to go out first, saw a friar, and rushed in again laughing, and waited till he was out of sight. Soon after they set off, this gentleman was thrown from his horse and ducked in a pool; so the Jettature was fulfilled. But my daughters thought his bad seat on horseback enough to account for his fall without the evil eye.

After an interval of eleven years from the publication of her 'Physical Geography,' Mrs. Somerville came forward with two more volumes, 'On Molecular and Microscopic Science.' She continued her scientific studies and inquiries; and in January 1872, a gentleman who had visited her, wrote: 'She is still full of vigour, and working away at her mathematical researches, being particularly occupied just now with the theory of quaternions, a branch of transcendent mathematics which very few, if any, persons of Mrs. Somerville's age and sex have ever had the wish or power to study.' For many years the deceased resided with her family at Florence, and there she was as assiduous in the cultivation of her flower-garden and of music as she was of her mathematics. Her circumstances were easy though not opulent, and Sir Robert Peel—the most attentive of all prime-ministers since the days of Halifax to literary and scientific claims—had in 1835 placed her on the pension list for £300 per annum. She had three children, a son (who died in 1865) and two daughters. To an American gentleman who visited her, she said: 'I speak Italian, but no one could ever take me for other than a Scotch woman.' Her love of science had been to her an inexhaustible source of interest and gratification; 'and I have no doubt,' she said, 'but we shall know more of the heavenly bodies in another state of existence'—in that eternal city 'which hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God doth enlighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.'

In her old age Mrs. Somerville had amused herself by writing out reminiscences of her early struggles and difficulties in the acquirement of knowledge, and of her subsequent studies and life. These were published in 1873 by her daughter, Martha Somerville, under the title of 'Personal Recollections from Early Life to Old Age, of Mary Somerville, with Selections from her Correspondence.'

PROFESSOR J. D. FORBES.

James David Forbes is chiefly known for his theory of glacial motion, which appears to have been independent of that of Rendu, and also for his observations as to the plastic or viscous theories of glaciers. His claims have been disputed, but the general opinion seems to be that the palm of originality, or at least priority of announcement, belongs to the Scottish professor. Mr. Forbes was born at Colinton, near Edinburgh, in 1809, son of Sir William Forbes, an eminent banker and citizen of Edinburgh; his mother, Williamina

Belches, heiress of a gentleman of the old stock of Invermay, afterwards Sir John Stuart of Fettercairn. This lady was the object of Sir Walter Scott's early and lasting attachment. Visiting at St. Andrews thirty years later in his life, he says: 'I remember the name I had once carved in Runic characters beside the castle gate, and asked why it should still agitate my heart.' Lady Forbes had then been long dead. In 1833, Mr. Forbes was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy in the university of Aberdeen, which he held until 1859, when he became Principal of St. Andrews University. He died December 31, 1868. His principal works are—'Travels though the Alps and Savoy,' 1843; 'Norway and its Glaciers,' 1853; 'The Tour of Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa,' 1855; and 'Occasional Papers on the Theory of Glaciers,' 1859. He wrote also numerous papers in the scientific journals.

DR. WHEWELL.

William Whewell was a native of Lancaster, born May 24, 1794. He was of humble parentage, and his father, a joiner, intended him to follow his own trade; but he was early distinguished for ability, and after passing with honour through the grammar-school at Lancaster, he was placed at Heversham School, in order to be qualified for an exhibition at Trinity College, Cambridge, connected with that seminary. He entered Trinity College in 1812, became a Fellow in 1817, took his degree of M.A. in 1819, and the same year published his first work, a 'Treatise on Mechanics.' He was ordained priest in 1826. For four years, from 1828 to 1832, he was Professor of Mineralogy; from 1838 to 1855, he was Professor of Moral Theology or Casuistical Divinity; and from 1841 till his death, he was Master of Trinity College. These accumulated university honours sufficiently indicate the high estimation in which Dr. Whewell's talents and services were held. In the Cambridge Philosophical Society, the Royal Society, and British Association for the Advancement of Science, he was no less distinguished; while his scientific and philosophic works gave him a European fame. After contributing various articles to reviews, Dr. Whewell in 1833 published his Bridgewater Treatise on 'Astronomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology'—an able work, learned and eloquent, which has passed through seven editions. His next and his greatest work was his 'History of the Inductive Sciences,' three volumes, 1837; which was followed in 1840 by 'The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences.' Passing over various mathematical publications, we may notice, as indicating the versatility of Dr. Whewell's talents, that in the year 1847 he published 'Verse Translations from the German,' 'English Hexameter Translations,' and 'Sermons' preached in Trinity College Chapel.

In 1853 he issued anonymously, 'Of the Plurality of Worlds: an

Essay' There was a common belief in the doctrine of the plurality of worlds, which was supported by Dr Chalmers in his 'Astronomical Discourses.' Whewell in his Essay (which is one of the cleverest of his works), opposed the popular belief, maintaining that the earth alone among stars and planets is the abode of intellectual, moral, and religious creatures. Sir David Brewster and others opposed this theory. Dr. Whewell said the views he had committed to paper had been long in his mind, and the convictions they involved had gradually grown deeper. His friend, Sir James Stephen, thought the plurality of worlds was a doctrine which supplied consolation and comfort to a mind oppressed with the aspect of the sin and misery of the earth. But Whewell replied: 'To me the effect would be the contrary I should have no consolation or comfort in thinking that our earth is selected as the especial abode of sin; and the consolation which revealed religion offers for this sin and misery is, not that there are other worlds in the stars sinless and happy, but that on the earth an atonement and reconciliation were effected. This doctrine gives a peculiar place to the earth in theology It is, or has been, in a peculiar manner the scene of God's agency and presence. This was the view on which I worked.' In opposition to Dean Mansel, who held that a true knowledge of God is impossible for man, Dr. Whewell said: 'If we *cannot* know anything about God, revelation is in vain. We cannot have anything revealed to us, if we have no power of seeing what is revealed. It is of no use to take away the veil, when we are blind. If, in consequence of our defect of sight, we cannot see God at all by the sun of nature, we cannot see Him by the lightning of Sinai, nor by the fire of Mount Carmel, nor by the star in the East, nor by the rising sun of the Resurrection. If we cannot know God, to what purpose is it that the Scriptures, Old and New, constantly exhort us to know Him, and represent to us the knowledge of Him as the great purpose of man's life, and the sole ground of his eternal hopes?'

Numerous works connected with moral philosophy were from time to time published by Whewell—as 'Elements of Morality,' 1845; 'Lectures on Systematic Morality,' 1846; 'Lectures on the History of Moral Philosophy in England,' 1852; 'Platonic Dialogues for English Readers,' 1859–1861, &c. Various scientific memoirs, sermons, and miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse were thrown off by the indefatigable Master of Trinity, and perhaps as Sir John Herschel said, 'a more wonderful variety and amount of knowledge in almost every department of human inquiry was never accumulated by any man.' The death of Dr. Whewell was accidental. He was thrown from his horse on the 24th of February, and died on the 6th of March 1866. An account of the writings, with selections from the correspondence of Dr. Whewell, was lately published by I. Todhunter, M.A., &c.

Wonders of the Universe.

The Book of Job comes down to us freighted apparently with no small portion of the knowledge of that early age; speaking to us not merely of flocks and herds, of wine and oil, of writings and judgments; but telling us also of ores and metals drawn from the recesses of the mountains—of gems and jewels of many names and from various countries; of constellations and their risings, and seasons, and influences. And above all, it comes tinged with a deep and contemplative spirit of observation of the wonders of the animate and inanimate creation. The rain and the dew, the ice and the hoar-frost, the lightning and the tempest, are noted as containing mysteries past men's finding out. Our awe and admiration are demanded for the care that provides for the lion and the ostrich after their natures; for the spirit that informs with fire and vigour the war-horse and the eagle; for the power that guides the huge behemoth and leviathan. . . .

Not only these connections and transitions, but the copiousness with which properties, as to us it seems, merely ornamental, are diffused through the creation, may well excite our wonder. Almost all have felt, as it were, a perplexity chastened by the sense of beauty, when they have thought of the myriads of fair and gorgeous objects that exist and perish without any eye to witness their glories—the flowers that are born to blush unseen in the wilderness—the gems, so wondrously fashioned, that stud the untrodden caverns—the living things with adornments of yet richer workmanship that, solitary and unknown, glitter and die. Nor is science without food for such feelings. At every step she discloses things and laws pregnant with unobtrusive splendour. She has unravelled the web of light in which all things are involved, and has found its texture even more wonderful and exquisite than she could have thought. This she has done in our own days—and those admirable properties the sunbeams had borne about with them since light was created, contented as it were, with their unseen glories. What, then, shall we say? These forms, these appearances of pervading beauty, though we know not their end and meaning, still touch all thoughtful minds with a sense of hidden delight, a still and grateful admiration. They come over our meditations like strains and snatches of a sweet and distant symphony—sweet indeed, but to us distant and broken, and overpowered by the din of more earthly perceptions—caught but at intervals—eluding our attempts to learn it as a whole, but ever and anon returning on our ears, and elevating our thoughts of the fabric of this world. We might, indeed, well believe that this harmony breathes not for us alone—that it has nearer listeners—more delighted auditors. But even in us it raises no unworthy thoughts—even in us it impresses a conviction, indestructible by harsher voices, that far beyond all that we can know and conceive, the universe is full of symmetry and order and beauty and life.

Final Destiny of the Universe.

Let us not deceive ourselves. Indefinite duration and gradual decay are not the destiny of this universe. It will not find its termination only in the imperceptible crumbling of its materials, or clogging of its wheels. It steals not calmly and slowly to its end. No ages of long and deepening twilight shall gradually bring the last setting of the sun—no mountains sinking under the decrepitude of years, or weary rivers ceasing to rejoice in their courses, shall prepare men for the abolition of this earth. No placid *euthanasia* shall silently lead on the dissolution of the natural world. But the trumpet shall sound—the struggle shall come—this goodly frame of things shall be rent and crushed by the mighty arm of its Omnipotent Maker. It shall expire in the throes and agonies of some sudden and fierce convulsion; and the same hand which plucked the elements from the dark and troubled slumbers of their chaos, shall cast them into their tomb, pushing them aside, that they may no longer stand between His face and the creatures whom he shall come to judge.

BABBAGE—AIRY—HIND—NICHOL.

Charles Babbage (1792–1871) is popularly celebrated for his calculating-machine. But he was author of about eighty volumes, including his valuable work on the 'Economy of Manufactures and

Machinery,' 1833—a volume that has been translated into most foreign languages. Mr. Babbage's most original work is one entitled 'A Ninth Bridgewater Treatise,' a most ingenious attempt to bring mathematics into the range of sciences which afford proof of Divine design in the constitution of the world. Mr. Babbage was a native of Devonshire, and after attending the grammar-school at Totnes, was entered at Cambridge, and took his Bachelor's degree from Peterhouse College in 1814. It is said that Mr. Babbage spent some thousands in perfecting his calculating-machine. It was presented, together with drawings illustrative of its operation, to King's College, London. For eleven years (1828–39) Mr. Babbage held the appointment of Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge.

The Astronomer-royal, Sir George Biddell Airy (born at Alnwick in 1801), has done valuable service by his lectures on experimental philosophy, and his published Observations. He is author of the treatise on Gravitation in the 'Penny Cyclopædia,' and of various lectures and communications in scientific journals. From the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh he has received the honorary degrees of D.C.L. and LL.D., and in 1871 he was nominated a Companion (civil) of the Bath.

Mr. John Russell Hind, Foreign Secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society, and Superintendent of the 'Nautical Almanac,' has discovered ten small planets, for which the Astronomical Society awarded him their gold medal, and a pension of £200 a year has been granted to him by royal warrant. Any new discovery or observation is chronicled by Mr. Hind in the 'Times' newspaper, and his brief notes are always welcome. Mr. Hind is a native of Nottingham, born in 1823. He is author of various astronomical treatises and contributions to scientific journals.

John Pringle Nichol (1804–1859) did much to popularise astronomy by various works at once ingenious and eloquent—as 'Views of the Architecture of the Heavens,' 1837; 'Contemplations on the Solar System,' 1844; 'Thoughts on the System of the World,' 1848; 'The Planet Neptune, an Exposition and History,' 1848; 'The Stellar Universe,' 1848; 'The Planetary System,' 1850. Mr. Nichol was a native of Brechin, Forfarshire. He was educated at King's College, Aberdeen, was sometime Rector of Montrose Academy, and in 1836 was appointed Professor of Practical Astronomy in Glasgow. The professor's son, John Nichol, B.A. Oxon., is Regius Professor of English Language and Literature in the university of Glasgow. He is author of 'Hannibal,' an historical drama, 1873, and other works, evincing literary and critical talent of a superior description.

ADAMS—GRANT—PROCTOR—LOCKYER.

The discoverer of the planet Neptune, Mr. John Couch Adams (born in 1816), is an instance of persevering original genius. He was intended by his father, a farmer near Bodmin, in Cornwall, to follow

the paternal occupation, but was constantly absorbed in mathematical studies. He entered St. John's College, became senior wrangler in 1843, was soon after elected to a Fellowship, and became one of the mathematical tutors of his college. In 1844 he sent to the Greenwich Observatory a paper on the subject of the discovery whence he derives his chief fame. Certain irregularities in the planet Uranus being unaccounted for, Mr. Adams conceived that they might be occasioned by an undiscovered planet beyond it. He made experiments for this purpose; and at the same time a French astronomer, M. Le Verrier, had arrived at the same result, assigning the place of the disturbing planet to within one degree of that given by Mr. Adams. The honour was thus divided, but both were independent discoverers. In 1858 Mr. Adams was appointed Lowndean Professor of Astronomy, Cambridge.

A 'History of Physical Astronomy,' 1852, by ROBERT GRANT, is a work of great research and completeness, bringing the history of astronomical progress down to 1852. In conjunction with Admiral Smyth, Mr. Grant has translated Arago's 'Popular Astronomy,' and he was conjoined with the Rev. B. Powell in translating Arago's 'Eminent Men,' 1857. Mr. Grant is a native of Grantown, Inverness-shire, born in 1814. In 1859, on the death of Professor Nichol, Mr. Grant was appointed to the chair of Practical Astronomy in the university of Glasgow.

Two of our younger men of science, happily engaged in popularising astronomy, are RICHARD A. PROCTOR and JOSEPH NORMAN LOCKYER. The former (late scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge, and King's College, London) is author of 'Saturn and its System,' 1865; 'The Expanse of Heaven' (a series of essays on the wonders of the firmament), 'Light Science for Leisure Hours,' 'Our Place among Infinities,' 1875; 'Science Byways,' 1876; and a great number of other occasional short astronomical treatises. Mr. Lockyer (born at Rugby in 1836) was in 1870 appointed Secretary of the Royal Commission on Scientific Instruction, and the same year he was chief of the English Government Eclipse Expedition to Sicily. In the following year he was elected Rede Lecturer to the university of Cambridge. Mr. Lockyer is author of 'Elementary Lessons in Astronomy,' and of various interesting papers in the literary journals. He is editor of 'Nature,' a weekly scientific periodical.

BADEN POWELL—PRICHARD.

The REV. BADEN POWELL (1796–1860), for some time Savilian Professor of Geometry, Oxford, was author of a 'History of Natural Philosophy,' 1842; a series of three 'Essays on the Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy, the Unity of Worlds, and the Philosophy of Creation,' 1855; a work entitled 'The Order of Nature,' 1859; and an essay 'On the Study and Evidences of Christianity,' 1860—a trea-

tise which formed a part of the volume entitled 'Essays and Reviews.' In some of these treatises, he discusses matters on the borderland between religion and science, and his opinions on miracles excited considerable controversy.

'Researches into the Physical History of Mankind,' by DR. JAMES C. PRICHARD (1785–1848), a work in five volumes, 1836–47, and 'The Natural History of Man,' one volume, 1843, open up a subject of interest and importance. Dr. Prichard's investigations tend to confirm the belief that 'man is one in species, and to render it highly probable that all the varieties of this species are derived from one pair and a single locality on the earth.' He conceives that the negro must be considered the primitive type of the human race—an idea that contrasts curiously with Milton's poetical conception of Adam, his 'fair large front,' and 'eye sublime,' and 'hyacinthine locks,' and of Eve with her unadorned golden tresses.' Dr. Prichard rests his theory on the following grounds: (1). That in inferior species of animals any variations of colour are chiefly from dark to lighter, and this generally as an effect of domesticity and cultivation; (2). That we have instances of light varieties, as of the Albino among negroes, but never anything like the negro among Europeans; (3). That the dark races are better fitted by their organisation for the wild or natural state of life; and (4). That the nations or tribes lowest in the scale of actual civilisation have all kindred with the negro race. Of course, this conclusion must be conjectural: there is no possibility of arriving at any certainty on the subject.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, ETC.

This eminent metaphysician sustained for some years the fame of the Scottish colleges for the study of the human mind. He was a native of Glasgow, born March 8, 1788, son of Dr. William Hamilton, Professor of Anatomy and Botany. He was of an old Presbyterian stock, the Hamiltons of Preston. A certain Sir William Hamilton was created a baronet of Nova Scotia in 1673, and dying without issue, he was succeeded by his brother, Sir Robert Hamilton, the leader—or rather misleader—of the Covenanters at Bothwell Bridge. This baronet, after the Revolution of 1688, refused to acknowledge King William III., as being 'an uncovenanted sovereign.' He did not assume the baronetcy, but the Scottish philosopher in 1816 established his claim to the title which the conscientious, wrong-headed baronet refused, and became the twenty-fourth representative of the old name and house. William Hamilton studied at Glasgow university, and, like his townsman, J. G. Lockhart, obtained a presentation to Balliol College, Oxford, as a Snell exhibitioner. During his academical career, he was distinguished for the extent and accuracy of his knowledge, and for his indefatigible application as a student of ancient and modern literature. He afterwards studied law, and was called to the Scottish bar in 1813. In 1820 he was a candidate for

the chair of Moral Philosophy, vacant by the death of Dr. Brown, but was defeated by the Tory candidate, Mr. John Wilson, the famous 'Christopher North.' The state of the vote was twenty-one to eleven. Hamilton next year obtained the appointment of Professor of Civil History.

In 1829 he wrote for the 'Edinburgh Review' an article on Cousin's 'Cours de Philosophie,' which seems to have been the first public general exhibition of his talent as a powerful thinker, and which was hailed by the metaphysicians of the day, British and foreign—then a very limited class—as a production of extraordinary ability. He wrote other articles for the Review—papers on phrenology (to which he was strenuously opposed), on perception, on the philosophers Reid and Brown, and on logic. These essays were collected and published under the title of 'Discussions in Philosophy and Literature, Education, and University Reform,' 1852. In 1836 Sir William was elected to the chair of Logic and Metaphysics in Edinburgh, after a severe contest, in which the rival candidate was Isaac Taylor, author of 'The Natural History of Enthusiasm,' and other works (see *ante*). The appointment rested with the town-council, and Sir William had a majority of four—eighteen members of council voting for him, and fourteen for Mr. Taylor. His lectures were well attended, and he took much interest in his class. His writings, though limited in quantity, were influential, and according to Professor Veitch, the spring-time of a new life in Scottish speculation had begun. 'A more profound analysis, a more comprehensive spirit, a learning that had surveyed the philosophical literature of Greece and Germany, and marked the relative place in the intellectual world of the sturdy growths of home thought, were the characteristics of the man who had now espoused the cause of Scottish speculative philosophy.' Sir William Hamilton died May 6, 1856, at which time he had reached the age of sixty-eight. He was regarded as the most profound philosophical scholar of his day—a man of immense erudition and attainments. His principal works were, as we have said, contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review,' but he also edited the works of Dr. Thomas Reid, 1846, adding preface, notes, and supplementary dissertations; and at the time of his death, was engaged on the works of Professor Dugald Stewart. He contemplated a memoir of Stewart, but did not live to accomplish the task. This, however, has since been done by one of his pupils, Mr. John Veitch, 1858.

The most celebrated of Sir William Hamilton's essays are those against phrenology, on Cousin and the philosophy of the unconditioned, on perception, and on Whately and logic. 'His philosophy,' says a Scottish metaphysician in the 'North British Review,' 'is a determined recoil against the method and systems of Mylne and Brown, the two professors who, in Hamilton's younger years, were

exercising the greatest influence on the opinions of Scottish students. So far as he felt attractions, they were towards Reid, the great metaphysician of his native college; Aristotle, the favourite at Oxford, where he completed his education; and Kant, whose sun was rising from the German Ocean on Britain, and this, in spite of all opposing clouds, about the time when Hamilton was forming his philosophic creed. Professor Ferrier thinks that the "dedication of his powers to the service of Reid" was the "one mistake in his career;" to us it appears that it must rather have been the means of saving one possessed of so speculative a spirit from numberless aberrations. But Kant exercised as great an influence over Hamilton as even Reid did. His whole philosophy turns round those topics which are discussed in the "Kritik of Pure Reason," and he can never get out of those "forms" in which Kant sets all our ideas so methodically, nor lose sight of those terrible antinomies, or contradictions of reason, which Kant expounded in order to shew that the laws of reason can have no application to objects, and which Hegel glorified in, and was employing as the ground-principle of his speculations, at the very time when Hamilton aspired to be a philosopher. From Kant he got the principle that the mind begins with phenomena and builds thereon by forms or laws of thought; and it was as he pondered on the Sphinx enigmas of Kant and Hegel, that he evolved his famous axiom about all positive thought lying in the proper conditioning of one or other of two contradictory propositions, one of which, by the rule of excluded middle, must be true. His pupils have ever since been standing before this Sphinx proposing, under terrible threats, its supposed contradictions, and are wondering whether their master has resolved the riddle.' To those who delight in 'the shadowy tribes of mind,' must be left the determination of these difficulties. The general reader will find many acute and suggestive remarks in Sir William's essays on education, logic, and the influence of mathematical studies. Against the latter, as a mental exercise, he waged incessant war. He defined philosophy to be the knowledge of effects and their causes, and he limited the term philosophy to the science of the mind, refusing the claim of mathematics and the physical sciences to the title. Lord Macaulay was as little disposed as Sir William to acknowledge the claim urged for mathematics, and Sir David Brewster, too, adopted the heresy.

The following is part of Sir William Hamilton's dicta:

On Mathematics

Some knowledge of their object-matter and method is requisite to the philosopher; but their study should be followed out temperately, and with due caution. A mathematician in contingent matter is like an owl in daylight. Here, the wren pecks at the bird of Pallas, without anxiety for beak or talon; and there, the feeblest reasoner feels no inferiority to the strongest calculator. It is true, no doubt, that a power of mathematical and a power of philosophical, of general logic, *may* sometimes be combined; but the individual who unites both, reasons well out of neces-

sary matter, from a still resisting vigour of intellect, and in spite, not in consequence, of his geometric or algebraic dexterity. He is naturally strong—not a mere cipherer, a mere demonstrator; and this is the explanation why Mr. De Morgan, among other mathematicians, so often argues right. Still, had Mr. De Morgan been less of a mathematician, he might have been more of a philosopher; and be it remembered that mathematics and dram-drinking tell, especially in the long-run. For a season, I admit Toby Philpot may be the champion of England; and Warburton testifies, 'It is a thing notorious that the oldest mathematician in England is the worst reasoner in it.'

Notes of Sir William Hamilton's lectures were taken by students and shorthand reporters, and they have been published in four volumes, 1859–1861, edited by Professors Mansel and Veitch. The latter, in 1869, published a Memoir of Sir William, undertaken at the request of the family of the deceased philosopher. Professor Veitch, in his summary of the character and aims of the subject of his interesting memoir, says:

'To the mastery and treatment of a subject, the essential preliminary with Sir William Hamilton was reading. He must know, in the first place, what had been thought and written by others on the point which he proposed to consider. In this respect he may be taken as the extreme contrast of many men who have given their attention to speculative questions. Hobbes, Locke, Brown—to say nothing of writers nearer the present time—were content with a very limited knowledge of the conclusions of others on the subjects which they discussed. Hamilton's writings shew how little he sympathised with men of the non-reading type—how he was even blinded, to some extent, to their proper merits—as in his references to Brown and Whately. In the universality of his reading and knowledge of philosophical opinions, he is to be ranked above all those in Britain who have given their attention to speculative questions since the time of Bacon, with the exception, perhaps, of Cudworth. Dugald Stewart was probably his superior in acquaintance with general literature, but certainly far from his equal in philosophical learning. On the continent, the name which in this respect can be placed most fittingly alongside of Hamilton during the same period, is Leibnitz.

'Between Leibnitz and Hamilton, indeed, amid essential differences in their views of what is within the compass of legitimate speculation, there are several points of resemblance. The predominating interest of each lay in the pursuit of purely intellecual ideals and wide-reaching general laws, especially in the highest departments of metaphysics. Both were distinguished by rare acuteness, logical consecution, deductive habit of mind, and love of system. They were greater thinkers than observers; more at home among abstract conceptions than concrete realities. Both had a deep interest in the important intellectual and moral questions that open on the vision of thoughtful men in the highest practical sphere of all—the border land of metaphysics and theology; both had the truest sympathy with the moral side of speculation. In each there was a

firm conviction that our thoughts and feelings about the reality and nature of Deity, his relation to the world, human personality, freedom, responsibility, man's relation to the Divine, were to be vitalised, to receive a meaning and impulse, only from reflection on the ultimate nature and reach of human thought.'

The words on Sir William Hamilton's tombstone are striking: 'His aim was, by a pure philosophy, to teach that now we see through a glass darkly, now we know in part: his hope that in the time to come, he should see face to face, and know even as also he is known.'

Sir William's favourite study of logic has been well treated in 'An Introduction to Logical Science,' by the late PROFESSOR SPALDING of St. Andrews, which forms an excellent text-book as to the progress of the science, 1858. Mr. Spalding was also author of 'Italy and the Italians,' an historical and literary summary, 1845, and 'The History of English Literature,' 1853, a very careful and ably written little manual. Professor Spalding died in 1859. Another Professor of St. Andrews, JAMES FERRIER (who possessed the chair of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy), published 'Institutes of Metaphysics, the Theory of Knowing and Being,' 1854. He died in 1864, aged fifty-six.

DEAN MANSEL.

A distinguished metaphysician, the REV. HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL, was born in 1820, son of a clergyman of the same name, rector of Cotsgrove, in Northamptonshire. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School and St. John's College, Oxford, of which he was elected scholar in 1839. He graduated B.A. in 1843. In 1855 he was appointed Reader in Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy in Magdalen College, Oxford; and in 1858 he delivered the Bampton Lectures, which were published with the title of 'The Limits of Religious Thought,' and occasioned considerable controversy, into which the Rev. T. D. Maurice entered. In 1859 Mr. Mansel was appointed Waynflete Professor of Philosophy; in 1866, Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford; and in 1868, Dean of St. Paul's. The published works of Mr. Mansel are various. In his nonage he issued a volume of poems, 'The Demons of the Wind,' &c., 1838. This flight of fancy was followed by his metaphysical and philosophical treatises: Aldrich's 'Logic,' with notes, 1849; 'Prolegomena Logica,' 1851; 'Psychology,' a lecture, 1855; 'Lecture on the Philosophy of Kant,' 1856; the article 'Metaphysics,' in eighth edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' 1857; the 'Bampton Lectures,' 1858; 'The Philosophy of the Conditioned; comprising some Remarks on Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy, and on Mr. J. S. Mill's Examination of that Philosophy,' 1866. Mr. Mansel was associated with Professor Veitch in editing Sir William Hamilton's lectures.

JOHN STUART MILL.

This philosophical author (son of the late historian of British India,) (*ante*), has professed to supersede the Baconian principle of induction, without which, according to Reid, 'experience is as blind as a mole.' In 1846, Mr Mill published 'A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive, being a Connected View of the Principles of Evidence and the Methods of Scientific Investigation,' two volumes. He was author, also, of 'Essays on some Unsettled Questions of Political Economy,' 1844, and 'The Principles of Political Economy,' two volumes, 1848. The metaphysical opinions of Mr. Mill warped his judgment as to the Baconian system, but he expounds his views with clearness and candour, and is a profound as well as independent thinker. This was still further evinced in his work 'On Liberty,' 1859, in which he describes and denounces that 'strong permanent leaven of intolerance which at all times abides in the middle classes of this country,' and which, he thinks, subjects society to an intolerable tyranny.

Social Intolerance.

Though we do not inflict so much evil on those who think differently from us as it was formerly our custom to do, it may be that we do ourselves as much evil as ever by our treatment of them. Socrates was put to death, but the Socratic philosophy rose like the sun in heaven, and spread its illumination over the whole intellectual firmament. Christians were cast to the lions, but the Christian Church grew up a stately and spreading tree, overtopping the older and less vigorous growths, and stifling them by its shade. Our merely social intolerance kills no one, roots out no opinions, but induces men to disguise them, or to abstain from any active effort for their diffusion. With us, heretical opinions do not perceptibly gain or even lose ground in each decade or generation. They never blaze out far and wide, but continue to smoulder in the narrow circles of thinking and studious persons, among whom they originate, without ever lighting up the general affairs of mankind with either a true or a deceptive light. . . . A convenient plan for having peace in the intellectual world, and keeping all things going on therein very much as they do already. But the price paid for this sort of intellectual pacification is the sacrifice of the entire moral courage of the human mind. A state of things in which a large portion of the most active and inquiring intellects find it advisable to keep the genuine principles and grounds of their convictions within their own breasts, and attempt, in what they address to the public, to fit as much as they can of their own conclusions to premises which they have internally renounced, cannot send forth the open, fearless characters, and logical consistent intellects who once adorned the thinking world.

The sort of men who can be looked for under it are either mere conformers to commonplace or time-servers for truth, whose arguments on all great subjects are meant for their hearers, and are not those which have convinced themselves. Those who avoid this alternative do so by narrowing their thoughts and interest to things which can be spoken of without venturing within the region of principles—that is, to small practical matters which would come right of themselves if but the minds of mankind were strengthened and enlarged, and which will never be made effectually right until then—while that which would strengthen and enlarge men's minds, free and daring speculation on the higher subjects, is abandoned.

On the Laws against Intemperance.

Under the name of preventing intemperance, the people of one English colony, and of nearly half the United States, have been interdicted by law from making any use whatever of fermented drinks, except for medical purposes; for prohibition of their sale is, in fact, as it is intended to be, prohibition of their use. And though the

impracticability of executing the law has caused its repeal in several of the states which had adopted it, including the one from which it derives its name, an attempt has notwithstanding been commenced, and is prosecuted with considerable zeal by many of the professed philanthropists, to agitate for a similar law in this country. The association, or 'Alliance,' as it terms itself, which has been formed for this purpose, has acquired some notoriety through the publicity given to a correspondence between its secretary and one of the very few English public men who hold that a politician's opinions ought to be founded on principles. Lord Stanley's share in this correspondence is calculated to strengthen the hopes already built on him, by those who know how rare such qualities as are manifested in some of his public appearances, unhappily are among those who figure in political life. The organ of the Alliance, who would 'deeply deplore the recognition of any principle which could be wrested to justify bigotry and persecution,' undertakes to point out the 'broad and impassable barrier' which divides such principles from those of the association. 'All matters relating to thought, opinion, conscience, appear to me,' he says, 'to be without the sphere of legislation; all pertaining to social act, habit, relation, subject only to a discretionary power vested in the state itself, and not in the individual to be within it.' No mention is made of a third class, different from either of these—namely, acts and habits which are not social, but individual—although it is to this class, surely, that the act of drinking fermented liquors belongs. Selling fermented liquors, however, is trading, and trading is a social act. But the infringement complained of is not on the liberty of the seller, but on that of the buyer and consumer; since the state might just as well forbid him to drink wine, as purposely make it impossible for him to obtain it. The secretary, however, says: 'I claim, as a citizen, a right to legislate whenever my social rights are invaded by the social act of another.' And now for the definition of these 'social rights.' 'If anything invades my social rights, certainly the traffic in strong drink does. It destroys my primary right of security, by constantly creating and stimulating social disorder. It invades my right of equality by deriving a profit from the creation of a misery I am taxed to support. It impedes my right to free moral and intellectual development, by surrounding my path with dangers, and by weakening and demoralising society, from which I have a right to claim mutual aid and intercourse.' A theory of 'social rights,' the like of which probably never before found its way into distinct language; being nothing short of this—that it is the absolute social right of every individual, that every other individual shall act in every respect exactly as he ought; that whosoever fails thereof in the smallest particular, violates my social right, and entitles me to demand from the legislature the removal of the grievance. So monstrous a principle is far more dangerous than any single interference with liberty; there is no violation of liberty which it would not justify; it acknowledges no right to any freedom whatever, except, perhaps, to that of holding opinions in secret, without ever disclosing them; for the moment an opinion which I consider noxious passes any one's lips, it invades all the 'social rights' attributed to me by the Alliance. The doctrine ascribes to all mankind a vested interest in each other's moral, intellectual, and even physical perfection, to be defined by each claimant according to his own standard.

The Limits of Government Interference.

The objections to Government interference, when it is not such as to involve infringement of liberty, may be of three kinds.

The first is, when the thing to be done is likely to be better done by individuals than by the government. Speaking generally, there is no one so fit to conduct any business, or to determine how or by whom it shall be conducted, as those who are personally interested in it. This principle condemns the interferences, once so common, of the legislature, or the officers of government, with the ordinary processes of industry. But this part of the subject has been sufficiently enlarged upon by political economists, and is not particularly related to the principles of this essay.

The second objection is more nearly allied to our subject. In many cases, though individuals may not do the particular thing so well, on the average, as the officers of government, it is nevertheless desirable that it should be done by them, rather than by the government, as a means to their own mental education—a mode of strengthening their active faculties, exercising their judgment, and giving them a familiar knowledge of the subjects with which they are thus left to deal. This is a principa,

though not the sole, recommendation of jury trial (in cases not political); of free and popular local and municipal institutions; of the conduct of industrial and philanthropic enterprises by voluntary associations. These are not questions of liberty, and are connected with that subject only by remote tendencies; but they are questions of development. It belongs to a different occasion from the present to dwell on these things as parts of national education; as being, in truth, the peculiar training of a citizen, the practical part of the political education of a free people, taking them out of the narrow circle of personal and family selfishness, and accustoming them to the comprehension of joint interests, the management of joint concerns—habituating them to act from public or semi-public motives, and guide their conduct by aims which unite instead of isolating them from one another. Without these habits and powers, a free constitution can neither be worked nor preserved; as is exemplified by the too often transitory nature of political freedom in countries where it does not rest upon a sufficient basis of local liberties. The management of purely local business by the localities, and of the great enterprises of industry by the union of those who voluntarily supply the pecuniary means, is further recommended by all the advantages which have been set forth in this Essay as belonging to individuality of development, and diversity of modes of action. Government operations tend to be everywhere alike. With individuals and voluntary associations, on the contrary, there are varied experiments, and endless diversity of experience. What the State can usefully do is to make itself a central depository, and active circulator and diffuser, of the experience resulting from many trials. Its business is to enable each experimentalist to benefit by the experiments of others; instead of tolerating no experiments but its own.

The third, and most cogent reason for restricting the interference of government, is the great evil of adding unnecessarily to its power. Every function superadded to those already exercised by the government, causes its influence over hopes and fears to be more widely diffused, and converts, more and more, the active and ambitious part of the public into hangers-on of the government, or of some party which aims at becoming the government. If the roads, the railways, the banks, the insurance offices, the great joint stock companies, the universities, and the public charities, were all of them branches of the government; if, in addition, the municipal corporations and local boards, with all that now devolves on them, became departments of the central administration; if the employés of all these different enterprises were appointed and paid by the government, and looked to the government for every rise in life; not all the freedom of the press and popular constitution of the legislature would make this or any other country free otherwise than in name.

Mr. Mill held the office long possessed by his father, that of Examiner of Indian Correspondence, India House. On the dissolution of the East India Company, 1859, he retired with a liberal provision, and, we may add, with universal respect. Subsequently he published 'Considerations on Representative Government,' 1861; 'Utilitarianism,' 1862; 'Comte and Positivism,' and 'Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy,' 1865; 'England and Ireland,' 1868; 'The Subjection of Women,' 1869. Mr. Mill was returned to the House of Commons as one of the members for Westminster, and retained his seat for about three years, from 1865 to 1868. As a politician, he acted with the Liberal party, but made little impression on the House or the country. He was aware, he said, of the weak points in democracy, as well as in Conservatism, and was in favour of a plurality of votes annexed to education, not to property. His speeches on Ireland and the Irish Land Question were published. Mr. Mill died at Avignon in 1873. Shortly after his death appeared his 'Autobiography,' one of the most remarkable narratives in the language. He was trained by his father with extraordinary

care. He had no recollection of beginning to learn Greek, and before he was eight years old he had read in Herodotus, Xenophon, and Plato, and had devoured such English books as the histories of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. 'My father,' he added, 'never permitted anything which I learned to degenerate into a mere exercise of memory. He strove to make the understanding not only go along with every step of the teaching, but, if possible, precede it.' The father had entirely given up religious belief. Though educated in the Scotch creed of Presbyterianism, he had come to reject not only the belief in revelation, but the foundations of what is commonly called natural religion. Hence the son received no religious instruction. 'I grew up,' he says, 'in a negative state with regard to it: I looked upon the modern exactly as I did upon the ancient religion, as something which in no way concerned me.' The result of this system of education and unbelief was not favourable. The elder Mill thought 'human life a poor thing at best, after the freshness of youth and of unsatisfied curiosity had gone by;' and the son fell into a state of mental depression, the habit of analysis having worn away feeling and pleasure in the ordinary objects of human desire. He never seems to have possessed the vivacity and tenderness of youth; in his autobiography he does not once mention his mother. At length he became acquainted with a married lady, a Mrs. Taylor, of whom he speaks in the most extravagant terms, comparing her to Shelley 'in her general spiritual characteristics as well as in temperament and organisation; but in thought and intellect the poet,' he says, 'so far as his powers were developed in his short life, was but a child to what she ultimately became.' This lady was to Mill an object of idolatry—a being that seemed to supply the want of religion and veneration. After twenty years of Platonic affection, and the death of Mr. Taylor, she became the wife of the philosopher. He adds: 'For seven years and a half that blessing was mine; for seven and a half only! I could say nothing which could describe, even in the faintest manner, what that loss was and is. But because I know that she would have wished it, I endeavour to make the best of what life I have left, and to work for her purposes with such diminished strength as can be derived from thoughts of her, and communion with her memory.'

He survived her about fifteen years.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

The writings of SIR DAVID BREWSTER present a remarkable union of the man of science with the man of letters. The experimental philosopher is seldom a master of rhetoric; but Sir David, far beyond the appointed period of threescore-and-ten, was full of fancy and imagination, and had a copious and flowing style. This eminent man was a native of Jedburgh, born in 1781. His father was rector of the grammar-school of Jedburgh. David, his second son, was educated for the Scottish Church, was licensed by the Presby-

tery of Edinburgh, and preached occasionally. He soon, however, devoted himself to science. In his twenty-fourth year he edited Ferguson's 'Lectures on Astronomy;' and five years afterwards, in 1810, he commenced the 'Edinburgh Encyclopædia,' which was continued at intervals until 1828, when it had reached eighteen volumes. In 1813 he published a treatise on 'New Philosophical Instruments,' and he afterwards commenced the 'Edinburgh Philosophical Journal' and the 'Edinburgh Journal of Science.' Among his other works are—'A Treatise on the Kaleidoscope,' 1818; 'Notes to Robison's System of Mechanical Philosophy,' 1822; 'Euler's Lectures and Life,' 1823; a 'Treatise on Optics,' 1831; 'Letters on Natural Magic,' 1831; 'The Martyrs of Science' (lives of Galileo, Tycho Brahé, and Kepler); 'Treatise on the Microscope;' 'More Worlds than One,' 1854; &c. The contributions of Sir David Brewster to scientific and literary journals would fill at least a score of volumes. A list of his scientific papers extends to 315 in number, and he contributed 74 articles to the 'North British Review.' His work, 'More Worlds than One,' is a reply to the treatise ascribed to Professor Whewell, on the 'Plurality of Worlds.' This subject had been fancifully treated by Fontenelle, and was a favourite source of speculation during the last century, but it is one evidently destitute of scientific proof. Inductive philosophy disowned it and it belonged only to the region of speculation. Dr. Chalmers conceived that there were strong analogies in favour of such an opinion, while Dr. Whewell, on the other hand, laboured to reduce such analogies to their true value. We cannot materialise them, or conceive of beings differing from our own knowledge and experience. 'Truth and falsehood, right and wrong, law and transgression, happiness and misery, reward and punishment, are the necessary elements of all that can interest us—of all that we can call *government*. To transfer these to Jupiter or to Sirius, is merely to imagine those bodies to be a sort of island of Formoso, or New Atlantis, or Utopia, or Platonic polity, or something of the kind.' Sir David Brewster took the opposite side, maintaining that even the sun may be inhabited by beings having pursuits similar to those on earth. The following is part of his argument respecting another planet:

Is the Planet Jupiter Inhabited?

In studying this subject, persons who have only a superficial knowledge of astronomy, though firmly believing in a plurality of worlds, have felt the force of certain objections, or rather difficulties, which naturally present themselves to the inquirer. The distance of Jupiter from the sun is so great, that the light and heat which he receives from that luminary are supposed to be incapable of sustaining the same animal and vegetable life which exists on the earth. If we consider the heat upon any planet as arising solely from the direct rays of the sun, the cold upon Jupiter must be very intense, and water could not exist upon its surface in a fluid state. Its rivers and its seas must be tracks and fields of ice. But the temperature of a planet depends upon other causes—upon the condition of its atmosphere, and upon the internal heat of its mass. The temperature of our own globe *decreases* as we rise in the atmosphere and *approach* the sun, and it *increases* as we descend

into the bowels of the earth and *go further* from the sun. In the *first* of these cases, the increase of heat as we approach the surface of the earth from a great height in a balloon, or from the summit of a lofty mountain is produced by its atmosphere; and in Jupiter the atmosphere may be so formed as to compensate to a certain extent the diminution in the direct heat of the sun arising from the great distance of the planet. In the second case, the internal heat of Jupiter may be such as to keep its rivers and seas in a fluid state, and maintain a temperature sufficiently genial to sustain the same animal and vegetable life which exists upon our own globe. These arrangements, however, if they are required, and have been adopted, cannot contribute to increase the feeble light which Jupiter receives from the sun; but in so far as the purposes of vision are concerned, an enlargement of the pupil of the eye, and an increased sensibility of the retina, would be amply sufficient to make the sun's light as brilliant as it is to us. The feeble light reflected from the moons of Jupiter would then be equal to that which we derive from our own, even if we do not adopt the hypothesis, which we shall afterwards have occasion to mention, that a brilliant phosphorescent light may be excited in the satellites by the action of the solar rays. Another difficulty has presented itself, though very unnecessarily, in reference to the shortness of the day in Jupiter. A day of *ten* hours has been supposed insufficient to afford that period of rest which is requisite for the renewal of our physical functions when exhausted with the labours of the day. This objection, however, has no force. Five hours of rest are surely sufficient for five hours of labour; and when the inhabitants of the temperate zone of our own globe reside, as many of them have done, for years in the arctic regions, where the length of the days and nights is so unusual, they have been able to perform their usual functions as well as in their native climates. A difficulty, however, of a more serious kind is presented by the great force of gravity upon so gigantic a planet as Jupiter. The stems of plants, the materials of buildings, the human body itself, would, it is imagined, be crushed by their own enormous weight. This apparently formidable objection will be removed by an accurate calculation of the force of gravity upon Jupiter, or of the relative weight of bodies on its surface. The mass of Jupiter is 1230 times greater than that of the earth, so that if both planets consisted of the same kind of matter, a man weighing 150 pounds on the surface of the earth would weigh 150×1200, or 180,000 pounds, at a distance from Jupiter's centre equal to the earth's radius. But as Jupiter's radius is *eleven* times greater than that of the earth, the weight of bodies on his surface will be diminished in the ratio of the square of his radius—that is, in the ratio of 11×11, or 121 to 1. Consequently, if we divide 180,000 pounds by 121, we shall have 1487 pounds as the weight of a man of 150 pounds on the surface of Jupiter—that is, less than *ten* times his weight on the earth. But the matter of Jupiter is much lighter than the matter of our earth, in the ratio of 24 to 100, the numbers which represent the densities of the two planets, so that if we diminish 1487 pounds in the ratio of 24 to 100, or divide it by 4·17, we shall have 312 pounds as the weight of a man on Jupiter, who weighs on the earth only 150 pounds—that is, only double his weight—a difference which actually exists between many individuals on our own planet. A man, therefore, constituted like ourselves, could exist without inconvenience upon Jupiter; and plants, and trees, and buildings, such as occur on our own earth, could grow and stand secure in so far as the force of gravity is concerned.

A more recent astronomer, MR. RICHARD A. PROCTOR, differs from Sir David Brewster as to the planet Jupiter. The careful study of the planets Jupiter and Saturn has shewn him, he says, that any theory regarding them as the abode of life—that is, of any kind of life in the least resembling the forms we are familiar with—is altogether untenable. In the case of Mars and Venus, he considers the theory of life at least plausible.

'Clearest evidence shews how our earth was once a fluid haze of light, and how for countless æons afterwards her globe was instinct with fiery heat, amidst which no form of life could be conceived to

exist, after the manner of life known to us, though the germs of life may have been present. Then followed ages in which the earth's glowing crust was drenched by showers of muriatic, nitric, and sulphuric acid, not only intensely hot, but fiercely burning through their chemical activity. Only after periods infinite to our conceptions could life such as we know it, or even in the remotest degree like what is known to us, have begun to exist upon the earth.'

Jupiter he considers to be in this burning state. We see that his whole surface is enwrapped in cloud-layers of enormous depth, and undergoing changes which imply an intense activity, or in other words, an intense heat throughout his whole mass. He is as yet far from the life-bearing state of planetary existence; ages must elapse before life can be possible. Mars, on the other hand, is at a later stage of its existence, far on its way towards the same state of decrepitude as the moon.* Of course, no certainty can be attained as to the supposed plurality of worlds. We have only 'thoughts that wander through eternity.'

More popular than any of Sir David Brewster's writings was the instrument named the kaleidoscope, invented by Brewster in the year 1816. 'This beautiful little toy, with its marvellous witcheries of light and colour, spread over Europe and America with a *furor* which is now scarcely credible. Although he took out a patent, yet, as it often has happened in this country, the invention was quickly pirated.'† Sir David received the honour of knighthood in 1831. He continued his studies and experiments, with scarcely a day's interruption, until his eighty-sixth year. A few days before his death Sir James Simpson, the eminent physician, expressed a hope that he might yet rally. 'Why, Sir James, should you hope that?' he said, with much animation. 'The machine has worked for above eighty years, and it is worn out. Life has been very bright to me, and now there is the brightness beyond.' He died February 10, 1867, and was interred in the cathedral burying-ground at Melrose.

Bacon and Newton.

In the economy of her distributions, nature is seldom thus lavish of her intellectual gifts. The inspired genius which creates is rarely conferred along with the matured judgment which combines, and yet without the exertion of both, the fabric of human wisdom could never have been reared. Though a ray from heaven kindled the vestal fire, yet a humble priesthood was required to keep alive the flame.

The method of investigating truth by observation and experiment, so successfully pursued in the *Principia*, has been ascribed by some modern writers of great celebrity to Lord Bacon; and Sir Isaac Newton is represented as having owed all his discoveries to the application of the principles of that distinguished writer. One of the greatest admirers of Lord Bacon has gone so far as to characterise him as a man who has had no rival in the times which are past, and as likely to have none in those which are to come. In a eulogy so overstrained as this, we feel that the language of panegyric has passed into that of idolatry; and we are desirous of weighing the force of

* *Science Byways* (London, 1873), an interesting volume of essays on scientific subjects popularly treated.

† *The Home Life of Sir David Brewster*, by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon. 1869.

arguments which tend to depose Newton from the high-priesthood of nature, and to unsettle the proud destinies of Copernicus, Galileo, and Kepler.

That Bacon was a man of powerful genius, and endowed with varied and profound talent—the most skilful logician, the most nervous and eloquent writer of the age which he adorned—are points which have been established by universal suffrage. The study of ancient systems had early impressed him with the conviction that experiment and observation were the only sure guides in physical inquiries; and, ignorant though he was of the methods, the principles, and the details of the mathematical sciences, his ambition prompted him to aim at the construction of an artificial system by which the laws of nature might be investigated, and which might direct the inquiries of philosophers in every future age. The necessity of experimental research, and of advancing gradually from the study of facts to the determination of their cause, though the groundwork of Bacon's method, is a doctrine which was not only inculcated but successfully followed by preceding philosophers. In a letter from Tycho Brahé to Kepler, this industrious astronomer urges his pupil 'to lay a solid foundation for his views by actual observation, and then by ascending from these to strive to reach the causes of things;' and it was no doubt under the influence of this advice that Kepler submitted his wildest fancies to the test of observation, and was conducted to his most splendid discoveries. The reasonings of Copernicus, who preceded Bacon by more than a century, were all founded upon the most legitimate induction. Dr. Gilbert had exhibited in his treatise on the magnet the most perfect specimen of physical research. Leonardo da Vinci had described in the clearest manner the proper method of philosophical investigation; and the whole scientific career of Galileo was one continued example of the most sagacious application of observation and experiment to the discovery of general laws. The names of Paracelsus, Van Helmont and Cardan have been ranged in opposition to this constellation of great names, and while it is admitted that even they had thrown off the yoke of the schools, and had succeeded in experimental research, their credulity and their pretensions have been adduced as a proof that to the 'bulk of philosophers' the method of induction was unknown. The fault of this argument consists in the conclusion being infinitely more general than the fact. The errors of these men were not founded on their ignorance, but on their presumption. They wanted the patience of philosophy and not her methods. An excess of vanity, a waywardness of fancy, and an insatiable appetite for that species of passing fame which is derived from eccentricity of opinion, moulded the reasonings and disfigured the writings of these ingenious men; and it can scarcely admit of a doubt, that had they lived in the present age, their philosophical character would have received the same impress from the peculiarity of their tempers and dispositions. This is an experiment, however, which cannot now be made; but the history of modern science supplies the defect, and the experience of every man furnishes a proof that in the present age there are many philosophers of elevated talents and inventive genius who are as impatient of experimental research as Paracelsus, as fanciful as Cardan, and as presumptuous as Van Helmont.

Having thus shewn that the distinguished philosophers who flourished before Bacon were perfect masters both of the principles and practice of inductive research, it becomes interesting to inquire whether or not the philosophers who succeeded him acknowledged any obligation to his system, or derived the slightest advantage from his precepts. If Bacon constructed a method to which modern science owes its existence, we shall find its cultivators grateful for the gift, and offering the richest incense at the shrine of a benefactor whose generous labours conducted them to immortality. No such testimonies, however, are to be found. Nearly two hundred years have gone by, teeming with the richest fruits of human genius, and no grateful disciple has appeared to vindicate the rights of the alleged legislator of science. Even Newton, who was born and educated after the publication of the 'Novum Organon,' never mentions the name of Bacon or his system, and the amiable and indefatigable Boyle treated him with the same disrespectful silence. When we are told therefore, that Newton owed all his discoveries to the method of Bacon, nothing more can be meant than that he proceeded in that path of observation and experiment which had been so warmly recommended in the 'Novum Organon;' but it ought to have been added, that the same method was practised by his predecessors—that Newton possessed no secret that was not used by Galileo and Copernicus—and that he would have enriched science with the same splendid discoveries if the name and the writings of Bacon had never been heard of.

Lord Macaulay's epitaph on an English Jacobite (see *ante*), was much admired by Sir David Brewster, but he was dissatisfied with the want of Christian resignation expressed in it, and he wrote the following imitation—not much inferior to Macaulay:

Epitaph on a Scotch Jacobite.

To Scotland's king I knelt in homage true,
My heart—my all I gave—my sword I drew;
For him I trod Culloden's bloody plain,
And lost the name of father 'mongst its slain.
Chased from my hearth I reached a foreign shore,
My native mountains to behold no more—
No more to listen Tweed's silver stream—
No more among its glades to love and dream,
Save when in sleep the restless spirit roams
Where Melrose crumbles, and where Gala foams
To that bright fane where plighted vows were paid,
Or that dark aisle where all I loved was laid;
And yet methought I 've heard 'neath Terni's walls,
The fevered pulse of Foyers' wilder falls,
On seen in Tiber's wave my Leader flow,
And heard the southern breeze from Eildon blow.
Childless and widowed on Albano's shore,
I roamed an exile till life's dream was o'er—
Till God, whose trials blessed my wayward lot,
Gave me the rest—the early grave—I sought:
Shewed me, o'er death's dark vale, the strifeless shore
With wife, and child, and king, to part no more.
O patriot wanderer, mark this ivied stone,
Learn from its story what may be thine own:
Should tyrants chase thee from thy hills of blue,
And sever all the ties to nature true,
The broken heart may heal in life's last hour
When hope shall still its throbs, and faith exert her power.

MICHAEL FARADAY.

In electricity and magnetism valuable discoveries were made by MICHAEL FARADAY (1791–1867) a native of Newington, in Surrey, the son of a poor blacksmith, who could only give his son the bare rudiments of education. He was apprenticed to a bookbinder, and early began to make experiments in chemistry and electricity. He had attended Sir Humphry Davy's lectures, and taken notes which he transmitted to Sir Humphry, desiring his assistance to 'escape from trade and enter into the service of science.' Through Davy's exertions he was appointed chemical assistant in the Royal Institution in 1813. In 1824 he was admitted a member of the Royal Society. In 1831, the first series of his 'Experimental Researches in Electricity' was read before the Royal Society—a work which was continued to 1856, and afterwards published separately in four volumes. For many years he gave lectures at the Royal Institution, which were highly popular from the happy simplicity of his style and his successful illustrations. His publications on physical science are numerous. In 1835 a pension was conferred on Faraday. At first, it is said, Lord Melbourne, then premier, denounced all

such scientific pensions as humbug, upon which Faraday wrote to him: 'I could not, with satisfaction to myself, accept at your lordship's hands that which, though it has the form of approbation, is of the character which your lordship so pithily applied to it.' Lord Melbourne explained, and the pension was granted.

Faraday was a simple, gentle, cheerful man of genius, of strong religious feeling* and unassuming manners. His 'Life and Letters,' by Dr. Bence Jones, two volumes, 1869, and 'Faraday as a Discoverer,' by Mr. Tyndall, are interesting works. The latter considers Faraday to have been the greatest experimental philosopher the world has ever seen, and he describes his principal discoveries under four distinct heads or groups—magno-electric induction, the chemical phenomena of the current, the magnetisation of light ('which,' says Tyndall, 'I should liken to the Weisshorn among mountains—high, beautiful, and alone'), and diamagnetism. Faraday used to say that it required twenty years of work to make *a man* in physical science; the previous period being one of *infancy*. When lecturing before a private society on the element chlorine, Faraday, as Professor Tyndall tells us, thus expressed himself with reference to the question of utility: 'Before leaving this subject I will point out the history of this substance, as an answer to those who are in the habit of saying to every new fact, "What is its use?" Dr. Franklin says to such, "What is the use of an infant?" The answer of the experimentalist is, "Endeavour to make it useful."'

From 'Chemical History of a Candle.'

What is all this process going on within us which we cannot do without, either day or night, which is so provided for by the Author of all things, that He has arranged that it shall be independent of all will? If we restrain our respiration, as we can to a certain extent, we should destroy ourselves. When we are asleep, the organs of respiration, and the parts that are associated with them, still go on with their action, so necessary is this process of respiration to us, this contact of air with the lungs. I must tell you in the briefest possible manner, what this process is. We consume food: the food goes through that strange set of vessels and organs within us, and is brought into various parts of the system, into the digestive parts especially; and alternately the portion which is so changed is carried through our lungs by one set of vessels, while the air that we inhale and exhale is drawn into and thrown out of the lungs by another set of vessels, so that the air and the food come close together, separated only by an exceedingly thin surface: the air can thus act upon the blood by this process, producing precisely the same results in kind as we have seen in the case of the candle. The candle combines with parts of the air, forming carbonic acid, and evolves heat; so in the lungs there is this curious, wonderful change taking place. The air entering, combines with the carbon (not carbon in a free state, but, as in this case, placed ready for action at the moment), and makes carbonic acid, and is so thrown out into the atmosphere, and thus this singular result takes place: we may thus look upon the food as fuel. Let me take that piece of sugar, which will serve my purpose. It is a compound of carbon, hy-

* He was of a small sect called Sandemanians, who endeavour to keep up the simple forms and unworldliness of the primitive Christians, with certain views concerning saving faith and charity.

drogen, and oxygen, similar to a candle, as containing the same elements, though not in the same proportion; the proportions in sugar being as shewn in this table:

Carbon	72	
Hydrogen	11	99
Oxygen	88	

This is, indeed, a very curious thing, which you can well remember, for the oxygen and hydrogen are in exactly the proportions which form water, so that sugar may be said to be compounded of 72 parts of carbon and 99 parts of water; and it is the carbon in the sugar that combines with the oxygen carried in by the air in the process of respiration, so making us like candles; producing these actions, warmth, and far more wonderful results besides, for the sustenance of the system, by a most beautiful and simple process. To make this still more striking, I will take a little sugar; or to hasten the experiment I will use some syrup, which contains about three-fourths of sugar and a little water. If I put a little oil of vitriol on it, it takes away the water, and leaves the carbon in a black mass. (The Lecturer mixed the two together.) You see how the carbon is coming out, and before long we shall have a solid mass of charcoal, all of which has come out of sugar. Sugar, as you know, is food, and here we have absolutely a solid lump of carbon where you would not have expected it. And if I make arrangements so as to oxidise the carbon of sugar, we shall have a much more striking result. Here is sugar, and I have here an oxidiser—a quicker one than the atmosphere; and so we shall oxidise this fuel by a process different from respiration in its form, though not different in its kind. It is the combustion of the carbon by the contact of oxygen which the body has supplied to it. If I set this into action at once, you will see combustion produced. Just what occurs in my lungs—taking in oxygen from another source, namely, the atmosphere—takes place here by a more rapid process.

You will be astonished when I tell you what this curious play of carbon amounts to. A candle will burn some four, five, six, or seven hours. What, then, must be the daily amount of carbon going up into the air in the way of carbonic acid! What a quantity of carbon must go from each of us in respiration! What a wonderful change of carbon must take place under these circumstances of combustion or respiration! A man in twenty-four hours converts as much as seven ounces of carbon into carbonic acid; a milch cow will convert seventy ounces, and a horse seventy-nine ounces, solely by the act of respiration. That is, the horse in twenty-four hours burns seventy-nine ounces of charcoal, or carbon, in his organs of respiration, to supply his natural warmth in that time. All the warm-blooded animals get their warmth in this way, by the conversion of carbon, not in a free state, but in a state of combination. And what an extraordinary notion this gives us of the alterations going on in our atmosphere. As much as five million pounds, or 548 tons, of carbonic acid is formed by respiration in London alone in twenty-four hours. And where does all this go? Up into the air. If the carbon had been like the lead which I shewed you, or the iron which, in burning, produces a solid substance, what would happen? Combustion could not go on. As charcoal burns it becomes a vapour, and passes off into the atmosphere, which is the great vehicle, the great carrier for conveying it away to other places. Then what becomes of it? Wonderful is it to find that the change produced by respiration, which seems so injurious to us (for we cannot breathe air twice over), is the very life and support of plants and vegetables that grow upon the surface of the earth. It is the same also under the surface, in the great bodies of water; for fishes and other animals respire upon the same principle, though not exactly by contact with the open air.

AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN.

This distinguished mathematician and teacher (1806–1871) was born at Madura, in Southern India, son of Colonel de Morgan of the Madras army. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and studied for the bar, but in 1828 was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the University of London. Professor de Morgan contributed largely to the 'Penny Cyclopædia,' 'Notes and Queries,' 'Athe-

næum,' &c. Among his works are—'Elements of Arithmetic,' 1830; 'Elements of Algebra,' 1835; 'Elements of Trigonometry,' 1837; 'Essay on Probabilities,' 1838; 'Formal Logic,' 1847; &c. In 1838 Professor de Morgan contributed to 'Notes and Queries' some clever and amusing strictures on Swift's 'Gulliver's Travels,' an extract from which we subjoin:

Dean Swift and the Mathematicians.

Swift's satire is of course directed at the mathematicians of his own day. His first attack upon them is contained in the description of the flappers, by which the absorbed philosophers were recalled to common life when it was necessary. Now there is no proof that, in Swift's time or in any time, the mathematician, however capable of withdrawing his thoughts while actually engaged in study, was apt to wander into mathematics while employed in other business. No such thing is recorded even of Newton, a man of uncommon power of concentration. The truth I believe to be, that the power of bringing the whole man to bear on one subject which is fostered by mathematical study, is a power which can be, and is, brought into action *on any other subject;* so that a person used to mathematical thought is deep in the concern of the moment, *totus in illo,* more than another person; that is, less likely to wander from the matter in hand.

Swift's technical knowledge is of a poor kind. According to him, beef and mutton were served up in the shapes of equilateral triangles, rhomboids, and cycloids. This beats the waiter who could cover Vauxhall Gardens with a ham. These plane figures have no thickness: and I defy all your readers to produce a mathematician who would be content with mutton of two dimensions. As to the bread, which appeared in cones, cylinders, and parallelograms, the mathematicians would take the cones and cylinders for themselves, and leave the parallelograms for Swift.

The tailor takes Gulliver's *altitude* by a quadrant, then measures all the dimensions of his body by rule and compass, and brings home the clothes all out of shape, by mistaking a figure in the calculation. Now, first, Swift imagines that the altitude taken by a quadrant is a *length*, whereas it is an angle. It is awkward satire to represent the mathematician as using the quadrant to determine an *accessible* distance. Next, what mathematician would use *calculation* when he had all his results on paper, obtained by rule and compass? Had Swift lived in our day, he would have made the tailor measure the length of Gulliver's little finger, and then set up the whole body by calculation, just as Cuvier or Owen would set up some *therium* or *saurus* with no datum except the end of a toe.

Is not Professor de Morgan somewhat hypercritical? When Swift used those mathematical terms, we may believe he did so in mere sportiveness, and that he did not, in the shapes of his beef and mutton, ignorantly exclude substance. When he says there was a shoulder of mutton cut into an equilateral triangle, it seems to us that the whole fun lay in the choice of that figure. He means a pyramid, each face of which is an equilateral triangle. There is, or used to be, in the confectioners' shops a certain comfit known as a triangular puff, which the children would care little for if it had no substance! So when the satirist talks of cutting a piece of beef into a rhomboid, it is into a rhomboidal form, as we have rhomboidal crystals, rhomboidal leaves in plants, and so on: the meat is not annihilated, into whatever surface figure you cut it. The story of the tailor who took Gulliver's measure by a quadrant, refers, we believe, to a blunder made by Sir Isaac Newton's printer, who, by carelessly adding a cipher to the astronomer's computation of the

distance between the sun and the earth, had increased it to an enormous amount.

DR. ALEXANDER BAIN.

Treatises on 'The Senses and the Intellect,' 1855; 'The Emotions and the Will,' 1859; 'Mental and Moral Science,' 1868; and 'Logic, Deductive and Inductive,' have been published by DR. BAIN, Professor of Logic in the unversity of Aberdeen. These are able works, and Professor Bain has written various text-books on astronomy, electricity, meteorology, grammar, &c. The professor is a native of Aberdeen, born in 1818; in 1845 he was appointed to the Professorship of Natural Philosophy in the Andersonian University, Glasgow. In the latest work of Dr. Bain's we have seen, 'Mind and Body: Theories on their Relation,' 1873, he gives an account of the various theories of the soul, and the general laws of alliance of mind and body.

'The arguments for the two substances have, we believe, now entirely lost their validity: they are no longer compatible with ascertained science and clear thinking. The one substance with two sets of properties, two sides, the physical and the mental—a *double-faced unity*—would appear to comply with all the exigencies of the case. We are to deal with this, as in the language of the Athanasian creed, not confounding the persons, nor dividing the substance. The mind is destined to be a double study—to conjoin the mental philosopher with the physical philosopher; and the momentary glimpse of Aristotle is at last converted into a clear and steady vision.'

ROBERT STEPHENSON.

This eminent engineer, son of George Stephenson, was born at Willington, December 16, 1803. He was educated partly at the university of Edinburgh, and early displayed a decided inclination for mechanics and science. He laboured successfully to bring the railway locomotive to its present perfection. To his genius and perseverance, aided by the practical knowledge of Mr. (afterwards Sir William Fairbairn), we also owe the principle of the tubular bridge, characterised as 'the greatest discovery in construction in our day.' At the Menai Strait, two spaces of four hundred and sixty feet in width are spanned by these iron tubes. The high-level bridge over the Tyne at Newcastle, the viaduct (supposed to be the largest in the world) over the Tweed valley at Berwick, and the Victoria tubular bridge over the St. Lawrence, near Montreal, are among the most celebrated of Mr. Stephenson's works. He was also largely engaged in foreign railways. Like his father, he declined the honour of knighthood. Mr. Stephenson was author of a work 'On the Locomotive Steam-engine,' and another 'On the Atmospheric Railway System.' He died October 12, 1859, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. It is worth noting, that as Lardner predicted that no steam-

vessel could cross the Atlantic, Stephenson considered that the Suez Canal was an impossibility. 'I have surveyed the line; I have travelled the whole distance on foot; and I declare there is no fall between the two seas. A canal is impossible; the thing would be only a ditch!'

SIR WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN.

Some valuable works on the use of iron and engineering operations have been published by Sir William Fairbairn, Bart. Among these are 'Mills and Mill work;' 'Iron, its History and Manufacture;' 'Application of Iron to Building Purposes;' 'Iron Ship-building;' &c. Sir William was a native of Kelso, Roxburghshire, born in 1789. He was long established in Manchester, and engaged in various public works. In the construction of the tubular bridge across the Menai Strait, he was of great service to the engineer, Mr. Robert Stephenson, and has drawn up 'Useful Information for Engineers,' as to the strength of iron, iron ship-building, the collapse of tubes, &c. This eminent engineer was chiefly self-taught. He died August 18, 1874.

SIR CHARLES WHEATSTONE.

In the application of electricity to the arts, Charles Wheatstone—born at Gloucester in 1802 has been highly distinguished. The idea of the electric telegraph had been propounded in the last century, but it was not practically realised until the year 1837. The three independent inventors are Mr. Morse of the United States, M. Steinheil of Munich, and Mr. Wheatstone. Of these, the last has shown the greatest perseverance and skill in overcoming difficulties. To Wheatstone we also owe the invention of the stereoscope—that beautiful accompaniment to art and nature. Professor Forbes says: 'Although Mr. Wheatstone's paper was published in the 'Philosophical Transactions' for 1838, and the stereoscope became at that time known to men of science, it by no means attracted for a good many years the attention which it deserves. It is only since it received a convenient alteration of form—due, I believe, to Sir David Brewster—by the substitution of lenses for mirrors, that it has become the popular instrument which we now see it, but it is not more suggestive than it always was of the wonderful adaptations of the sense of sight.' The electric telegraph, however, is the great source of Wheatstone's fame; and the late President of the Royal Society, the Marquis of Northampton, on presenting him with the Society's medal in 1840, said the honour had been conferred 'for the science and ingenuity by which Professor Wheatstone had measured electrical velocity, and by which he had also turned his acquaintance with galvanism to the most important practical purposes.' His services to science were further acknowledged by Her Majesty conferring upon him the honour of knighthood (1868), and the university of Edinburgh awarding him the honorary degree of LL.D.

DR. BUCKLAND—SIR CHARLES LYELL, ETC.

Geology has had a host of discoverers and illustrators. One of the earliest of English geologists was Mr. William Smith, who published his 'Tabular View of the British Strata' in 1790, and constructed a geological map of England in 1815. He had explored the whole country on foot. The first of the prize-medals of the Geological Society was awarded to that gentleman in 1831, 'in consideration,' as stated, 'of his being a great original discoverer in English geology, and especially for his having been the first in this country to discover and to teach the identification of strata, and to determine their succession by means of their imbedded fossils.'*

The Rev. Dr. Buckland (1784–1856), by his 'Vindiciæ Geologicæ,' 1820, and 'Reliquiæ Diluvianæ,' 1823, and by various contributions to the Geological Society, awakened public interest to the claims of this science, although he advocated the old hypothesis of the universality of the deluge, which he abandoned in his 'Bridgewater Treatise' of 1836. His 'Geology and Mineralogy' was reprinted in 1858, with additions by Professors Owen and Phillips, and a memoir of the author by his son, Mr. Francis T. Buckland. The indomitable energy of Buckland, in pursuing his researches and collecting specimens of organic remains, is brought out fully in this memoir, with an account of his exertions to procure the endowment of a Readership in Geology at Oxford, which he accomplished in 1819. His invaluable museum he bequeathed to the university. It may be noted, also, that the glacial theory, illustrated by Agassiz and Professor James Forbes, was first promulgated by Dr. Buckland, who travelled over the north of England and the wilds of Scotland for proofs of glacial action. Sir Robert Peel rewarded the labours of this ardent man of science by procuring his appointment to the deanery of Westminster. In its now revised and improved form, with additional plates of organic remains, Buckland's 'Geology and Mineralogy' is the best general work on this interesting study. Previous to its first publication, Mr., afterwards Sir Charles Lyell, had published 'Principles of Geology, being an Attempt to Explain the former Changes of the Earth's Surface by a Reference to Causes now in operation,' two volumes, 1830–32. Additions and corrections have been made from time to

* This, however, had been clearly indicated more than a century before by the mathematician and natural philosopher, Dr. Robert Hooke (1635–1703). In a lecture dated 1688, and published in Hooke's posthumous works, there occurs this striking prophetic passage: 'However trivial a thing a rotten shell may appear to some, yet these monuments of nature are more certain tokens of antiquity than coins or medals, since the best of those may be counterfeited or made by art and design; . . . and though it must be granted that it is very difficult to read them—the records of nature—and to *raise a chronology out of them*, and to state the intervals of time wherein such or such catastrophe and mutations have happened, yet it is not impossible. See Lyell's *Principles*, vol. i., in which the history of geological science is traced. Also Conybeare's *Outlines of the Geology of England and Wales*.

time, and the eighth edition of the 'Principles,' entirely revised, 1850, is a very complete and interesting work. But though introducing recent facts, Sir Charles still adhered to his original theory, that the forces now operating upon and beneath the earth's surface, are the same both in kind and degree with those which, at remote epochs, have worked out geological revolutions; or, in other words, that we may dispense with sudden, violent, and general catastrophes, and regard the ancient and present fluctuations of the inorganic world as belonging to one continuous and uniform series of events.

In 1838 Sir Charles published his 'Elements of Geology,' since enlarged to two volumes. He is author also of 'Travels in North America, with Geological Observations on the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia,' two volumes, 1845; and 'Second Visit to the United States of America in 1845,' two volumes, 1849. These are agreeable as well as instructive volumes, for Sir Charles was an accomplished literary artist, without betraying art in his composition. This eminent geologist was a native of the county of Forfar, born November 14, 1797, son of a Scottish landed proprietor of the same name. He was created a baronet in 1864; and received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford. His great work, 'The Principles of Geology,' first elevated geology to the dignity of a science, and his latest important work on the 'Antiquity of Man,' 1863, has also had great influence on the thought and speculation of the present generation. Sir Charles died 22d January 1875, and was interred in Westminster Abbey.

Geology Compared to History.

We often discover with surprise, on looking back into the chronicles of nations, how the fortune of some battle has influenced the fate of millions of our contemporaries, when it has long been forgotten by the mass of the population. With this remote event, we may find inseparably connected the geographical boundaries of a great state, the language now spoken by the inhabitants, their peculiar manners, laws, and religious opinions. But far more astonishing and unexpected are the connections brought to light, when we carry back our researches into the history of nature. The form of a coast, the configuration of the interior of a country, the existence and extent of lakes, valleys, and mountains can often be traced to the former prevalence of earthquakes and volcanoes in regions which have long been undisturbed. To these remote convulsions, the present fertility of some districts, the sterile character of others, the elevation of land above the sea, the climate, and various peculiarities, may be distinctly referred. On the other hand, many distinguishing features of the surface may often be ascribed to the operation, at a remote era, of slow and tranquil causes—to the gradual deposition of sediment in a lake or in the ocean, or to the prolific increase of testacea and corals.

To select another example: we find in certain localities subterranean deposits of coal, consisting of vegetable matter formerly drifted into seas and lakes. These seas and lakes have since been filled up; the lands whereon the forests grew have disappeared or changed their form; the rivers and currents which floated the vegetable masses can no longer be traced; and the plants belonged to species which for ages have passed away from the surface of our planet. Yet the commercial prosperity and numerical strength of a nation may now be mainly dependent on the local distribution of fuel determined by that ancient state of things.

Geology is intimately related to almost all the physical sciences, as history is to the moral. A historian should if possible, be at once profoundly acquainted with ethics, politics, jurisprudence, the military art, theology; in a word, with all branches

of knowledge by which any insight into human affairs, or into the moral and intellectual nature of man, can be obtained. It would be no less desirable that a geologist should be well versed in chemistry, natural philosophy, mineralogy, zoology, comparative anatomy, botany; in short, in every science relating to organic and inorganic nature. With these accomplishments, the historian and geologist would rarely fail to draw correct philosophical conclusions from the various monuments transmitted to them of former occurrences. They would know to what combination of causes analogous effects were referrible, and they would often be enabled to supply, by inference, information concerning many events unrecorded in the defective archives of former ages. But as such extensive acquisitions are scarcely within the reach of any individual, it is necessary that men who have devoted their lives to different departments should unite their efforts; and as the historian receives assistance from the antiquary, and from those who have cultivated different branches of moral and political science, so the geologist should avail himself of the aid of many naturalists, and particularly of those who have studied the fossil remains of lost species of animals and plants.

The analogy, however, of the monuments consulted in geology, and those available in history, extends no further than to one class of historical monuments—those which may be said to be *undesignedly* commemorative of former events. The canoes, for example, and stone hatchets found in our peat-bogs, afford an insight into the rude arts and manners of the earliest inhabitants of our island; the buried coin fixes the date of the reign of some Roman emperor; the ancient encampment indicates the districts once occupied by invading armies, and the former method of constructing military defences; the Egyptian mummies throw light on the art of embalming, the rites of sepulture, or the average stature of the human race in ancient Egypt. This class of memorials yields to no other in authenticity, but it constitutes a small part only of the resources on which the historian relies, whereas in geology it forms the only kind of evidence which is at our command. For this reason we must not expect to obtain a full and connected account of any series of events beyond the reach of history. But the testimony of geological monuments, if frequently imperfect, possesses at least the advantage of being free from all suspicion of misrepresentation. We may be deceived in the inferences which we draw, in the same manner as we often mistake the nature and import of phenomena observed in the daily course of nature, but our liability to err is confined to the interpretation, and, if this be correct, our information is certain.

The Great Earthquake of Lisbon in 1755.

In no part of the volcanic region of Southern Europe has so tremendous an earthquake occurred in modern times as that which began on the 1st of November 1755 at Lisbon. A sound of thunder was heard underground, and immediately afterwards a violent shock threw down the greater part of that city. In the course of about six minutes, sixty thousand persons perished. The sea first retired and laid the bar dry; it then rolled in, rising fifty feet above its ordinary level. The mountains of Arrabida, Estrella, Julio, Marvan, and Cintra, being some of the largest in Portugal, were impetuously shaken, as if were, from their very foundations; and some of them opened at their summits, which were split and rent in a wonderful manner, huge masses of them being thrown down into the subjacent valleys. Flames are related to have issued from these mountains, which are supposed to have been electric; they are also said to have smoked; but vast clouds of dust may have given rise to this appearance.

The most extraordinary circumstance which occurred at Lisbon during the catastrophe, was the subsidence of a new quay, built entirely of marble at an immense expense. A great concourse of people had collected there for safety, as a spot where they might be beyond the reach of falling ruins; but suddenly the quay sank down with all the people on it, and not one of the dead bodies ever floated to the surface. A great number of boats and small vessels anchored near it, all full of people, were swallowed up as in a whirlpool. No fragments of these wrecks ever rose again to the surface, and the water in the place where the quay had stood is stated, in many accounts, to be unfathomable; but Whitehurst says he ascertained it to be one hundred fathoms.

In this case, we must either suppose that a certain tract sank down into a subter-

ranean hollow, which would cause a 'fault' in the strata to the depth of six hundred feet, or we may infer, as some have done, from the entire disappearance of the substances engulfed, that a chasm opened and closed again. Yet in adopting this latter hypothesis, we must suppose that the upper part of the chasm, to the depth of one hundred fathoms, remained open after the shock. According to the observations made at Lisbon, in 1837, by Mr. Sharpe, the destroying effects of this earthquake were confined to the tertiary strata, and were most violent on the blue clay, on which the lower part of the city is constructed. Not a building, he says, on the secondary limestone or the basalt was injured.

The great area over which this Lisbon earthquake extended is very remarkable. The movement was most violent in Spain, Portugal, and the north of Africa; but nearly the whole of Europe, and even the West Indies, felt the shock on the same day. A seaport called St. Ubes, about twenty miles south of Lisbon, was engulfed. At Algiers and Fez, in Africa, the agitation of the earth was equally violent; and at the distance of eight leagues from Morocco, a village with the inhabitants to the number of about eight or ten thousand persons, together with all their cattle, were swallowed up. Soon after, the earth closed again over them.

The shock was felt at sea, on the deck of a ship to the west of Lisbon, and produced very much the same sensation as on dry land. Off St. Lucar, the captain of the ship *Nancy* felt his vessel so violently shaken, that he thought she had struck the ground, but, on heaving the lead, found a great depth of water. Captain Clark, from Denia, in latitude 36° 24′ N., between nine and ten in the morning, had his ship shaken and strained as if she had struck upon a rock. Another ship, forty leagues west of St. Vincent, experienced so violent a concussion, that the men were thrown a foot and a half perpendicularly up from the deck. In Antigua and Barbadoes, as also in Norway, Sweden, Germany, Holland, Corsica, Switzerland, and Italy, tremors and slight oscillations of the ground were felt.

The agitation of lakes, rivers, and springs in Great Britain was remarkable. At Loch Lomond, in Scotland, for example, the water, without the least apparent cause, rose against its banks, and then subsided below its usual level. The greatest perdicular height of this swell was two feet four inches. It is said that the movement of this earthquake was undulatory, and that it travelled at the rate of twenty miles a minute. A great wave swept over the coast of Spain, and is said to have been sixty feet high at Cadiz. At Tangier, in Africa, it rose and fell eighteen times on the coast; at Funchal, in Madeira, it rose full fifteen feet perpendicular above high-water mark, although the tide, which ebbs and flows there seven feet, was then at half-ebb. Besides entering the city and committing great havoc, it overflowed other seaports in the island. At Kinsale, in Ireland, a body of water rushed into the harbour, whirled round several vessels, and poured into the market-place.

It was before stated that the sea first retired at Lisbon; and this retreat of the ocean from the shore at the commencement of an earthquake, and its subsequent return in a violent wave, is a common occurrence. In order to account for the phenomenon, Michell imagined a subsidence at the bottom of the sea from the giving way of the roof of some cavity, in consequence of a vacuum produced by the condensation of steam. Such condensation, he observes, might be the first effect of the introduction of a large body of water into fissures and cavities already filled with steam, before there had been sufficient time for the heat of the incandescent lava to turn so large a supply of water into steam, which, being soon accomplished, causes a greater explosion.

Geological 'Notes' and 'Sections' were published in 1830 by Sir Henry Thomas De La Beche (1796–1855), and in 1832 a 'Manual of Geology.' But his most valuable work is 'How to Observe: Geology,' 1835. In 1851 Sir Henry published another work of the same kind, 'The Geological Observer.' Dr. Gideon Algernon Mantell (1788–1852), an English physician, in 1822 published 'The Fossils of the South Downs,' which appeared simultaneously with the great work of Cuvier and Brongniart on the Geology of the Environs of Paris, and described also many of the organic remains of the chalk.

Dr. Mantell was the original demonstrator of the fresh-water origin of the mass of Wealden beds, and the discoverer of the monster reptile *Iguanodon*, and other colossal allies. This eminent palæontologist was author of two popular works—'The Medals of Creation,' and 'The Wonders of Geology.' Dr. John Pye Smith (1774–1857), in his work 'On the Relation between the Holy Scriptures and some parts of Geological Science,' 1839, and the distinguished American geologist, Dr. Edward Hitchcock, in his 'Elementary Geology,' 1841, anticipated the views of Hugh Miller and others as to the interpretation of the Mosaic account of the creation and deluge—the latter being local, not universal. With respect to the deluge, Dr. Pye Smith forcibly remarks: 'All land-animals having their geographical regions, to which their constitutional natures are congenial—many of them being unable to live in any other situation—we cannot represent to ourselves the idea of their being brought into one small spot from the polar regions, the torrid zone, and all the other climates of Asia, Africa, Europe, and America, Australia and the thousands of islands—their preservation and provision, and the final disposal of them—without bringing up the idea of miracles more stupendous than any that are recorded in Scripture.'

The Rev. Dr. Henry Duncan (1774–1846) of Ruthwell, in Dumfriesshire, is known as the founder of savings-banks in this country, and he was the first to discover the footprints of animals, supposed to be tortoises, on sandstone rocks in a quarry in Dumfriesshire. Dr. Buckland, who followed up the search for fossil remains with so much ardour, beautifully remarks of these 'footsteps before the flood:' 'The historian may have pursued the line of march of triumphant conquerors whose armies trampled down the most mighty kingdoms of the world. The winds and storms have utterly obliterated the ephemeral impressions of their course. Not a track remains of a single foot, or a single hoof of all the countless millions of men and beasts whose progress spread desolation over the earth. But the reptiles that crawled upon the half-finished surface of our infant planet, have left memorials of their passage enduring and indelible.'

SIR RODERICK I. MURCHISON.

Sir Roderick Impey Murchison simplified and extended the science of geology, and proved one of its most indefatigable explorers. In the districts of Hereford, Radnor, and Shropshire, large masses of gray-coloured strata rise out from beneath the Old Red Sandstone; and these rocks contain fossils differing from any which were known in the upper deposits. Sir Roderick began to classify these rocks, and after four years' labour, he assigned to them (1835) the name of the Silurian System, as occupying the ancient Roman province of Siluria. 'Having first, in the year 1833,' says Sir Roderick, 'separated

these deposits into four formations, and shewn that each is characterized by peculiar organic remains, I next divided them (1834–35) into a lower and upper group, both of which, I hoped, would be found applicable to wide regions of the earth. After eight years of labour in the field and the closet, the proofs of the truth of these views were more fully published in the work entitled "The Silurian System, 1839.' A further explanation of this system, embodying later researches, was published by the author in 1854 entitled 'Siluria, the History of the Oldest Known Rocks containing Organic Remains.'

The Lower Silurian Rocks.

The geologist appeals to the book of nature, where its leaves have undergone no great alteration. He sees before him an enormous pile or series of early subaqueous sediment originally composed of mud, sand, or pebbles, the successive bottoms of a former sea, all of which have been derived from pre-existing rocks; and in these lower beds, even where they are little altered, he can detect no remains of former creatures. But lying upon them, and therefore evolved after, other strata succeed, in which some few relics of a primeval ocean are discernible, and these again are everywhere succeeded by newer deposits in which many fossils occur. In this way evidences have been fairly obtained, to shew that the sediments which underlie the strata containing the lowest fossil remains constitute, in all countries which have been examined, the natural base or bottom rocks of the deposits termed Silurian.

In France, Germany, Spain, and the Mediterranean, in Scandinavia and Russia, the same basis has been found for higher fossiliferous rocks. Many years were spent by Sir Roderick, accompanied part of the time by Professor Sedgwick, in Russia and other countries in geologic explorations; and in 1846 he published 'The Geology of Russia in Europe and the Ural Mountains,' in which he was assisted by E. de Verneuil and Count A. von Keyserling. Sir Roderick is author of about a hundred separate memoirs, presented to scientific societies, and he had the merit of pointing out the important fact that gold must exist in Australia. This was in 1844, after inspecting some specimens of Australian rocks brought to this country by Count Strelecki, and comparing them with those of the auriferous Ural Mountains with which he was personally well acquainted. His observations were printed the same year (1844) in the journal of the Royal Geographical Society. Two years afterwards, at a geological meeting in Penzance, Sir Roderick urged the superabundant Cornish tin-miners to emigrate to the colony of New South Wales, and there obtain gold from the alluvial soil in the same manner as they extracted tin from the gravel of their native country. Again, in the year 1846, when some specimens of Australian gold ore were sent to him, he addressed a letter to Earl Grey, then secretary for the colonies, stating his views as to the existence of rich gold-fields in the colony.* Sir Roderick also predicted (1854) that 'the present large flow of gold into Europe from those tracts will begin to diminish

* Hargrave's *Australia and its Goldfields*, 1855

within a comparatively short period'—a result of which we have as yet no indication.

The Relative Value of Gold and Silver.

The fear that gold may be greatly depreciated in value relatively to silver—a fear which may have seized upon the minds of some of my readers—is unwarranted by the data registered in the crust of the earth. Gold is, after all, by far the most restricted—in its native distribution—of the precious metals. Silver and argentiferous lead, on the contrary, expand so largely downwards into the bowels of the rocks, as to lead us to believe that they must yield enormous profits to the skilful miner for ages to come; and the more so in proportion as better machinery and new inventions shall lessen the difficulties of subterranean mining. It may, indeed, well be doubted whether the quantities of gold and silver, procurable from regions unknown to our progenitors, will prove more than sufficient to meet the exigencies of an enormously increased population and our augmenting commerce and luxury. But this is not a theme for a geologist; and I would simply say, that Providence seems to have originally adjusted the relative value of these two precious metals, and that their relations, having remained the same for ages, will long survive all theories. Modern science, instead of contradicting, only confirms the truth of the aphorism of the patriarch Job, which thus shadowed forth the downward persistence of the one and the superficial distribution of the other: 'Surely there is *a vein* for the silver. . . . The earth hath *dust of gold*.'

Sir Roderick Murchison was by birth a Scottish Highlander, born at Tarradale, Ross-shire—of which his father, Dr. Murchison, was proprietor—in 1792. He served from 1807 to 1816 in the army, latterly as captain in the 6th Dragoons. He was knighted in 1846, and the emperor of Russia conferred upon him the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Stanislaus, with other marks of distinction. He was some years Secretary to the Royal Geological Society, and twice elected president. He was also President of the Geographical Society, occupying the chair until a short time before his death. He took the liveliest interest in all geographical discoveries, and his annual addresses to the society were full of information and interesting facts. A baronetcy was conferred upon Sir Roderick in 1866. He died October 22, 1870. A copious life of Sir Roderick was published by his friend Professor Geikie, two volumes, 1875, from which we give two short extracts:

Hint to Geologists.

If it be true, as Bacon asserted, that 'writing maketh an exact man,' it is no less true that mapping makes an exact geologist. Without this kind of training, it is not easy to grasp accurately the details of geological structure, and hence the literature of the science is sadly overloaded with papers and books which, had their authors enjoyed this preliminary discipline, would either not have been written, or would at least have been more worthy of perusal. Murchison wisely resolved not to trust merely to eye and memory, but to record what he saw as accurately as he could upon maps. And there can be no doubt that by so doing he gave his work a precision and harmony which it could never have otherwise possessed, and that, even though still falling into some errors, he was enabled to get a firmer hold of the structure of the country which he had resolved to master than he could have obtained in any other way. For, to make his maps complete, he was driven to look into all manner of out-of-the-way nooks and corners, with which, but for that necessity, he might have been little likely to make acquaintance. It often happens that in such half-hidden places—the course of a mountain torrent, the bottom of a tree-shaded ravine, the gully cut by the frosts and rains of centuries from the face of a lonely hill-side—lies the key to the geological structure of the neighbourhood.

In pursuit of his quest, therefore, the geologist is driven to double back to and fro over tracts never trodden perhaps by the ordinary tourist, but is many a time amply recompensed by the unexpected insight which this circuitous journeying gives him into the less obtrusive beauties of the landscape.

Proposed Purchase of the Island of Staffa.

Among the miscellaneous correspondence which the President of the Geological Society carried on, was one regarding a proposed purchase of the island of Staffa. It was represented urgently to Murchison that as the island was likely to come into the market, no more fitting purchaser could be found than the Geological Society of London, and that in the hands of that learned body it would remain as a perpetual monument consecrated to the progress of science. It is needless to say that this project never took shape. There is little sympathy in Britain with any such fanciful notions regarding the acquirement of places of great natural interest by the State or learned societies for the good of the country, and in the cause of scientific progress. Fortunately that fairy island is too small and too barren to warrant the cost of protecting walls and notices to trespassers, and its wonders are of too solid and enduring a nature to be liable to effacement by the ruthless curiosity of the British tourist. And so it stands amid the lone sea, open to all comers, lifting its little carpet of bright green above the waves which have tunnelled its pillared cliffs, and which are ceaselessly destroying and renewing the beauty of the sculpture they have revealed.

PROFESSOR SEDGWICK.

The Rev. Adam Sedgwick endeavoured to substantiate a lower and still older section of rocks than the Silurian—a slaty formation, in part fossiliferous, and of enormous thickness. He applies to this the term 'Cambrian.' The system has, however, met with a dubious acceptance, Sir Roderick Murchison contending that the Cambrian rocks are not inferior in position to the lowest stratified rocks of his Silurian region of Shropshire and the adjacent parts of Montgomeryshire, but are merely extensions of the same strata. Mr. Sedgwick was born at Dent, Yorkshire, about the year 1787; in 1809 he was admitted to a Fellowship in Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1818 was appointed Woodwardian Professor of Geology. He is author of 'A Synopsis of the Classification of the British Palæozoic Rocks,' &c., two volumes, quarto, and 'A Discourse on the Studies of the University of Cambridge,' 1850, which was directed against the utilitarian theory of morals, as not merely false in reasoning, but as producing a degrading effect on the temper and conduct of those who adopt it. Professor Sedgwick closed his honored life at Cambridge in 1873.

PROFESSOR OWEN.

Richard Owen, the great naturalist and anatomist, was, like his contemporary, Professor Whewell, a native of Lancaster. When a mere boy, he was put to sea as a midshipman, but his nautical career was a very brief one. In his twentieth year we find him at Edinburgh University, and in the year following he was a student at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London. He became a member of the College of Surgeons, but his professional prospects were so discouraging that he resolved on re-entering the navy. He was dissuaded from this step by Abernethy, the famous surgeon—rough, kind-

hearted, and eccentric—and Abernethy procured for him the appointment of colleague or assistant to Mr. Clift, the curator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. In this capacity, he had to prepare a catalogue of the great museum of John Hunter, which had come into the possession of the College of Surgeons. 'In order,' it is said, 'to identify the specimens in the Hunterian collection, he was obliged in a large number of cases to dissect and examine fresh specimens. In this manner, volume after volume of the catalogue appeared, till at the end of thirty years the whole was printed—a work of scarcely inferior value and importance to the museum itself: this catalogue which involved the examination of nearly four thousand specimens, was illustrated by seventy-eight plates.'* This great achievement led a contemporary to say: 'Cuvier, with an instinctive prescience, asks, "Why should not natural history one day have its Newton?" and the best proof of the reasonableness of that question we hold to be the success which has attended the last researches of Cuvier's English successor, justly styled by Humboldt "le plus grand anatomiste de son siècle"' ('Quarterly Review).' In 1834 Mr. Owen was appointed public lecturer to the chair of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology in the College of Surgeons. In 1855 he became superintendent or chief of the Natural History department of the British Museum (which includes zoology, geology, and mineralogy); and his lectures on palæontology, on physiology, on extinct animals, &c., have been as popular as they are valuable. 'From the sponge to man, he has thrown light over every subject he has touched'—and the number of subjects is almost incredible. His contributions to scientific journals, and his separate works, amount together to above three hundred! Among these we may note—'Memoir on the Pearly Nautilus,' 1832; 'Catalogue of the Physiological Series of Comparative Anatomy,' five volumes, 1833–1840; 'The Fossil Mammalia collected on the Voyage of the *Beagle*,' 1840; 'Odontography, or a Treatise on the Comparative Anatomy of the Teeth,' two volumes, 1840–1845; 'The Extinct Gigantic Sloth,' 1842; 'Lectures on the Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Invertebrate and Vertebrate Animals,' two volumes, 1843–1846; 'History of British Fossils, Mammals and Birds,' 1846; 'A History of British Fossil Reptiles,' five parts, 1840–1851; 'On Palæontology' and 'On the Megatherium,' 1860; 'On the Gorilla,' 1865; 'On the Dodo,' 1866; 'Zoology, or Instructions for Collecting and Preserving Animals,' 1849; and the articles on Zoology, Comparative Anatomy, and Physiology, in Brande's 'Dictionary of Science;' &c. Professor Owen's researches and discoveries in comparative anatomy are believed to 'form his chief claim to the admiration and gratitude of the civilised world.' In this field, his sagacity, or rather his genius, in hypothesis and generalisation are pre-emi-

* Memoir of Owen in Knight's *Cyclopædia of Biography*.

nent, and have had no parallel since Cuvier. One instance of this, the discovery of a fragment of the femur or thigh-bone of an unknown animal from New Zealand, excited much interest. A seafaring man brought this piece of bone, as he said, from New Zealand, and offered it for sale. It was taken to Professor Owen, 'who having looked at it carefully, thought it right to investigate it more narrowly; and after much consideration, he ventured to pronounce his opinion. This opinion from almost anybody else would have been, perhaps, only laughed at; for, in the first place, he said that the bone (big enough to suggest that it belonged to an ox) had belonged to a bird; but before people had had time to recover from their surprise at this announcement, they were greeted by another assertion yet more startling—namely, that it had been a bird without wings! The incredulity and doubt with which the opinion was received was too great for a time even for the authority of Professor Owen entirely to dispel. But mark the truthfulness of a real science; contemplate the exquisite beauty and accuracy of relation in nature! By-and-by a whole skeleton was brought over to this country, when the opinion of the Professor was converted into an established fact.'* A series of monographs on similar gigantic birds was published by Professor Owen, and fossils from Australia of gigantic marsupials, resembling in type those at present existing there. Besides his strictly scientific investigations, Professor Owen has assisted in public and benevolent labours—in inquiries into the health of towns, in the organisation of the Great Exhibition of 1851, as well as of the Paris Exhibition, and in various other efforts for the benefit of society. Honours at home and abroad have been showered on the philosophic worker, and in his native country all classes, from the sovereign downwards, are proud of his name and fame.

We subjoin an extract from the 'History of British Fossils, Mammals and Birds,' 1846. When Cuvier found that the remains of the elephants which are scattered over Europe in the unstratified superficial deposits, were specifically different from the teeth and bones of the two known existing elephants, 'this fundamental fact,' says Professor Owen, 'opened up to him new views of the theory of the earth, and a rapid glance, guided by the new and pregnant idea, over other fossil bones, made him anticipate all that he afterwards proved, and determined him to consecrate to this great work the future years of his life.' This was in 1796, and fortunately Cuvier survived till 1832, and had in Owen a worthy successor.

* MacIlwain's *Life of Abernethy*. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* for March 1852, confirms the statement: 'We well remember seeing this fragment of the shaft of a femur when it first arrived, and hearing the opinion of the Professor (Owen) as to the bird to which it must have belonged. He took a piece of paper and drew the outline of what he conceived to be the complete bone. The fragment, from which alone he deduced his conclusions, was six inches in length, and five inches and a half in its smallest circumference: both extremities had been broken off. When a perfect bone arrived, and was laid on the paper, it fitted the outline exactly.'

The British Mammoth.

Most of the largest and best preserved tusks of the British mammoth have been dredged up from submerged drift, near the coasts. In 1827, an enormous tusk was landed at Ramsgate: although the hollow implanted base was wanting, it still measured nine feet in length, and its greatest diameter was eight inches; the outer crust was decomposed into thin layers, and the interior portion had been reduced to a soft substance resembling putty. A tusk, likewise much decayed, which was dredged up off Dungeness, measured eleven feet in length; and yielded some pieces of ivory fit for manufacture. Captain Byam Martin, who has recorded this and other discoveries of remains of the mammoth in the British Channel in the 'Geological Transactions,' procured a section of ivory near the alveolar cavity of the Dungeness tusk, of an oval form, measuring nineteen inches in circumference. A tusk dredged up from the Goodwin Sands, which measured six feet six inches in length, and twelve inches in greatest circumference, probably belonged to a female mammoth: Captain Martin describes its curvature as being equal to a semicircle turning outwards on its line of projection. This tusk was sent to a cutler at Canterbury, by whom it was sawn into five sections, but the interior was found to be fossilised and unfit for use; it is now in Captain Martin's possession. The tusks of the extinct elephant which have thus reposed for thousands of years in the bed of the ocean which washes the shore of Britain, are not always so altered by time and the action of surrounding influences as to be unfit for the purposes to which recent ivory is applied. Mr. Robert Fitch of Norwich possesses a segment of a mammoth's tusk, which was dredged up by some Yarmouth fishermen off Scarborough, and which was so slightly altered in texture, that it was sawn up into as many portions as there were men in the boat, and each claimed his share of the valuable product.

Of the tusks referable by their size to the female mammoth which have been disinterred on dry land, I may cite the following instances: A tusk in the Museum of the Geological Society, from the lacustrine pleistocene bed exposed to the action of the sea on the coast of Essex at Walton, which measures five feet and a half in length; and another from the same locality, in the possession of John Brown, Esq. of Stanway, Essex, which measures four feet in length. A tusk recently discovered near Barnstaple, on a bed of gravel, beneath a stratum of blue clay five feet deep, and one of yellow clay about six feet deep, with several feet of coarse gravel and soil above. This tusk was broken by the pickaxes of the men, but must have been about six feet in length; it had the grain and markings of ivory, but was reduced to the colour and consistency of horn, and retained a considerable degree of elasticity.

A very perfect specimen was dug up entire in 1842, twelve feet below the surface, out of the drift gravel of Cambridge; it measured five feet in length, and two feet four inches across the chord of its curve, and eleven inches in circumference at the thickest part of its base; this tusk was purchased by the Royal College of Surgeons. The smallest mammoth's tusk which I have seen is in the museum of Mr. Wickham Flower; it is from the drift or till at Ilford, Essex, and has belonged to a very young mammoth; its length measured along the outer curve is twelve inches and a half, and the circumference of its base four inches. It has nevertheless been evidently put to use by the young animal, the tip having been obliquely worn.

Mr. Robert Bald has described a portion of a mammoth's tusk, thirty-nine inches long and thirteen inches in circumference, which was found imbedded in diluvial clay at Clifton Hall, between Edinburgh and Falkirk, fifteen or twenty feet from the present surface. Two other tusks of nearly the same size have been discovered at Kilmaurs in Ayrshire, at the depth of seventeen feet and a half from the surface, in diluvial clay. The state of preservation of these tusks was nearly equal to that of the fossil ivory of Siberia; that described by Mr. Bald was sold by the workmen who found it to an ivory-turner in Edinburgh for two pounds; it was sawn asunder to be made into chessmen. The tusks of the mammoth found in England are usually more decayed; but Dr. Buckland alludes to a tusk from argillaceous diluvium on the Yorkshire coast, which was hard enough to be used by the ivory-turners. A portion of this tusk is now preserved in the museum at Bridlington.

The tusks of the mammoth are so well preserved in the frozen drift of Siberia, that they have long been collected in great numbers for the purposes of commerce.

In the account of the mammoth's bones and teeth of Siberia, published more than a century ago in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' tusks are cited which weighed two hundred pounds each, and 'are used as ivory, to make combs, boxes, and such other things; being but a little more brittle, and easily turning yellow by weather or heat.' From that time to the present there has been no intermission in the supply of ivory furnished by the extinct elephants of a former world.

DR. CARPENTER—DR. ELLIOTSON.

In physiology, Dr. William Benjamin Carpenter has also earned distinction. His chief works are—'Principles of General and Comparative Physiology;' 'Principles of Human Physiology;' 'Vegetable Physiology and Botany;' 'Zoology, and Instinct in Animals;' 'Popular Cyclopædia of Natural Science,' seven volumes; 'Mechanical Philosophy;' 'On the Microscope;' &c. These works were produced between 1839 and 1854, and most of them have gone through several editions. Mr. Morrell, in his 'History of Modern Philosophy,' has said that Dr. Carpenter's works 'manifest some of the best qualities both of the thinker and the observer.' The father of the physiologist, Dr. Lant Carpenter (1780-1840), was a well-known Unitarian minister, and writer on education and theology. Dr. John Elliotson, a London physician, in 1840 published 'Human Physiology,' and afterwards attracted attention by lectures on phrenology and mesmerism. He procured the establishment of a mesmeric hospital, and set up a periodical, 'The Zoist,' in support of his physiological opinions. Mr. Thackeray dedicates his novel of 'Pendennis' to Dr. Elliotson, in acknowledgment of his medical skill, 'great goodness, and kindness,' for which the physician would take no other fee but thanks. This kind physician died in 1858, aged eighty.

HUGH MILLER.

As a popular illustrator of geology, no author approaches Hugh Miller, the self-taught man of science and genius. He was a native of Cromarty, born October 10, 1802. He was of a race of seafaring men well to do in the world, who owned coasting-vessels, and built houses in the town of Cromarty. One of them had done a little in the way of bucaneering on the Spanish main. Most of them perished at sea, including Hugh's father, who was lost in a storm in 1807. By the aid of two maternal uncles, Hugh received the common education of a Scottish country-school, and was put apprentice, by his own desire, to a stone-mason. His sensations and geological discoveries while toiling in the Cromarty quarries are beautifully told in the opening chapters of his work on the Old Red Sandstone. A life of toil, however, in such a sphere as this has its temptations, and the drinking usages of the masons were at that time carried to some excess. Hugh learned to regard the ardent spirits of the dram-shop as high luxuries; they gave lightness and energy to both body and mind. 'Usquebaugh,' he says, 'was simply happiness doled

out by the glass and sold by the gill.' Soon, however, his better genius prevailed.

The Turning-point in Hugh Miller's Life.

In laying down the foundation-stone of one of the larger houses built this year by Uncle David and his partner, the workmen had a royal 'founding pint,' and two whole glasses of the whisky came to my share. A full-grown man would not have deemed a gill of usquebaugh an overdose, but it was considerably too much for me; and when the party broke up, and I got home to my books, I found, as I opened the pages of a favourite author, the letters dancing before my eyes, and that I could no longer master the sense. I have the volume at present before me—a small edition of the Essays of Bacon, a good deal worn at the corners by the friction of the pocket—for of Bacon I never tired. The condition into which I had brought myself was, I felt, one of degradation. I had sunk, by my own act, for the time, to a lower level of intelligence than that on which it was my privilege to be placed; and though the state could have been no very favourable one for forming a resolution, I in that hour determined that I should never again sacrifice my capacity of intellectual enjoyment to a drinking usage; and, with God's help, I was enabled to hold by the determination. . . . I see, in looking back on this my first year of labour, a dangerous point, at which, in the attempt to escape from the sense of depression and fatigue, the craving appetite of the confirmed tippler might have been formed.

This may be considered a grand epoch in the life of Miller. He had laid the foundation of a habit of virtuous self-denial and decision of character, that was certain to bear precious fruits. Removing to Edinburgh for employment, he saw more of the habits of the working-men, and had to fight his way among rather noisy and intemperate associates. He found that mere intelligence formed no guard amongst them against intemperance or licentiousness, but it did form a not ineffectual protection against what are peculiarly the mean vices, such as theft, and the grosser and more creeping forms of untruthfulness and dishonesty. The following is another of his experiences:

Burns tells us that he 'often courted the acquaintance of the part of mankind commonly known by the ordinary phrase of *b ackguards*, and that 'though disgraced by follies, nay sometimes stained with guilt, he had yet found amongst them, in not a few instances, some of the noblest virtues—magnanimity, generosity, disinterested friendship, and even modesty.' I cannot say with the poet that I ever courted the acquaintance of blackguards; but though the labouring-man may select his friends, he cannot choose his work-fellows; and so I have not unfrequently come in contact with blackguards, and have had opportunities of pretty thoroughly knowing them. And my experience of this class has been very much the reverse of that of Burns. I have usually found their virtues of a merely theatric cast, and their vices real; much assumed generosity in some instances, but a callousness of feeling and meanness of spirit lying concealed beneath.

Most men, we believe, will agree with the comment rather than the text, high as Burns's authority is on questions of life and conduct. No man saw more clearly or judged more rightly than Burns, when his passions were not present as a disturbing element; but in this case the poet's use of the term 'blackguard,' like Dr. Johnson's use of the term 'scoundrel,' was perhaps comprehensive enough to include men worthy of a better designation. His experience was then limited and confined to a few companions. Men of the stamp

alluded to are often ready to part with money if it does not directly interfere with their immediate gratification, and have an impulsive generosity of sentiment. But 'noble virtues' require prudence, self-control, regard for the feelings of others, and steady intellectual culture; and these cannot long co-exist with folly and sensuality. One must overpower the other—as in the forest the oak and the brushwood rise together, and either the tree or the parasite soon asserts the superiority. Returning to the north, Hugh Miller ventured on the publication of a volume of 'Poems, written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason,' 1829. The pieces occasionally rise above mediocrity, and are always informed with fine feeling; but there is much more real poetry in his prose works. He next wrote some letters on the 'Herring Fishing,' descriptive of the fisher's life at sea, and they shew his happy observant faculty, and his fine English. He had been a diligent student of the best English authors, and was critically exact and nice in his choice of language. Mr. Miller was now too conspicuous to be much longer employed in hewing *jambs* or *lintels*, or even cutting inscriptions on tombstones, in which (like Telford the engineer in his early days) he greatly excelled. He carried on his geological studies and researches on the coast-lines of the Moray Firth.

The Antiquity of the Globe.

I found that the caves hollowed by the surf, when the sea had stood from fifteen to five-and-twenty feet above its present level, or, as I should perhaps say, when the land had stood that much lower, were deeper, on the average, by about one-third, than those caves of the present coast-line that are still in the course of being hollowed by the waves. And yet the waves have been breaking against the present coast-line during the whole of the historic period. The ancient wall of Antoninus, which stretched between the Firths of Forth and Clyde, was built at its terminations with reference to the existing levels; and ere Cæsar landed in Britain, St. Michael's Mount was connected with the mainland as now, by a narrow neck of beach, laid bare by the ebb, across which, according to Diodorus Siculus, the Cornish miners used to drive at low-water their carts laden with tin. If the sea has stood for two thousand six hundred years against the present coast-line—and no geologist would fix his estimate of the term lower—then must it have stood against the old line, ere it could have excavated caves one-third deeper than the modern ones, three thousand nine hundred years; and both sums united more than exhaust the Hebrew chronology. Yet what a mere beginning of geologic history does not the epoch of the old coast-line form! It is but a starting-point from the recent period. Not a single shell seems to have become extinct during the last six thousand years.

The ancient deposits of the lias, with their mollusca, belemnites, ammonites, and nautili, had by this time overrun the province of the muses, and a nomenclature very different from poetical diction had to be studied. Theological controversy also broke in; and as Miller was always stout on the score of polemics, and withal sufficiently pugnacious, he mingled freely in local church disputes, the forerunners of a national ecclesiastical struggle, in which he was also to take a prominent part. The Reform Bill gave fresh scope for activity, and Miller was zealous on the popular side. He was elected a member of the town-council of Cromarty, and attended at

least one meeting, at which, he says, the only serious piece of business was the councillors clubbing pennies apiece in order to defray, in the utter lack of town funds, the expense of a ninepenny postage. Perhaps Miller's interest in burgh politics was a little cooled at this time by a new influence that began to gain ground upon him. When working in the churchyard, chiselling his 'In Memoriam,' he used to have occasional visitors, and among them several accomplished intellectual ladies, whom he also met occasionally at tea-parties, and conducted through the wild scenes and fossiliferous treasures of the romantic burn of Eathie. Meditations upon the tombs led to love among the rocks, and geology itself had no discoveries or deposits hard enough to shut out the new and tender formation. Miller was overpowered, and circumstances ultimately sanctioned his union with the youngest, the fairest, and most accomplished of his lady-visitors.

He next became accountant in a banking establishment in Cromarty, and in 1834 he published 'Scenes and Legends in the North of Scotland, or the Traditional History of Cromarty'—a work remarkable for the variety of its traditional lore, and the elegance of its style. Fifteen years a stone-mason, and about six years a bank-accountant, Miller's next move was into that position for which he was best adapted, and in which he spent the remainder of his life. The ecclesiastical party in Scotland then known as the 'Non-Intrusionists' (now the Free Church), projected a newspaper to advocate their views; all Mr. Miller's feelings and predilections ran in the same direction; he had sufficiently evinced his literary talents and his zeal in the cause—especially by two able pamphlets on the subject; and accordingly, in 1840, he entered upon his duties as editor of 'The Witness,' a twice-a-week paper. We well remember his farewell dinner at Cromarty—the complacent smiles of old Uncle Sandy, proud of his nephew—the lively earnestness of the minister, Mr. Stewart, varied by inextinguishable peals of laughter, for which he was famous—and Hugh Miller's grave speech, brimful of geology and of choice figurative expression—and the cordial affectionate feeling with which the friends of his youth and manhood bade 'God-speed' to their townsman and historian. Life has few things better than such a meeting even to a spectator, and what must it have been to the prime actor in the little drama? The scene was about to be shifted—new characters introduced, new machinery, new duties, and a wider theatre of action. Opinions, thoughts, and language, gathered and fashioned in obscurity, were now to be submitted to the public glare, and tested by severe standards. But early trials, discipline, and study had braced and elevated the mind—a mind naturally copious, vigorous, and buoyant; and Hugh Miller had been taught what he now set about teaching others, that 'life itself is a school, and nature always a fresh study, and that the man who keeps his eyes and

his mind open, will always find fitting, though it may be hard schoolmasters, to speed him on his life-long education.'

During the remaining fifteen years of his life, besides contributing largely to his paper, Mr. Miller wrote his work on 'The Old Red Sandstone,' 1841, part of which appeared originally in 'Chambers's Journal,' and part in the 'Witness;' his 'First Impressions of England and its People,' 1847; 'Footprints of the Creator, or the Asterolepis of Stromness,' 1850; 'My Schools and Schoolmasters,' an autobiography, 1854; and 'The Testimony of the Rocks,' a work completed, but not published till after his death. Two other posthumous works have since appeared—'The Cruise of the *Betsey*, or a Summer Ramble among the Fossiliferous Deposits of the Hebrides,' 1858; and 'Sketch-Book of Popular Geology, being a Series of Lectures delivered before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh,' with an introduction by Mrs. Miller, giving a résumé of the progress of geological science within the previous two years, published in March 1859. The death of Mr. Miller took place on the 24th of December 1856. He had overtasked his brain, and for some time suffered from visions and delusions combined with paroxysms of acute physical pain. In one of those moments of disordered reason, awaking from a hideous dream, he shot himself in the heart, and must instantly have expired—a sad and awful termination to a life of noble exertion and nigh hopes!

Mr. Miller's first geological work, the treatise on 'The Old Red Sandstone,' is perhaps the most valuable. On that field he was a discoverer, adding to our knowledge of organic remains various members of a great family of fishes existing only in a deposit of the highest antiquity. One of these bears now the name of *Pterichthys Milleri*. He illustrated also the less known floras of Scotland—those of the Old Red Sandstone and the Oolite, giving figured illustrations of the most peculiar. But the great distinguishing merit of Miller is his power of vivid description, which throws a sort of splendour over the fossil remains, and gives life and beauty to the geological landscape. His enthusiasm and word-painting were irresistible. He was in geology what Carlyle is in history, both possessing the power of genius to vivify the past and stir at once the heart and the imagination. In his 'Footprints of the Creator,' Miller combated the development theory. In his last work, 'The Testimony of the Rocks,' 1857, he goes at great length into the question of the antiquity of the globe, endeavouring to reconcile it with the Mosaic account of the creation. Astronomers do not attempt any such reconciliation, and the geologists can never attain to certainty. Miller once believed with Buckland and Chalmers that the six days of the Mosaic narrative were simply natural days of twenty-four hours each, but he was compelled by further study to believe that the days of creation were not natural but prophetic days—unmeasured eras of time stretching

far back into the bygone eternity. The revelation to Moses he supposes to have been optical—a series of visions seen in a recess of the Midian desert, and described by the prophet in language fitted to the ideas of his times. The hypothesis of the Mosaic vision is old—as old as the time of Whiston, who propounded it a century and a half since; but in Miller's hands the vision becomes a splendid piece of sacred poetry.

The Mosaic Vision of Creation.

Such a description of the creative vision of Moses as the one given by Milton of that vision of the future which he represents as conjured up before Adam by the archangel, would be a task rather for the scientific poet than for the mere practical geologist or sober theologian. Let us suppose that it took place far from man, in an untrodden recess of the Midean desert, ere yet the vision of the burning bush had been vouchsafed; and that, as in the vision of St. John in Patmos, voices were mingled with scenes, and the ear as certainly addressed as the eye. A 'great darkness' first falls upon the prophet, like that which in an earlier age fell upon Abraham, but without the 'horror;' and as the Divine Spirit moves on the face of the wildly troubled waters, as a visible aurora enveloped by the pitchy cloud, the great doctrine is orally enunciated, that 'in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' Unreckoned ages, condensed in the vision into a few brief moments, pass away; the creative voice is again heard, 'Let there be light,' and straightway a gray diffused light springs up in the east, and, casting its sickly gleam over a cloud-limited expanse of steaming vaporous sea, journeys through the heavens towards the west. One heavy, sunless day is made the representative of myriads; the faint light waxes fainter—it sinks beneath the dim undefined horizon; the first scene of the drama closes upon the seer; and he sits awhile on his hill-top in darkness, solitary but not sad, in what seems to be a calm and starless night.

The light again brightens—it is day; and over an expanse of ocean without visible bound the horizon has become wider and sharper of outline than before. There is life in that great sea—invertebrate, mayhap also ichthyic, life; but, from the comparative distance of the point of view occupied by the prophet, only the slow roll of its waves can be discerned, as they rise and fall in long undulations before a gentle gale; and what most strongly impresses the eye is the change which has taken place in the atmospheric scenery. That lower stratum of the heavens occupied in the previous vision by seething steam, or gray, smoke-like fog, is clear and transparent; and only in an upper region, where the previously invisible vapour of the tepid sea has thickened in the cold, do the clouds appear. But there, in the higher strata of the atmosphere, they lie, thick and manifold—an upper sea of great waves, separated from those beneath by the transparent firmament, and, like them too, impelled in rolling masses by the wind. A mighty advance has taken place in creation; but its most conspicuous optical sign is the existence of a transparent atmosphere—of a firmament stretched out over the earth, that separates the waters above from the waters below. But darkness descends for the third time upon the seer, for the evening and the morning have completed the second day.

Yet again, the light rises under a canopy of cloud; but the scene has changed, and there is no longer an unbroken expanse of sea. The white surf breaks, at the distant horizon, on an insulated reef, formed mayhap by the Silurian or Old Red coral zoophytes ages before, during the bygone yesterday; and boats in long lines of foam, nearer at hand, against the low, winding shore, the seaward barrier of a widely spread country. For at the Divine command the land has arisen from the deep—not inconspicuously and in scattered islets, as at an earlier time, but in extensive though flat and marshy continents, little raised over the sea-level; and a yet further flat has covered them with the great carboniferous flora. The scene is one of mighty forests of cone-bearing trees—of palms, and tree-ferns, and gigantic club-mosses, on the opener slopes, and of great reeds clustering by the sides of quiet lakes and dark rolling rivers. There is deep gloom in the recesses of the thicker woods, and low thick mists creep along the dank marsh or sluggish stream. But there is a general lightening of the sky overhead; as the day declines, a redder flush than had hitherto

lighted up the prospect falls athwart fern-covered bank and long withdrawing glade. And while the fourth evening has fallen on the prophet, he becomes sensible, as it wears on, and the fourth dawn approaches, that yet another change has taken place. The Creator has spoken, and the stars look out from openings of deep unclouded blue; and as day rises, and the planet of morning pales in the east, the broken cloudlets are transmuted from bronze into gold, and anon the gold becomes fire, and at length the glorious sun arises out of the sea, and enters on his course rejoicing. It is a brilliant day; the waves, of a deeper and softer blue than before, dance and sparkle in the light; the earth with little else to attract the gaze, has assumed a garb of brighter green; and as the sun declines amid even richer glories than those which had encircled his rising, the moon appears full-orbed in the east—to the human eye the second great luminary of the heavens—and climbs slowly to the zenith as night advances, shedding its mild radiance on land and sea.

Again the day breaks; the prospect consists, as before, of land and ocean. There are great pine-woods, reed-covered swamps, wide plains, winding rivers, and broad lakes; and a bright sun shines over all. But the landscape derives its interest and novelty from a feature unmarked before. Gigantic birds stalk along the sands, or wade far into the water in quest of their ichthyic food; while birds of lesser size float upon the lakes, or scream discordant in hovering flocks, thick as insects in the calm of a summer evening, over the narrower seas; or brighten with the sunlit gleam of their wings the thick woods. And ocean has its monsters: great *tanninim* tempest the deep, as they heave their huge bulk over the surface, to inhale the life-sustaining air; and out of their nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a 'seething pot or caldron.' Monstrous creatures, armed in massive scales, haunt the rivers, or scour the flat rank meadows; earth, air, and water are charged with animal life: and the sun sets on a busy scene, in which unerring instinct pursues unremittingly its few simple ends—the support and preservation of the individual, the propagation of the species, and the protection and maintenance of the young.

Again the night descends, for the fifth day has closed; and morning breaks on the sixth and last day of creation. Cattle and beasts of the field graze on the plains; the thick-skinned rhinoceros wallows in the marshes; the squat hippopotamus rustles among the reeds, or plunges sullenly into the river; great herds of elephants seek their food amid the youngherbage of the woods; while animals of fiercer nature—the lion, the leopard, and the bear—harbour in deep caves till the evening, or lie in wait for their prey amid tangled thickets, or beneath some broken bank. At length, as the day wanes and the shadows lengthen, man, the responsible lord of creation, formed in God's own image, is introduced upon the scene, and the work of creation ceases for ever upon the earth. The night falls once more upon the prospect, and there dawns yet another morrow—the morrow of God's rest—that Divine Sabbath in which there is no more creative labour, and which, 'blessed and sanctified' beyond all the days that had gone before, has as its special object the moral elevation and final redemption of man. And over *it* no evening is represented in the record as falling, for its special work is not yet complete. Such seems to have been the sublime panorama of creation exhibited in visions of old to

> The shepherd who first taught the chosen seed,
> In the beginning how the heavens and earth
> Rose out of chaos;

and, rightly understood, I know not a single scientific truth that militates against even the minutest or least prominent of its details.

The subject of the Noachian deluge is discussed at length, Miller holding with Stillingfleet, Poole, and modern authorities, that the deluge was partial as to the earth, but universal as to the human race. There was no novelty in this portion of his argument, and he sometimes misconstrues the opinions of those he opposes. His earnestness and fertility of illustration enchain the reader's attention, but a reperusal only the more convinces us that Mr. Miller's great power lay in

description—not in grappling with the difficulties of speculative philosophy. We give a few more specimens of his exquisite composition.

The Fossil Pine-tree.

But let us trace the history of a single pine-tree of the Oolite, as indicated by its petrified remains. This gnarled and twisted trunk once anchored its roots amid the crannies of a precipice of dark-gray sandstone, that rose over some nameless stream of the Oolite, in what is now the north of Scotland. The rock, which, notwithstanding its dingy colour, was a deposit of the Lower Old Red Sandstone, formed a member of the fish-beds of that system—beds that were charged then, as now, with numerous fossils, as strange and obsolete in the creation of the Oolite as in the creation which at present exists. It was a firm, indestructible stone, covered by a thin, barren soil; and the twisted rootlets of the pine, rejected and thrown backwards from its more solid planes, had to penetrate into its narrow fissures for a straightened and meagre subsistence. The tree grew but slowly: in considerably more than half a century it had attained to a diameter of little more than ten inches a foot over the soil; and its bent and twisted form gave evidence of the life of hardship to which it was exposed. It was, in truth, a picturesque rag of a tree, that for the first few feet twisted itself round like an overborne wrestler struggling to escape from under his enemy, and then struck out at an abrupt angle, and stretched itself like a bent arm over the stream. It must have resembled, on its bald eminence, that pine-tree of a later time described by Scott, that high above 'ash and oak'

> Cast anchor in the rifted rock,
> And o'er the giddy chasm hung
> His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
> Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
> His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.

The seasons passed over it: every opening spring gave its fringe of tenderest green to its spiky foliage, and every returning autumn saw it shed its cones into the stream below. Many a delicate fern sprang up and decayed around its gnarled and fantastic root, single-leaved and simple of form, like the Scolopendria of our caverns and rock recesses, or fretted into many a slim pinnate leaflet, like the minute maidenhair or the graceful lady-fern. Flying reptiles have perched amid its boughs; the light-winged dragon-fly has darted on wings of gauze through the openings of its lesser twigs; the tortoise and the lizard have hybernated during the chills of winter amid the hollows of its roots; for many years it formed one of the minor features in a wild picturesque scene, on which human eye never looked; and at length, touched by decay, its upper branches began to wither and bleach white in the winds of heaven; when shaken by a sudden hurricane that came roaring adown the ravine, the mass of rock in which it had been anchored at once gave way, and, bearing fast jammed among its roots a fragment of the mass which we still find there, and from which we read a portion of its story, it was precipitated into the foaming torrent. Dancing on the eddies, or lingering amid the pools, or shooting, arrow-like, adown the rapids, it at length finds its way to the sea; and after sailing over beds of massive coral—the ponderous Isastrea and more delicate Thamnastrea—and after disturbing the Enaliosaur and Belemnite in their deep green haunts, it sinks, saturated with water, into a bed of arenaceous mud, to make its appearance, after long ages, in the world of man—a marble mummy of the old Oolite forest—and to be curiously interrogated regarding its character and history.

The National Intellect of England and Scotland.

There is an order of English mind to which Scotland has not attained: our first men stand in the second rank, not a foot-breadth behind the foremost of England's second-rank men; but there is a front rank of British intellect in which there stands no Scotchman. Like that class of the mighty men of David, to which Abishai and Benaiah belonged—great captains, who went down into pits in the time of snow and slew lions, or 'who lifted up the spear against three hundred men at once, and prevailed'—they attained not, with all their greatness, to the might of the first class. Scotland has produced no Shakspeare; Burns and Sir Walter Scott united would fall

short of the stature of the giant of Avon. Of Milton we have not even a representative. A Scotch poet has been injudiciously named as not greatly inferior, but I shall not do wrong to the memory of an ingenious young man [Pollock], cut off just as he had mastered his powers, by naming him again in a connection so perilous. *He* at least was guiltless of the comparison; and it would be cruel to involve him in the ridicule which it is suited to excite. Bacon is as exclusively unique as Milton, and as exclusively English; and though the grandfather of Newton was a Scotch man, we have certainly no Scotch Sir Isaac. I question, indeed, whether any Scotchman attains to the powers of Locke: there is as much solid thinking in the 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' greatly as it has become the fashion of the age to depreciate it, and notwithstanding his fundamental error, as in the works of all our Scotch metaphysicians put together. It is, however, a curious fact, and worthy, certainly, of careful examination, as bearing on the question of development purely through the force of circumstances, that all the very great men of England—all its first-class men—belong to ages during which the grinding persecutions of the Stuarts repressed Scottish energy, and crushed the opening mind of the country; and that no sooner was the weight removed, like a pavement slab from over a flower-bed, than straightway Scottish intellect sprung up, and attained to the utmost height to which English intellect was rising at the time. The English philosophers and literati of the eighteenth century were of a greatly lower stature than the Miltons and Shakspeares, Bacons and Newtons, of the two previous centuries; they were second-class men—the tallest, however, of their age anywhere; and among these the men of Scotland take no subordinate place. Though absent from the competition in the previous century, through the operation of causes palpable in the history of the time, we find them quite up to the mark for the age in which they appear. No English philosopher for the last hundred and fifty years produced a greater revolution in human affairs than Adam Smith; or exerted a more powerful influence on opinion than David Hume; or did more to change the face of the mechanical world than James Watt. The 'History of England' produced by a Scotchman is still emphatically *the* 'English History;' nor, with all its defects, is it likely to be soon superseded. Robertson, if inferior in the untaught felicities of narration to his illustrious countrymen, is at least inferior to none of his English contemporaries. The prose fictions of Smollett have kept their ground quite as well as those of Fielding, and better than those of Richardson. Nor does England during the century exhibit higher manifestations of the poetic spirit than those exhibited by Thomson and by Burns. To use a homely but expressive Scotticism, Scotland seems to have lost her *bairn-time* of the giants; but in the after *bairn-time* of merely tall men, her children were quite as tall as any of their contemporaries.

The 'Life and Letters of Hugh Miller' have been published by PETER BAYNE, M.A., two volumes, 1871. This is a copious—too copious—but interesting work, embracing a full account of the ecclesiastical questions in which Miller was so deeply and earnestly engaged. An excellent summary of his life and works is also given in a volume of biographies, entitled 'Golden Lives,' by HENRY A. PAGE, 1874.

Popular views of physical science in almost every department will be found in the works of DR. DIONYSIUS LARDNER (1793–1859). These are—'Hand-book of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy,' three volumes, 1851–53; 'Museum of Science and Art,' twelve volumes, 1854–56; 'Railway Economy,' 1850; with treatises on Hydrostatics and Pneumatics, Heat, &c.

MR. DAVID THOMAS ANSTED (born in London in 1814). Professor of Geology at King's College, London, has written several valuable works on his favourite science. The most popular of these is his 'Geology, Introductory, Descriptive, and Practical,' two volumes,

1844; 'The Ancient World, or Picturesque Sketches of Great Britain,' 1847; also several geological manuals. Few men have done more to popularise any one branch of science than Professor Ansted. In 1844 he was appointed Vice-secretary of the Geological Society; in 1868, Examiner in Physical Geography in the Department of Science and Art.

The late PROFESSOR JOHN FLEMING, Edinburgh (1785-1857), did much to advance natural science in Scotland. His principal works are—'The Philosophy of Zoology,' two volumes, 1822; 'The History of British Animals,' 1828; 'Molluscous Animals, including Shell-fish,' 1837; 'The Temperature of the Seasons,' 1851; 'On the Different Branches of Natural History' (Address at the meeting of the British Association), 1855; 'The Lithology of Edinburgh,' 1858; and various papers in the scientific journals. Dr. Fleming was born at Kirkroads, near Bathgate, Linlithgowshire. He entered the Scottish church, and was successively minister of Bressay in Shetland, Flisk in Fifeshire, and Clackmannan. He afterwards was Professor of Natural Philosophy in King's College, Aberdeen. Another early student of geology in Scotland was MR CHARLES MACLAREN, Edinburgh (1782-1866), who published an account of the 'Geology of Fife and the Lothians,' 1839. Before this, he had contributed to various scientific journals, and written a 'Dissertation on the Topography of the Plain of Troy,' 1822. Mr. Maclaren was the original editor of 'The Scotsman,' Edinburgh newspaper, commenced in 1817, and his editorship extended over a period of about thirty years. In 1847 he resigned the conduct of the paper to a very able political writer, MR. ALEXANDER RUSSEL (1814-1876), who was author of a treatise on the Salmon, and of contributions to the 'Edinburgh' and 'Quarterly' Reviews: a man of great energy, and of bright and versatile powers. In 1869, two volumes of Mr. Maclaren's 'Select Writings' were published by Mr. Robert Cox and Professor James Nicol of Aberdeen.

CHARLES DARWIN.

This eminent naturalist, grandson of the poet (see *ante*), was born at Shrewsbury in 1809. After education at the grammar-school of his native town, and at the universities of Edinburgh and Cambridge, he volunteered to accompany Captain Fitzroy in H.M.S. *Beagle* as naturalist on an expedition for the survey of South America and the circumnavigation of the globe. About five years were spent on this survey, and Mr. Darwin had ample opportunities for studying nature under new and interesting aspects:

First Conception of the Theory of Natural Selection.

When (he says) I visited, during the voyage of H.M.S. *Beagle*, the Galapagos Archipelago, situated in the Pacific Ocean, about five hundred miles from South America, I found myself surrounded by peculiar species of birds, reptiles, and plants, existing nowhere else in the world. Yet they nearly all bore an American stamp. In the song of the mocking-thrush, in the harsh cry of the carrion-hawk, in the great

candlestick-like opuntias. I clearly perceived the neighbourhood of America, though the islands was separated by so many miles of ocean from the mainland, and differed much in their geological constitution and climate. Still more surprising was the fact that most of the inhabitants of each separate island in this small archipelago were specifically different, though most closely related to each other. The whole archipelago, with its innumerable craters and bare streams of lava, appeared to be of recent origin, and thus I fancied myself brought near to the very act of creation. I often asked myself how these many peculiar animals and plants had been produced: the simplest answer seemed to be that the inhabitants of the several islands had descended from each other, undergoing modification in the course of their descent; and that all the inhabitants of the archipelago were descended from those of the nearest land, namely, America, whence colonists would naturally have been derived. But it long remained to me an inexplicable problem how the necessary degree of modification could have been effected, and it would thus have remained for ever had I not studied domestic productions, and thus acquired a just idea of the power of selection. As soon as I had fully realised this idea, I saw on reading Malthus on Population, that natural selection was the inevitable result of the rapid increase of all organic beings; for I was prepared to appreciate the struggle for existence by having long studied the habits of animals.

Mr. Darwin returned to England in October 1836, and commenced publishing the results of his long voyage and his minute observation: 'Journal of Researches into the Natural History and Geology of the Countries visited during the Voyage of H.M.S. *Beagle*, 1839; 'On the Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs,' 1842; Geological Observations on Volcanic Islands,' 1844; Geological Observations on South America,' 1846; and 'A Monograph of the Cirripedia,' published by the Ray Society in 1851–3 (a remarkable work on zoology). Mr. Darwin's next work was that which may be said to have stirred all Europe by the boldness of its speculations and theories—'On the Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life,' 1859. His subsequent publications have been—'Fertilisation of Orchids through Insect Agency, and as to the Good of Inter-crossing,' 1862; 'Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication,' 1867; 'The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex,' 1871; 'Expression of the Emotions to Man and Animals,' 1872; 'Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants,' 1874; and numerous geological and botanical papers in scientific journals. The theory of natural selection advocated by Mr. Darwin is of ancient date—as old as Lucretius—and has been maintained by Lamarck and others; but Mr. Darwin conceived that these previous schemes or theories afford no explanation of the mode in which the alleged progressive transmutation of organic bodies from the lowest to the highest grades has taken place. Species, he says, are not immutable. Organisms vary and multiply at a greater rate than their means of subsistence. The offspring resemble their parents in general points, but vary in particulars. 'Amid the struggle for existence which has been always going on among living beings, variations of bodily conformation and structure, if in any degree profitable to an individual of any species, will tend to the preservation of that individual, and will generally be inherited by its offspring.' In the struggle for life, the

strongest of course prevail; the weak die; and this is the principle or hypothesis of natural selection, or survival of the fittest, which Mr. Darwin illustrates by a vast store of facts, gleaned from almost innumerable sources, and brought forward with a philosophic calmness and modesty worthy of all honour and imitation. The illustrations are often interesting, but the theory wants proof; even Professor Huxley admits that it is 'not absolutely proven that a group of animals, having all the characters exhibited by species in nature, has ever been originated by selection, whether artificial or natural.' M. Agassiz wholly repudiates it: 'The animals known to the ancients are still in existence, exhibiting to this day the characters they exhibited of old. Until the facts of nature are shewn to have been mistaken by those who have collected them, and that they have a diff rent meaning from that now generally assigned to them, I shall therefore consider the transmutation theory as a scientific mistake, untrue in its facts, unscientific in its methods, and mischievous in its tendency.' Professor Owen, in his 'Classification of Mammalia,' is also opposed to the theory. Mr. Darwin, in his 'Origin of Species,' has given what we may call

A Poetical View of Natural Selection.

It is interesting to contemplate a tangled bank clothed with many plants of many kinds, with birds singing on the bushes, with various insects flitting about, and with worms crawling through the damp earth, and to reflect that these elaborately constructed forms, so different from each other, and dependent upon each other in so complex a manner, have all been produced by laws acting around us. These laws, taken in the largest sense, being growth with reproduction; inheritance, which is almost implied by reproduction; variability from the indirect and direct action of the conditions of life, and from use and disuse; a ratio of increase so high as to lead to a struggle for life, and as a consequence to natural selection, entailing divergence of character and the extinction of less-improved forms. Thus, from the war of nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving —namely, the production of the higher animals—directly follows. There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed laws of gravity, from so simple a beginning, endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been and are being evolved.

Utilitarianism is not the sole motive or mover:

I willingly admit that a great number of male animals, as all our most gorgeous birds, some fishes, reptiles, and mammals, and a host of magnificently coloured butterflies, have been rendered beautiful for beauty's sake, but this has been effected through sexual selection—that is, by the more beautiful males having been continually preferred by the females, and not for the delight of man. So it is with the music of birds. We only infer from all this that a nearly similar taste for beautiful colours and for musical sounds runs through a large part of the animal kingdom.

This seems as fanciful and poetical as the elder Darwin's 'Loves of the Plants.' The theory of evolution has been carried to its farthest extreme—the descent of man. Mr. Darwin conceives that our early or common progenitor was an ape—one of the *quadrumana*. 'The quadrumana and all the higher mammals are probably derived from an ancient marsupial animal, and this through a long line of diversi-

fied forms, either from some reptile-like or some amphibian-like creature, and this again from some fish-like animal.' Of course a theory so revolting to the pride of human nature—so irreconcilable with the records of both revelation and geology—was sure to occasion keen controversy. One of the most learned opponents of Mr. Darwin is Mr. St. George Mivart, who contends that man, the ape, and the half-ape cannot be arranged in a single ascending series of which man is the term and culmination. The similarity of structure in some things is no proof of common origin. Each species has been independently created. Bishop Wilberforce attacked the theory in the 'Quarterly Review,' and various other answers appeared.

'The endeavour of Cuvier to construct from the study of fossil bones an anatomical and physiological history of the individual animal of which these bones are the sole remains, was quite logical; but is wholly different in principle from the fallacious attempts to make the facts of *ontogenesis*, or individual embryonic development, prove the validity of *phylogenesis*, or evolution of the line of all living forms by gradual increase and modification of structure throughout innumerable generations, in the course of millions of years, from a spontaneously produced shapeless mass of protoplasm, like the flake of the white of an egg.' *

Of the mental difference between man and the lower animals—the gulf that separates them—and especially on the subject of language, some remarks by Professor Max Müller will be found in a subsequent page. The following extracts will give some idea of Mr. Darwin's style:

Variability.

Not only the various domestic races, but the most distinct genera and orders within the same great class—for instance, mammals, birds, reptiles, and fishes—are all the descendants of one common progenitor, and we must admit that the whole vast amount of difference between these forms has primarily arisen from simple variability. To consider the subject under this point of view is enough to strike one dumb with amazement. But our amazement ought to be lessened when we reflect that beings almost infinite in number, during an almost infinite lapse of time, have often had their whole organisation rendered in some degree plastic, and that each slight modification of structure which was in any way beneficial under excessively complex conditions of life has been preserved, whilst each which was in any way injurious has been rigorously destroyed. And the long-continued accumulation of beneficial variations will infallibly have led to structures as diversified, as beautifully adapted for various purposes, and as excellently co-ordinated as we see in the animals and plants around us. Hence I have spoken of selection as the paramount power, whether applied by man to the formation of domestic breeds, or by nature to the production of species. If an architect were to rear a noble and commodious edifice, without the use of cut stone, by selecting from the fragments at the base of a precipice wedge-formed stones for his arches, elongated stones for his lintels, and flat stones for his roof, we should admire his skill, and regard him as the paramount power. Now, the fragments of stone, though indispensable to the architect, bear to the edifice built by him, the same relation which the fluctuating variations of organic beings bear to the varied and admirable structures ultimately acquired by their modified descendants.

Some authors have declared that natural selection explains nothing, unless the

* Mr. Wharton Jones' *Lecture on Evolution.*

precise cause of each slight individual difference be made clear. If it were explained to a savage utterly ignorant of the art of building how the edifice had been raised stone upon stone, and why wedge-formed fragments were used for the arches, flat stones for the roof, &c.; and if the use of each part and of the whole building were pointed out, it would be unreasonable if he declared that nothing had been made clear to him, because the precise cause of the shape of each fragment could not be told. But this is a nearly parallel case with the objection that selection explains nothing, because we know not the cause of each individual difference in the structure of each being.

The shape of the fragments of stone at the base of our precipice may be called accidental, but this is not strictly correct; for the shape of each depends on a long sequence of events, all obeying natural laws; on the nature of the rock, on the lines of deposition or cleavage, on the form of the mountain, which depends on its upheaval and subsequent denudation, and lastly on the storm or earthquake which throws down the fragments. But in regard to the use to which the fragments may be put, their shape may be strictly said to be accidental. And here we are led to face a great difficulty, in alluding to which I am aware I am travelling beyond my proper province. An omniscient Creator must have foreseen every consequence which results from the laws imposed by Him. But can it reasonably be maintained that the Creator intentionally ordered, if we use the words in any ordinary sense, that certain fragments of rock should assume certain shapes so that the builder might erect his edifice? If the various laws which have determined the shape of each fragment were not predetermined for the builder's sake, can it be maintained with any greater probability that He specially ordained for the sake of the breeder each of the innumerable variations in our domestic animals and plants; many of these variations being of no service to man, and not beneficial, far more often injurious, to the creatures themselves? Did He ordain that the crop and tail-feathers of the pigeon should vary in order that the fancier might make his grotesque pouter and fantail breeds? Did He cause the frame and mental qualities of the dog to vary in order that a breed might be formed of indomitable ferocity, with jaws fitted to pin down the bull for man's brutal sport? But if we give up the principle in one case—if we do not admit that the variations of the primeval dog were intentionally guided in order that the greyhound, for instance, that perfect image of symmetry and vigour, might be formed—no shadow of reason can be assigned for the belief that variations, alike in nature and the result of the same general laws, which have been the groundwork through natural selection of the formation of the most perfectly adapted animals in the world, man included, were intentionally and specially guided. However much we may wish it, we can hardly follow Professor Asa Gray in his belief, 'that variation has been led along certain beneficial lines of irrigation' If we assume that each particular variation was from the beginning of all time pre-ordained, then that plasticity of organisation which leads to many injurious deviations of structure as well as the redundant power of reproduction which inevitably leads to a struggle for existence, and as a consequence, to the natural selection or survival of the fittest, must appear to us superfluous laws of nature. On the other hand an omnipotent and omniscient Creator ordains everything and foresees everything. Thus we are brought face to face with a difficulty as insoluble as is that of free will and predestination.

Improvement in Flowers.

Buffon, on comparing the flowers, fruit, and vegetables which were then cultivated with some excellent drawings made a hundred and fifty years previously, was struck with surprise at the great improvement which had been effected: and remarks that these ancient flowers and vegetables would now be rejected, not only by a florist, but by a village gardener. Since the time of Buffon the work of improvement has steadily and rapidly gone on. Every florist who compares our present flowers with those figured in books published not long since, is astonished at the change. A well-known amateur, in speaking of the varieties of Pelargonium raised by Mr. Garth only twenty-two years before, remarks: 'What a rage they excited; surely we had attained perfection, it was said, and now not one of the flowers of those days will be looked at. But none the less is the debt of gratitude which we owe to those who saw what was to be done, and did it.' Mr. Paul, the well-known horticulturist, in writ-

ing of the same flower, says he remembers, when young, being delighted with the portraits in Sweet's work; 'but what are they in point of beauty compared with the Pelargoniums of this day? Here, again, nature did not advance by leaps; the improvement was gradual, and if we had neglected those very gradual advances, we must have foregone the present grand results.' How well this practical horticulturist appreciates and illustrates the gradual and accumulative force of selection! The dahlia has advanced in beauty in like manner; the line of improvement being guided by fashion, and by the successive modifications which the flower slowly underwent. A steady and gradual change has been noticed in many other flowers: thus, an old florist, after describing the leading varieties of the pink which were grown in 1813, adds, 'the pinks of those days would now be scarcely grown as border-flowers.' The improvement of so many flowers, and the number of the varieties which have been raised, is all the more striking when we hear (from Prescott's 'History of Mexico') that the earliest known flower-garden in Europe, namely, at Padua, dates only from the year 1545.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.

In love of science, as well as in similarity of opinions and pursuits, PROFESSOR HUXLEY resembles his friend Mr. Darwin. Having studied medicine in his twenty-first year he obtained the appointment of assistant surgeon to H.M.S. *Rattlesnake* during the surveying cruise in the South Pacific and Torres Straits. During the three years of the survey, Mr. Huxley studied the numerous marine animals which were collected from time to time, and sent home notes of his observations, which were published in the 'Philosophical Transactions' under the title of 'On the Anatomy and Affinities of the Family of the Medusæ.' Further contributions to the same work were published, and were so highly appreciated that in 1851 Mr. Huxley was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and next year received one of the two royal medals of the Society. He had now taken his place as one of the most distinguished naturalists and comparative anatomists of the age, and in 1854 he was appointed successor to Edward Forbes as Professor of Natural History in the Royal School of Mines. His scientific publications have earned for him fame and honours both at home and abroad. The most notable of these works are—'Observations on Glaciers,' written jointly with Mr. Tyndall, 1857; 'On the Theory of the Vertebrate Skull,' 1858; 'The Oceanic Hydrozoa,' 1858; 'Man's Place in Nature,' 1863; 'Lectures on Comparative Anatomy,' 1864; 'Lessons in Elementary Physiology,' 1866; 'Classification of Animals,' 1869; 'Lay Sermons, Addresses and Reviews,' 1870; &c. The contributions of Mr. Huxley to scientific journals and associations are much too numerous for us to mention here. Some of his lectures on the 'Phenomena of Organic Nature,' delivered to working-men at the museum of Practical Geology, have been published in a separate form, and widely circulated. Mr. Huxley is a bold and fearless thinker and inquirer. 'Men of science,' he says, 'do not pledge themselves to creeds; they are bound by articles of no sort; there is not a single belief that it is not a bounden duty with them to hold with a light hand, and to part with it cheerfully the moment it is really proved to be contrary to any fact, great or small.' The proof, however, must be irresistible, and

on this point we may quote another observation made by Mr. Huxley:

Caution to Philosophic Inquirers.

The growth of physical science is now so prodigiously rapid, that those who are actively engaged in keeping up with the present, have much ado to find time to look at the past, and even grow into the habit of neglecting it. But natural as this result may be, it is none the less detrimental. The intellect loses, for there is assuredly no more effectual method of clearing up one's own mind on any subject than by talking it over, so to speak, with men of real power and grasp who have considered it from a totally different point of view. The parallax of time helps us to the true conception, as the parallax of space helps us to that of a star. And the moral nature loses no less. It is well to turn aside from the fretful stir of the present, and to dwell with gratitude and respect upon the services of those mighty men of old who have gone down to the grave with their weapons of war, but who, while they yet lived, won splendid victories over ignorance.

Professor Huxley is a native of Ealing in Middlesex, born in 1825. He studied medicine in the Medical School of Charing-Cross Hospital, and in 1846 entered the medical service of the royal navy. He is now Professor of Anatomy in the Royal College of Surgeons, and Fullerian Professor of Physiology in the Royal Institution. He is a Vice-president of the Zoological and the Geological Societies, &c.

The Objectors to Scientific Inquiry.

There are in the world a number of extremely worthy, well-meaning persons, whose judgments and opinions are entitled to the utmost respect on account of their sincerity, who are of opinion that vital phenomena, and especially all questions relating to the origin of vital phenomena, are questions quite apart from the ordinary run of inquiry, and are, by their very nature, placed out of our reach. They say that all these phenomena originated miraculously, or in some way totally different from the ordinary course of nature, and that therefore they conceive it to be futile, not to say presumptuous, to attempt to inquire into them.

To such sincere and earnest persons I would only say, that a question of this kind is not to be shelved upon theoretic or speculative grounds. You may remember the story of the Sophist who demonstrated to Diogenes in the most complete and satisfactory manner, that he could not walk; that, in fact, all motion was an impossibility; and that Diogenes refuted him by simply getting up and walking round his tub. So, in the same way, the man of science replies to objections of this kind, by simply getting up and walking onward, and shewing what science has done and is doing—by pointing to the immense mass of facts which have been ascertained and systematised under the forms of the great doctrines of Morphology, of Development, of Distribution, and the like. He sees an enormous mass of facts and laws relating to organic beings, which stand on the same good sound foundation as every other natural law. With this mass of facts and laws before us, therefore, seeing that, as far as organic matters have hitherto been accessible and studied, they have shewn themselves capable of yielding to scientific investigation, we may accept this as a proof that order and law reign there as well as in the rest of nature. The man of science says nothing to objectors of this sort, but supposes that we can and shall walk to a knowledge of organic nature, in the same way that we have walked to a knowledge of the laws and principles of the inorganic world.

But there are objectors who say the same from ignorance and ill-will. To such I would reply that the objection comes ill from them, and that the real presumption—I may almost say, the real blasphemy—in this matter, is in the attempt to limit that inquiry into the causes of phenomena, which is the source of all human blessings, and from which has sprung all human prosperity and progress; for, after all, we can accomplish comparatively little; the limited range of our own faculties bounds us on every side—the field of our powers of observation is small enough, and he who

endeavours to narrow the sphere of our inquiries is only pursuing a course that is likely to produce the greatest harm to his fellow-men. . . .

All human inquiry must stop somewhere; all our knowledge and all our investigation cannot take us beyond the limits set by the finite and restricted character of our faculties, or destroy the endless unknown, which accompanies, like its shadow, the endless procession of phenomena. So far as I can venture to offer an opinion on such a matter, the purpose of our being in existence, the highest object that human beings can set before themselves is not the pursuit of any such chimera as the annihilation of the unknown; but it is simply the unwearied endeavour to remove its boundary a little further from our little sphere of action.

The Power of Speech.

What is it that constitutes and makes man what he is? What is it but his power of language—that language giving him the means of recording his experience—making every generation somewhat wiser than its predecessor—more in accordance with the established order of the universe? What is it but this power of speech, of recording experience, which enables men to be men—looking before and after, and, in some dim sense, understanding the working of this wondrous universe—and which distinguishes man from the whole of the brute world? I say that this functional difference is vast, unfathomable, and truly infinite in its consequences.

FRIEDRICH MAXIMILIAN MÜLLER.

We may supplement Mr. Huxley's eloquent sentence by observations from Professor Max Müller on the same subject:

Language the Barrier between Brute and Man.

We see that the lowest of savages—men whose language is said to be no better than the clucking of hens, or the twittering of birds, and who have been declared in many respects lower than even animals, possess this one specific characteristic, that if you take one of their babies, and bring it up in England, it will learn to speak as well as any English baby, while no amount of education will elicit any attempts at language from the highest animals, whether biped or quadruped. This disposition cannot have been formed by definite nervous structures, congenitally framed, for we are told by the best agriologists that both father and mother clucked like hens. This fact, therefore, unless disproved by experiment, remains, whatever the explanation may be. . . .

Language is the one great barrier between the brute and man. Man speaks, and no brute has ever uttered a word. Language is something more palpable than a fold of the brain or an angle of the skull. It admits of no cavilling, and no process of natural selection will ever distil significant words out of the notes of birds or the cries of beasts. No scholar, so far as I know, has ever controverted any of these statements. But when evolutionism became, as it fully deserved, the absorbing interest of all students of nature; when it was supposed that, if a *moneres* could develop into a man, *bow-wow* and *pooh-pooh* might well have developed by imperceptible degrees into Greek and Latin, I thought it was time to state the case for the science of language—a statement of facts, shewing that the results of the science of language did not at present tally with the results of evolutionism, that words could no longer be derived directly from imitative and interjectional sounds, that between these sounds and the first beginnings of language, in the technical sense of the word, a barrier had been discovered, represented by what we call roots, and that, as far as we know, no attempt, not even the faintest, has ever been made by any animal, except man, to approach or to cross that barrier. I went one step further. I shewed that roots were with men the embodiments of general concepts, and that the only way in which man realised general concepts, was by means of those roots, and words derived from roots. . . .

That there is in us an animal—ay, a bestial nature—has never been denied: to deny it would take away the very foundation of psychology and ethics. We cannot be reminded too often that all the materials of our knowledge we share with animals; that, like them, we begin with sensuous impressions, and then, like ourselves,

and like ourselves only, proceed to the general, the ideal, and the eternal. We cannot be reminded too often that in many things we are like the beasts of the field, but that like ourselves and like ourselves only, we can rise superior to our bestial self, and strive after what is unselfish, good, and Godlike. The wing by which we soar above the sensuous, was called by wise men of old the *agape*; the wing which lifts us above the sensual, was called by good men of old the *daimonion*. Let us take continual care, especially within the precincts of the temple of science, lest by abusing the gift of speech, or doing violence to the voice of conscience, we soil the two wings of our soul, and fall back, through our own fault, to the dreaded level of the gorilla.

Friedrich Maximilian Müller (usually contracted to F. Max Müller) is, as his name imports, a native of Germany, born at Dessau in 1823. He studied at Leipsic, and was early distinguished for his proficiency in Sanscrit. He repaired to Berlin and to Paris for the prosecution of his philological studies, and especially to collate MSS. relative to his 'Rig-Veda-Sanhita,' or Sacred Hymns of the Brahmans. For the same purpose, he examined the MSS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford and in the Indian House. His great work was published at the expense of the East India Company. He took up his residence at Oxford, where he gave lectures on comparative philology, was made a member of Christ Church and M.A. in 1851, Professor of Modern Languages, curator in the Bodleian Library, Fellow of All Souls, &c. He was made one of the eight foreign members of the Institute of France, and has received the honorary degree of LL.D. from both the universities of Cambridge and Edinburgh. Few foreigners have been so honoured in England, or so familiar with its language and literature and institutions. As an oriental scholar, Professor Müller has no superior in England or in Germany. His 'Rig-Veda' extends to six quarto volumes, and he has published Hand-books for the study of Sanscrit, a Sanscrit-English Dictionary and Grammar, &c. His 'Lectures on the Science of Language,' two volumes, are now (1876) in their eighth edition; his 'Introduction to the Science of Religion' (four lectures delivered at the Royal Institution), with 'Essays on Mythology,' 'On the Stratification of Language,' 'On Missions' (a lecture delivered in Westminster Abbey in 1873), and 'Chips from a German Workshop,' are all well known and appreciated in this country. The 'Chips' form four volumes, the latest being published in 1875; they range over various subjects, but are chiefly on the Professor's favourite science of language, and are written in a style clear, forcible, and often picturesque. The following is a short extract from 'Lectures on the Science of Language:'

Spread of the Latin Language.

There is a peculiar charm in watching the various changes of form and meaning in words passing down from the Ganges or the Tiber into the great ocean of modern speech. In the 6th century B.C. the Latin dialect was confined to a small territory. It was but one dialect out of many that were spoken all over Italy. But it grew—it became the language of Rome and of the Romans, it absorbed all the other dialects of Italy, the Umbrian, the Oscan, the Etruscan, the Celtic, and became by conquest the language of Central Italy, of Southern and Northern Italy. From thence it

spread to Gaul, to Spain, to Germany, to Dacia on the Danube. It became the language of law and government in the civilised portions of Northern Asia, and it was carried through the heralds of Christianity to the most distant parts of the globe. It supplanted in its victorious progress the ancient vernaculars of Gaul, Spain, and Portugal, and it struck deep roots in parts of Switzerland and Walachia. When it came in contact with the more vigorous idioms of the Teutonic tribes, though it could not supplant or annihilate them, it left on their surface a thick layer of foreign words, and it thus supplied the greater portion in the dictionary of nearly all the civilised nations of the world. Words which were first used by Italian shepherds are now used by the statesmen of England, the poets of France, the philosophers of Germany; and the faint echo of their pastoral conversation may be heard in the senate of Washington, in the cathedral of Calcutta, and in the settlements of New Zealand.

I shall trace the career of a few of those early Roman words, in order to shew how words may change, and how they adapt themselves to the changing wants of each generation. I begin with the royal word *Palace*. A palace now is the abode of a royal family. But if we look at the history of the name we are soon carried back to the shepherds of the Seven Hills. There, on the Tiber, one of the Seven Hills was called the *Collis Palatinus*, and the hill was called Palatinus, from *Pales*, a pastoral deity, whose festival was celebrated every year on the 21st of April as the birthday of Rome. It was to commemorate the day on which Romulus, the wolf-child, was supposed to have drawn the first furrow on the foot of that hill, and thus to have laid the foundation of the most ancient part of Rome, the *Roma Quadrata*. On this hill, the Collis Palatinus, stood in later times the houses of Cicero and of his neighbour and enemy Catiline. Augustus built his mansion on the same hill, and his example was followed by Tiberius and Nero. Under Nero all private houses had to be pulled down on the Collis Platinus, in order to make room for the emperor's residence, the *Domus Aurea*, as it was called, the Golden House. This house of Nero's was henceforth called the *Palatium*, and it became the type of all the palaces of the kings and emperors of Europe. . . .

Another modern word, the English *court*, the French *cour*, the Italian *corte*, carries us back to the same locality and to the same distant past. It was on the hill of Latium that *cohors* or *cors* was first used in the sense of a *hurdle*, an *inclosure*, a *cattle-yard*. The *cohortes* or divisions of the Roman army were called by the same name; so many soldiers constituted a pen or a court. . . .

Thus *cors, cortis*, from meaning a pen, a cattle-yard, became in medieval Latin *curtis*, and was used like the German *Hof* of the farms and castles built by Roman settlers in the provinces of the empire. These farms became the centres of villages and towns, and in the modern names of Vraucourt, Graincourt, Leincourt, Magnicourt, Aubigneicourt, the older names of Vari curtis, Grani curtis, Leonii curtis, Manii curtis, Albini curtis, have been discovered.

Lastly, from meaning a fortified place, *curtis* rose to the dignity of a royal residence, and became synonymous with palace. The two names having started from the same place, met again at the end of their long career.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

The Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution has had a very active and checkered career. JOHN TYNDALL, a native of Ireland, was born about the year 1820, and was employed for some years on the Ordnance Survey. 'While stationed at Cork, he worked at mapping in the same room with a very able man, Mr. Lawrence Ivers. Noticing the work and conduct of Tyndall, Mr. Ivers asked him how he employed his leisure time. "You have five hours a day at your own disposal," he said, "and these ought to be devoted to systematic study." Next morning Tyndall was at his books before five o'clock, and for twelve years afterwards he never swerved from the practice."* He was next engaged in railway work,

* Supplement to *English Cyclopædia* (Biography).

then studying abroad, first under Professor Bunsen at Marburg in Hesse Cassel, and afterwards at Berlin in the laboratory of Professor Magnus. In 1852 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1853 he was unanimously appointed to the Professorship of Natural Philosophy. In 1856, in company with Professor Huxley, he visited Switzerland, and the result was a series of papers by the two friends on the structure and motion of glaciers. Other journeys and investigations were undertaken by Professor Tyndall, and described in his work on the 'Glaciers of the Alps,' 1860. He has since published 'Mountaineering,' 1861; 'A Vacation Tour,' 1862; 'Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion,' 1863; 'On Radiation,' 1865; 'Sound, a Course of Eight Lectures,' 1867; 'Faraday as a Discoverer,' 1868; 'Natural Philosophy in Easy Lessons,' 1869; 'Essays on the Imagination in Science,' 1870; 'Fragments of Science for Unscientific People,' 1871; 'Hours of Exercise in the Alps,' 1871; &c. Professor Tyndall is an enthusiastic climber and admirer of Alpine scenery, 'a remarkable example,' it has been said, 'of combined cerebral and muscular activity.' He has done much to popularise science as a lecturer at the Royal Institution, besides being distinguished for original research. Like Mr. Huxley, he has stood forward as an advocate for free and unrestricted research into all the recesses of mind and matter; but has indignantly repudiated the creed of atheism which had been lightly attributed to him.

Freedom of Inquiry.

It is not to the point to say that the views of Lucretius and Bruno, of Darwin and Spencer, may be wrong. Here I should agree with you, deeming it indeed certain that these views will undergo modification. But the point is, that, whether right or wrong, we claim the right to discuss them. For science, however, no exclusive claim is here made; you are not urged to erect it into an idol. The inexorable advance of man's understanding in the path of knowledge, and those unquenchable claims of his moral and emotional nature which the understanding can never satisfy, are here equally set forth. The world embraces not only a Newton, but a Shakspeare—not only a Boyle, but a Raphael—not only a Kant, but a Beethoven—not only a Darwin, but a Carlyle. Not in each of these, but in all, is human nature whole. They are not opposed, but supplementary—not mutually exclusive, but reconcilable. And if, unsatisfied with them all, the human mind, with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, will still turn to the mystery from which it has emerged, seeking so to fashion it as to give unity to thought and faith; so long as this is done, not only without intolerance or bigotry of any kind, but with the enlightened recognition that ultimate fixity of conception is here unattainable, and that each succeeding age must be held free to fashion the mystery in accordance with its own needs—then, casting aside all the restrictions of materialism, I would affirm this to be a field for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the *knowing* faculties, may be called the *creative* faculties of man. Here, however, I touch a theme too great for me to handle, but which will assuredly be handled by the loftiest minds when you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past.

This extract is from Professor Tyndall's address delivered at Belfast in 1874. From the same address we give another passage :

Advance in Science since the Days of Bishop Butler.

Bishop Butler accepted with unwavering trust the chronology of the Old Testament, describing it as 'confirmed by the natural and civil history of the world, collected from common historians, from the state of the earth, and from the late inventions of arts and sciences.' These words mark progress; and they must seem somewhat hoary to the bishop's successors of to-day. It is hardly necessary to inform you that since his time the domain of the naturalist has been immensely extended—the whole science of geology, with its astounding revelations regarding the life of the ancient earth, having been created. The rigidity of old conceptions has been relaxed, the public mind being rendered gradually tolerant of the idea that not for six thousand, nor for sixty thousand, nor for six thousand thousand, but for æons embracing untold millions of years, this earth has been the theatre of life and death. The riddle of the rocks has been read by the geologist and palæontologist, from subcambrian depths to the deposits thickening over the sea-bottoms of to-day. And upon the leaves of that stone-book are, as you know, stamped the characters, plainer and surer than those formed by the ink of history, which carry the mind back into abysses of past time, compared with which the periods which satisfied Bishop Butler cease to have a visual angle.

The lode of discovery once struck, those petrified forms in which life was at one time active increased to multitudes, and demanded classification. They were grouped in genera, species, and varieties, according to the degree of similarity subsisting between them. Thus confusion was avoided, each object being found in the pigeonhole appropriated to it and to its fellows of similar morphological or physiological character. The general fact soon became evident that none but the simplest forms of life lie lowest down, that as we climb higher among the super-imposed strata more perfect forms appear. The change, however, from form to form was not continuous, but by steps—some small, some great. 'A section,' says Mr. Huxley, 'a hundred feet thick will exhibit at different heights a dozen species of ammonite, none of which passes beyond its particular zone of limestone, or clay, into the zone below it, or into that above it.' In the presence of such facts, it was not possible to avoid the question: Have these forms, shewing, though in broken stages, and with many irregularities, this unmistakable general advance, been subjected to no continuous law of growth or variation?

HERBERT SPENCER.

Another enthusiastic votary of biology and kindred studies, and an exponent of the theory of evolution, is MR. HERBERT SPENCER, a native of Derby, born in 1820. Mr. Spencer began life as an engineer, then assisted some time at the periodical press, and contributed to the reviews, &c. His principal works are—'Principles of Psychology,' 1855; 'Essays, Scientific, Political, and Speculative,' 1858–63: 'Principles of Biology,' 1864; 'Descriptive Sociology, or Groups of Sociological Facts,' 1874; &c.

PROFESSOR GEIKIE.

ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, born in Edinburgh in 1835, is author of several geological works, and was associated with Sir Roderick Murchison in investigating the geological structure of the Scottish Highlands, preparing a memoir of that district, and drawing up a new geological map of Scotland (1861). He was director of the Survey of Scotland, and when a chair of mineralogy and geology was founded in the university of Edinburgh in 1870, Mr. Geikie was appointed professor. In 1872 the university of St. Andrews conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. The works of Dr. Geikie are—'The Story of a Boulder,' 1858; 'Life of Professor Edward Forbes' (conjointly with the late

Dr. George Wilson), 1861; 'Phenomena of the Glacial Drift of Scotland,' 1863; 'The Scenery of Scotland viewed in connection with its Physical Geology,' 1865; and various articles in reviews and scientific journals.

James Geikie, a brother of the above, has written a large and valuable work, 'The Great Ice Age and its Relation to the Antiquity of Man.'

PROFESSOR WHITNEY.

William Dwight Whitney, Professor of Sanscrit and Instructor in Modern Languages in Yale College, was born at Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1827. He has written various works, including 'Twelve Lectures on Language and the Study of Language,' 1867. Of these lectures, the first seven have, with the consent of the author and publisher, been reprinted by the Rev. Dr. Morris, as a sound and scientific introduction to a more advanced course of comparative philology. Dr. Morris adds an introduction with notes, tables of declension, and an index, rendering the volume very useful for students. Professor Whitney is a well-known Sanscrit scholar, but in these lectures he has chosen English as the language from which the most telling of his examples and explanations of linguistic changes are drawn.

Celtic Branch of the Indo-European Languages.

So completely were the Gaulish dialects of Northern Italy, France, and Spain wiped out by the Latin, so few traces of them are left to us, either in the later idioms of the Latin or in fragments of writings, inscriptions, and coins, that it is still a matter of doubt and question among Celtic scholars to which of the known divisions of Celtic speech, the Gadhelic or the Cymric, they belonged, or whether they did not constitute a third division co-ordinate with them. Aside from the exceedingly scanty and obscure Gallic epigraphical monuments, and the few single words preserved in classic authors, the earliest records both of Irish and Welsh speech are glosses, or interlinear and marginal versions and comments written by Celtic scholars upon manuscripts which they were studying, in old times when Wales and Ireland, especially the latter, were centres of a lively literary and Christian activity. Of these glosses, the Irish are by far the most abundant, and afford a tolerably distinct idea of what the language was at about the end of the eighth century. There is also an independent literary work, a Life of St. Patrick, which is supposed to belong to the beginning of the ninth century. The other principal Gadhelic dialect, the Scotch Gaelic, presents us a few songs that claim to be of the sixteenth century. The Ossianic poems, which excited such attention a hundred years ago, and whose genuineness and value have been the subject of so lively discussion, are probably built upon only a narrow foundation of real Gaelic tradition.

In the Cymric division, the Welsh glosses are the oldest monuments of definite date. Though hardly, if at all, less ancient than the Irish, coming down from somewhere between the eighth and the tenth centuries, they are very much more scanty in amount, hardly sufficient to do more than disprove the supposed antiquity of the earliest monuments of the language that possess a proper literary character. For long centuries past the Welsh bards have sung in spirit-stirring strains the glories and the woes of their race; and it is claimed that during much more than a thousand years, or ever since the sixth century, the era of Saxon invasion and conquest, some of their songs have been handed down from generation to generation, by a careful and uninterrupted tradition, and the claim is probably well founded; only, it is also pretty certain that as they have been handed down, they have been

modernised in diction, so that, in their present form, they represent to us the Welsh language of a time not much preceding the date of the oldest manuscripts, or of the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries. The later Welsh literature, as well as the Irish, is abundant in quantity. The Cornish, also, has a tolerably copious literature of not far from the same age; its earliest monument, a Latin-Cornish vocabulary, may be as old as the twelfth century. The language of Brittany, the Armorican—which is so closely allied with the two last mentioned, that it cannot well be regarded as a remnant and representative of the Celtic dialects of Gaul, but must rather belong to colonists or fugitives from Britain—is recorded in one or two brief works going back to the fourteenth century or even farther.

DR. JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER,

The distinguished Professor of Chemistry in the university of New York, in 1875 published a 'History of the Conflict between Religion and Science,' commencing with the Greek conquest of Persia, and the subsequent division of Alexander's empire, which resulted in the establishment of the Macedonian dynasty in Egypt. This was succeeded by the erection of the Museum as a school of knowledge at Alexandria, then the intellectual metropolis of the world. Dr. Draper traces the influence of the Museum and the development of science. The philosophy was of the stoical Pantheistic type. 'Though there is a Supreme Power,' said the ethical teachers, 'there is no Supreme Being; there is an invisible principle, but not a personal God, to whom it would be not so much blasphemy as absurdity to impute the form, the sentiments, the passions of man.' The soul of man was supposed to be re-absorbed into the universal soul; and as the tired labourer looks forward to the insensibility of sleep, so the philosopher, weary of the world, anticipated the tranquillity of extinction. Dr. Draper next proceeds to describe the rise of Christianity, and to 'give a history of the conflict between religion and science from that time to the present day.' But the work should more correctly be termed a history of the conflict between science and the Roman Catholic Church. The Greek Church, he says, has met the advance of knowledge with welcome; the Protestant Churches have been mostly averse to constraint, and their opposition has seldom passed beyond the exciting of theological odium. 'In speaking of Christianity,' says Dr. Draper, 'reference is generally made to the Roman Church, partly because its demands are the most pretentious, and partly because it has sought to enforce those demands by the civil power.' Now to this it may be objected that the conflict of a church with science, and that church a political or state organisation, is not a battle between science and religion. The maintenance of its own power was the object of the Papacy, and with perfect impartiality it persecuted alike its religious opponents and the scientific discoverer. It would be as reasonable to charge upon science all the absurdities of alchemy and astrology as to discredit religion with all the follies of its professed followers. In his History, Dr. Draper gives an account of the rise of Mohammedanism and the conquests of the Arabs, who carried with them

into Europe a taste for philosophy and science. In the tenth century, the Caliph Hakem II. had made Andalusia a sort of terrestrial paradise, where Christians, Mussulmans, and Jews mixed together without restraint.

Luxuries of the Spanish Caliphs.

The Spanish caliphs had surrounded themselves with all the luxuries of oriental life. They had magnificent palaces, enchanting gardens, seraglios filled with beautiful women. Europe at the present day does not offer more taste, more refinement, more elegance, than might have been seen at the epoch of which we are speaking, in the capitals of the Spanish Arabs. Their streets were lighted and solidly paved. Their houses were frescoed and carpeted; they were warmed in winter by furnaces, and cooled in summer with perfumed air brought by underground pipes from flower-beds. They had baths and libraries and dining-halls, fountains of quicksilver and water. City and country were full of conviviality, and of dancing to the lute and mandolin. Instead of the drunken and gluttonous wassail orgies of their Northern neighbours, the feasts of the Saracens were marked by sobriety. Wine was prohibited. The enchanting moonlight evenings of Andalusia were spent by the Moors in sequestered fairy-like gardens, or in orange groves, listening to the romances of the story-teller, or engaged in philosophical discourse; consoling themselves for the disappointments of this life by such reflections as that, if virtue were rewarded in this world, we should be without expectations in the life to come; and reconciling themselves to their daily toil by the expectation that rest will be found after death—a rest never to be succeeded by labour.

Dr. Draper is stated to have been born near Liverpool in 1811. He graduated at the university of Pennsylvania in 1836, and in 1839 was appointed Professor of Chemistry in the university of New York. His 'Human Physiology, Statical and Dynamical,' is considered one of the best of our physiological treatises. He has also written on the 'Organisation of Plants,' 1844; a 'History of the Intellectual Development of Europe,' 1864; and text-books on chemistry and natural history.

GEORGE SMITH.

Mr. George Smith (1840–1876), a gentleman honourably associated with the progress of Assyrian discovery, was of humble origin. In his fifteenth year he was apprenticed to a bank-note engraver, but his leisure hours were devoted to the study of oriental antiquities; and on the recommendation of Sir Henry Rawlinson, he was engaged in the British Museum (1857). A contemporary account says: 'Several years of arduous and successful study were fruitful of important results; but it was in 1872 that Mr. Smith had the good fortune to make what in this connection may be reckoned as his culminating discovery—that, namely, of the tablets containing the Chaldean account of the deluge, the first fragment discovered containing about half the account which was afterwards supplemented as the result of arduous and ingenious research, in the course of which Mr. Smith ascertained that the deluge tablet was, in fact, the eleventh of a series of twelve giving the history of an unknown hero named Izdubar.' Mr. Smith left London on his last mission of discovery at the beginning of the present year (1876), but died at Aleppo on the 19th August. 'His career has been short, but no one can doubt its brilliancy; and he

was endeared to the large number of friends whom his geniality attracted and attached for the singular modesty and equilibrium which characterised him even in the most trying moments of homage and ovation.' Mr. Smith's chief publication is his 'Chaldean Account of Genesis,' containing the description of the creation, the fall of man, the deluge, the tower of Babel, the times of the patriarchs and Nimrod; Babylonian fables and legends of the gods, from the cuneiform inscriptions.

TRAVELLERS.

Every season adds to our library of foreign travels and adventures. Dr. Edward Clarke saw and described more of the East, as Byron said, than any of his predecessors, but a numerous tribe of followers has succeeded. 'Travels in the East,' by the REV. HORATIO SOUTHGATE, 1840, describe the traveller's route through Greece, Turkey, Armenia, Kurdistan, Persia, and Mesopotamia, and give a good account of the Mohammedan religion and its rites and ceremonies. The following is a correction of a vulgar error:

Religious Status of Women in the Mohammedan System.

The place which the Mohammedan system assigns to woman in the other world has often been wrongfully represented. It is not true, as has sometimes been reported, that Mohammedan teachers deny her admission to the felicities of Paradise. The doctrine of the Koran is, most plainly, that her destiny is to be determined in like manner with that of every accountable being; and according to the judgment passed upon her is her reward, although nothing definite is said of the place which she is to occupy in Paradise. Mohammed speaks repeatedly of 'believing women,' commends them, and promises them the recompense which their good deeds deserve.

The regulations of the Sunneh are in accordance with the precepts of the Koran. So far is woman from being regarded in these institutions as a creature without a soul, that special allusion is frequently made to her, and particular directions given for her religious conduct. Respecting her observance of Ramazan, her ablutions, and many other matters, her duty is taught with a minuteness that borders on indecorous precision. She repeats the creed in dying, and, like other Mussulmans, says: 'In this faith I have lived in this faith I die, and in this faith I hope to rise again.' She is required to do everything of religious obligation equally with men. The command to perform the pilgrimage to Mecca extends to her. In my journeys I often met with women on their way to the Holy City. They may even undertake this journey without the consent of their husbands, whose authority in religious matters extends only to those acts of devotion which are not obligatory.

Women are not, indeed, allowed to be present in the mosques at the time of public prayers: but the reason is not that they are regarded, like pagan females, as unsusceptible of religious sentiments, but because the meeting of the two sexes in a sacred place is supposed to be unfavourable to devotion. This, however, is an oriental, not a Mohammedan prejudice. The custom is nearly the same among the Christians as among the Mussulmans. In the Greek churches the females are separated from the males, and concealed behind a lattice; and something of the same kind I have observed among the Christians of Mesopotamia.

'Six Years' Residence in Algiers,' by MRS. BROUGHTON, published in 1839, is an interesting domestic chronicle. The authoress was

daughter to Mr. Blanckley, the British consul-general at Algiers; and the work is composed of a journal kept by Mrs. Blanckley, with reminiscences by her daughter, Mrs. Broughton. The vivacity, minute description, and kindly feeling everywhere apparent in this book render it highly attractive.

'Discoveries in the Interior of Africa,' by SIR JAMES ALEXANDER, two volumes, 1838, describe a journey from Cape Town, of about four thousand miles, and occupying above a year, towards the tracts of country inhabited by the Damaras, a nation of which very little was known, and generally the country to the north of the Orange River, on the west coast. The author's personal adventures are interesting, and it appears that the aborigines are a kind and friendly tribe of people, with whom Sir James Alexander thinks that an extended intercourse may be maintained for the mutual benefit of the colonists and the natives.

'A Journal written during an Excursion in Asia Minor in 1838,' by CHARLES FELLOWS, is valuable from the author's discoveries in Pamphylia. Mr. Fellows has also written a second work, 'Ancient Lycia, an Account of Discoveries made during a Second Excursion to Asia Minor in 1840.' LIEUT. J. R. WELLSTED, author of 'Travels in Arabia, the Peninsula of Sinai, and along the Shores of the Red Sea,' 1838; and LORD LINDSAY, in his 'Letters on Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land,' 1838, supply some additional details. The scene of the encampment of the Israelites, after crossing the Red Sea, is thus described by Lord Lindsay:

The Red Sea.

The bright sea suddenly burst on us, a sail in the distance, and the blue mountains of Africa beyond it—a lovely vista. But when we had fairly issued into the plain on the sea-shore, beautiful indeed, most beautiful was the view—the whole African coast, from Gebel Ataka to Gebel Krarreb, lay before us, washed by the Red Sea—a vast amphitheatre of mountains, except the space where the waters were lost in distance between the Asiatic and Libyan promontories. It was the stillest hour of day; the sun shone brightly, descending to 'his palace in the occident;' the tide was coming in with its peaceful pensive murmurs, wave after wave. It was in this plain, broad, and perfectly smooth from the mountains to the sea, that the children of Israel encamped after leaving Elim. What a glorious scene it must then have presented! and how nobly those rocks, now so silent, must have re-echoed the Song of Moses and its ever-returning chorus—'Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea!'

The EARL OF CARLISLE, in 1854, published an interesting, unpretending volume, entitled 'A Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters.' His lordship is also author of a lecture on Pope, and of a paraphrase in verse, 'The Second Vision of Daniel,' 1858.

As a guide and pleasant companion over another Eastern route, we may note the 'Overland Journey to the North of India from England,' by LIEUTENANT ARTHUR CONOLLY, two volumes, 1834. Lieutenant Conolly's journey was through Russia, Persia, and Afghanistan. MISS EMMA ROBERTS, in the following year, gave a

lively and entertaining series of 'Scenes and Characteristics of Hindustan, with Sketches of Anglo-Indian Society.' This lady went out again to India in 1839, and was engaged to conduct a Bombay newspaper; but she died in 1840. Her 'Notes of an Overland Journey through France and Egypt to Bombay' were published after her death. Another lady, MRS. POSTANS, published (1839) 'Cutch, or Random Sketches taken during a Residence in one of the Northern Provinces of Western India.' The authoress resided some years in the province of Cutch, and gives a minute account of the feudal government and customs, the religious sects and superstitions of the people. The aristocratic distinctions of caste are rigidly preserved, and the chiefs are haughty, debauched, and cruel.

Sacrifice of a Hindu Widow.—From Mrs. Postans's 'Cutch, or Random Sketches,' &c.

News of the widow's intentions having spread, a great concourse of people of both sexes, the women clad in their gala costumes, assembled round the pyre. In a short time after their arrival the fated victim appeared, accompanied by the Brahmins, her relatives, and the body of the deceased. The spectators showered chaplets of mogree on her head, and greeted her appearance with laudatory exclamations at her constancy and virtue. The women especially pressed forward to touch her garments—an act which is considered meritorious, and highly desirable for absolution and protection from the 'evil eye.'

The widow was a remarkably handsome woman, apparently about thirty, and most superbly attired. Her manner was marked by great apathy to all around her, and by a complete indifference to the preparations which for the first time met her eye. From this circumstance an impression was given that she might be under the influence of opium; and in conformity with the declared intention of the European officers present to interfere should any coercive measures be adopted by the Brahmins or relatives, two medical officers were requested to give their opinion on the subject. They both agreed that she was quite free from any influence calculated to induce torpor or intoxication.

Captain Burnes then addressed the woman, desiring to know whether the act she was about to perform were voluntary or enforced, and assuring her that, should she entertain the slightest reluctance to the fulfilment of her vow, he, on the part of the British government, would guarantee the protection of her life and property. Her answer was calm, heroic, and constant to her purpose: 'I die of my own free-will; give me back my husband, and I will consent to live; if I die not with him, the souls of seven husbands will condemn me!' . . .

Ere the renewal of the horrid ceremonies of death were permitted, again the voice of mercy, of expostulation, and even of entreaty was heard; but the trial was vain, and the cool and collected manner with which the woman still declared her determination unalterable, chilled and startled the most courageous. Physical pangs evidently excited no fears in her; her singular creed, the customs of her country, and her sense of conjugal duty, excluded from her mind the natural emotions of personal dread; and never did martyr to a true cause go to the stake with more constancy and firmness, than did this delicate and gentle woman prepare to become the victim of a deliberate sacrifice to the demoniacal tenets of her heathen creed. Accompanied by the officiating Brahmin, the widow walked seven times around the pyre, repeating the usual mantras or prayers, strewing rice and coories on the ground, and sprinkling water from her hand over the by-standers, who believe this to be efficacious in preventing disease and in expiating committed sins. She then removed her jewels, and presented them to her relations, saying a few words to each with a calm soft smile of encouragement and hope. The Brahmin then presented her with a lighted torch, bearing which—

Fresh as a flower just blown,
And warm with life, her youthful pulses playing

she stepped through the fatal door, and sat within the pile. The body of her husband, wrapped in rich kinkaub, was then carried seven times round the pile, and finally laid across her knees. Thorns and grass were piled over the door; and again it was insisted that free space should be left, as it was hoped the poor victim might yet relent, and rush from her fiery prison to the protection so freely offered. The command was readily obeyed; the strength of a child would have sufficed to burst the frail barrier which confined her, and a breathless pause succeeded; but the woman's constancy was faithful to the last. Not a sigh broke the death-like silence of the crowd, until a slight smoke, curling from the summit of the pyre, and then a tongue of flame darting with bright and lightning-like rapidity into the clear blue sky, told us that the sacrifice was completed. Fearlessly had this courageous woman fired the pile, and not a groan had betrayed to us the moment when her spirit fled. At sight of the flame a fiendish shout of exultation rent the air; the tom-toms sounded, the people clapped their hands with delight as the evidence of their murderous work burst on their view, whilst the English spectators of this sad scene withdrew, bearing deep compassion in their hearts, to philosophise as best they might on a custom so fraught with horror, so incompatible with reason, and so revolting to human sympathy. The pile continued to burn for three hours; but, from its form, it is supposed that almost immediate suffocation must have terminated the sufferings of the unhappy victim.

'First Impressions and Studies from Nature in Hindustan,' by Lieutenant Thomas Bacon, two volumes, 1837, is a more lively but carelessly written work, with good sketches of scenery, buildings, pageants, &c. The Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone (1778–1859), in 1842, gave an account of the kingdom of Cabul, and its dependencies in Persia, Tartary, and India; and 'A Narrative of Various Journeys in Beloochistan, Afghanistan, and the Punjaub,' by Charles Masson, describes with considerable animation the author's residence in those countries, the native chiefs, and personal adventures with the various tribes from 1826 to 1838. Mr. C. R. Baynes, a gentleman in the Madras civil service, published in 1843 'Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in the East, an Overland Journey to India,' &c. His remarks are just and spirited, and his anecdotes and descriptions lively and entertaining.

Remark by an Arab Chief.

An Arab chieftain, one of the most powerful of the princes of the desert, had come to behold for the first time a steam-ship. Much attention was paid to him, and every facility afforded for his inspection of every part of the vessel. What impression the sight made on him it was impossible to judge. No indications of surprise escaped him; every muscle preserved its wonted calmness of expression; and on quitting, he merely observed, 'It is well; but you have not brought a man to life yet!'

Legend of the Mosque of the Bloody Baptism at Cairo.

Sultan Hassan, wishing to see the world, and lay aside for a time the anxieties and cares of royalty, committed the charge of his kingdom to his favourite minister, and taking with him a large amount of treasure in money and jewels, visited several foreign countries in the character of a wealthy merchant. Pleased with his tour, and becoming interested in the occupation he had assumed as a disguise, he was absent much longer than he originally intended, and in the course of a few years greatly increased his already large stock of wealth. His protracted absence, however, proved a temptation too strong for the virtue of the viceroy, who, gradually forming for him-

self a party among the leading men of the country, at length communicated to the common people the intelligence that Sultan Hassan was no more, and quietly seated himself on the vacant throne. Sultan Hassan returning shortly afterwards from his pilgrimage, and, fortunately for himself, still in disguise, learned, as he approached his capital, the news of his own death and the usurpation of his minister. Finding, on further inquiry, the party of the usurper to be too strong to render an immediate disclosure prudent, he preserved his incognito, and soon became known in Cairo as the wealthiest of her merchants; nor did it excite any surprise when he announced his pious intention of devoting a portion of his gains to the erection of a spacious mosque. The work proceeded rapidly under the spur of the great merchant's gold, and, on its completion, he solicited the honour of the sultan's presence at the ceremony of naming it. Anticipating the gratification of hearing his own name bes owed upon it, the usurper accepted the invitation, and at the appointed hour the building was filled by him and his most attached adherents. The ceremonies had duly proceeded to the time when it became necessary to give the name. The chief Moolah, turning to the supposed merchant, inquired what should be its name. 'Call it,' he replied, 'the Mosque of Sultan Hassan.' All started at the mention of this name; and the questioner, as though not believing he could have heard aright, or to afford an opportunity of correcting what might be a mistake, repeated his demand. 'Call it,' again cried he, 'the mosque of me, Sultan Hassan!' and throwing off his disguise, the legitimate sultan stood revealed before his traitorous servant. He had no time for reflection: simultaneously with the discovery, numerous trap-doors, leading to extensive vaults, which had been prepared for the purpose, were flung open, and a multitude of armed men issuing from them, terminated at once the reign and life of the usurper. His followers were mingled in the slaughter, and Sultan Hassan was once more in possession of the throne of his fathers.

Sir John Bowring published an entertaining and instructive account of 'The Kingdom and People of Siam,' two volumes, 1857.

State and Ceremonial of the Siamese.

April 16, 1855.—How can I describe the barbaric grandeur, the parade, the show, the glitter, the real magnificence, the profuse decorations of to-day's royal audience! We went, as usual, in the state barges: mine had scarlet and gold curtains, the others had none. Parkes sent them back, and they all returned with the needful appendages: he understands the art of managing Orientals marvellously well. When we landed, chairs were brought, and multitudes of guards escorted us. From the moment we entered the precincts of the palace, an unbroken line of soldiery, dressed in a great variety of costumes, and bearing every species of weapon—many singularly grotesque and rude—spears, shields, swords, bucklers, battle-axes, bows, quivers, in every form, and miforms of every colour and shape, fantastical, farcical, fierce, and amusing; the rudest forms of ancient warfare, mingled with sepoy-dressed regulars—ancient European court costumes amidst the light and golden garments, and sometimes the nakedness above the waist of nobles of the highest distinction. I was carried in a gaudy gilded chair, with a scarlet umbrella over me, borne by eight bearers, with a crowd of attendants. My suite followed me in less decorated seats; but crowds of men, women, and children pressed around us, who were beaten away with canes by the police. We passed through rows of caparisoned ponies and elephants mounted for war. The ruder troops of the wilder countries were broken by small bodies of soldiers dressed in European style, who 'presented arms,' and had fifes and drums; but much of the music was of tom-toms and Siamese instruments. We were all conducted to a building to await the royal summons, where coffee and cigars were brought in, and gold and silver vessels, containing pure water, covered the table, at the head of which I was placed. The spittoon at my feet was of silver, inlaid with gold, and about fourteen inches in diameter. Soon a messenger came, and we proceeded on foot to the hall of reception. Soft and exceedingly pleasing music welcomed our arrival, and at it thundered forth a loud peal as we approached the grand hall of audience. On entering the hall, we found it crowded with nobles, all prostrate, and with their faces bent to the ground. I walked forward through the centre of the hall to a cushion provided for me in a line with the very highest nobles not of royal blood; the prime-minister and his brother

were close to me on my right hand. The king came in and seated himself on an elevated and gorgeous throne like the curtained box of a theatre. He was clad in golden garments, his crown at his side; but he wore on his head a cap decorated with large diamonds, and enormous diamond rings were on his fingers. At my left, nearer the throne, were the king's brothers and his sons; at the right, the princes of the blood, the Somdetches, and the higher nobles. The nobility crowded the hall, all on their knees; and on the entrance of the king, his throne, being raised about ten feet from the floor, they all bent their foreheads to the ground, and we sat down as gracefully as we could, while the prostrations were repeated again and again.

China has received a flood of new illustration, and the intercourse which has recently been opened up with that immense and mysterious empire will still further augment the amount of our knowledge. Mr. John Francis Davis, late chief superintendent in China, has published two interesting works: 'Sketches of China, partly during an Inland Journey of Four Months between Pekin, Nankin, and Canton;' and 'The Chinese, a General Description of the Empire of China and its Inhabitants.' The latter work was published in 1836, but has since been enlarged, and the history of British intercourse brought down to the events which produced the dissolution of 1857. Mr. Davis resided twenty years at Canton, is perfect in the peculiar language of China, and has certainly seen more of its inhabitants than any other English author. 'The Journal of Three Voyages along the Coast of China,' in 1831, 1832, and 1833, by Mr. Gutzlaff, a German, is also a valuable work. The contraband trade in opium formed a memorable era in the history of Chinese commerce. It was carried on to a great extent with the Hong merchants; but in 1834, after the monopoly of the East India Company had been abolished, our government appointed Lord Napier to proceed to Canton as special superintendent, to adjust all disputed questions among the merchants, and to form regulations with the provincial authorities. The Chinese, always jealous of foreigners, and looking upon mercantile employments as degrading, insulted our superintendent; hostilities took place, and the trade was suspended. Lord Napier took his departure amidst circumstances of insult and confusion, and died on the 11th of October, 1834. The functions of superintendent devolved on Mr. Davis. 'The Chinese, emboldened by the pacific temperament of our government, proceeded at length to the utmost extent; and not satisfied with imprisoning and threatening the lives of the whole foreign community, laid also violent hands on the British representative himself, claiming, as the purchase of his freedom, the delivery of the whole of the opium then in the Chinese waters—property to the amount of upwards of two millions sterling. After a close imprisonment of two months' duration, during which period our countrymen were deprived of many of the necessaries of life, and exposed repeatedly, as in a pillory, to the gaze and abuse of the mob, no resource was left but to yield to the bold demands of the Chinese, relying with confidence on their nation for support and redress: nor did they rely in vain; for immediately the accounts of the

aggression reached London, preparations commenced for the Chinese expedition.'* After two years of irregular warfare, a treaty of peace and friendship between the two empires was signed on board Her Majesty's ship *Cornwallis* on the 29th of August 1842. This expedition gave rise to various publications. LORD JOCELYN wrote a lively and interesting narrative, entitled 'Six Months with the Chinese Expedition;' and COMMANDER J. ELLIOT BINGHAM, R.N., a 'Narrative of the Expedition to China.' 'Two Years in China,' by D. MACPHERSON, M.D., relates the events of the campaign from its formation in April 1840 to the treaty of peace in 1842. 'Doings in China,' by LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER MURRAY, illustrates the social habits of the Chinese. 'The Last Year in China, to the Peace of Nankin,' by a Field Officer, consists of extracts from letters written to the author's private friends. 'The Closing Events of the Campaign in China,' by CAPTAIN G. G. LOCH, R.N., is one of the best books which the expedition called forth.

Chinese Ladies' Feet.—From Commander Bingham's 'Narrative.'

During our stay we made constant trips to the surrounding islands, in one of which—at Tea Island—we had a good opportunity of minutely examining the far-famed little female feet. I had been purchasing a pretty little pair of satin shoes, for about half a dollar, at one of the Chinese farmers' houses, where we were surrounded by several men, women, and children. By signs we expressed a wish to see the *pied mignon* of a really good-looking woman of the party. Our signs were quickly understood, but, probably from her being a matron, it was not considered quite *comme il faut* for her to comply with our desire, as she would not consent to shew us her foot; but a very pretty interesting girl, of about sixteen, was placed on a stool for the purpose of gratifying our curiosity. At first she was very bashful, and appeared not to like exposing her Cinderella-like slipper, but the shine of a new and very bright 'loopee' soon overcame her delicacy, when she commenced unwinding the upper bandage which passes round the leg, and over a tongue that comes up from the heel. The shoe was then removed and the second bandage taken off, which did duty for a stocking; the turns round the toes and ankles being very tight, and keeping all in place. On the naked foot being exposed to view, we were agreeably surprised by finding it delicately white and clean, for we fully expected to have found it otherwise, from the known habits of most of the Chinese. The leg from the knee downwards was much wasted; the foot appeared as if broken up at the instep, while the four small toes were bent flat and pressed down under the foot, the great toe only being allowed to retain its natural position. By the breaking of the instep a high arch is formed between the heel and the toe, enabling the individual to step with them on an even surface; in this respect materially differing from the Canton and Macao ladies, for with them the instep is not interfered with, but a very high heel is substituted, thus bringing the point of the great toe to the ground. When our Canton compradore was shewn a Chusan shoe, the exclamation was: 'He-yaw! how can walkee so fashion?' nor would he be convinced that such was the case. The toes, doubled under the foot I have been describing, could only be moved by the hand sufficiently to shew that they were not actually grown into the foot. I have often been astonished at seeing how well the women contrived to walk on their tiny *pedestals*. Their gait is not unlike the little mincing walk of the French ladies; they were constantly to be seen going about without the aid of any stick, and I have often seen them at Macao contending against a fresh breeze with a tolerably good-sized umbrella spread. The little children, as they scrambled away before us, balanced themselves with their arms extended, and reminded one much of an old hen between walking and flying. All the

* McPherson's *Two Years in China.*

women I saw about Chusan had small feet. It is a general characteristic of true Chinese descent; and there cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that it is confined to the higher orders, though it may be true that they take more pains to compress the foot to the smallest possible dimensions than the lower classes do. High and low, rich and poor, all more or less follow the custom; and when you see a large or natural-sized foot, you may depend upon it the possessor is not of true Chinese blood, but is either of Tatar extraction, or belongs to the tribes that live and have their being on the waters. The Tatar ladies, however, are falling into this Chinese habit of distortion, as the accompanying edict of the emperor proves: 'For know, good people, you must not dress as you like in China. You must follow the customs and habits of your ancestors, and wear your winter and summer clothing as the emperor or one of the six boards shall direct.' If this were the custom in England, how beneficial it would be to our pockets, and detrimental to the tailors and milliners. Let us now see what the emperor says about little feet, on finding they were coming into vogue among the undeformed daughters of the Mantchows. Not only does he attack the little feet, but the large Chinese sleeves which were creeping into fashion at court. Therefore, to check these misdemeanors, the usual Chinese remedy was resorted to, and a flaming edict launched, denouncing them; threatening the heads of the families with degradation and punishment if they did not put a stop to such gross illegalities,' and his celestial majesty further goes on and tells the fair ones, 'that by persisting in their vulgar habits, they will debar themselves from the possibility of being selected as ladies of honour for the inner palace at the approaching presentation!' How far this had the desired effect I cannot say. When the children begin to grow they suffer excruciating pain, but as they advance in years, their vanity is played upon by being assured that they would be exceedingly ugly with large feet. Thus they are persuaded to put up with what they consider a necessary evil; but the children are remarkably patient under pain. A poor little child, about five years old, was brought to our surgeon, having been most dreadfully scalded, part of its dress adhering to the skin. During the painful operation of removing the linen, it only now and then said, 'He-yaw, he-yaw!'

Mr. Robert Fortune, a botanist, was nearly nine years resident in China, employed on three separate missions by the Horticultural Society of London to collect specimens. In 1847 he published 'Three Years' Wanderings in China;' in 1851, his 'Two Visits to the Tea Countries of China;' and in 1857, 'A Residence among the Chinese, Inland, on the Coast, and at Sea.' These works of Mr. Fortune are extremely valuable as affording information relative to the social habits of the Chinese, as well as the natural products of the country. A French missionary, M. Huc, has also added fresh details in his work, 'L'Empire Chinois,' 1854, of which an English version has had great success in this country. In describing his personal adventures, the French ecclesiastic is supposed to have indulged in the proverbial license of travellers; but his account of Chinese customs is said to be exact.

Chinese Thieves.—From Fortune's 'Residence among the Chinese.'

About two in the morning I was awakened by a loud yell from one of my servants, and I suspected at once that we had had a visit from thieves, for I had frequently heard the same sound before. Like the cry one hears at sea when a man has fallen overboard, this alarm can never be mistaken when once it has been heard. Before I had time to inquire what was wrong, one of my servants and two of the boatmen plunged into the canal and pursued the thieves. Thinking that we had only lost some cooking utensils, or things of little value that might have been lying outside the boat, I gave myself no uneasiness about the matter, and felt much inclined to go to sleep again. But my servant, who returned almost immediately, awoke me most effectually. 'I fear,' said he, opening my door, 'the thieves have been inside the boat,

and have taken away some of your property.' 'Impossible,' said I; 'they cannot have been here.' 'But look,' he replied; 'a portion of the side of your boat under the window has been lifted out.' Turning to the place indicated by my servant I could see, although it was quite dark, that there was a large hole in the side of the boat not more than three feet from where my head had been lying. At my right hand, and just under the window, the trunk used to stand in which I was in the habit of keeping my papers, money, and other valuables. On the first suspicion that I was the victim, I stretched out my hand in the dark to feel if this was safe. Instead of my hand resting on the top of the trunk, as it had been accustomed to do, it went down to the floor of the boat, and I then knew for the first time that the trunk was gone. At the same moment, my servant, Tung-a, came in with a candle, and confirmed what I had just made out in the dark. The thieves had done their work well—the boat was empty. My money, amounting to more than one hundred Shanghae dollars, my accounts, and other papers—all, all were gone. The rascals had not even left me the clothes I had thrown off when I went to bed. But there was no time to lose; and in order to make every effort to catch the thieves, or at least get back a portion of my property, I jumped into the canal, and made for the bank. The tide had now risen, and instead of finding only about two feet of water—the depth when we went to bed—I now sank up to the neck, and found the stream very rapid. A few strokes with my arms soon brought me into shallow water and to the shore. Here I found the boatmen rushing about in a frantic manner, examining with a lantern the bushes and indigo vats on the banks of the canal, but all they had found was a few Manilla cheroots which the thieves had dropped apparently in their hurry. A watchman with his lantern and two or three stragglers, hearing the noise we made, came up and inquired what was wrong; but when asked whether they had seen anything of the thieves, shook their heads, and professed the most profound ignorance. The night was pitch dark, everything was perfectly still, and, with the exception of the few stragglers already mentioned, the whole town seemed sunk in deep sleep. We were therefore perfectly helpless and could do nothing further. I returned in no comfortable frame of mind to my boat. Dripping with wet, I lay down on my couch without any inclination to sleep. It was a serious business for me to lose so much money, but that part of the matter gave me the least uneasiness. The loss of my accounts, journals, drawings, and numerous memoranda I had been making during three years of travel, which it was impossible for any one to replace, was of far greater importance. I tried to reason philosophically upon the matter; to persuade myself that as the thing could not be helped now, it was no use being vexed with it; that in a few years it would not signify much either to myself or any one else whether I had been robbed or not; but all this fine reasoning would not do.

What the Chinese Think of the Europeans.—From Huc's 'L'Empire Chinois.'

The Europeans who go to China are disposed to think the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire odd and ridiculous; the Chinese who visit Canton and Macao return the compliment. They exhaust their caustic and mocking vein upon the appearance of the Western devils, express unutterable astonishment at the sight of their scanty garments, their close-fitting pantaloons, their prodigious round hats in the shape of a chimney, their shirt-collars, which appear devised to saw the ears, and which so gracefully surround their grotesque faces with the long nose and blue eyes, without beard or moustache, but which display in compensation on each jaw a handful of red and frizzled hair. They are puzzled, above all, by the shape of the dress-coat. They endeavour, without success, to account for that strange habiliment, which they call a half-garment, because it is impossible to make it meet on the chest, and because the tails which hang down behind are entirely wanting in front. They admire the exquisite and refined taste of wearing at the back large buttons like coins without having anything to button to them. How much more beautiful do they think themselves, with their oblique, narrow black eyes, high cheek-bones, nose the shape of a chestnut, and shaven head adorned with a magnificent tail which reaches to the heels! Add to this graceful and elegant type a conical hat covered with red fringe, an ample tunic with large sleeves, black satin boots, with white soles of an enormous thickness, and it is beyond dispute that a European can never rival a Chinese. But it is chiefly in their habits of life that they assume to be so much our

superiors. When they see Europeans spending several hours in gymnastic promenades, they ask if it is not a more civilised mode of passing leisure time to sit quietly drinking tea and smoking a pipe, or else to go at once to bed. The notion of spending the larger portion of the night at balls and parties has never occurred to them. All the Chinese, even among the upper ranks, begin to sleep in time to be able to rise with the sun. At the hours in which there is the greatest stir and tumult in the principal cities of Europe, those of China enjoy the most profound repose. Every one has gone home to his family, all the shops are shut, the boatmen, the mountebanks, the public readers have finished their labours, and there are no signs of activity except among the theatres for the working-classes, who have no leisure but at night to enjoy the sight of a play.

The hostilities—1857–58—ending in a treaty with China, have led to various publications respecting the Celestial Empire, the most copious and generally interesting being 'China,' or the *Times*' special correspondence from China, by MR. GEORGE WINGROVE COOKE (1814–1865), author of a 'Life of Bolingbroke,' 'The State of Parties,' &c. We give a few extracts from Mr. Ccoke's lively and graphic narrative:

The Chinese Language.

In a country where the roses have no fragrance, and the women wear no petticoats; where the labourer has no Sabbath, and the magistrate no sense of honour; where the roads bear no vehicles, and the ships no keels; where old men fly kites; where the needle points south, and the sign of being puzzled is to scratch the antipodes of your head; where the place of honour is on your left hand, and the seat of intellect is in the stomach; where to take off your hat is an insolent gesture, and to wear white garments is to put yourself in mourning—we ought not to be astonished to find a literature without an alphabet, and a language without a grammar, and we must not be startled to find that this Chinese language is the most intricate, cumbrous, unwieldy vehicle of thought that ever obtained among any people.

The Execution-ground of Canton.

Threading our way, under the guidance of some experienced friend, we come to a carpenter's shop, fronting the entrance to a small potter's field. It is not a rood in area, of an irregular shape, resembling most an oblong. A row of cottages open into it on one side; there is a wall on the other. The ground is covered with half-baked pottery; there are two wooden crosses formed of unbarked wood, standing in an angle, with a shred of rotting rope hanging from one of them. There is nothing to fix the attention in this small inclosure, except that you stumble against a human skull now and then as you walk along it. This is the Aceldama, the field of blood, the execution-ground of Canton. The upper part of that carpenter's shop is the place where nearly all the European residents have, at the price of a dollar each, witnessed the wholesale massacres of which Europe has heard with a hesitating scepticism. It was within this yard that that monster Yeh has within two years destroyed the lives of seventy thousand fellow-beings! These crosses are the instruments to which those victims were tied who were condemned to the special torture of being sliced to death. Upon one of these the wife of a rebel general was stretched, and by Yeh's order her flesh was cut from her body. After the battle at Whampoa the rebel leader escaped, but his wife fell into the hands of Yeh; this was how he treated his prisoner. Her breasts were first cut off, then her forehead was slashed and the skin torn down over the face, then the fleshy parts of the body were sliced away. There are Englishmen yet alive who saw this done, but at what part of the butchery sensation ceased and death came to this poor innocent woman none can tell. The fragment of rope which now hangs to one of the crosses was used to bind a woman who was cut up for murdering her husband. The sickening details of the massacres perpetrated on this spot have been related to me by those who have seen them, and who take shame to themselves while

they confess that, after witnessing one execution by cutting on the cross, the rapidity and dexterity with which the mere beheading was done deprived the execution of a hundred men of half its horror. The criminals were brought down in gangs, if they could walk, or brought down in chairs and shot out into the yard. The executioners then arranged them in rows, giving them a blow behind which forced out the head and neck, and laid them convenient for the blow. Then came the warrant of death. It is a banner. As soon as it waved in sight, without verbal order given, the work began. There was a rapid succession of dull crunching sounds—chop, chop, chop, chop! No second blow was ever dealt, for the dexterous manslayers are educated to their work. Until they can with their heavy swords slice a great bulbous vegetable as thin as we slice a cucumber, they are not eligible for their office. Three seconds a head suffice. In one minute five executioners clear off one hundred lives. It takes rather longer for the assistants to cram the bodies into rough coffins, especially as you might see them cramming two into one shell that they might embezzle the spare wooden box. The heads were carried off in boxes; the saturated earth was of value as manure.

The Horrors of the Canton Prison.

A Chinese jail is a group of small yards inclosed by no general outer wall, except in one instance. Around this yard are dens like the dens in which we confine wild beasts. The bars are not of iron, but of double rows of very thick bamboo, so close together that the interior is too dark to be readily seen into from without. The ordinary prisoners are allowed to remain in the yard during the day. Their ankles are fettered together by heavy rings of iron and a short chain, and they generally also wear similar fetters on their wrists. The low-roofed dens are so easily climbed, that when the prisoners are let out into the yard, the jailers must trust to their fetters alone for security. The places all stank like the monkey-house of a menagerie.

We were examining one of the yards of the second prison, and Lord Elgin, who is seldom absent when any work is doing, was one of the spectators. As it was broad daylight, the dens were supposed to be empty. Some one thought he heard a low moan in one of them, and advanced to the bars to listen. He recoiled as if a blast from a furnace had rushed out upon him. Never were human senses assailed by a more horrible stream of pestilence. The jailers were ordered to open that place, and refusing, as a Chinaman always at first refuses, were given over to the rough handling of the soldiers, who were told to make them. No sooner were hands laid upon the jailers than the stifled moan became a wail, and the wail became a concourse of low, weakly muttered groans. So soon as the double doors could be opened, several of us went into the place. The thick stench could only be endured for a moment, but the spectacle was not one to look long at. A corpse lay at the bottom of the den, the breasts, the only fleshy parts, gnawed and eaten away by rats. Around it and upon it was a festering mass of humanity still alive. The mandarin jailer, who seemed to wonder what all the excitement was about, was compelled to have the poor creatures drawn forth, and no man who saw that sight will ever forget it. They were skeletons, not men. You could only believe that there was blood in their bodies by seeing it clotted upon their undressed wounds. As they were borne out, one after the other, and laid upon the pavement of the yard, each seemed more horrible than the last. They were too far gone to shriek, although the agony must have been great, the heavy irons pressing upon their raw, lank shins as the jailers lugged them not too tenderly along. They had been beaten into this state, perhaps long ago, by the heavy bamboo, and had been thrown into this den to rot. Their crime was that they had attempted to escape. Hideous and loathsome, however, as was the sight of their foul wounds, their filthy rags, and their emaciated bodies, it was not so distressing as the indescribable expression of their eyes; the horror of that look of fierce agony fixed us like a fascination. As the dislocated wretches writhed upon the ground, tears rolled down the cheeks of the soldiers of the escort, who stood in rank near them. A gigantic French sergeant, who had the little mandarin in custody, gesticulated with his bayonet so fiercely, that we were afraid he would kill him. We did not then know that the single word which the poor creatures were trying to utter was 'hunger,' or that dreadful starting of the eyeball was the look of famine. Some of them had been without food for four days. Water they had, for there is a well in the yard, and their fellow-prisoners had sup-

plied them; but cries for food were answered only by the bamboo. Alas! it was not till the next morning that we found this out, for although we took some away, we left others there that night. Since the commencement of this year, fifteen men have died in that cell. Some of those who were standing by me asked: How will you ever be able to tell this to the English people?' I believe that no description could lead the imagination to a full conception of what we saw in that Canton prison. I have not attempted to do more than dot a faint outline of the truth; and when I have read what I have written, I feel how feeble and forceless is the image upon paper when compared with the scene upon my memory.

This was the worst of the dens we opened, but there were many others which fell but few degrees below it in their horrors. There was not one of the six thousand prisoners we saw whose appearance before any assemblage of Englishmen would not have aroused cries of indignation. It was not until our second day's search that we were able to discover the prison in which Europeans had been confined. Threats and a night in the guard-house at last forced the discovery from the mandarin, or jail-inspector, in our custody. It is called the Koon Khan, is in the eastern part of the city, and is distinguishable from the others only that it is surrounded by a high brick-wall. Nearly the whole of our second day was passed in this place. It has only one yard, and in this the prisoners are not allowed to come. There is a joss-house at one end of the court; for, of course, the Chinese mix up their religion with their tyranny. 'The finest sentiments, such as "The misery of to-day may be the happiness of to-morrow!" "Confess your crimes, and thank the magistrate who purges you of them!" "May we share in the mercy of the emperor!" are carved in faded golden characters over every den of every prison. Opening from this yard are four rooms, each containing four dens. The hardest and most malignant face I ever saw is that of the chief jailer of this prison. The prisoners could not be brought to look upon him, and when he was present could not be induced to say that he was a jailer at all, or that they had ever seen him before. But when he was removed they always reiterated their first story. "The other jailers only starve and ill-treat us, but that man eats our flesh." Many of the prisoners had been inmates of the place for many years, and it appeared quite certain that, within a period dating from the commencement of the present troubles, six Europeans—two Frenchmen and four Englishmen—had found their death in these dreadful dens. Many different prisoners examined separately deposed to this fact, and almost to the same details. The European victims were kept here for several months, herding with the Chinese, eating of that same black mess of rice, which looks and smells like a bucket of grains cast forth from a brewery. When their time came—probably the time necessary for a reply from Pekin—the jailer held their heads back while poison was poured down their throats. The prisoners recollected two who threw up the poison, and they were strangled. The result of the investigation was, that the jailers were roughly handled by the British soldiers in sight of the prisoners, and the lieutenant-governor taken into custody to give an account of his conduct.

Russia has been visited by various Englishmen. Amongst the books thus produced, is 'Recollections of a Tour in the North of Europe,' 1838, by the Marquis of Londonderry (1778–1854), whose rank and political character were the means of introducing him to many circles closed to other tourists. He was the admirer and champion of the Emperor Nicholas, and Miss Martineau has said that one who knew the marquis well, remarked on finishing his book of travel, that 'his heaven was paved with malachite.' The marquis was also author of 'A Steam Voyage to Constantinople by the Rhine and the Danube in 1840-41, and to Portugal and Spain in 1839,' two volumes, 1842. Mr. John Barrow is the author, besides works on Ireland and on Iceland, of 'Excursions in the North of Europe, through parts of Russia, Finland, &c.,' 1834. He is invariably found to be a cheerful and intelligent companion, without at-

tempting to be very profound or elaborate on any subject.* 'Domestic Scenes in Russia,' by the REV. MR. VENABLES, 1839, is an unpretending but highly interesting view of the interior life of the country. Mr. Venables was married to a Russian lady, and he went to pass a winter with her relations, when he had an opportunity of seeing the daily life and social habits of the people. We give a few descriptive sentences.

Russian Peasants' Houses.

These houses are in general extremely warm and substantial: they are built, for the most part, of unsquared logs of deal, laid one upon another, and firmly secured at the corners where the ends of the timbers cross, and are hollowed out so as to receive and hold one another; they are also fastened together by wooden pins and uprights in the interior. The four corners are suported upon large stones or roots of trees, so that there is a current of air under the floor to preserve the timber from damp; in the winter, earth is piled up all round to exclude the cold; the interstices between the logs are stuffed with moss and clay, so that no air can enter. The windows are very small, and are frequently cut out of the wooden wall after it is finished. In the centre of the house is a stove called a peech [*pechka*], which heats the cottage to an almost unbearable degree; the warmth, however, which a Russian peasant loves to enjoy within doors, is proportioned to the cold which he is required to support without; his bed is the top of his peech; and when he enters his house in the winter pierced with cold, he throws off his sheepskin coat, stretches himself on his stove, and is thoroughly warmed in a few minutes.

Employments of the People.

The riches of the Russian gentlemen lie in the labour of his serfs, which it is his study to turn to good account; and he is the more urged to this, since the law which compels the peasant to work for him, requires him to maintain the peasant; if the latter is found begging, the former is liable to a fine. He is therefore a master who must always keep a certain number of workmen, whether they are useful to him or not; and as every kind of agricultural and outdoor employment is at a stand-still during the winter, he naturally turns to the establishment of a manufactory, as a means of employing his peasants and as a source of profit to himself. In some cases the manufactory is at work only during the winter, and the people are employed in the summer in agriculture; though, beyond what is necessary for home consumption, this is but an unprofitable trade in most parts of this empire, from the badness of roads, the paucity and distance of markets, and the consequent difficulty in selling produce.

The alternate employment of the same man in the field and in the factory, which would be attempted in most countries with little success, is here rendered practicable and easy by the versatile genius of the Russian peasant, one of whose leading national characteristics is a general capability of turning his hand to any kind of work which he may be required to undertake. He will plough to-day, weave to-morrow, help to build a house the third day, and the fourth, if his master needs an extra coachman, he will mount the box and drive four horses abreast as though it were his daily occupation. It is probable that none of these operations, except perhaps, the last, will be as well performed as in a country where the division of labour is more thoroughly understood. They will all, however, be sufficiently well done to serve the turn—a favourite phrase in Russia. These people are a very ingenious race, but perseverance is wanting; and though they will carry many arts to a high degree of excellence, they will generally stop short of the point of perfection, and it will be long before their manufactures can rival the finish and durability of English goods.

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* This author is a son of Sir John Barrow (1764–1848), the distinguished traveller, and assistant secretary of the Admiralty for upwards of forty years. Besides his *Travels in China* (1804), Sir John wrote a *Voyage to Cochin China*, to which is annexed an account of the Booshuana nation; also, *Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa*, and various nautical memoirs.

'Excursions in the Interior of Russia,' by ROBERT BREMNER, two volumes, 1839, is a narrative of a short visit to Russia during the autumn of 1836. The same author published 'Excursions in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden,' two volumes, 1840. Before parting from Russia, it may be observed that no English book upon that country exceeds in interest 'A Residence on the Shores of the Baltic, described in a Series of Letters,' 1841, being more particularly an account of the Esthonians, whose simple character and habits afford a charming picture. This delightful book was understood to be from the pen of a lady, Miss Rigby, afterwards Lady Eastlake, author of 'Livonian Tales,' 1846.

Of Norway and Sweden we have accounts by Mr. SAMUEL LAING, of Papdale, Orkney, a younger brother of the author of the History of Scotland during the seventeenth century. This gentleman did not begin to publish till a mature period of life, his first work being a 'Residence in Norway' in 1834-36, and the second, a 'Tour in Sweden in 1838,' both of which abound in valuable statistical facts and well-digested information. Mr. Laing resided for two years in different parts of Norway, and concluded that the Norwegians were the happiest people in Europe. Their landed property is so extensively diffused in small estates, that out of a population of a million there are about 41,656 proprietors. There is no law of primogeniture, yet the estates are not subdivided into minute possessions, but average from forty to sixty acres of arable land, with adjoining natural wood and pasturage.

Agricultural Peasantry of Norway.

The Bonder, or agricultural peasantry (says Mr. Laing), each the proprietor of his own farm, occupy the country from the shore side to the hill foot, and up every valley or glen as far as corn can grow. This class is the kernel of the nation. They are in general fine athletic men, as their properties are not so large as to exempt them from work, but large enough to afford them and their household abundance, and even superfluity of the best food. They farm not to raise produce for sale, so much as to grow everything they eat, drink, and wear in their families. They build their own houses, make their own chairs, tables, ploughs, carts, harness, ironwork, basket-work, and wood-work; in short, except window-glass, cast-iron ware, and pottery, everything about their houses and furniture is of their own fabrication. There is not probably in Europe so great a population in so happy a condition as these Norwegian yeomanry. A body of small proprietors, each with his thirty or forty acres, scarcely exists elsewhere in Europe; or, if it can be found, it is under the shadow of some more imposing body of wealthy proprietors or commercial men. . . . Here they are the highest men in the nation. The settlers in the newer states of America and in our colonies, possess properties of probably about the same extent; but they have roads to make, lands to clear, houses to build, and the work that has been doing here for a thousand years to do, before they can be in the same condition. These Norwegian proprietors are in a happier condition than those in the older states of America, because they are not so much influenced by the spirit of gain. They farm their little estates, and consume the produce, without seeking to barter or sell, except what is necessary for paying their taxes and the few articles of luxury they consume. There is no money-getting spirit among them, and none of extravagance. They enjoy the comforts of excellent houses, as good and large as those of the wealthiest individuals; good furniture, bedding, linen, clothing, fuel, victuals, and drink, all in abundance, and of their own providing; good horses, and a houseful of

people who have more food than work. Food, furniture, and clothing being all home-made, the difference in these matters between the family and the servants is very small; but there is a perfect distinction kept up. The servants invariably eat, sleep, and sit apart from the family, and have generally a distinct building adjoining to the family house.

The neighbouring country of Sweden appears to be in a much worse condition, and the people are described as highly immoral and depraved. By the returns from 1830 to 1834, one person in every forty-nine of the inhabitants of the towns, and one in every hundred and seventy-six of the rural population, had been punished each year for criminal offences. The state of female morals, particularly in the capital of Stockholm, is worse than in any other European state. Yet in Sweden education is widely diffused, and literature is not neglected. The nobility are described by Mr. Laing as sunk in debt and poverty; yet the people are vain of idle distinctions, and the order of burgher nobility is as numerous as in some of the German states.

Society of Sweden.

Every man (he says) belongs to a privileged or licensed class or corporation, of which every member is by law entitled to be secured and protected within his own locality from such competition or interference of others in the same calling as would injure his means of living. It is, consequently, not as with us, upon his industry, ability, character, and moral worth that the employment and daily bread of the tradesman, and the social influence and consideration of the individual, in every rank, even the highest, almost entirely depends; it is here, in the middle and lower classes, upon corporate rights and privileges, or upon license obtained from government; and in the higher, upon birth and court or government favour. Public estimation, gained by character and conduct in the several relations of life, is not a necessary element in the social condition even of the working tradesman. Like soldiers in a regiment, a great proportion of the people under this social system derive their estimation among others, and consequently their own self-esteem, not from their moral worth, but from their professional standing and importance. This evil is inherent in all privileged classes, but is concealed or compensated in the higher, the nobility, military, and clergy, by the sense of honour, of religion, and by education. In the middle and lower walks of life those influences are weaker, while the temptations to immorality are stronger; and the placing a man's livelihood, prosperity and social consideration in his station upon other grounds than on his own industry and moral worth, is a demoralising evil in the very structure of Swedish society.

Mr. Laing has since published 'Notes of a Traveller in Europe,' 1854; 'Observations on the Social and Political State of the European People in 1848–49;' and 'Observations on the Social and Political State of Denmark and the Duchies in 1851.'

'Travels in Circassia and Krim Tartary,' by Mr. Spencer, author of a work on 'Germany and the Germans,' two volumes, 1837, was hailed with peculiar satisfaction, as affording information respecting a brave mountainous tribe who long warred with Russia to preserve their national independence. They appear to be a simple people, with feudal laws and customs, never intermarrying with any race except their own. Further information was afforded of the habits of the Circassians by the 'Journal of a Residence in Circassia' during the years 1837, 1838, and 1839, by Mr. J. S. Bell. This gentleman resided in

Circassia in the character of agent or envoy from England, which, however, was partly assumed. He acted also as physician, and seems generally to have been received with kindness and confidence. The population, according to Mr. Bell, is divided into fraternities, like the tithings or hundreds in England during the time of the Saxons. Criminal offences are punished by fines levied on the fraternity, that for homicide being two hundred oxen. The guerrilla warfare which the Circassians carried on against Russia, marked their indomitable spirit and love of country, but it, of course, retarded their civilisation.

'A Winter in the Azores, and a Summer at the Baths of the Furnas,' by JOSEPH BULLAR, M.D., and JOHN BULLAR of Lincoln's Inn, two volumes, 1841, furnish some light agreeable notices of the islands of the Azores, under the dominion of Portugal, from which they are distant about 800 miles. This archipelago contains about 250,000 inhabitants. St. Michael's is the largest town, and there is a considerable trade in oranges betwixt it and England. About 120,000 large and small chests of oranges were shipped for England in 1839, and 315 boxes of lemons. These particulars will serve to introduce a passage respecting

The Cultivation of the Orange, and Gathering the Fruit.

March 26.—Accompanied Senhor B—— to several of his orange-gardens in the town. Many of the trees in one garden were a hundred years old, still bearing plentifully a highly prized thin-skinned orange, full of juice and free from pips. The thinness of the rind of a St. Michael's orange, and its freedom from pips, depend on the age of the tree. The young trees, when in full vigour, bear fruit with a thick pulpy rind and an abundance of seeds; but as the vigour of the plant declines, the peel becomes thinner, and the seeds gradually diminish in number, until they disappear altogether. Thus, the oranges that we esteem the most are the produce of barren trees, and those which we consider the least palatable come from plants in full vigour.

Our friend was increasing the number of his trees by layers. These usually take root at the end of two years. They are then cut off from the parent stem, and are vigorous young trees four feet high. The process of raising from seed is seldom, if ever, adopted in the Azores, on account of the very slow growth of the trees so raised. Such plants, however, are far less liable to the inroads of a worm which attacks the roots of the trees raised from layers, and frequently proves very destructive to them. The seed or 'pip' of the acid orange, which we call Seville, with the sweeter kind grafted upon it, is said to produce fruit of the finest flavour. In one small garden eight trees were pointed out which had borne for two successive years a crop of oranges which was sold for thirty pounds. . . .

The treatment of orange-trees in Fayal differs from that in St. Michael's, where, after they are planted out, they are allowed to grow as they please. In this orange garden the branches, by means of strings and pegs fixed in the ground, were strained away from the centre into the shape of a cup, or of the ribs of an open umbrella turned upside down. This allows the sun to penetrate, exposes the branches to a free circulation of air, and is said to be of use in ripening the fruit. Certain it is that oranges are exported from Fayal several weeks earlier than they are from St. Michael's; and as this cannot be attributed to greater warmth of climate, it may possibly be owing to the plan of spreading the trees to the sun. The same precautions are taken here as in St. Michael's to shield them from the winds; high walls are built round all the gardens, and the trees themselves are planted among rows of fayas, firs, and camphor-trees. If it were not for these precautions, the oranges would be blown down in such numbers as to interfere with or swallow up the profits of the gardens;

none of the windfalls or 'ground fruit,' as the merchants here call them, being exported to England.

Suddenly we came upon merry groups of men and boys all busily engaged in packing oranges, in a square and open plot of ground. They were gathered round a goodly pile of the fresh fruit sitting on heaps of the dry calyx-leaves of the Indian corn, in which each orange is wrapped before it is placed in the boxes. Near these circles of laughing Azoreans, who sat at their work and kept up a continual cross-fire of rapid repartee as they quickly filled the orange-cases, were a party of children, whose business it was to prepare the husks for the men, who used them in packing. These youngsters, who were playing at their work like the children of a larger growth that sat by their side, were with much difficulty kept in order by an elderly man, who shook his head and a long stick whenever they flagged or idled. . . .

A quantity of the leaves being heaped together near the packers, the operation began. A child handed to a workman who squatted by the heap of fruit a prepared husk; this was rapidly snatched from the child, wrapped round the orange by an intermediate workman passed by the feeder to the next, who, sitting with the chest between his legs, placed it in the orange-box with amazing rapidity, took a second and a third, and a fourth as fast as his hands could move and the feeders could supply him, until at length the chest was filled to overflowing, and was ready to be nailed up. Two men then handed it to the carpenter, who bent over the orange-chest several thin boards, secured them with the willow-band, pressed it with his naked foot as he sawed off the ragged ends of the boards, and finally despatched it to the ass which stood ready for lading. Two chests were slung across his back by means of cords crossed in a figure of eight; both were well secured by straps under his belly; the driver took his goad, pricked his beast, and uttering the never-ending cry 'Sackaaio,' trudged off to the town.

The orange-trees in this garden cover the sides of a glen or ravine, like that of the Dargle, but somewhat less steep; they are of some age, and have lost the stiff clumpy form of the younger trees. Some idea of the rich beauty of the scene may be formed by imagining the trees of the Dargle to be magnificent shrubs loaded with orange fruit, and mixed with lofty arbutuses—

> Groves whose rich fruit, burnished with golden rind,
> Hung amiable, and of delicious taste.

In one part scores of children were scattered among the branches, gathering fruit into small baskets, hallooing, laughing, practically joking, and finally emptying their gatherings into the larger baskets underneath the trees, which, when filled, were slowly borne away to the packing-place, and bowled out upon the great heap. Many large orange-trees on the steep sides of the glen lay on the ground uprooted, either from their load of fruit, the high winds, or the weight of the boys, four, five, and even six of whom will climb the branches at the same time; and as the soil is very light, and the roots are superficial—and the fall of a tree perhaps not unamusing—down the trees come. They are allowed to lie where they fall; and those which had evidently fallen many years ago were still alive, and bearing good crops. The oranges are not ripe until March or April, nor are they eaten generally by the people here until that time—the boys, however, that picked them are marked exceptions. The young children of Villafranca are now almost universally of a yellow tint, as if saturated with orange juice.

'Travels in New Zealand,' by EARNEST DIEFFENBACH, M.D., late naturalist to the New Zealand Company, 1843, is a valuable history of an interesting country, destined apparently to transmit the English language, arts, and civilisation. Mr. Dieffenbach gives a minute account of the language of New Zealand, of which he compiled a grammar and dictionary. He conceives the native population of New Zealand to be fit to receive the benefits of civilisation, and to amalgamate with the British colonists.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S 'Travels in Australia and New Zea-

land,' 1873, supply recent and minute information. The vast improvements of late years—the formation of railroads and general progress in New Zealand—have been extraordinary. Of the squatters and free settlers, Mr. Trollope says:

The first night we stayed at a squatter's house, and I soon learned that the battle between the squatter and the free-selecter, of which I had heard so much in the Australian colonies, was being waged with the same internecine fury in New Zealand. Indeed the New Zealand bitterness almost exceeded that of New South Wales—though I did not hear the complaint, so common in New South Wales, that the free-selecters were all cattle-stealers. The complaint made here was that the government, in dealing with the land, had continually favoured the free-selecter at the expense of the squatter—who having been the pioneer in taking up the land, deserved all good things from the country of his adoption. The squatter's claim is in the main correct. He has deserved good things, and has generally got them. In all these colonies—in New Zealand as well as New South Wales and Victoria—the squatter is the aristocrat of the country. In wealth, position, and general influence he stands first. There are no doubt points as to which the squatters have been unjustly used—matters as to which the legislature have endeavoured to clip their wings at the expense of real justice. But they have been too strong for the legislature, have driven coaches and horses through colonial acts of parliament, have answered injustice by illegal proceeding, and have as a rule held their own and perhaps something more. I soon found that in this respect the condition of New Zealand was very similar to that of the Australian colonies. The gentleman who accompanied us was the government land-commissioner of the province, and, as regarded private life, was hand and glove with our host; but the difference of their position gave me an opportunity of hearing the land question discussed as it regarded that province. I perceived that the New Zealand squatter regarded himself as a thrice-shorn lamb, but was looked upon by anti-squatters as a very wolf.

Of the Maoris he takes a less romantic or sympathetic view than some writers:

They are certainly more highly gifted than other savage nations I have seen. They are as superior in intelligence and courage to the Australian aboriginal as they are in outward appearance. They are more pliable and nearer akin in their manners to civilised mankind than are the American Indians. They are more manly, more courteous, and also more sagacious than the African negro. One can understand the hope and the ambition of the first great old missionaries who had dealings with them. But contact with Europeans does not improve them. At the touch of the higher race they are poisoned and melt away. There is scope for poetry in their past history. There is room for philanthropy as to their present condition. But in regard to their future—there is hardly a place for hope.

'Life in Mexico, during a Residence of Two Years in that Country,' by MADAME CALDERON DE LA BARCA, an English lady, is full of sketches of domestic life, related with spirit and acuteness. In no other work are we presented with such agreeable glimpses of Mexican life and manners. 'Letters on Paraguay,' and 'Letters on South America,' by J. P. and W. P. ROBERTSON, are the works of two brothers who resided twenty-five years in South America.

The 'Narrative of the Voyages of H.M.S. *Adventure* and *Beagle*,' 1839, by CAPTAINS KING and FITZROY, and C. DARWIN, Esq., naturalist of the *Beagle*, detail the various incidents which occurred during their examination of the southern shores of South America, and during the *Beagle's* circumnavigation of the globe. The account of the Patagonians in this work, and that of the natives of

Tierra del Fuego, are both novel and interesting, while the details supplied by Mr. Darwin possess a permanent value (see *ante*).

'Notes on the United States during a Phrenological Visit in 1839–40,' have been published by MR. GEORGE COMBE, in three volumes. Though attaching what is apt to appear an undue importance to his views of phrenology, Mr. Combe was a sensible traveller. He paid particular attention to schools and all benevolent institutions, which he has described with care and minuteness. Among the matter-of-fact details and sober disquisitions in this work, we meet with the following romantic story. The author had visited the lunatic asylum at Bloomingdale, where he learned this realisation of Cymon and Iphigenia—finer even than the version of Dryden!

An American Cymon and Iphigenia.

In the course of conversation, a case was mentioned to me as having occurred in the experience of a highly respectable physician, and which was so fully authenticated, that I entertain no doubt of its truth. The physician alluded to had a patient, a young man, who was almost idiotic from the suppression of all his faculties. He never spoke, and never moved voluntarily, but sat habitually with his hands shading his eyes. The physician sent him to walk as a remedial measure. In the neighbourhood, a beautiful young girl of sixteen lived with her parents, and used to see the young man in his walks, and speak kindly to him. For some time he took no notice of her; but after meeting her for several months, he began to look for her, and to feel disappointed if she did not appear. He became so much interested, that he directed his steps voluntarily to her father's cottage, and gave her bouquets of flowers. By degrees he conversed with her through the window. His mental faculties were roused; the dawn of convalescence appeared. The girl was virtuous, intelligent, and lovely, and encouraged his visits when she was told that she was benefiting his mental health. She asked him if he could read and write? He answered, No. She wrote some lines to him to induce him to learn. This had the desired effect. He applied himself to study, and soon wrote good and sensible letters to her. He recovered his reason. She was married to a young man from the neighbouring city. Great fears were entertained that this event would undo the good which she had accomplished. The young patient sustained a severe shock, but his mind did not sink under it. He acquiesced in the propriety of her choice, continued to improve, and at last was restored to his family cured. She had a child, and was soon after brought to the same hospital perfectly insane. The young man heard of this event, and was exceedingly anxious to see her; but an interview was denied to him, both on her account and his own. She died. He continued well, and became an active member of society. What a beautiful romance might be founded on this narrative.

'America, Historical, Statistical, and Descriptive,' by J. S. BUCKINGHAM, is a vast collection of facts and details, few of them novel or striking, but apparently written with truth and candour. The work fatigues from the multiplicity of its small statements, and the want of general views or animated description. In 1842 the author published two additional volumes, describing his tour in the slave-states. These are more interesting, because the ground is less hackneyed, and Mr. Buckingham felt strongly, as a benevolent and humane man, on the subject of slavery. Mr. Buckingham was an extensive traveller and writer. He published narratives of journeys in Palestine, Assyria, Media, and Persia, and of various continental tours. He tried a number of literary schemes, establishing the 'Oriental

Herald' and 'Athenæum' weekly journal, and was a successful lecturer. He had published two volumes of an autobiography, when he died somewhat suddenly in 1855, aged sixty-nine.

Among other works on America we may mention the 'Western World,' by ALEXANDER MACKAY, three volumes, 1849, a very complete and able book up to the date of its publication; 'Things as they are in America,' by DR. WILLIAM CHAMBERS; and 'Life and Liberty in America,' by DR. CHARLES MACKAY. 'A visit to America,' as Dr. Chambers has said, 'is usually one of the early aspirations of the more impressionable youth of England. The stirring stories told of Columbus, Sebastian Cabot, Raleigh, and Captain John Smith; the history of the Pilgrim Fathers fleeing from persecution; the description of Penn's transactions with the Indians; the narratives of the gallant achievemants of Wolfe and Washington, and the lamentable humiliations of Burgoyne and Cornwallis; the exciting autobiography of the Philadelphian printer, who, from toiling at the press, rose to be the companion of kings—all have their due effect on the imagination.' The facilities afforded by steam boat communication also render a visit to America a matter of easy and pleasant accomplishment, and the United States are every season traversed by hosts of British tourists—men of science, art, and literature, and pleasure seekers, while the international commerce and trading is proportionally extended.

Two remarkable works on Spain have been published by MR. GEORGE BORROW, late agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The first of these, in two volumes, 1841, is entitled 'Zincali, or an Account of the Gipsies in Spain.' Mr. Borrow calculates that there are about forty thousand gipsies in Spain, of which about one-third are to be found in Andalusia. The caste, he says, has diminished of late years. The author's adventures with this singular people are curiously compounded of the ludicrous and romantic, and are related in the most vivid and dramatic manner. Mr. Borrow's second work is named 'The Bible in Spain; or the Journeys, Adventures, and Imprisonments of an Englishman in an attempt to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula,' 1844. There are many things in the book which, as the author acknowledges, have little connection with religion or religious enterprise. It is indeed a series of personal adventures, varied and interesting, with sketches of character, and romantic incidents drawn with more power and vivacity than is possessed by most novelists.

Impressions of the City of Madrid.—From Borrow's 'Bible in Spain.'

I have visited most of the principal capitals of the world, but upon the whole none has ever so interested me as this city of Madrid, in which I now found myself. I will not dwell upon its streets, its edifices, its public squares, its fountains, though some of these are remarkable enough; but Petersburgh has finer streets, Paris and Edinburgh more stately edifices, London far nobler squares, while Shiraz can boast of

more costly fountains, though not cooler waters. But the population! Within a mud wall, scarcely one league and a half in circuit, are contained two hundred thousand human beings, certainly forming the most extraordinary vital mass to be found in the entire world; and be it always remembered that this mass is strictly Spanish. The population of Constantinople is extraordinary enough, but to form it twenty nations have contributed—Greeks, Armenians, Persians, Poles, Jews, the latter, by-the-bye, of Spanish origin, and speaking amongst themselves the old Spanish language; but the huge population of Madrid, with the exception of a sprinkling of foreigners, chiefly French tailors, glove-makers, and perruquiers, is strictly Spanish, though a considerable portion are not natives of the place. Here are no colonies of Germans as at St. Petersburgh; no English factories as at Lisbon; no multitudes of insolent Yankees lounging through the streets, as at the Havannah, with an air which seems to say, 'The land is our own whenever we choose to take it;' but a population which, however strange and wild, and composed of various elements, is Spanish, and will remain so as long as the city itself shall exist. Hail, ye aguadores of Asturia! who, in your dress of coarse drilled and leathern skull-caps, are seen seated in hundreds by the fountain-sides, upon your empty water-casks, or staggering with them filled to the topmost stories of lofty houses. Hail, ye caleseros of Valencia! who, lolling lazily against your vehicles, rasp tobacco for your paper cigars whilst waiting for a fare. Hail to you, beggars of La Mancha! men and women, who, wrapped in coarse blankets, demand charity indifferently at the gate of the palace or the prison. Hail to you, valets from the mountains, mayordomos and secretaries from Biscay and Guipuscoa, toreros from Andalusia, riposteros from Galicia, shopkeepers from Catalonia! Hail to ye, Castilians, Estremenians, and Aragonese, of whatever calling! And, lastly, genuine sons of the capital, rabble of Madrid, ye twenty thousand manolos, whose terrible knives, on the second morning of May, worked such grim havoc amongst the legions of Murat!

And the higher orders—the ladies and gentlemen, the cavaliers and señoras; shall I pass them by in silence? The truth is, I have little to say about them; I mingled but little in their society, and what I saw of them by no means tended to exalt them in my imagination. I am not one of those who, wherever they go, make it a constant practice to disparage the higher orders, and to exalt the populace at their expense. There are many capitals in which the high aristocracy, the lords and ladies, the sons and daughters of nobility, constitute the most remarkable and the most interesting part of the population. This is the case at Vienna, and more especially at London. Who can rival the English aristocrat in lofty stature, in dignified bearing, in strength of hand, and valour of heart? Who rides a nobler horse? Who has a firmer seat? And who more lovely than his wife, or sister, or daughter? But with respect to the Spanish aristocracy, I believe the less that is said of them on the points to which I have just alluded the better. I confess, however, that I know little about them. Le Sage has described them as they were nearly two centuries ago. His description is anything but captivating, and I do not think that they have improved since the period of the immortal Frenchman. I would sooner talk of the lower class, not only of Madrid, but of all Spain. The Spaniard of the lower class has much more interest for me, whether manolo, labourer, or muleteer. He is not a common being; he is an extraordinary man. He has not, it is true, the amiability and generosity of the Russian mujik, who will give his only rouble rather than the stranger shall want; nor his placid courage, which renders him insensible to fear, and at the command of his czar sends him singing to certain death. There is more hardness and less self-devotion in the disposition of the Spaniard: he possesses, however, a spirit of proud independence, which it is impossible but to admire.

Mr. Borrow has since published 'Lavengro—the Scholar, the Gipsy, the Priest,' 1851; 'Romany Rye,' a sequel to 'Lavengro;' and 'Wild Wales, its People, Language and Scenery,' 1870. These works are inferior in interest to his former publications, but are still remarkable books. Mr. Borrow is a native of Norfolk, born at East Dereham in 1803.

RICHARD FORD.

One of the most vivid pictures of a great country and people ever drawn, is presented in the 'Handbook for Travellers in Spain and Readers at Home,' by RICHARD FORD (1796–1858). The first edition of this work appeared in 1845, in two volumes. In 1846 the author selected portions of it to form, with additions and corrections, a work suited to the library, and bearing the title of 'Gatherings from Spain.' A new edition, partly rewritten, was issued in 1855, as one of the series of 'Murray's Hand-books.' This interesting and valuable work has elicited praise from all travellers in Spain and all literary critics as the best book that has ever appeared for illustration of the national character and manners of the Spaniards, as well as for its descriptions of the scenery, and topography of the country. Mr. Ford was the eldest son of Sir Richard Ford, at one time M.P. for East Grinstead, and chief police magistrate of London. He studied for the bar, but never practised, devoting himself to art and literature, and residing for many years in Spain. He was an occasional contributor to the 'Quarterly Review.'

Spain and Spaniards.

Since Spain appears on the map to be a square and most compact kingdom, politicians and geographers have treated it and its inhabitants as one and the same; practically, however, this is almost a geographical expression, as the earth, air, and mortals of the different portions of this conventional whole are altogether heterogeneous. Peninsular man has followed the nature by which he is surrounded; mountains and rivers have walled and moated the dislocated land; mists and gleams have diversified the heaven; and differing like soil and sky, the *people*, in each of the once independent provinces, now bound loosely together by one golden hoop, the crown, has its own particular character. To hate his neighbor is a second nature to the Spaniard: no spick and span constitution, be it printed on parchment or calico, can at once efface traditions and antipathies of a thousand years; the accidents of localities and provincial nationalities, out of which they have sprung, remain too deeply dyed to be forthwith discharged by theorists. The climate and productions vary no less than do language, costume, and manners; and so division and localism have, from time immemorial, formed a marked national feature. Spaniards may talk and boast of their *Patria*, as is done by the similarly circumstanced Italians, but like them and the Germans, they have the fallacy, but no real Fatherland; it is an aggregation rather than an amalgamation—every single individual in his heart really only loving his native province, and only considering as his fellow-countryman, *su paisano*—a most binding and endearing word—one born in the same locality as himself: hence it is not easy to predicate much in regard to 'the Spains' and Spaniards in general which will hold quite good as to each particular portion ruled by the sovereign of *Las Espanas*, the plural title given to the chief of the federal union of this really little united kingdom. *Espanolismo* may, however, be said to consist in a love for a common faith and king, and in a coincidence of resistance to all foreign dictation. The deep sentiments of religion, loyalty and independence, noble characteristics indeed, have been sapped in our times by the influence of Trans-Pyrenean revolutions.

Two general observations may be premised: *First*, The people of Spain, the so-called lower orders, are superior to those who arrogate to themselves the title of being their betters, and in most respects are more interesting. The masses, the least spoilt and the most national, stand like pillars amid ruins, and on them the edifice of Spain's greatness is, if ever, to be reconstructed. This may have arisen in this land of anomalies, from the peculiar policy of government in church and state, where the possessors of religious and civil monopolies, who dreaded knowledge as power,

pressed heavily on the noble and rich, dwarfing down their bodies by intermarriages, and all but extinguishing their minds by inquisitions; while the people, overlooked in the obscurity of poverty, were allowed to grow out to their full growth like wild weeds of a rich soil. They, in fact, have long enjoyed, under despotisms of church and state, a practical and personal independence, the good results of which are evident in their stalwart frames and manly bearing.

Secondly. A distinction must ever be made between the Spaniard in his *individual* and in his *collective* capacity, and still more in an *official* one: taken by himself, he is true and valiant; the nicety of his *Pundonor*, or point of personal honor, is proverbial; to him, as an individual, you may safely trust your life, fair fame, and purse. Yet history, treating of these individuals in the collective, *juntados*, presents the foulest examples of misbehavior in the field, of Punic bad faith in the cabinet, of bankruptcy and repudiation on the exchange. This may be also much ascribed to the deteriorating influence of bad government, by which the individual Spaniard, like the monk in a convent, becomes fused into the corporate. The atmosphere is too infectious to avoid some corruption, and while the Spaniard feels that his character is only in safe keeping when in his own hands, and no man of any nation knows better then how to uphold it, when linked with others, his self-pride, impatient of any superior, lends itself readily to feelings of mistrust, until self-interest and preservation become uppermost. From suspecting that he will be sold and sacrificed by others, he ends by floating down the turbid stream like the rest: yet even official employment does not quite destroy all private good qualities, and the *empleado* may be appealed to as an individual.

The Spanish Muleteers.

The muleteer of Spain is justly renowned: his generic term is *arriero*, a gee-upper, for his *arre arre* is pure Arabic, as indeed are almost all the terms connected with his craft, as the Moriscoes were long the great carriers of Spain. To travel with the muleteer, when the party is small or a person alone, is both cheap and safe; indeed many of the most picturesque portions of Spain, Ronda and Granada for instance, can scarcely be reached except by walking or riding. These men, who are constantly on the road, and going backwards and forwards, are the best persons to consult for details; their animals are generally to be hired, but a muleteer's steed is not pleasant to ride, since their beasts always travel in single files. The leading animal is furnished with a copper bell with a wooden clapper (to give notice of their march), which is shaped like an ice-mould, sometimes two feet long, and hangs from the neck, being contrived, as it were, on purpose to knock the animal's knees as much as possible, and to emit the greatest quantity of most melancholy sounds, which, according to the pious origin of all bells, were meant to scare away the Evil One. The bearer of all this tintinnabular clatter is chosen from its superior docility, and knack in picking out a way. The others follow their leader, and the noise he makes when they cannot see him. They are heavily but scientifically laden. These 'sumpter' mules are gaily decorated with trappings full of colour and tags. The head-gear is composed of different coloured worsteds, to which a multitude of small bells are affixed; hence the saying, 'Muger de mucha campanilla,' a woman of many bells, of much show, much noise or pretension. The muleteer either walks by the side of his animal, or sits aloft on the cargo, with his feet dangling on the neck, a seat which is by no means so uncomfortable as it would appear. A rude gun, loaded with slugs, hangs by his side, and often also a guitar; these emblems of life and death paint the unchanged, reckless condition of Iberia, where extremes have ever met, where a man still goes out of the world, like a swan, with a song. Thus accoutred, as Byron says, with

> all that gave
> Promise of pleasure or a grave,

the approach of the caravan is announced from afar by his cracked or guttural voice: 'How carols now the lusty muleteer!' For when not engaged in swearing or smoking, the livelong day is passed in one monotonous high-pitched song, the tune of which is little in harmony with the import of the words of his cheerful humour, being most unmusical and melancholy; but such is the true type of oriental melody, as it is called. The same absence of thought which is shewn in England by whistling is displayed in Spain by singing. . . .

The Spanish muleteer is a fine fellow: he is intelligent, active, and enduring; he braves hunger and thirst, heat and cold, mud and dust; he works as hard as his cattle, never robs or is robbed; and while his betters put off everything till to-morrow except bankruptcy, he is punctual and honest; his frame is wiry and sinewy, his costume peculiar. It must be admitted that these cavalcades of mules are truly national and picturesque; mingled with mounted horsemen, the zigzag lines come threading down the mountain defiles, now tracking through the aromatic brushwood, now concealed amid rocks and olive-trees, now emerging bright and glittering into the sunshine, giving life and movement to the lonely nature, and breaking the usual stillness by the tinkle of the bell and the sad ditty of the muleteer—sounds which, though unmusical in themselves, are in keeping with the scene, and associated with wild Spanish rambles, just as in England the harsh whetting of the scythe is mixed up with the sweet spring and newly-mown meadow.

A. H. LAYARD.

Few modern books of travels or narratives of discovery have excited greater interest in this country than the two volumes published in 1848, 'Nineveh and its Remains,' by AUSTIN HENRY LAYARD. Mr. Layard (born in Paris in 1817) had travelled extensively in the East, and was devoted to the study of Eastern antiquities and manners. The vast mounds near Mosul, on the banks of the Tigris, were traditionally known as the site of the ancient Nineveh; the French consul at Mosul, M. Botta, had made interesting discoveries at Khorsabad; and, stimulated by his example, Mr. Layard entered on a course of excavations at the same spot. The generosity of Sir Stratford Canning—now Lord Stratford de Redcliffe—supplied funds for the expedition. In October 1845, Mr. Layard reached Mosul, and commenced operations at Nimroud, about eighteen miles lower down the Tigris. He descended the river on a raft.

Appearance of Nimroud.

It was evening as we approached the spot. The spring rains had clothed the mound with the richest verdure, and the fertile meadows which stretched around it were covered with flowers of every hue. Amidst this luxuriant vegetation were partly concealed a few fragments of bricks, pottery, and alabaster, upon which might be traced the well-defined wedges of the cuneiform character. Did not these remains mark the nature of the ruin, it might have been confounded with a natural eminence. A long line of consecutive narrow mounds, still retaining the appearance of walls or ramparts, stretched from its base, and formed a vast quadrangle. The river flowed at some distance from them: its waters, swollen by the melting of the snows on the Armenian hills, were broken into a thousand foaming whirlpools by an artificial barrier built across the stream. On the eastern bank the soil had been washed away by the current; but a solid mass of masonry still withstood its impetuosity. The Arab, who guided my small raft, gave himself up to religious ejaculations as we approached this formidable cataract, over which we were carried with some violence. Once safely through the danger, my companion explained to me that this unusual change in the quiet face of the river was caused by a great dam which had been built by Nimrod, and that in the autumn, before the winter rains, the huge stones of which it was constructed, squared, and united by cramps of iron, were frequently visible above the surface of the stream. It was, in fact, one of those monuments of a great people, to be found in all the rivers of Mesopotamia, which were undertaken to insure a constant supply of water to the innumerable canals, spreading like network over the surrounding country, and which, even in the days of Alexander, were looked upon as the works of an ancient nation. No wonder that the traditions of the present inhabitants of the land should assign them to one of the founders of the human race! The Arab was telling me of the connec-

tion between the dam and the city built by Athur, the lieutenant of Nimrod, the vast ruins of which were now before us—of its purpose as a causeway for the mighty hunter to cross to the opposite palace, now represented by the mound of Hammum Ali—and of the histories and fate of the kings of a primitive race, still the favourite theme of the inhabitants of the plains of Shinar, when the last glow of twilight faded away, and I fell asleep as we glided onward to Baghdad.

The 'cuneiform character' referred to is the arrow-headed alphabet, or signs and characters, found on bricks, on cylinders, on the remains of ancient buildings, and on the smooth surfaces of rocks, from the Euphrates to the eastern boundary of Persia. Professor Grotofend deciphered certain names in these inscriptions, and his discovery has been followed up by Sir Henry Rawlinson, Dr. Hincks, and others, with distinguished success. Mr. Layard commenced his operations at Nimroud on a vast mound, 1800 feet long, 900 broad, and 60 or 70 feet high. On digging down into the rubbish, chambers of white marble were brought to light; then sculptures with cuneiform inscriptions, winged lions with human heads, sphinxes, bas-reliefs representing hunting-pieces and battle-scenes, with illustrations of domestic life. One discovery caused great consternation among the labourers.

Discovery of a Colossal Sculpture.

'On the morning I rode to the encampment of Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman, and was returning to the mound, when I saw two Arabs of his tribe urging their mares to the top of their speed. On approaching me, they stopped. 'Hasten, O Bey,' exclaimed one of them—'hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself. Wallah, it is wonderful, but it is true! we have seen him with our eyes. There is no god but God!' and both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off, without further words, in the direction of their tents.

On reaching the ruins I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen, who had already seen me as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. Whilst Awad advanced and asked for a present to celebrate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human head sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of a figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull, similar to those of Khorsabad and Persepolis. It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm, yet majestic, and the outline of the features shewed a freedom and knowledge of art scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period. The cap had three horns, and, unlike that of the human-headed bulls hitherto found in Assyria, was rounded and without ornament at the top.

I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below. One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his basket and run off towards Mosul as fast as his legs could carry him. I learned this with regret, as I anticipated the consequences.

Whilst I was superintending the removal of the earth, which still clung to the sculpture, and giving directions for the continuation of the work, a noise of horsemen was heard, and presently Abd-ur-rahman, followed by half his tribe appeared on the edge of the trench. As soon as the two Arabs had reached the tents, and published the wonders they had seen, every one mounted his mare and rode to the mound, to satisfy himself of the truth of these inconceivable reports. When they beheld the head, they all cried together: 'There is no god but God, and Mohammed

is his prophet!' It was some time before the sheikh could be prevailed upon to descend into the pit, and convince himself that the image he saw was of stone. 'This is not the work of men's hands,' exclaimed he, 'but of those infidel giants of whom the prophet—peace be with him!—has said that they were higher than the tallest date-tree; this is one of the idols which Noah—peace be with him!—cursed before the flood.' In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the by-standers concurred.

The semi-barbarism of the people caused frequent difficulties; but the traveller's tact, liberality, and courage overcame them all. In about twelve months, eight chambers were opened. Additional funds for prosecuting researches were obtained through the trustees of the British Museum, and ultimately twenty-eight halls and galleries were laid open, and the most valuable of the exhumed treasures transmitted to the British Museum. Mr. Layard afterwards commenced excavations at Kouyunjik, on the plain beyond the Tigris, opposite Mosul, and was there equally successful. In 1849, he undertook a second expedition, funds having been supplied (though with a niggardly hand) by the trustees of the Museum and the government. On this occasion, Mr. Layard extended his researches to Babylon and the confines of Persia, but the most valuable results were obtained in the field of his former labours, at Nimroud and Kouyunjik. The sculptures were of all kinds, one of the most remarkable being a figure of Dagon—a four-winged male divinity. There were representations of almost every mode of life—banquets, processions, sieges, forts, captives in fetters, criminals undergoing punishment, &c. The Assyrians appear to have been familiar with the most cruel barbarities—flaying alive, impaling, and torturing their prisoners. In the mechanical arts they were inferior to the Egyptians, and in moving those gigantic sculptures they had no motive-power but physical force—the captives, malefactors, and slaves being employed. The well-known emblems of Egyptian art appear on those Assyrian marbles, and Sir Gardiner Wilkinson considers this as disproving their early date. They are all, he concludes, within the date 1000 B.C., illustrating the periods of Shalmaneser and Sennacherib; and Mr. Layard is also of opinion that the Assyrian palaces he explored were built by Sennacherib, who came to the throne at the end of the seventh century before Christ. The mounds at Nimroud, Kouyunjik, and Khorasan would seem to be all parts of one vast city and capital—the Nineveh of Jonah, which was a three days' journey, and contained one hundred thousand children, or a population of half a million. The measurement of the space within the ruins gives an area almost identical with that assigned by the prophet.

The account of this second expedition was published by Mr. Layard in 1853, under the title of 'Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon.' He afterwards entered into public life, was a short time in 1852 Under-secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and mem-

ber of parliament for Aylesbury; he visited the Crimea during the war with Russia, and on his return was one of the most urgent in demanding inquiry into the management of the army. In December 1860 he was returned one of the members for Southwark, and from 1861 to 1866 was Under-secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He was Chief Commissioner of Works from December 1868 to November 1869, when he retired from parliament on being appointed the British envoy at Madrid.

City of Baghdad or Bagdat.

We are now amid the date-groves. If it be autumn, clusters of golden fruit hang beneath the fan-like leaves; if spring, the odour of orange blossoms fills the air. The cooing of the doves that flutter among the branches begets a pleasing melancholy, and a feeling of listlessness and repose. The raft creeps round a projecting bank, and two gilded domes and four stately minarets, all glittering in the rays of an Eastern sun, rise suddenly high above the dense bed of palms. They are of the mosque of Kaithamun, which covers the tombs of two of the Imaums or holy saints of the Sheeah sect. The low banks swarm with Arabs—men, women, and naked children. Mud hovels screened by yellow mats, and groaning water-wheels worked by the patient ox, are seen beneath the palms. The Tigris becomes wider and wider, and the stream is almost motionless. Circular boats of reeds, coated with bitumen, skim over the water. Horsemen and riders on white asses hurry along the river-side. Turks in flowing robes and broad turbans; Persians in high black caps and close-fitting tunics; the Bokhara pilgrim in his white head-dress and way-worn garments; the Bedouin chief in his tasselled keffiih and striped aba; Baghdad ladies with their scarlet and white draperies, fretted with threads of gold, and their black horse-hair veils concealing even their wanton eyes; Persian women wrapped in their sightless garments; and Arab girls in their simple blue shirts, are all mingled together in one motley crowd. A busy stream of travellers flows without ceasing from the gates of the western suburb of Baghdad to the sacred precincts of Kaithamun.

An account of the 'Highlands of Ethiopia,' by Major W. Cornwallis Harris, H.E.I.C. Engineers, three volumes, 1844, also abounds with novel and interesting information. The author was employed to conduct a mission which the British government sent to Sahela Selasse, the king of Shoa, in Southern Abyssinia, whose capital, Ankober, was supposed to be about four hundred miles inland from the port of Tajura, on the African coast. The king consented to form a commercial treaty, and Major Harris conceived that a profitable intercourse might be maintained by Great Britain with this productive part of the world.

SIR CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE—MR. J. F. CAMPBELL.

In 1869 was published 'Greater Britain, a Record of Travel in English-speaking Countries' during 1866 and 1867. 'The development of the England of Elizabeth is to be found, not in the Britain of Victoria, but in half the habitable globe. If two small islands are by courtesy called "Great," America, Australia, India, must form a "Greater Britain."' After this prefatory explanation of his quaint title, the author arranges his travelling experiences into four parts—America, Polynesia, Australia, and India. The sketches are lively

and spirited, and the work was well received by the public. The sixth edition (1872) is now before us.

Influence of the English Race.

The idea which in all the length of my travels has been at once my fellow and my guide—a key wherewith to unlock the hidden things of strange new lands—is a conception, however imperfect, of the grandeur of our race, already girdling the earth, which it is destined, perhaps, eventually to overspread. In America, the peoples of the world are being fused together, but they run into an English mould: Alfred's laws and Chaucer's tongue are theirs whether they would or no. There are men who say that Britain in her age will claim the glory of having planted greater Englands across the seas. They fail to perceive that she has done more than found plantations of her own—that she has imposed her institutions upon the offshoots of Germany, of Ireland, of Scandinavia, and of Spain.

Brigham Young.

We posted off to a merchant to whom we had letters, that we might inquire when his spiritual chief and military ruler would be home again from his 'trip north.' The answer was, 'to-morrow.'

After watching the last gleams fade from the snow-fields upon the Wasatch, we parted for the night, as I had to sleep in a private house, the hotel being filled even to the balcony. As I entered the drawing-room of my entertainer, I heard the voice of a lady reading, and caught enough of what she said to be aware that it was a defence of polygamy. She ceased when she saw the stranger; but I found that it was my host's first wife reading Belinda Pratt's book to her daughters—girls just blooming into womanhood.

After an agreeable chat with the ladies, doubly pleasant as it followed upon a long absence from civilisation, I went to my room, which I afterwards found to be that of the eldest son, a youth of sixteen years. In one corner stood two Ballard rifles, and two revolvers and a military uniform hung from pegs upon the wall. When I lay down with my hands underneath the pillow—an attitude instinctively adopted to escape the sand-flies, I touched something cold. I felt it—a full-sized Colt, and capped. Such was my first introduction to Utah Mormonism.

On the morrow, we had the first and most formal of our four interviews with the Mormon president, the conversation lasting three hours, and all the leading men of the church being present. When we rose to leave, Brigham said: 'Come to see me here again: Brother Stenhouse will shew you everything;' and then blessed us in these words, 'Peace be with you, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.'

Elder Stenhouse followed us out of the presence, and somewhat anxiously put the odd question: 'Well, is he a white man?' 'White' is used in Utah as a general term of praise; a white man is a man—to use our corresponding idiom—not so black as he is painted. A 'white country' is a country with grass and trees; just as a white man means a man who is morally not a Ute, so a white country is a land in which others than Utes can dwell.

We made some complimentary answer to Stenhouse's question; but it was impossible not to feel that the real point was, is Brigham sincere?

Brigham's deeds have been those of a sincere man. His bitterest opponents cannot dispute the fact that in 1841, when Nauvoo was about to be deserted, owing to the attacks of a ruffianly mob, Brigham rushed to the front, and took the chief command. To be a Mormon leader then was to be a leader of an outcast people, with a price set on his head, in a Missourian county in which almost every man who was not a Mormon was by profession an assassin. In the sense, too, of believing that he is what he professes to be, Brigham is undoubtedly sincere. In the wider sense of being that which he professes to be, he comes off as well, if only we will read his words in the way he speaks them. He tells us that he is a prophet—God's representative on earth; but when I asked him whether he was of a wholly different spiritual rank to that held by other devout men, he said: 'By no means. I am a prophet—one of many. All good men are prophets; but God has blessed me with peculiar favour in revealing His will oftener and more clearly through me than through other men.'

Those who would understand Brigham's revelations must read Bentham. The lead-

ing Mormons are utilitarian deists. 'God's will be done,' they like other deists say, is to be our rule: and God's will they find in written revelation and in utility. God has given men, by the actual hand of angels, the Bible, the Book of Mormon, the Book of Covenants, the revelations upon Plural Marriage. When these are exhausted, man, seeking for God's will, has to turn to the principle of utility: that which is for the happiness of mankind—that is, of the church—is God's will and must be done. While utility is their only index to God's pleasure, they admit that the church must be ruled—that opinions may differ as to what is the good of the church, and therefore the will of God. They meet, then, annually, in an assembly of the people, and electing church-officers by popular will and acclamation, they see God's finger in the ballot-box. They say, like the Jews in the election of their judges, that the choice of the people is the choice of God. This is what men like John Taylor or David Wells appear to feel; the ignorant are permitted to look upon Brigham as something more than a man, and though Brigham himself does nothing to confirm this view, the leaders foster the delusion. When I asked Stenhouse, 'Has Brigham's re-election as prophet ever been opposed?' he answered sharply, 'I should like to see the man who 'd do it.'

Brigham's personal position is a strange one: he calls himself prophet, and declares that he has revelations from God himself, but when you ask him quietly what all this means, you find that for prophet you should read political philosopher. He sees that a canal from Utah Lake to Salt Lake Valley would be of vast utility to the church and the people—that a new settlement is urgently required. He thinks about these things till they dominate in his mind, and take in his brain in the shape of physical creations. He dreams of the canal, the city; sees them before him in his waking moments. That which is so clearly for the good of God's people becomes God's will. Next Sunday at the tabernacle, he steps to the front and says: 'God has spoken; He has said unto his prophet: "Get thee up, Brigham, and build Me a city in the fertile valley to the South, where there is water, where there are fish, where the sun is strong enough to ripen the cotton plants, and give raiment as well as food to my saints on earth."' Brethren willing to aid God's work should come to me before the bishops' meeting.' As the prophet takes his seat again, and puts on his broad-brimmed hat, a hum of applause runs around the bowery, and teams and barrows are freely promised.

Sometimes the canal, the bridge, the city may prove a failure, but this is not concealed: the prophet's human tongue may blunder even when he is communicating holy things. 'After all,' Brigham said to me the day before I left, 'the highest inspiration is good sense—the knowing what to do and how to do it.'

Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, author of 'Greater Britain,' is son of a baronet of the same name who was one of the Commissioners of the International Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862, and for his services in that capacity was rewarded with a baronetcy in 1862. The second baronet was born in 1843, studied law, and was called to the bar in 1866. In November 1867 he was elected to represent Chelsea in the House of Commons. Sir Charles has succeeded his father and grandfather as proprietor of the 'Athenæum' literary journal.

Another extensive traveller, Mr. J. F. Campbell, has published two volumes of extracts from journals sent home, geological and other notes written while travelling westwards round the world in 1875. His work is entitled 'My Circular Notes.' The 'Notes' are lively and graphic, especially as regards Japan and the Japanese, of which the accounts are highly favourable.

'Japan is fairly started with growing railroads and telegraphs, an ordnance survey, and an observatory; steamboats, a newspaper, and a national debt. A most ingenious set of mortals are planted in one

of the best commercial situations in the whole world, watched by all the great powers. They make one of the most interesting of political studies, and are the queerest mixture of tragedy and comedy that a spectator can look at from outside.'

Mr. Campbell is a Celtic scholar, and has published four volumes of 'Popular Tales of the West Highlands, orally collected, with a Translation,' 1862. The work is a rich repertory of Celtic folk-love and traditional literature, poetical and prosaic.

WILLIAM GIFFORD PALGRAVE.

Two interesting volumes on Arabia were published in 1865, by William Gifford Palgrave, son of Sir Francis Palgrave, and born in Westminster in 1826. An officer in the Indian army, Mr. Palgrave travelled for nearly ten years (1853–1863) in Arabia and other parts of the Turkish empire. He has also officiated as consul at Trebizond. His published travels are entitled 'Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia,' 1862–63. At the time of undertaking this journey, Mr. Palgrave was in connection with the Order of the Jesuits, and the necessary funds were furnished by the liberality of the Emperor of the French (Napoleon III). The narrative gives the most minute account we have of the Arab race—of their condition, intellectual and political, social and religious.

The Arab Character.

Some authors, travelled or otherwise, have represented the Arabs of the interior as a race absolutely incapable of any real attainment or progress in practical and material science, and have supposed that branch of knowledge to be the exclusive portion of Japhet, while Shem and his descendants, amongst whom the Arabs hold a distinguished place, are to be allowed neither part nor lot in this matter. My own experience, if indeed it may bear the name of experience, would lead me to a very different conclusion; and I am rather inclined to regard the Arabs, taken in themselves and individually, as endowed with a remarkable aptitude for those very pursuits, and hardly less adapted to the railroad, to the steam-ship, or any other nineteenth century invention or natural research than the natives of Sheffield or Birmingham themselves. But lack of communication with other countries, and especially with those which were in former times, and yet are, the fountain-heads of that special activity; and, in addition, the Mahometan drug which paralyses whatever it does not kill outright, have kept them back in the intellectual race, to be outrun by others more favoured by circumstances, though not perhaps by nature. When the Koran and Mecca shall have disappeared from Arabia, then, and then only, can we seriously expect to see the Arab assume that place in the ranks of civilisation from which Mahomet and his book have, more than any other individual cause, long held him back.

The Simoon.

It was about noon, and such a noon as a summer solstice can offer in the unclouded Arabian sky over a scorched desert, when abrupt and burning gusts of wind began to blow by fits from the south, while the oppressiveness of the air increased every moment till my companion and myself mutually asked each other what this could mean, and what was to be its result. We turned to inquire of Salem, but he had already wrapped up his face in his mantle, and, bowed down, and crouching on the neck of his camel, replied not a word. His comrades, the two Sherarat Bedouins, had adopted a similar position, and were equally silent. At last, after repeated interrogations, Salem, instead of replying directly to our questioning, pointed to a small

black tent, providentially at no great distance in front, and said, 'Try to reach that; if we can get there we are saved.' He added, 'Take care that your camels do not stop and lie down;' and then, giving his own several vigorous blows, relapsed into muffled silence.

We looked anxiously towards the tent; it was yet a hundred yards off or more. Meanwhile the gusts grew hotter and more violent, and it was only by repeated efforts that we could urge our beasts forward. The horizon rapidly darkened to a deep violet hue, and seemed to draw in like a curtain on every side; while, at the same time, a stifling blast, as though from some enormous oven opening right on our path, blew steadily under the gloom; our camels, too, began, in spite of all we could do, to turn round and round, and bend their knees, preparing to lie down. The Simoon was fairly upon us.

Of course, we had followed our Arab's example by muffling our faces; and now, with blows and kicks, we forced the staggering animals onwards to the only asylum within reach. So dark was the atmosphere, and so burning the heat, that it seemed that hell had risen from the earth, or descended from above. But we were yet in time; and at the moment when the worst of the concentrated poison blast was coming around, we were already prostrate one and all within the tent, with our heads well wrapped up, almost suffocated indeed, but safe; while our camels lay without like dead, their long necks stretched out on the sand awaiting the passing of the gale.

On our first arrival the tent contained a solitary Bedouin woman, whose husband was away with his camels in the Wadi Sirham. When she saw five handsome men like us rush thus suddenly into her dwelling, without a word of leave or salutation, she very properly set up a scream to the tune of the four crown pleas, murder, arson, robbery, and I know not what else. Salem hastened to reassure her by calling out 'Friends,' and without more words, threw himself flat on the ground. All followed his example in silence.

We remained thus for about ten minutes, during which a still heat, like that of a red-hot iron slowly passing over us, was alone to be felt. Then the tent walls began again to flap in the returning gusts, and announced that the worst of the Simoon had gone by. We got up half dead with exhaustion, and unmuffled our faces. My comrades appeared more like corpses than living men; and so, I suppose, did I. However, I could not forbear, in spite of warning, to step out and look at the camels: they were still lying flat as if they had been shot. The air was yet darkish, but before long it brightened up to its usual dazzling clearness. During the whole time that the Simoon lasted, the atmosphere was entirely free from sand or dust, so that I hardly know how to account for its singular obscurity.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

Expeditions to the arctic regions were continued after the fruitless voyage of Sir John Ross, 1829–33. The interval of 160 miles between Point Barrow, and the farthest point to which Captain Franklin penetrated, was, in 1837, surveyed by Mr. Thomas Simpson and the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. The latter had, with great generosity, lent their valuable assistance to complete the geography of that region, and Mr. Simpson was enthusiastically devoted to the same object. In the summer of 1837, he, with his senior officer, Mr. Dease, started from the Great Slave Lake, following the steps of Franklin as far as the point called Franklin's Farthest, whence they traced the remainder of the coast to the westward to Point Barrow, by which they completed our knowledge of this coast the whole way west of the Coppermine River, as far as Behring's Straits. Wintering at the north-east angle of the Great Bear Lake, the party descended the Coppermine River, and followed the coast eastwards as far as the mouth of the Great Fish River, discovered by

Back in 1834. The expedition comprised 'the navigation of a tempestuous ocean beset with ice, for a distance exceeding 1400 geographical or 1600 statute miles, in open boats, together with all the fatigues of long land-journeys and the perils of the climate.' In 1839 the Geographical Society of London rewarded Mr. Simpson with a medal, for 'advancing almost to completion the solution of the great problem of the configuration of the northern shore of the North American continent.' While returning to Europe in June 1840, Mr. Simpson died, it is supposed, by his own hand, in a paroxysm of insanity, after shooting two of the four men who accompanied him from the Red River colony. Mr. Simpson was a native of Dingwall, in Ross shire, and at the time of his melancholy death was only in his thirty-second year. His 'Narrative of the Discoveries on the North Coast of America, effected by the Officers of the Hudson's Bay Company during the years' 1836–39, was published in 1843.

In 1845 the Admiralty commissioned two ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, to prosecute the problem of the North-west Passage. Captain Sir John Franklin had returned from Tasmania, and the expedition was placed under charge of that experienced and skilful commander, Captain Crozier being the second in command. The expedition was seen for the last time by a whaler, July 26, 1845, making for Lancaster Sound. At the close of 1847 the Admiralty despatched vessels with supplies; two were sent in 1848 on Franklin's route, and Sir John Richardson was despatched through Rupert's Land to the coast of the Arctic Sea. These were the beginnings of a series of searching expeditions persevered in year after year, until tidings were obtained. Of these we have interesting accounts in the 'Narrative of an Expedition to the Shores of the Arctic Sea in 1846 and 1847,' by JOHN RAE, 1850; 'Journal of a Voyage in 1850–51, performed by the *Lady Franklin* and *Sophia* under command of Mr. W. Penny,' by P. C. SUTHERLAND, M.D., two volumes, 1852; 'Papers and Despatches relating to the Arctic searching Expeditions of 1850–1–2,' by JAMES MANGLES, R. N., 1852; 'Second Voyage of the *Prince Albert* in Search of Sir John Franklin,' by W. KENNEDY, 1853; 'The Last of the Arctic Voyages, being a Narrative of the Expedition in H.M.S. *Assistance*,' under the command of SIR EDWARD BELCHER, C.B., in Search of Sir John Franklin, 1852–3–4,' two volumes, 1855; 'The Discovery of the North-west Passage, by H.M.S. *Investigator*, CAPTAIN R. M'CLURE, 1850–54,' published in 1856. The last of these voyages was the most important. Captain M'Clure was knighted, and parliament voted him a sum of £5000, with an equal sum to his officers and crew. The gallantry and ability displayed by the officers of the various expeditions, and the additions made by them to the geography of the Polar Seas, render these voyages and land-journeys a source of national honour, though of deep and almost painful interest.

The abundance of animal life in the polar regions is remarkable. Reindeer, hares, musk oxen, with salmon and other fish, were found, and furnished provisions to the exploring ice-parties. In 1854 Dr. Rae learned from a party of Esquimaux that in the spring of 1850 about forty white men were seen on the shore of King William's Land. They appeared thin, and intimated by signs that their ships had been lost in the ice, and that they were travelling to where they hoped to find deer to shoot. They were dragging a boat and sledges. The Esquimaux further stated that later the same season, before the ice broke up, the bodies of thirty white men were discovered on the continent a day's journey to the west of the Great Fish River, and five more bodies on an adjacent island. In 1857, Lady Franklin organized another searching expedition, and Captain M'Clintock, with a crew of twenty-four men sailed in the *Fox* yacht. They spent the winter of 1857–58 in the ice, drifting about twelve hundred miles. In the spring they resumed operations, and in August reached Brentford Bay, near which the ship was laid up for winter-quarters. In the spring of 1859, Captain M'Clintock and Lieutenant Hobson undertook sledge expeditions, embracing a complete survey of the coasts. At Point Victory, upon the north-west coast of King William's Land, Lieutenant Hobson found under a cairn a record, dated April 25, 1848, signed by Captains Crozier and Fitzjames, stating that the *Erebus* and *Terror* were abandoned on the 22d of April 1848, in the ice, and that the survivors, in all one hundred and five, under the command of Captain Crozier, were proceeding to the Great Fish River. Sir John Franklin had died on the 11th of June 1847. The unfortunate party had expected to be able to penetrate on foot southwards to some of the most northerly settlements of the Hudson's Bay Company. Traces of their progress were further found—a large boat fitted on a sledge, with quantities of clothing, cocoa, tea, tobacco, and fuel, with two guns and plenty of ammunition. Five watches, some plate, knives, a few religious books, and other relics were discovered, but no journals or pocket-books. The gallant band, enfeebled by three years' residence in arctic latitudes, disappointment, and suffering, had no doubt succumbed to the cold and fatigue, sinking down by the way, as the Esquimaux had reported to Dr. Rae, and finding graves amidst the eternal frost and snow. The graves of three of the crew of the *Erebus* and *Terror* are thus noticed in 'Stray Leaves from an Arctic Journal,' by LIEUTENANT S. OSBORN:

Graves of the English Seamen in the Polar Regions.

The graves, like all that Englishmen construct, were scrupulously neat. Go where you will over the globe's surface—afar in the east, or afar in the west, down among the coral-girded isles of the South Sea, or here, where the grim North frowns on the sailor's grave—you will always find it alike; it is the monument raised by rough hands but affectionate hearts over the last home of their messmates; it breathes of the quiet churchyard in some of England's many nooks, where each had formed his idea of what was due to departed worth; and the ornaments that nature decks herself with, even in the desolation of the frozen zone, were carefully culled to

mark the dead seaman's home. The good taste of the officers had prevented the general simplicity of an oaken head and footboard to each of the graves being marred by any long and childish epitaphs, or the doggrel of a lower-deck poet, and the three inscriptions were as follows:

'Sacred to the Memory of Wm. Braine, R.M., of H.M.S. *Erebus*, died April 3, 1846, aged 32 years. "Choose you this day whom ye will serve."—*Josh.* xxiv. 15.

'Sacred to the Memory of J. Torrington, who departed this life, January 1, 1846, on board of H.M.S. *Terror*, aged 20 years.

'Sacred to the Memory of J. Hartwell, A.B., of H.M.S. *Erebus*, died January 4, 1846, aged 25 years. "Thus saith the Lord of hosts: Consider your ways."—*Haggai* i. 7.'

I thought I traced in the epitaphs over the graves of the men from the *Erebus* the manly and Christian spirit of Franklin. In the true spirit of chivalry, he, their captain and leader, led them amidst dangers and unknown difficulties with iron will stamped upon his brow, but the words of meekness, gentleness, and truth were his device.

Some interesting and affecting details of these arctic explorations are given in the 'Life of Sir John Richardson,' by the Rev. J. M'Ilraith, 1868. Sir John was an intrepid explorer of the arctic regions, and largely contributed to the knowledge of the physical geography, flora, and fauna of British North America. This excellent man was a native of Dumfries, born in 1787, died in 1865.

We shall now advert to African discovery and adventure, and to the question of the source of the Nile, which, even from time immemorial, has been a subject of mysterious interest and speculation.

CAPTAIN BURTON.

One of the most fearless and successful of modern explorers is Richard Francis Burton, born at Tuam in Galway, Ireland, in 1820. Entering the East India Company's service, Lieutenant Burton served some years in Sindh under Sir Charles Napier, and published an account of 'Sindh and the Races that Inhabit the Valley of the Indus,' 1851. The same year he produced a volume entitled 'Goa and the Blue Mountains, or Six Months of Sick-Leave;' and the next year, 'Falconry in the Valley of the Indus.' His remarkable talent for acquiring languages, and particularly his knowledge of Arabic, suggested a journey in the East through regions unexplored or but partially known. Under the auspices of the English Geographical Society he proceeded to Arabia, adopting the habits of an Afghan pilgrim. He penetrated to the two holy cities, accomplishing a safe return to Cairo, and the result was a most valuable and interesting book of travels, entitled a 'Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah,' three volumes, 1855–57. The next expedition of the traveller was into the country of the Somaulis in Eastern Africa. He was accompanied by three brother-officers—Lieutenants Stroyan, Speke and Hern. The first of these was killed, and Burton himself was much wounded, but he succeeded in reaching Harrar, and he published an account of the journey under the title of 'First Footsteps in East Africa, or an Exploration of Harar,' 1856. At the

end of the year. Burton and Speke set out to the country of the Upper Nile, to verify the existence of an inland sea announced by the Arabs and missionaries. They started from the Zanzibar coast in 1857, and the result was the discovery of the vast lake of Tanganyika in lat. 5° S., long. 36° E., and a large crescent-shaped mass of mountains overhanging the northern half of the lake, and ten thousand feet high, considered by Speke to be the true Mountains of the Moon. Captain Burton published an account of this expedition, entitled 'The Lake Regions of Central Africa,' two volumes, 1860. His health having been impaired by his African travels, Captain Burton embarked for the United States, which he traversed, and published an account of the Mormons. In 1861 he was appointed consul for Fernando Po, and from thence he made exploring expeditions described in his works, 'Abeokuta and the Cameroons Mountains,' two volumes, 1863; 'A Mission to Gelele, King of Dahomey,' two volumes, 1864; 'Wit and Wisdom from West Africa,' 1865. He was next appointed consul in Brazil, where he resided above three years, and wrote 'Explorations of the Highlands of Brazil,' two volumes, 1869; and 'Letters from the Battle-fields of Paraguay,' 1870. A later work of the traveller's is a description of 'Zanzibar, City, Island, and Coast,' 1872. In 1875, Captain Burton published 'Ultima Thule, or a Summer in Iceland,' in which we have not only the author's personal adventures, but a narrative of the discovery, the history, and characteristics of the island.

CAPTAINS SPEKE AND GRANT.

JOHN HANNING SPEKE was a native of Devonshire, born at Orleigh Court, near Bideford, in 1827. He obtained a commission in the Bengal Native Infantry, and served in the war of the Punjaub. In 1854 he commenced his explorations in Eastern Africa, and in 1856, as already related, he joined Captain Burton in his expedition to ascertain the position of the great lakes of the interior, and their relation to the Nile basin. In February 1858, Lake Tanganyika was discovered, and in July of the same year, Speke traversed the route running north from Kazeh, and in August discovered the south end of the Victoria Nyanza lake, which he considered to be the source of the Nile. In his opinion he differed from Burton and other travellers, and in order to establish more firmly his theory on the subject, he undertook another expedition in 1860, accompanied by a brother officer, Captain Grant. The result he published in a large volume, a 'Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile,' 1863. Captain Speke was engaged to address the British Association at Bath on the 16th of September 1864, but was unfortunately killed on the day preceding by the accidental discharge of his gun. The death of the brave traveller under circumstances so distressing may be said to have saddened all England. Subsequent explorations in Africa have proved the accuracy of Speke's account of the Victoria Nyanza.

First View of the Nile.

Here at last I stood on the brink of the Nile; most beautiful was the scene—nothing could surpass it! It was the very perfection of the kind of effect aimed at in a highly-kept park; with a magnificent stream from six to seven hundred yards wide, dotted with islets and rocks, the former occupied by fishermen's huts, the latter by sterns and crocodiles basking in the sun, flowing between high grassy banks, with rich trees and plantains in the background, where herds of the nsunnu and hartebeest could be seen grazing, while the hippopotami were snorting in the water, and florikan and guinea-fowl rising at our feet. Unfortunately, the chief district officer, Mlondo, was from home, but we took possession of his huts—clean, extensive, and tidily kept—facing the river, and felt as if a residence here would do one good. . . .

I marched up the left bank of the Nile, at a considerable distance from the water, to the Isamba Rapids, passing through rich jungle and plantain gardens. Nargo, an old friend, and district officer of the place, first refreshed us with a dish of plantain squash and dried fish with pombé.* He told us he is often threatened by elephants, but he sedulously keeps them off with charms; for if they ever tasted a plantain they would never leave the garden until they had cleared it out. He then took us to see the nearest falls of the Nile—extremely beautiful, but very confined. The water ran deep between its banks, which were covered with fine grass, soft cloudy acacias, and festoons of lilac convolvuli; whilst here and there, where the land had slipped above the rapids, bared places of red earth could be seen like that of Devonshire: there, too, the waters, impeded by a natural dam, looked like a huge mill-pond, sullen and dark, in which two crocodiles, laving about, were looking out for prey. From the high banks we looked down upon a line of sloping wooded islets lying across the stream, which divide its waters, and by interrupting them, cause at once both dam and rapids. The whole was more fairy-like, wild, and romantic than—I must confess that my thoughts took that shape—anything I ever saw outside of a theatre. It was exactly the sort of place, in fact, where, bridged across from one side-slip to the other, on a moonlight night, brigands would assemble to enact some dreadful tragedy. Even the Wanguana seemed spell-bound at the novel beauty of the sight, and no one thought of moving till hunger warned us night was setting in, and we had better look out for lodgings.

Etiquette at the Court of Uganda.

The mighty king was now reported to be sitting on his throne in the state-hut of the third tier. I advanced hat in hand, with my guard of honour following, formed in open ranks, who in their turn were followed by the bearers carrying the present. I did not walk straight up to him as if to shake hands, but went outside the ranks of a three-sided square of squatting Wakungu, all habited in skins, mostly cow-skins; some few of them had, in addition, leopard-cat skins girt round the waist, the sign of royal blood. Here I was desired to halt and sit in the glaring sun; so I donned my hat, mounted my umbrella—a phenomenon which set them all a-wondering and laughing—ordered the guard to close ranks, and sat, gazing at the novel spectacle. A more theatrical sight I never saw. The king, a good-looking, well-figured, tall young man of twenty-five, was sitting on a red blanket spread upon a square platform of royal grass, encased in tiger-grass reeds, scrupulously well-dressed mbugu. The hair of his head was cut short, excepting on the top, where it was combed up to a high ridge, running from stem to stern like a cock's comb. On his neck was a very neat ornament—a large ring of beautifully worked small beads, forming elegant patterns by their various colours. On one arm was another bead ornament, prettily devised; and on the other a wooden charm, tied by a string covered with snake-skin. On every finger and every toe he had alternate brass and copper-rings; and above the ankles, half-way up to the calf, a stocking of very pretty beads. Everything was light, neat, and elegant in its way; not a fault could be found with the taste of his 'getting-up.' For a handkerchief he held a well-folded piece of bark, and a piece of gold-embroidered silk, which he constantly employed to hide his large mouth

* A fermented liquor made from grains, roots, or fruits.

when laughing, or to wipe it after a drink of plantain wine, of which he took constant and copious draughts from neat little gourd-cups, administered by his ladies-in-waiting, who were at once his sisters and wives. A white dog, spear, shield, and woman—the Uganda cognisance—were by his side, as also a knot of staff-officers, with whom he kept up a brisk conversation on one side, and on the other was a band of Wachwézi, or lady-sorcerers.

I was now asked to draw nearer within the hollow square of squatters, where leopard skins were strewed upon the ground, and a large copper kettle-drum, surmounted with brass bells on arching wires, along with two other smaller drums covered with cowrie-shells, and beads of colour worked into patterns, were placed. I now longed to open conversation, but knew not the language, and no one near me dared speak, or even lift his head from fear of being accused of eyeing the women; so the king and myself sat staring at one another for full an hour—I mute, but he pointing and remarking with those around him on the novelty of my guard and general appearance, and even requiring to see my hat lifted, the umbrella shut and opened, and the guards face about and shew off their red cloaks—for such wonders had never been seen in Uganda.

Then finding the day waning, he sent Maula on an embassy to ask me if I had seen him; and on receiving my reply, 'Yes, for full one hour,' I was glad to find him rise, spear in hand, lead his dog, and walk unceremoniously away through the inclosure into the the fourth tier of huts; for this being a pure levée day, no business was transacted. The king's gait in retiring was intended to be very majestic, but did not succeed in conveying to me that impression. It was the traditional walk of his race, founded on the step of the lion, but the outward sweep of the legs, intended to represent the stride of the noble beast, appeared to me only to realise a very ludicrous kind of waddle.

The Source of the Nile—A Summary.

The expedition had now performed its functions. I saw that old Father Nile, without any doubt, rises in the Victoria Nyanza, and, as I had foretold, that lake is the great source of the holy river which cradled the first expounder of our religious belief. I mourned, however, when I thought how much I had lost by the delays in the journey having deprived me of the pleasure of going to look at the north-east corner of the Nyanza to see what connection there was, by the strait so often spoken of, with it and the other lake where the Waganda went to get their salt, and from which another river flowed to the north, making 'Usoga an island.' But I felt I ought to be content with what I had been spared to accomplish; for I had seen full half of the lake, and had information given me of the other half, by means of which I knew all about the lake, as far, at least, as the chief objects of geographical importance were concerned.

Let us now sum up the whole and see what it is worth. Comparative information assured me that there was as much water on the eastern side of the lake as there is on the western—if anything, rather more. The most remote waters, *or top head of the Nile*, is the southern end of the lake, situated close on the third degree of south latitude, which gives to the Nile the surprising length, in direct measurement, rolling over thirty-four degrees of latitude, of above two thousand three hundred miles, or more than one-eleventh of the circumference of our globe. Now from this southern point, round by the west, to where the *great* Nile stream issues, there is only one feeder of any importance, and that is the Kitangûlé river; whilst from the southernmost point, round by the east, to the strait, there are no rivers at all of any importance; for the travelled Arabs one and all aver, that from the west of the snow-clad Kilimandjaro to the lake where it is cut by the second degree, and also the first degree of south latitude, there are salt lakes and salt plains, and the country is hilly, not unlike Unyamûézi; but they said there were no great rivers, and the country was so scantily watered, having only occasional runnels and rivulets, that they always had to make long marches in order to find water when they went on their trading journeys: and further, those Arabs who crossed the strait when they reached Usoga, as mentioned before, during the late interregnum, crossed no river either.

There remains to be disposed of the 'Salt Lake,' which I believe is not a salt, but a fresh-water lake; and my reasons are, as before stated, that the natives call all lakes salt, if they find salt beds or salt islands in such places. Dr. Krapf, when he obtained a sight of the Kenia mountain, heard from the natives there that there was a salt lake to its northward, and he also heard that a river ran from Kenia towards the Nile. If his information was true on this latter point, then, without doubt, there must exist some connection between his river and the salt lake I have heard of, and this in all probability would also establish a connection between my salt lake and his salt lake which he heard was called Baringo. In no view that can be taken of it, however, does this unsettled matter touch the established fact that the head of the Nile is in three degrees south latitude, where, in the year 1858, I discovered the head of the Victoria Nyanza to be.

James Augustus Grant, associated with Captain Speke in African travel and discovery, is a native of Nairn, of which town his father was minister. He was born in 1827, and in his eighteenth year entered the Indian army; served under Lord Gough; and did duty with the 78th Highlanders, under General Havelock, at the relief of Lucknow in 1857. On this occasion he was wounded in the right hand. From April 1860 till June 1863 he was engaged in the African expedition. In the preface to his work, 'A Walk Across Africa, or Domestic Scenes from my Nile Journal,' 1864, Captain Grant says:

'My acquaintance with Captain Speke commenced as far back as 1847, when he was serving in India with his regiment. We were both Indian officers, of the same age, and equally fond of field-sports, and our friendship continued unbroken. After his return from discovering the Victoria Nyanza, he was, as is well known, commissioned by the Royal Geographical Society to prosecute his discovery, and to ascertain, if possible, the truth of his conjecture—that the Nile had its source in that gigantic lake, the Nyanza. I volunteered to accompany him; my offer was at once accepted; and it is now a melancholy satisfaction to think that not a shade of jealousy or distrust, or even ill-temper, ever came between us during our wanderings and intercourse.'

Captain, now Colonel Grant was made a C.B. in 1866; and in 1868, when the Abyssinian expedition was organised, he was appointed head of the Intelligence Department, and for his services in Abyssinia was nominated a Companion of the Order of the Star of India. His volume of travels is a pleasing and interesting narrative. Its title is thus explained: 'Last season Sir Roderick Murchison did me the honour to introduce me to Her Majesty's First Minister, Viscount Palmerston, and on that occasion his Lordship good-humouredly remarked, 'You have had a long walk, Captain Grant!' The saying was one well fitted to be remembered and to be told again; and my friendly publishers and others recommended that it should form the leading title of my book.' We subjoin one extract:

*Life in Unyanyembe.**

This province of Unyanyembe has nearly four months of rain, commencing in the end of November, and winding up with the greatest fall in February. As soon as the soil of sand, or black spongy mould, has softened, the seed is dropped, and by the 1st of February all is as green as an emerald. The young rice has to struggle for fifteen days against the depredations of a small black caterpillar, green underneath. It is a precarious time for the agriculturist; for, if rain does not fall, the crop is lost, being eaten close by this insect. Women walk in the fields, with hand-picks, loosening the soil, clearing it of weeds and worms. There is only one crop in the year, and all the cereals known in Zanzibar are grown here. Cotton was considered by an Indian resident to be as fine as that grown in Kutch, but he said they had no use for it, merely burning it as wicks. As the previous year's corn had been consumed, the poorer classes gathered the heads of a wild grass (*Dactylosum Egyptiacum*), and prepared it for stirabout by sun-drying, beating on the rocks, and rubbing it into flour on their flag-stones. They also fed on mushrooms, growing amongst the rank 'dub' grass, after drying, roasting, and peeling them. They were five inches in diameter, and sienna-coloured. Another variety was white, and half the size. All the cattle and goats in the country seemed to have found their way into the folds of the Arabs, and had been captured in a war still going on between them and the native population. The surrounding country is devoid of game, but within a long day's march a forest was visited, where various antelopes, giraffes, lions, and a few elephants might be met with along the valley of the Wallah River. The scales of an armadillo were seen worn as a charm, three inches across, and striated or lined at one end. Our men had a superstition that the person who found an armadillo alive would become a king—meaning, I imagine, that it was so rare. However, we came upon a pet one at three degrees north latitude. About the cultivations near the village no singing-birds are ever heard, but the plumage of those seen is often very brilliant. Flocks of beautiful little birds, with black bodies, golden-tinted scarlet heads and backs, pecked at the ears of corn; or in the rice fields the favourite of the Cape farmers, the locust-bird, black, and looking like a curlew when walking, went tamely about. Crows, with a ring of white about the neck, were seen in twos and threes. The matting in the house was full of bugs, or ticks, which pestered one while seated at night, causing considerable irritation.

It is not a country for ivory, the natives seldom, if ever, bringing any for sale. Grain was so scarce that slaves could be purchased for two fathoms of calico. One day a naked native passed us in charge of three Seedees (negroes) armed with spears. They had found him stealing, and offered him for sale. No one would purchase him, and he was taken to the sultan, who would, as Moosah said, either spear him, keep him as a slave, or allow him to be sold. Slaves from the northern kingdom of Uganda, &c., were considered the most valuable. They were held to be more trustworthy than men from the coast, made excellent servants, and were famous at

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* The following notice of African localities (from an article in the *Times*) will assist the reader: 'The Island of Zanzibar is cut by the sixth parallel of south latitude, and from Bagamoyo, on the mainland, starts a well-known caravan route, which leads in the first place to Unyanyembe, a central trading station and settlement of the Arab ivory and slave merchants, lying in five degrees south latitude, and three hundred and sixty miles west of Bagamoyo in a direct line. The next and farthest depot of the Arab merchants is Ujiji, one hundred and eighty miles due west of Unyanyembe, on the shores of the great lake of Tanganyika. When the native tribes and their petty sultans are not at war between themselves or with the Arabs, the road to Ujiji, from Unyanyembe is pretty straight and safe for a well-organized caravan. The district between Tanganyika and the coast is well travelled by caravans: the tribute system with the different tribes is almost as organised as a customs tariff, and the drunken village chiefs and sultans, who depend upon traders for all their finery, are quite wise enough to know that if they rob and murder one caravan, another is not likely to come their way. Neither do the Arabs dare to kidnap along the route. Their slave-hunting grounds are in the distant interior, and it is quite an error to suppose that the country is desolated and uninhabited for several hundred miles from the coast inwards. A great part of the way from Bagamoyo to Ujiji, it is populous and prosperous, the natives are well armed with flint guns as far and farther than Unyanyembe, and it is to the interest of both the tribes and the traders to keep the peace.

killing or capturing wild animals. The most esteemed women were of the Wanumah tribe from Karagne; they resembled the Abyssinians.

Let me give the reader some idea of our life here. Moosah, an Indian in whose house we resided, was a fine benevolent old man, with an establishment of three hundred native men and women around him. His abode had, three years ago, taken two months to build, and it was surrounded by a circular wall which inclosed his houses, fruit and vegetable gardens, and his stock of cattle. The lady who presided over the whole was of most portly dimensions, and her word was law. Moosah sat from morn till night with his 'fondee' or chief manager, and other head servants within sight, receiving salutes and compliments from the rich and poor at the front or *gentlemen's* side of the house, while the lady presided over the domestic arrangements of the interior. We had full access to both, and no house could be conducted with greater regularity. At three o'clock in the morning, Moosah, who had led a hard life in his day, would call out for his little pill of opium, which he had never missed for forty years. This would brighten him up till noon. He would then transact business, chat, and give you the gossip at any hour you might sit by him on his carpet. To us it seemed strange that he never stopped talking when prayers from the Koran were being read to him by a 'Bookeen,' or Madagascar man. Perhaps he had little respect for the officiating priest, as the same reverend and learned gentleman was accustomed to make him his shirts! After a midday sleep, he would refresh himself with a second but larger pill, transact business, and so end the day.

The harem department presented a more domestic scene. At dawn, women in robes of coloured chintz, their hair neatly plaited, gave fresh milk to the swarm of black cats, or churned butter in gourds by rocking it to and fro on their laps. By seven o'clock the whole place was swept clean. Some of the household fed the game-fowls, or looked after the ducks and pigeons; two women chained by the neck fetched firewood, or ground corn at a stone; children would eat together without dispute, because a matron presided over them; all were quiet, industrious beings, never idle, and as happy as the day was long. When any of Moosah's wives gave birth to a child, there was universal rejoicing, and when one died, the shrill laments of the women were heard all night long. When a child misbehaved, we write men were pointed at to frighten it, as nurses at home too often do with ghost stories.

The most important functionary about this court was the head keeper or 'fondee,' who had been a slave all his life, and now possessed a village with a farm and cattle. His daily duty was to sit within sight of his master. On Speke calling to see his collection of horns and extract a bullet from the leg of one of his slaves, the fondee made us heartily welcome. Stools were placed, and he produced some ripe plantain, and shewed us about his premises. He also took us to one of his favourite shooting-grounds, where he certainly knew how to make himself comfortable.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER.

In 1854 and 1855 appeared 'The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon,' and 'Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon.' These works evinced a love of travel and adventure, an intelligence and power of description, that marked the writer as one eminently fitted for the exploration of Eastern countries. Their author was an English engineer, SAMUEL WHITE BAKER, born at Thorngrove in Worcestershire, in 1821. About the year 1847 he had gone to Ceylon, and was popularly known as the elephant hunter. His residence was fitted up with great taste and neatness, as both Mr. Baker and his wife had a fine taste for art. Mrs. Baker died, but in 1860 he married again, the lady being a young Hungarian, Florence von Saas, who shared in her husband's love of wild nature, and who accompanied him on a journey of exploration to the Upper Nile. In 1861 they sailed up the Nile from Cairo. They reached Khartoum in June 1862, compared the Blue Nile with the White Nile at or near the point of

junction, and proceeded up the latter to Gondokoro. Baker had a good escort—ninety persons, twenty-nine camels and asses, and three boats. Gondokoro is a mission station and place of trade, and can be reached from Cairo in a sailing-boat, with a north wind, in about three months. At Gondokoro, Baker met Captains Speke and Grant, who had just arrived from their expedition to the south, and he led the way-worn travellers to his *diabeah*, or Nile pleasure-boat, where they found the comforts of civilised life, so long denied them. These southern explorers told Baker of their discovery of the Lake Victoria Nyanza, and of another great lake which the natives had described to them, but which they had been unable to visit. Baker at once undertook to trace this unknown water, which he conceived must have an important position in the basin of the Nile. He set off on the journey, and arrived in the Latooka country, 110 miles east of Gondokoro, in March 1863. After innumerable difficulties and hardships, the traveller and his heroic wife succeeded, in March 1864, in obtaining from the top of a range of lofty cliffs a view of the mysterious lake.

First Sight of the Albert Nyanza.

The glory of our prize suddenly burst upon me! There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay far beneath the grand expanse of water—a boundless sea horizon on the south and south-west, glittering in the noonday sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles' distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about seven thousand feet above its level.

It is impossible to describe the triumph of that moment; here was the reward for all our labour—for the years of tenacity with which we had toiled through Africa. England had won the sources of the Nile! . . . . I sincerely thanked God for having guided and supported us through all dangers to the good end. I was about one thousand five hundred feet above the lake, and I looked down from the steep granite cliff upon those welcome waters—upon that vast reservoir which nourished Egypt and brought fertility where all was wilderness—upon that great source so long hidden from mankind; that source of bounty and blessings to millions of human beings; and as one of the greatest objects in nature, I determined to honour it with a great name. As an imperishable memorial of one loved and mourned by our gracious Queen, and deplored by every Englishman, I called the great lake 'the Albert Nyanza.' The Victoria and the Albert lakes are the two sources of the Nile.

The zigzag path to descend to the lake was so steep and dangerous, that we were forced to leave our oxen with a guide, who was to take them to Magungo and wait for our arrival. We commenced the descent of the steep pass on foot. I led the way, grasping a stout bamboo. My wife, in extreme weakness, tottered down the pass, supporting herself upon my shoulder, and stopping to rest every twenty paces. After a toilsome descent of about two hours, weak with years of fever, but for the moment strengthened by success, we gained the level plain below the cliff. A walk of about a mile through flat sandy meadows of fine turf, interspersed with trees and bush, brought us to the water's edge. The waves were rolling upon a white pebbly beach: I rushed into the lake, and thirsty with heat and fatigue, with a heart full of gratitude, I drank deeply from the sources of the Nile. Within a quarter of a mile of the lake was a fishing village named Vacovia, in which we now established ourselves. . . .

The beach was perfectly clean sand, upon which the waves rolled like those of the sea, throwing up weeds precisely as sea-weed may be seen upon the English shore. It was a grand sight to look upon this vast reservoir of the mighty Nile, and to watch the heavy swell tumbling upon the beach, while far to the south-west the eye

searched as vainly for a bound as though upon the Atlantic. It was with extreme emotion that I enjoyed this glorious scene. My wife, who had followed me so devotedly, stood by my side pale and exhausted—a wreck upon the shores of the great Albert Lake that we had so long striven to reach. No European foot had ever trod upon its sand, nor had the eyes of a white man scanned its vast expanse of water. We were the first: and this was the key to the great secret that even Julius Cæsar yearned to unravel, but in vain. Here was the great basin of the Nile that received every drop of water, even from the passing shower to the roaring mountain torrent that drained from Central Africa towards the north. This was the great reservoir of the Nile!

The first *coup d'œil* from the summit of the cliff, one thousand five hundred feet above the level, had suggested what a closer examination confirmed. The lake was a vast depression far below the general level of the country, surrounded by precipitous cliffs, and bounded on the west and south-west by great ranges of mountains from five to seven thousand feet above the level of its waters—thus it was the one great reservoir into which everything *must* drain; and from this vast rocky cistern the Nile made its exit, a giant in its birth.

This result of nearly five years passed in Africa might well form a subject of triumph to Baker. 'Bruce,' he said, 'won the source of the Blue Nile, Speke and Grant won the Victoria source of the great White Nile; and I have been permitted to succeed in completing the Nile sources by the discovery of the great reservoir of the equatorial waters, the Albert Nyanza, from which the river issues as the entire White Nile.' For the discovery, and for his relief of Speke and Grant, the Royal Geographical Society awarded the gold medal, and Her Majesty conferred upon Baker the honour of knighthood. In 1866 he published, in two volumes, his interesting narrative, 'The Albert Nyanza, Great Basin of the Nile;' and in 1867, 'The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia.'

A greater expedition was afterwards organised under the auspices of the Khedive or Viceroy of Egypt, who furnished a force of one thousand soldiers. Sir Samuel and Lady Baker left Cairo in December 1869, having besides the troops, Nile boats, stores, instruments, and other appliances either for war or peace. The grand object of the expedition was to suppress, if possible, the slave-trade, and promote commerce and agriculture. On the 8th of January 1870 Sir Samuel was again at Khartoum, and had succeeded in partially suppressing the slave-trade of the White Nile. The expedition, however, did not realise the expectations so sanguinely entertained at its commencement.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE—HENRY M. STANLEY.

Since the period of Mungo Park's travels and melancholy fate, no explorer of Africa has excited so strong a personal interest as DAVID LIVINGSTONE, a Scottish missionary, whose 'Researches in South Africa' were published in 1857. Mr. Livingstone had then returned to England, where his arrival was celebrated as a national event, after completing a series of expeditions, commenced sixteen years before, for the purpose of exploring the interior of Africa, and spreading religious knowledge and commerce. The narrative describes long and

perilous journeys in a country, the greater part of which had never before been visited by a European, and contains a great amount of information respecting the natives, the geography, botany, and natural products of Africa. In the belief that Christianity can only be effectually extended by being united to commerce, Dr. Livingstone endeavoured to point out and develop the capabilities of the new region for mercantile intercourse. The missionary, he argues, should be a trader—a fact known to the Jesuits in Africa, and also to the Dutch clergy, but neglected by our Protestant missionary societies. 'By the introduction of the raw material of our manufactures, African and English interests will be more closely linked than heretofore; both countries will be eventually benefited, and the cause of freedom throughout the world will be promoted.' To these patriotic and national advantages indicated by Dr. Livingstone, his work possesses the interest springing from a personal narrative of difficulties overcome and dangers encountered, pictures of new and strange modes of life, with descriptions of natural objects and magnificent scenery. The volume fills 687 pages, and is illustrated with maps by Arrowsmith, and a number of lithographs. The style is simple and clear. Dr. Livingstone was admirably fitted for his mission. He was early inured to hardship. He was born of poor but honest and pious parents at Blantyre in 1817. At ten years of age he was sent into the factory to work as a 'piecer,' and from his wages he put himself to college, and studied medicine. His ambition was to become a missionary to China, but the opium war was unfavorable, and he proceeded, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, to Africa. The most remote station from the Cape then occupied by our missionaries was Kuruman or Latakoo. Thither our author repaired, and excluding himself for six months from all European society, he gained a knowledge of the language of the Bechuanas, their habits, laws, &c., which proved of incalculable advantage to him. The Bechuana people were ruled over by a chief named Sechele, who was converted to Christianity. The people are social and kindly, and Dr. Livingstone and his wife set about instructing them, using only mild persuasion. Their teaching did good in preventing wars and calling the better feelings into play, but polygamy was firmly established amongst them: they considered it highly cruel to turn off their wives. They excused themselves by thinking they were an inferior race. In a strain of natural pathos they used to say, 'God made black men first, and did not love us as he did the white men. He made you beautiful, and gave you clothing, and guns, and gunpowder, and horses, and wagons, and many other things about which we know nothing. But towards us he had no heart. He gave us nothing except the assegai (with which they kill game), and cattle, and rain-making, and he did not give us hearts like yours.' The rain-making is a sort of charm—an incantation by which the rain-doctors, in seasons of drought, imagine they can pro-

duce moisture. The station ultimately chosen by Dr. Livingstone as the centre of operations was about three hundred miles north of Kuruman. In one of his expeditions he was accompanied by two English travellers, Major Vardon, and Mr. Oswell;* and the party discovered the great lake Ngami, about seventy miles in circumference, till then unknown except to the natives. About one hundred and thirty miles northeast from this point the travellers came upon the river Zambesi, a noble stream in the centre of the continent. In June, 1852, he commenced another expedition, the greatest he had yet attempted, which lasted four years. In six months he reached the capital of the Makololo territory, Linyanti, which is twelve hundred miles above the latitude of Cape Town. The people were desirous of obtaining a direct trade with the sea-coast, and with an escort of twenty-seven men he set out to discover the route thither. The traveller's outfit was small enough:

An African Explorer's Outfit.

We carried one small tin canister, about fifteen inches square, filled with spare shirting, trousers, and shoes, to be used when we reached civilised life, and others in a bag, which were expected to wear out on the way; another of the same size for medicines; and a third for books, my stock being a Nautical Almanac, Thomson's Logarithm Tables, and a Bible; a fourth box contained a magic lantern, which we found of much use. The sextant and artificial horizon, thermometer and compasses, were carried apart. My ammunition was distributed in portions through the whole luggage, so that, if an accident should befall one part, we could still have others to fall back upon. Our chief hopes for food were upon that, but in case of failure I took about twenty pounds of beads, worth forty shillings, which still remained of the stock I brought from Cape Town; a small gipsy tent, just sufficient to sleep in; a sheepskin mantle as a blanket, and a horse-rug as a bed. As I had always found that the art of successful travel consisted in taking as few 'impediments' as possible, and not forgetting to carry my wits about me, the outfit was rather spare, and intended to be still more so when we should come to leave the canoes. Some would consider it injudicious to adopt this plan, but I had a secret conviction that if I did not succeed it would not be for lack of the 'knick-knacks' advertised as indispensable for travellers, but from want of 'pluck,' or because a large array of baggage excited the cupidity of the tribes through whose country we wished to pass.

They ascended the rivers Chobe and Leeambye, and stopped at the town of Shesheke, where Dr. Livingstone preached to audiences of five and six hundred. After reaching a point eight hundred miles north of Linyanti, he turned to the west, and finally reached Loanda, on the shores of the Atlantic. The incidents of this long journey are, of course, varied. The fertility of the country—the Barotze district, and the valley of the Quango, with grass reaching two feet above the traveller's head, the forests, &c., are described at length. There appeared to be no want of food, although the amount of cultivated land is 'as nothing with what might be brought under the plough.' In this central region the people are not all

*Another English traveller, Mr. Roualeyn Gordon Cumming (1820–1866) penetrated into this region, following a wild sporting career, and published 'Five Years of a Hunter's Life in the Far Interior of South Africa,' two volumes, 1850.

quite black, some inclining to bronze—the dialects spoken glide into one another. Dr. Livingstone confirms the statements by Mr. Roualeyn Gordon Cumming with respect to the vast amount of game and the exciting hunting scenes in that African territory. The following is a wholesale mode of destroying game practised by the Bechuanas:

Hunting on a Great Scale.

Very great numbers of the large game—buffaloes, zebras, giraffes, tsessébes, kamas or hartebeests, kokongs, or gnus, pallas, rhinoceroses, &c.—congregated at some fountains near Kolobeng, and the trap called *hopo* was constructed in the lands adjacent for their destruction. The hopo consists of two hedges in the form of the letter V, which are very high and thick near the angle. Instead of the hedges being joined there, they are made to form a lane of about fifty yards in length, at the extremity of which a pit is formed, six or eight feet deep, and about twelve or fifteen in breadth and length. Trunks of trees are laid across the margins of the pit, and more especially over that nearest the lane where the animals are expected to leap in, and over that farthest from the lane where it is supposed they will attempt to escape after they are in. The trees form an overlapping border, and render escape almost impossible. The whole is carefully decked with short green rushes, making the pit like a concealed pitfall. As the hedges are frequently about a mile long and about as much apart at their extremities, a tribe making a circle three or four miles round the country adjacent to the opening, and gradually closing up, are almost sure to inclose a large body of game. Driving it up with shouts to the narrow part of the hopo, men secreted there throw their javelins into the affrighted herds, and on the animals rush to the opening presented at the converging hedges, and into the pit that is full of a living mass. Some escape by running over the others, as a Smithfield market dog does over the sheep's backs. It is a frightful scene. The men, wild with excitement, spear the lovely animals with mad delight: others of the poor creatures, borne down by the weight of their dead and dying companions, every now and then make the whole mass heave in their smothering agonies.

Dr. Livingstone left Loanda on 20th September 1854, and returned to Linyanti, which was reached in the autumn of 1855. Excited by the account of what wonders they had seen, as told by the men who accompanied Dr. Livingstone to the shores of the Atlantic, the Makololo people flocked to his standard in great numbers when he announced an expedition to the east coast of Africa. With a party of one hundred and fourteen picked men of the tribe, he started for the Portuguese colony of Killimane, on the east coast, in November 1855. The chief supplied oxen, and there was always abundance of game. He found that British manufactures penetrate into all regions.

English Manufactures in the Interior of South Africa.

When crossing at the confluence of the Leeba and Makondo, one of my men picked up a bit of a steel watch-chain of English manufacture, and we were informed that this was the spot where the Mambari cross in coming to Masiko. Their visits explain why Sekelenke kept his tusks so carefully. These Mambari are very enterprising merchants; when they mean to trade with a town, they deliberately begin the affair by building huts, as if they knew that little business could be transacted without a liberal allowance of time for palaver. They bring Manchester goods into the heart of Africa: these cotton prints look so wonderful that the Makololo could not believe them to be the work of mortal hands. On questioning the Mam-

bari, they were answered that English manufactures came out of the sea, and beads were gathered on its shore. To Africans our cotton-mills are fairy dreams. 'How can the irons spin, weave, and print so beautifully?' Our country is like what Taprobane was to our ancestors—a strange realm of light, whence came the diamond, muslin, and peacocks. An attempt at explanation of our manufactures usually elicits the expression, 'Truly, ye are gods!'

After a journey of six months the party reached Killimane, where Dr. Livingstone remained till July, and then sailed for England. One of the Makololo people would not leave him; 'Let me die at your feet,' he said; but the various objects on board the ship, and the excitement of the voyage, proved too much for the reason of the poor savage; he leaped overboard, and was drowned. The great object of Dr. Livingstone was to turn the interior of this fertile country and the river Zambesi, which he discovered, into a scene of British commerce. The Portuguese are near the main entrance to the new central region, but they evince a liberal and enlightened spirit, and are likely to invite mercantile enterprise up the Zambesi, by offering facilities to those who may push commerce into the regions lying far beyond their territory. The 'white men' are welcomed by the natives, who are anxious to engage in commerce. Their country is well adapted for cotton, and there are hundreds of miles of fertile land unoccupied. The region near the coast is unhealthy, and the first object must be to secure means of ready transit to the high lands in the borders of the central basin, which are comparatively healthy. The river Zambesi has not been surveyed, but during four or five months there is abundance of water for a large vessel. There are three hundred miles of navigable river, then a rapid intervenes, after which there is another reach of three hundred miles.

A second expedition was fitted out, and early in 1858 Dr. Livingstone, accompanied by his brother, Charles Livingstone, and a party of scientific friends, set out on his important mission. In May they had reached the mouth of the Zambesi; in the January following they explored the River and valley of Shiré, where a white man had never before been seen, and they proceeded up the Shiré about two hundred miles, till stopped by the Murchison Falls. The valley of the Shiré they found fertile and cultivated. In September 1860 the great Lake Nyassa was discovered. This he reached by an overland march of twenty days from the Shiré. He subsequently revisited it, and judged the lake to be about two hundred miles long and fifty broad. The country was studded with villages, and formed the centre of a district which supplies the markets of the coast with slaves. The natives of the Shiré and Nyassa valleys possess excellent iron, and are manufacturers as well as agriculturists. In February 1864 Livingstone left Africa for England, and he recorded his explorations in a 'Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries, and of the Discovery of the lakes Shirwa and Nyassa.'

In 1866 a third expedition was undertaken. In March of that

year Livingstone left Zanzibar, and struck up the country towards Lake Nyassa. There he remained during the autumn. In March 1867 a painful rumor reached England that Livingstone had been assassinated. The story was disbelieved by Sir Roderick Murchison and others, and it turned out, as conjectured by Sir Roderick, to be an invention of some Johanna men, who had deserted when near Lake Nyassa, and brought back with them to the coast the fictitious story of the assassination. After many hardships and dangers, the intrepid traveller reached Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, in March 1869, and having written from thence to England, a small expedition was fitted out under the command of an old friend of Livingstone's, Mr. E. D. Young, which sailed from Plymouth in June, and in September reached Lake Nyassa. There the falsehood of the report of the traveller's death was clearly ascertained, and Mr. Young and his companions returned home. It appears that in June 1869 Livingstone had quitted Ujiji, in company with some Arab traders, to explore the far Manyema country on the west side of Tanganyika. 'It was in this journey,' says a summary in the *Times*, 'that he (Livingstone) reached his farthest point north, and traced the watershed as far as the unknown lake. He was obliged to halt at last because his men refused to go any further, and in bitter disappointment he turned his back upon the great problem he was on the eve of solving, and set out upon the long and weary return journey of between four and five hundred miles to Ujiji, thence intending to make another start with new men and fresh supplies. "I thought," wrote Livingstone to the editor of the *New York Herald*, "that I was dying on my feet. It is not too much to say that almost every step of the weary, sultry way was in pain, and I reached Ujiji a mere ruckle of bones." This was in October 1870. The poor traveller was more dead than alive, and had to brook the bitter disappointment of finding the goods and men of Dr. Kirk's 1869 expedition, to which he was trusting implicitly, gone to the four winds. In the first place, this expedition had been delayed months and months by the cholera, which had killed many of its men, and when finally such of the goods as had not been plundered arrived at Ujiji, they were sold off and the proceeds dissipated by "the drunken half-caste Moslem tailor" to whom they had been intrusted. The traveller had nothing left but "a few barter cloths and beads," beggary was staring him in the face, when, three weeks after his arrival at Ujiji, the *New York Herald* expedition appeared on the scene, and all was well.'

Mr. Henry M. Stanley, the young and gallant correspondent of the *New York Herald*, had been commissioned by the proprietor of that journal, Mr. Bennett, to go and find Livingstone, offering *carte blanche* in the way of expenses. With dauntless courage and dexterous management he fought his way to Ujiji, and thus describes the meeting·

The Meeting with Livingstone at Ujiji *

Something like an hour before noon we have gained the thick matete brake, which grows on both banks of the river; we wade through the clear stream, arrive on the other side, emerge out of the brake, and the gardens of Wajiji are around us—a perfect marvel of vegetable wealth. Details escape my hasty and partial observation. I am almost overpowered with my own emotions. I notice the graceful palms, neat plots, green with vegetable plants, and small villages surrounded with frail fences of the matete cane.

We push on rapidly, lest the news of our coming might reach the people of Bunder Ujiji before we come in sight, and are ready for them. We halt at a little brook, then ascend the long slope of a naked ridge, the very last of the myriads we have crossed. This alone prevents us from seeing the lake (Tanganyika) in all its vastness. We arrive at the summit, travel across and arrive at its western rim, and—pause reader—the port of Ujiji is below us, embowered in the palms—only five hundred yards from us. At this grand moment we do not think of the hundreds of miles we have marched, of the hundreds of hills that we have ascended and descended, of the many forests we have traversed, of the jungles and thickets that annoyed us, of the fervid salt plains that blistered our feet, of the hot suns that scorched us, nor the dangers and difficulties now happily surmounted. . . .

'Unfurl the flags and load your guns!' 'Ay wallah, ay wallah bana!' respond the men eagerly. 'One, two, three—fire!' A volley from nearly fifty guns roars like a salute from a battery of artillery. 'Now, Kirangozi (guide), hold the white man's flag up high, and let the Zanzibar flag bring up the rear. And you must keep close together, and keep firing until we halt in the market-place, or before the white man's house. You have said to me often that you could smell the fish of the Tanganyika—I can smell the fish of the Tanganyika now. There are fish, and beer, and a long rest waiting for you. MARCH!'

Before we had gone a hundred yards, our repeated volleys had the effect desired. We had awakened Ujiji to the knowledge that a caravan was coming, and the people were rushing up in hundreds to meet us. The mere sight of the flags informed every one immediately that we were a caravan, but the American flag borne aloft by gigantic Asmani (one of the porters or carriers), whose face was one vast smile on this day, rather staggered them at first. However, many of the people who now approached us remembered the flag. They had seen it float above the American consulate, and from the mast-head of many a ship in the harbour of Zanzibar, and they were soon heard welcoming the beautiful flag with cries of 'Bindera, Kisungu!'—a white man's flag. 'Bindera Merikani!'—the American flag.

Then we were surrounded by them: by Wajiji, Wanyamwezi, Wangwana, Warundi, Waguhha, Wamanyema, and Arabs, and were almost deafened with the shouts of 'Yambo, yambo, bana! Yambo bana! Yambo bana!' To all and each of my men the welcome was given. We were now about three hundred yards from the village of Ujiji, and the crowds are dense about me. Suddenly I hear a voice on my right say, 'Good morning, sir!' Started at hearing this greeting in the midst of such a crowd of black people, I turn sharply around in search of the man, and see him at my side, with the blackest of faces, but animated and joyous—a man dressed in a long white shirt, with a turban of American sheeting around his woolly head, and I ask, 'Who the mischief are you?' 'I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone,' said he, smiling, and shewing a gleaming row of teeth. 'What! Is Dr. Livingstone here!' 'Yes, sir.' 'In this village?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Are you sure?' 'Sure, sure, sir. Why, I leave him just now.' 'Good morning sir,' said another voice. 'Hallo,' said I, 'is this another one?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, what is your name?' 'My name is Chumah, sir.' 'And is the doctor well?' 'Not very well, sir.' 'Where has he been so long?' 'In Manyuema.' 'Now, you Susi, run and tell the doctor I am coming.' 'Yes, sir,' and off he darted like a madman. . . .

Soon Susi came running back, and asked me my name; he had told the doctor I was coming, but the doctor was too surprised to believe him, and when the doctor asked him my name, Susi was rather staggered.

But, during Susi's absence, the news had been conveyed to the doctor that it

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* U is a prefix to denote the country: thus Ujiji signifies the country of Jiji.

was surely a white man that was coming, whose guns were firing and whose flag could be seen: and the great Arab magnates of Ujiji—Mohammed bin Sali, Sayd bin Majid, Abid bin Suliman, Mohammed bin Gharib, and others—had gathered together before the doctor's house, and the doctor had come out from his verandah to discuss the matter and await my arrival.

In the meantime, the head of the expedition had halted, and the Kirangozi was out of the ranks, holding his flag aloft, and Selim (the interpreter) said to me: 'I see the doctor, sir. Oh, what an old man! He has got a white beard.' And I—what would I not have given for a bit of friendly wilderness, where, unseen, I might vent my joy in some mad freak, such as idiotically biting my hand, turning a somersault, or slashing at trees, in order to allay those exciting feelings that were well nigh uncontrollable. My heart beats fast, but I must not let my face betray my emotions lest it should detract from the dignity of a white man appearing under such extraordinary circumstances.

So I did that which I thought was most dignified. I pushed back the crowds, and passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of the semicircle of Arabs, in the front of which stood the white man with the gray beard. As I advanced slowly towards him I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band round it, had on a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of gray tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob—would have embraced him, only, he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately to him, took off my hat and said: 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' 'Yes,' said he, with a kind smile, lifting his hat slightly. I replace my hat on my head, and he puts on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and then I say aloud: 'I thank God, doctor, I have been permitted to see you.' He answered: 'I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you.' I turn to the Arabs, take off my hat to them in response to the saluting chorus of 'Yambos' I receive, and the doctor introduces them to me by name. Then, oblivious of the crowds, oblivious of the men who shared with me my dangers, we—Livingstone and I—turn our faces towards his tembe (or hut). He points to the verandah, or rather mud platform under the broad overhanging eaves; he points to his own particular seat, which I see his age and experience in Africa has suggested—namely, a straw mat, with a goatskin over it, and another skin nailed against the wall to protect his back from contact with the cold mud. I protest against taking this seat, which so much more befits him than me, but the doctor will not yield—I must take it.

We are seated, the doctor and I, with our backs to the wall. The Arabs take seats on our left. More than a thousand natives are in our front, filling the whole square densely, indulging their curiosity, and discussing the fact of two white men meeting at Ujiji—one just come from Manyuema, in the west; the other from Unyanyembe, in the east.

Mr. Stanley left Ujiji in March 1871, and next year Livingstone, with an expedition numbering about eighty souls, with stores sufficient to last him three years, left Unyanyembe for Lunda in a south-south-westerly direction, this new expedition being the 'fountains of Herodotus.' He marched through a beautiful country, abounding with game along the eastern borders of the lake Tanganyika. He was in weak health. When the Bangweolo Lake was approached, the character of the country changed, and Livingstone descended into a chaos of swamps intersected by innumerable streams. The party were rarely upon dry land, and Livingstone was afflicted with chronic dysentery. On the 21st of April 1873, he writes in his Journal: 'Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo.' These were the last words written by the indefatigable traveller; he died on the 1st of May. He was found dead by his negro attendants, having died

kneeling by his bed apparently in prayer. Some five years earlier he had written in his journal: 'This is the sort of grave I should prefer: to lie in the still, still forest, and no hand ever disturb my bones. The graves at home always seemed to me to be miserable, especially those in the cold damp clay, and without elbow room; but I have nothing to do but wait till He who is over all decides where I have to lay me down and die. Poor Mary (his wife) lies on Sheepanga brae.'

Livingstone, however, was not destined to lie in the forest. His body was rudely embalmed by his faithful followers, and carried by them hundreds of miles to Zanzibar, whence it was conveyed to England, and interred in Westminster Abbey, 18th April, 1874. His 'Last Journals,' including his wanderings and discoveries in Eastern Africa, from 1865 to within a few days of his death, were published in 1865, edited by the Rev. Horace Waller. 'Livingstone,' as Sir Samuel Baker has said, 'gave the first grand impulse to African exploration; it was he who first directed public attention to the miseries and horrors of the East African slave-trade, which he has persistently exposed throughout his life. Had he lived for another ten years, he would have witnessed some fruits as the result of his example.'

Mr. Henry M. Stanley is again in Africa on another exploring expedition, the cost of which is to be defrayed partly by his American friend and patron, Mr. Bennett of the *New York Herald*, and partly by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* London journal.

The gallant Livingstone has found a worthy English successor in African exploration in Lieutenant Verney Lovett Cameron, whose labours possess great value alike in the interests of science and of civilisation. His work, 'Across Africa,' is announced for publication, but will not be ready until after this volume has gone to press. Mr. Cameron traversed on foot about three thousand miles, exposed for the greater part of the time to all the vicissitudes of climate, wandering through forests, marshes, and jungles, fording broad rivers, and coasting round large lakes, but his courage seems never to have given way. To determine the latitude and longitude of certain positions, he took as many as a hundred and forty lunar observations at a single spot, and his registered observations altogether number no less than five thousand. He has added immensely to our knowledge of the geography of Africa; he has ascertained the political condition of the interior of the country; he has discovered the leading trade routes; and he has unfortunately furnished fresh proofs of the horrors of the slave-trade, which flourishes beyond the reach of European authority. About six degrees south of the equator he two points which form a basis for exploration—namely, Zanzibar Island on the east coast, and the mouth of the Congo River on the west coast. In this latitude the continent is about eighteen hundred miles wide. Towards the east coast there is a great lake

system, which lies chiefly between three degrees north and ten degrees south of the equator, and forms the watershed of Africa, from which rivers flow north to the Mediterranean, east to the Indian Ocean, and west to the Atlantic. Of this system three lakes are now well known by name. Two, the Albert Nyanza and the Victoria Nyanza, are cut through by the equatorial line; and some two hundred miles to the north-west is the head of Lake Tanganyika, a sheet of water three hundred miles in length, and only twenty in mean breadth. To the west of Lake Tanganyika there is another system of smaller lakes and rivers, called the Lualaba. The first question to be solved was whether Tanganyika and the Lualaba had any connection with the Nyanza and the Nile; and next, if they had not, whether they were feeders of the Congo. Lieutenant Cameron has determined that these southern lakes and rivers have no connection with the Nile basin. They lie at a considerably lower level, and therefore to reach the Nile they would require to flow up-hill. The traveller coasted Lake Tanganyika, and found ninety-six rivers falling into it, besides torrents and springs, and only one sluggish river, the Lakuga, flowing out. The balance is maintained by evaporation.

The original intention of Lieutenant Cameron was to follow the river-system to the sea, so as to prove the identity of the Lualaba and Congo. This design was frustrated by the hostility of a chief, but there is little or no doubt of the identity of the rivers. According to the report of the natives, the Lualaba falls into a great lake, from which in all probability the Congo emerges. Forced to quit this track, Cameron took a more southerly course. He experienced the hospitality of Kasenga, the great potentate of that part of Africa; and he struggled towards the west coast through a country of extraordinary fertility and mineral wealth, and possessing a remarkable system of internal water communication. Not only are there cereals of all sorts, but metallic treasures, gums, and other valuable products, of which the traveller brought home specimens. The town of Nyangwe on the Lualaba, situated half-way between the east and west coasts, is an important mart where the trade routes unite. There Cameron met Arabs from the east, and traders from the west, and the lake which he was not permitted to reach, is visited, he was told, by merchants in large boats, who wear trousers and hats! Lieutenant Cameron's journey has thus revealed a splendid country with which commercial relations may be readily formed, and it is admitted that the operations of commerce afford the only hope of putting an end to the brutalities of the slave-trade. At present, villages are systematically attacked and plundered, and the men who escape are themselves driven by necessity to prey upon their neighbours. The traveller's indignation was specially aroused by the conduct of one Portuguese trader, who led off a string of fifty or sixty women, representing all that remained of five hundred people who had fled to the jungle on the sacking of their village. These poor women

were tied together by thick knotted ropes, and were unmercifully beaten if they shewed any symptoms of fatigue. Such exposures of the detestable traffic will surely lead to active measures for its suppression. A Geographical Conference has recently (September 1876) been held at Brussels under the auspices of King Leopold, for the purpose of considering the best means of developing Africa and suppressing slavery. It was attended by some of the most eminent travellers, geographers, and philanthropists of the age, and a subscriptions was commenced for constructing roads and stations from the coast opposite Zanzibar to the west coast at the mouth of the Congo. The accomplishment of such an enterprise would indeed be one of the crowning glories of the nineteenth century.

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

Since much of the earlier portion of this work was sent to press, reprints and illustrations of many of the old poets and dramatists have appeared, and valuable contributions have been made to our biographical literature. A few may be here noticed, as far as our space will permit. Some slips of the pen (not of the press) also require to be corrected.

THOMAS OF ERCILDOUN (p. 14, vol. i).—The early English Text Society has published (1875) 'The Romance and Prophecies of Thomas of Erceldoune,' edited with introduction and notes, by James A. H. Murray, LL.D. To assist in fixing the age of the Border prophet (commonly called 'Thomas the Rhymer'), we have two documents. He was a contemporary of one who was himself at least old enough to witness a deed in 1189, and in 1294 *Thomas de Ercildoun filius et heres Thomæ Rymour de Ercildoun*, conveyed by charter, to the Trinity House of Soltra, all the lands which he held by inheritance in the village of Ercildoun. The *prima facie* purport of this charter of 1294 is, as Dr. Murray says, 'that Thomas is already dead and his son in possession of the paternal property, which he in his turn gives away.' Nothing new has been discovered respecting the authorship of 'Sir Tristrem.' Of the 'Romance and Prophecies,' Dr. Murray publishes the text of five existing manuscripts, the earliest of which appears to be of date 1430–1440. The poem, in its present form, bears evidence of being later than 1401, the date of the invasion of Scotland by Henry IV., or at least 1388, the date of the battle of Otterbourne, the last of the historical events 'hid under obscure words' in the prophecies ascribed to Thomas the Rhymer. The poem represents Thomas as lying on a morning in May under a tree on Huntly banks, while all the *shaws* about him rung with the songs of the merle, the jay, the mavis, and woodwale (woodlark). A lady gay—a fairy queen—came riding over the lea, and by her magic power transported him to her own country, where he dwelt for three years and more. He asked of her to shew him some *ferly* (wonder), and she related the series of prophecies, long regarded with awe, which foretold the wars between England and Scotland till the death of Robert III. (1406). Thomas was at length restored to 'middle earth:'

> She blew her horn on her palfrey,
> And left Thomas at Eldon tree;
> Till Helmesdale she took the way;
> Thus departed that lady and he!

Dr. Murray's editorial labours give the reader a great amount of curious and valuable information, historical and philological.

CHAUCER (p. 24, vol. i).—The dates of events in Chaucer's life included in Mr. Furnivall's 'Trial-Forewords,' first appeared in the 'Athenæum.' In our first volume, the name of Mr. Furnivall was inadvertently curtailed of its fair proportions, being misspelt 'Furnival.'

BARCLAY (p. 63. vol. i).—The late Mr. T. H. Jamieson of the Advocates' Library, published in 1874 what may be called a superb edition of Barclay's 'Ship of Fools,' including *fac-similes* of the original woodcuts, and an account of the life and writings of Barclay, drawn up from materials in the British Museum and elsewhere. A copy of the will of Barclay is also given, extracted from the registry of the Court of Probate. It is dated July 25, 1551. and was proved on the 10th of June 1552. Mr. Jamieson seems to establish the fact, that the old poet was born 'beyond the cold river of Tweed,' as one of his contemporaries expresses it, about the year 1476, but in what town or county is unknown. He crossed the border very early in life, studied, there is reason to believe, at Cambridge University, travelled abroad, and afterwards entered the Church. His first preferment was a chaplainship in St. Mary Ottery, Devonshire (the birthplace, it will be recollected, of Samuel Taylor Coleridge); and from 1490 to 1511, he was warden of the college. He was some time a monk in Ely, and after the dissolution of the monasteries he obtained in 1546 two livings—the vicarages of Much-Badew in Essex, and Wokey in Somersetshire—and in 1552 (a few weeks before his death) the rectory of All Hallows, London. He died at Croydon, with which he seems to have been early connected:

While I in youth in Croidon towne did dwell.

His 'Ship of Fools' was printed by Pynson in 1509. The 'Eclogues,' five in number, were the first attempts of the kind in English. The first three are paraphrases or adaptations from Æneas Sylvius (Pope Pius II., who died in 1464), and the fourth and fifth are imitations of Jo Baptist Mantuan. Barclay's rural pictures are of the style of Crabbe. The following description of a village Sunday we give in the original orthography:

What man is faultlesse: remember the village,
Howe men vplondish on holy dayes rage.
Nought can them tame, they be a beastly sort,
In sweate and labour hauing most chiefe comfort:
On the holy day as soon as morne is past,
When all men resteth while all the day doth last,
They drinke, they banket, they reuell, and they iest,
They leape, they daunce, despising ease and rest.
If they once heare a bagpipe or a drone,
Anone to the elme or oke they be gone.
There vse they to daunce, to gambolde, and to rage—
Such is the custome and vse of the village.
When the ground resteth from rake, plough, and wheles,
Then moste they it trouble with burthen of their heles.

Many of the popular proverbs and expressions still in use amongst us, were common in the reign of Henry VIII. Mr. Jamieson cites the following from Barclay:

Better is a frende in courte than a peny in purse.

Whan the stede is stolyn to shyt the stable dore.

It goeth through as water through a syue (sieve).

And he that alway threteneth for to fyght
Oft at the profe is skantly worth a hen,
For greattest crakers ar not ay boldest men.

I fynde four thynges whiche by no meanes can
Be kept close, in secrete, or longe in preuetee;
The firste is the counsell of a wytles man;
The seconde is a cyte whiche byldyd is a hye
Upon a montayne; the thyrde we often se—
That to hyde his dedes a louer hath no skyll;
The fourth is strawe or fethers on a wyndy hyll.

A crowe to pull.

For it is a prouerbe, and an olde sayd sawe
That in euery place lyke to lyke wyll drawe.

Better haue one birde sure within thy wall,
Or fast in a cage, than twenty score without.

Pryde sholde haue a fall.

For wyse men sayth. . . .
One myshap fortuneth neuer alone.

They robbe Saint Peter therwith to clothe Saint Powle.

For children brent still after drede the fire.

'The Complaynt of Scotland' (p. 144, vol. i).—A new edition of this rare work has been published by the Early English Text Society, edited from the originals, with introduction and glossary by James A. H. Murray, L.L.D. The full title of the work is, 'The Complaynt of Scotlande, with ane Exhortatione to the Thre Estaits to be Vigilant in the Deffens of their Public Veil' (Weal), A. D. 1549. The object of the unknown author was to rouse the nation in support of the Queen Dowager, Mary of Guise, and the French interest, in opposition to the English faction in Scotland originated by Henry VIII., and continued by the Protector Somerset and the Protestant Reformers. There is no contemporary notice of the 'Complaynt' or its author. The language of the work is what Dr. Murray calls the Middle Scotch of the sixteenth century—the same as the works of Bellenden, Gawain Douglas, and Lyndsay, but with a larger infusion of French words. The author himself says he used 'domestic Scottish language most intelligible for the vulgar people.' Dr. Murray concludes that the only things certain as to the author are, that he was a thorough partisan of the French side—that he was a churchman attached to the Roman Catholic faith—and that he was a native of the Southern, not improbably of the Border counties. On the subject of the Scottish language we quote a brief summary by the learned editor:

'The language of Lowland Scotland was originally identical with that of England north of the Humber. The political and purely artificial division which was afterwards made between the two countries, unsanctioned by any facts of language or race, had no existence while the territory from the Humber to the Forth constituted the North Anglian kingdom or earldom of Northumbria. The centre of this state, and probably of the earliest Angle settlement, was at Bamborough, a few miles from the Tweed mouth, round which the common language was spoken north of the Tweed and Cheviots as well as south. This unity of language continued down to the Scottish War of Independence at the beginning of the fourteenth century, and even after that war had made a complete severance between the two countries, down to the second half of the fifteenth century. In England, previous to this period, three great English dialects, the Northern, Midland, and Southern, had stood on an equal footing as literary languages, none of which could claim pre-eminence over the others as English *par excellence*. But after the Wars of the Roses, the invention of printing, and more compact welding of England into a national unity, the Midland dialect—the tongue of London, Oxford, and Cambridge, of the court and culture of the country—assumed a commanding position as the language of books, and the Northern and Southern English sank in consequence into the position of local *patois*, heard at the fireside, the plough, the loom, but no longer used as the vehicles of general literature. But while this was the fate of the Northern dialect in the English portion of its domain, on Scottish ground it was destined to prolong its literary career for two centuries more, and indeed to receive an independent culture almost justifying us in regarding it, from the literary side, as a distinct language.'

Lodge (p. 210, vol. i).—The 'Fig for Momus' is misprinted 'Comus.'

Shakspeare (p. 303, vol. i).—Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, author of an excellent 'Life of Shakspeare,' 1848, founded chiefly on papers in the Council Chamber of Stratford-on-Avon, and on the results of searches in the Record Offices of Lon-

don and other depositaries, commenced in 1874 'Illustrations of the Life of Shakspeare.' He confines himself to facts connected with the personal and literary history of the poet, and does not enter on questions of style, or metre, or æsthetic criticism. These 'Illustrations,' of which only one part is yet published, promise to be valuable. We learn from them that when Shakspeare came to London some few years before the notice of him by Greene in 1592, there were at the time of his arrival only two theatres in the metropolis, both of them on the north of the Thames, in the parish of Shoreditch. James Burbage, by trade a joiner, but afterwards a leading member of the Earl of Leicester's Company of Players in 1576, obtained from one Giles Allen a lease of houses and land on which he built his theatre. It was the earliest fabric of the kind ever built in this country and emphatically designated 'The Theatre.' It was practically in the fields. The other theatre (which was in the same locality) was named 'The Curtain.' Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps adds: 'The earliest authentic notice of Shakspeare as a member of the Lord Chamberlain's Company which has hitherto been published, is that which occurs in the list of the actors who performed in the comedy of 'Every Man in his Humour' in 1598; but that he was a leading member of that company four years previously, and acted in two plays before Queen Elizabeth in December 1594, appears from the following interesting memorandum which I had the pleasure of discovering in the accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber: "To William Kempe, William Shakespeare, and Richarde Burbage, servauntes to the Lord Chamberleyne, upon the Councelles warrant dated at Whitehall xv. to Marcij. 1594, for twoe severall comedies or enterludes shewed by them before her Majestie in Chrismas tyme laste paste, viz., upon St. Stephens daye, and Innocentes daye xiij *li.* vj *s.* viij *d.*, and by waye of her Majesties rewarde, vj *li.* xiij *s.* iiij *d.*, in all xx *li.*" This evidence is decisive, and its great importance in several of the discussions respecting Shakspeare's early literary and theatrical career will hereafter be seen.'

When Shakspeare acted before Queen Elizabeth in December 1594, the court was at Greenwich. The poet was then in his thirtieth year, and had published his 'Venus and Adonis' and 'Lucrece.'

The 'Illustrations' contain a petition from the Burbage family to the Lord Chamberlain in 1635, from which we learn some particulars concerning Shakspeare and the theatres of his day.

'The father of us, Cutbert and Richard Burbage, was the first builder of playhowses, and was himself in his younger yeeres a player. The Theater [in Shoreditch] hee built with many hundred poundes taken up at interest. The players that lived in those first times had onely the profitts arising from the dores, but now the players receave all the commings in at the dores to themselves, and halfe the galleries from the housekeepers [owners or lessees?]. He built his house upon leased ground, by which means the landlord and hee had a great suite in law, and, by his death, the like troubles fell on us, his sonnes; we then bethought us of altering from thence, and at like expence built the Globe, with more summes of money taken up at interest, which lay heavy on us many yeeres; and to ourselves wee joyned those deserveing men, Shakspeare, Hemings, Condall, Philips, and others, partners in the profittes of that they call the House; but making the leases for twenty-one yeeres hath been the destruction of ourselves and others, for they dyeing at the expiration of three or four yeeres of their lease, the subsequent yeeres became dissolved to strangers as by marrying with their widdowes and the like by their children.

'Thus, Right Honorable, as concerning the Globe, where wee ourselves are but lessees. Now for the Blackfriars, that is our inheritance; our father purchased it at extreame rates, and made it into a playhouse with great charge and trouble; which after was leased out to one Evans that first sett up the boyes commonly called the Queenes Majesties Children of the Chappell. In processe of time, the boyes growing up to bee men, which were Underwood, Field, Ostler, and were taken to strengthen the king's service; and the more to strengthen the service, the boyes dayly wearing out, it was considered that house would be fitt for ourselves, and soe purchased the lease remaining from Evans with our money, and placed men players, which were Hemings, Condall, Shakspeare, &c.'

The Globe Theatre, in Southwark, was erected in 1599 (not in 1594 or 1595, as all the biographers, from Malone to Dyce, have stated), the timber and other materials of the Shoreditch Theatre being used in its construction. It was burned down in 1613. Shakspeare was one of the partners in the 'profits of the house'—meaning,

probably, the profits of the establishment after all expenses were paid, and he would also have his emoluments as actor and author. With respect to the Blackfriars Theatre, the reference in the above petition to the *king's* service, shews that the Burbages became lessees after the accession of James in 1603. Shakspeare was 'placed' there, along with others; by the Burbages but whether as actor only, or as sharer in the profits, as before, is not stated. His dramas were most likely the chief source of his income as of his fame.

Another of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's discoveries is the existence of a third John Shakspeare in Stratford-on-Avon, contemporaries. Besides the poet's father, the alderman, there was a John Shakspeare, a shoemaker, well known to the biographers. But there was also an agriculturist of the name, who in 1570 was in the occupation of a small farm of fourteen acres, situated in the parish of Hampton Lucy, near Stratford. His farm was called Ingon or Ington Meadow. This John Shakspeare, the farmer, has always been considered to be the poet's father, but it appears from the Hampton Lucy register that the tenant of Ingon Meadow was buried in September 1589, whereas the alderman, the poet's father, survived till 1601.

'Chronology of Shakspeare's Plays' (p. 303, vol. i).—Metrical tests have lately been applied to the text of Shakspeare, with a view to ascertain the probable dates of the plays. In the transactions of the 'New Shakspeare Society' we find observations on this subject from Mr. Spedding, Mr. Fleay, Mr. Furnivall, and others. It is also taken up by Mr. Ward in his able 'History of English Dramatic Literature to the Death of Queen Anne,' two volumes, 1875. Mr. Ward thus notices what are called 'stopped lines' and 'feminine endings of lines:'

'A stopped line is one in which the sentence or clause of the sentence concludes with the line; but it is not always possible to determine what is to be regarded as the clause of a sentence; whether, for example, *and* is to be regarded (in strict syntax of course it is not) as beginning a new clause. The "stopping" of the sense is, in short, often of more importance than the stopping of the sentence, with which it by no means always coincides.

'The number of feminine endings of lines, or of lines ending with a redundant syllable: the application of this test cannot be regarded as establishing more than general conclusions. While it is certain that Shakspeare employed the feminine endings sparingly in many of his plays which on other grounds may be regarded as early, it is certain that in those plays which on other grounds may be regarded as belonging to a late period of his dramatic productivity he employed these endings largely.'

Mr. Ward then takes up the question as to the authorship of 'Henry VIII.,' the style of which in many parts resembles that of Fletcher, as had been pointed out thirty years ago to Mr. Spedding by Mr. Alfred Tennyson. The resemblance consists chiefly in the abundance of feminine endings, and in certain characteristic *tricks* of Fletcher's style, which are of frequent occurrence in 'Henry VIII.' This theory, if correct, would assign to Fletcher some of the finest passages in the play—as Wolsey's affecting soliloquy and Cranmer's prophecy. Mr. Ward regards these tests as only extreme developments of tendencies which indisputably became stronger in Shakspeare's versification with the progress of time, and as 'Henry VIII.' was one of the latest, if not the very latest of Shakspeare's dramatic works, they would in that play reach their highest point.

Dodsley's 'Select Collection of Old English Plays' was originally published in 1744; a second edition, corrected, and possessing explanatory notes by Isaac Reed, was issued in 1780. In 1814 Mr. Charles Wentworth Dilke edited a continuation of Dodsley, or at least a collection of old plays, in six volumes. A third edition of Dodsley, with additional notes and corrections by Reed, by Octavius Gilchrist and John Payne Collier, appeared in 1826. And a fourth edition, enlarged from twelve to fifteen volumes, has been published (1876) by William Carew Hazlitt. Besides this vastly improved edition of Dodsley, Mr. Hazlitt has edited the works of Gascoigne, Carew, Browne, Suckling, Lovelace, Herrick, &c. He has also given the public new editions of Brande's 'Popular Antiquities' and Warton's 'History of Poetry.' Mr. Hazlitt is a grandson of the critic and essayist (*ante*); he was born in 1834, and called to the bar in 1861.

Mr. John Payne Collier, referred to above, was early in the field as an editor of Elizabethan poets and dramatists. He was born in London, 1789. In 1820 he published 'The Political Decameron,' and in 1831, his 'History of Dramatic Poetry'—

both works of merit which gratified the lovers of our old literature, and tended considerably to increase the number of such students.

Another meritorious labourer in the same field, is the Rev. Alexander Grosart of St. George's, Blackburn, Lancashire. Mr. Grosart has edited the poems of Giles Fletcher, Crashaw, Lord Brooke, Southwell, Vaughan, Marvell, &c.; and is now engaged on the works in verse and prose of Spenser and Daniel. He has also edited editions of the Scottish poets Michael Bruce, Ferguson, and Alexander Wilson, and the prose works of Wordsworth; the latter in three volumes, undertaken by 'request and appointment of the family.'

Selden (p. 269, vol. ii.)—The birthplace of the learned John Selden was Salvington, near West Tarring in Sussex.

Swift (p. 158, vol. iii.)—'His grandfather was vicar of Goodrich in Herefordshire. . . . Three of the vicar's sons settled in Ireland.' Swift in his autobiography says *four*, but the exact number seems to have been five. The eldest, Godwin, was the uncle to whom the dean owed his education. The autobiography has a remarkable passage concerning the infancy of Swift: 'When he was a year old, an event happened to him that seems very unusual; for his nurse, who was a woman of Whitehaven, being under an absolute necessity of seeing one of her relations, who was then extremely sick, and from whom she expected a legacy, and being at the same time extremely fond of the infant, she stole him on shipboard unknown to his mother and uncle, and carried him with her to Whitehaven, where he continued for almost three years. For, when the matter was discovered, his mother sent orders by all means not to hazard a second voyage, till he could be better able to bear it. The nurse was so careful of him, that before he returned he had learned to spell; and by the time that he was three years old he could read any chapter in the Bible.' With the single exception, perhaps, of Lord Macaulay, we have no other instance of such infantile precocity. It appears from Forster's 'Life of Swift' that the dean had first written 'two years,' then altered it to 'almost three,' and finally struck out 'almost.' Hawkesworth altered the word to 'five,' and was copied by Scott. P. 159.—The statement that Sir William Temple left Stella a sum of £1000 is incorrect. In Temple's will the legacy is thus given: 'I leave a lease of some lands I have in Monistown, in the county of Wicklow in Ireland, to Esther Johnson, servant to my sister Giffard' (Lady Giffard). Mr. Forster has shewn that the account which Swift has given in his autobiography of his college career is too unfavourable. The dean says he was 'stopped of his degree for dullness and insufficiency; and at last hardly admitted in a manner little to his credit, which is called in that college *speciali gratia*.' Mr. Forster obtained part of a college roll indicating Swift's place at the quarterly examination in Eastern term 1685, and of the twenty-one names therein enumerated none of them stand really higher in the examination than Jonathan Swift. He was careless in attending the college chapel; in the classes he was 'ill in philosophy, good in Greek and Latin, and negligent in theology.' Mr. Forster says: 'The *specialis gratia* took its origin from the necessity of providing, that what was substantially merited should not be refused because of a failure in some requirement of the statutes; upon that abuses crept in; but enough has been said to shew that Swift's case could not have been one of those in which it was used to give semblance of worth to the unworthy.

Mason (p. 154, vol. iv).—It should have been mentioned that the last four lines of the 'Epitaph on Mrs. Mason in the Cathedral of Bristol' were written by Gray. They are immeasurably superior to all the others, and, indeed, are among the finest of the kind in the language:

> Tell them though 'tis an awful thing to die—
> 'Twas e'en to thee—yet the dread path once trod,
> Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
> And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

Shelley (p. 271, vol. v).—Shelley's first wife, Harriet Westbrook, 'committed suicide by drowning herself in the Serpentine River in December 1816, and Shelley married Miss Godwin a few weeks afterwards (December 30). In justice to the poet, we copy a statement on this distressing subject from Mr. C. Kegan Paul's 'Life of

Godwin,' 1876: 'Whatever view may be taken of the breach between husband and wife, it is absolutely certain that Harriet's suicide was not directly caused by her husband's treatment. However his desertion of her contributed, or did not contribute, to the life she afterwards led, the immediate cause of her death was that her father's door was shut against her, though he had at first sheltered her and her children. This was done by order of her sister, who would not allow Harriet access to the bedside of her dying father.'

The 'Life of Godwin,' referred to above, is a work of great interest and importance. Godwin never willingly destroyed a written line, and his biographer found a vast quantity of letters and manuscripts, some of which had never been opened from the time they were laid aside by Godwin's own hand many years before his death in 1836. All were handed over to Mr. Kegan Paul by Sir Percy Shelley, the poet's son, and the correspondence includes letters from Charles Lamb, Coleridge, Shelley, Wordsworth, Scott, Mackintosh, Lady Caroline Lamb, Mrs. Inchbald, and others, besides the letters which passed between Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft during their brief married life. Perhaps nothing in literary history or biography was ever so painful, and in some aspects revolting, as this Godwin-Wollstonecraft-Shelley story.

Mrs. Inchbald (p. 119, vol. vi).—Of this remarkable woman many particulars are related in the 'Life of Godwin,' by Mr. C. Kegan Paul. Mrs. Shelley (Godwin's daughter) says of her: 'Living in mean lodgings, dressed with an economy allied to penury, without connections, and alone, her beauty, her talents, and the charm of her manners gave her entrance into a delightful circle of society. Apt to fall in love, and desirous to marry, she continued single, because the men who loved and admired her were too worldly to take an actress and a poor author, however lovely and charming, for a wife. Her life was thus spent in an interchange of hardship and amusement, privation and luxury. Her character partook of the same contrast: fond of pleasure, she was prudent in her conduct; penurious in her personal expenditure, she was generous to others. Vain of her beauty, we are told that the gown she wore was not worth a shilling, it was so coarse and shabby. Very susceptible to the softer feelings, she could yet guard herself against passion; and though she might have been called a flirt, her character was unimpeached. I have heard that a rival beauty of her day pettishly complained that when Mrs. Inchbald came into a room, and sat in a chair in the middle of it, as was her wont, every man gathered round it, and it was in vain for any other woman to attempt to gain attention. Godwin could not fail to admire her; she became and continued to be a favourite. Her talents, her beauty, her manners were all delightful to him. He used to describe her as a piquante mixture between a lady and a milkmaid, and added that Sheridan declared she was the only authoress whose society pleased him.'

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